THE QUIVER:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING.

VOL. IX.—TONED PAPER SERIES.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN:
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

1874.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

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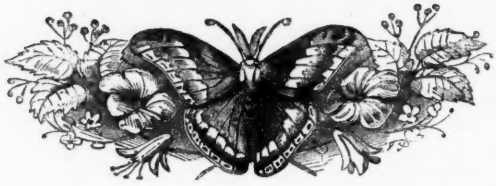
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THE QUIVER



SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

DEBORAH AND HANNAH: A CONTRAST.

EACH was God's heroine. To one the world
That coveted distinction would concede—
To her who sent her heroes forth to bleed
Beneath the sacred banner she unfurled;
And who, the victory won, her pæan hurled
Forth o'er the fallen,* while the other sat
And chastely sang her meek Magnificat,†

* Judges v. † 1 Sam. ii.

As Messianic dreams her bosom whirled
With hopes maternal. Even so, 'tis now
In titled ones who sway the regal rod,
And sit on earth vicegerents of high God,
That men read queenliness: but Heaven knows how
To blend the twain beneath one stately brow,
To join with earthly majesty its own,
And place maternal virtues on the throne,
Forming a crown whereat both men and angels bow.

MAURICE DAVIES.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—I.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

THE ELEGY ON SHALLUM.

"Weep ye not for the dead,
Neither bemoan him:
But weep ye sore for him that goeth away:
For he shall return no more,
Nor see his native country."—Jer. xxii. 10.

THIS exquisite little elegy, which was sung for many years in the city of Jerusalem, has a music and a pathos which even the least instructed and least thoughtful reader can hardly fail to recognise. Quite apart from their meaning, the mere words have a charm. They sound like a song. The very tone and rhythm of them might well move a sensitive heart to pensive reflection. Musical in themselves, they readily ally themselves with music; and, indeed, there is one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," to which they go as naturally as though he had had these words in his mind when he wrote the song.*

And yet I can remember the time when I used to look at them with a kind of despair, feeling a beauty in them for which I could not account, conscious of a meaning in them, and a sadness, that I could not fathom. *Who* was "the dead" man for whom no lament was to be sung? *Of whom* did the prophet speak as "him that goeth away?" and where did he go? and what was the tragic fate that overtook him? and what was there in him and in his fate that a whole nation should lament and bemoan him?

To some who read this paper, perhaps, these questions may still be as perplexing as they once were to me. You too may feel the beauty of this most musical and pathetic elegy; but your enjoyment of it may be marred by your partial or entire ignorance of the historical facts which it so melodiously laments. Of these, then, let me give you what account and explanation I can.

From the time of Solomon downwards, the Hebrew State was divided into two great political parties, one of which stood faithful to Jehovah and looked to Him for succour, while the other fell away to the service of heathen gods, and sought to ally themselves now with Assyria and now with Egypt. On the whole, the pagan party prevailed. More than once, indeed, the downward course of the Hebrew Commonwealth was arrested; as, for example, by the reforms of Hezekiah and Josiah: but these feeble barriers were soon swept away by the swelling tide of idolatrous vices and corruptions. During the long reign of Manasseh, the grandfather of Josiah, the very Temple itself was desecrated with the statues, altars, and licentious ritual of heathen gods; foreign alliances were courted, foreign exactions submitted to; and in the very streets of Jerusalem the leading statesmen of Judah might be seen clothed some in the Assyrian and some in the Egyptian garb, ostentatiously parading, by their "foreign apparel," their leanings to this alliance or to that.*

But though the great bulk of the people were vicious and corrupt, and most of their statesmen still more corrupt, there remained a faithful "remnant" which listened to the voice of the prophets, held fast their allegiance to Jehovah, and struggled against the growing corruption of the nation at large. Hated and oppressed, driven to hide themselves in holes and corners during the long tyranny of Manasseh, they came forth, and held up their heads with joy, when the pious Josiah ascended the throne. Josiah proved himself a sincere patriot, zealous for the honour of "the God of the Hebrews." Led by him, the people cleansed the Temple of its pollutions, destroyed the high places on which sacrifices had been offered to idols, and the groves which had been profaned with their dissolute rites. Once more a pure offering was made in a pure Temple; foreign alliances were discarded; the national patriotism was evoked; the law of Moses was sternly enforced; and Jehovah returned and dwelt among His people. The provinces, torn from the kingdom of Judah by neighbouring foes, were reconquered; commerce flowed in wider channels than before; for a time the people tasted the sweets of security, abundance, peace: it almost seemed as though a new day of hope were dawning on the land.

But the evil was too deep-seated for cure. It could only be checked and delayed. From the first the prophets had foreseen that the reform

* "Lieder ohne Worte," Book V., No. 3.

* Zeph. i. 8.

would be but partial, the respite but brief. For more than thirty years, indeed, Josiah waxed stronger and stronger; but even during these years of reform many signs of adverse change were visible. The barbarians swept down from the Scythian wilds and overran the East. The mighty empire of Assyria was crippled and dismembered; its vassals and its enemies rose up against it. Above all, Egypt, which had suffered and lost much by the Assyrian supremacy, bestirred itself. Rejoicing for the time in a singularly able and energetic dynasty of kings, Egypt conquered and annexed many of the Assyrian territories; and, at last, advanced toward Nineveh itself. On his way thither, Pharaoh-Necho, the Egyptian despot, seized some fortified cities in the north of Palestine. Josiah felt himself menaced and endangered. He marched boldly against the Egyptian forces, encountered them on the broad plain of Galilee, on which the fate of Palestine has so often been decided, and was mortally wounded in the field, from which he was carried half dead. He expired of his wounds; and, with him, the last hope of Israel seemed to be extinguished. As man, as king, as "the hope of Israel," Josiah lived long in the affections of his people, who never saw his like again. The day of his death was commemorated for many years; and on this day the singing-men and singing-women of Israel publicly chanted elegies composed in his honour by Jeremiah and other of the prophets.

In the Old Testament there are no less than three references, in three different books of Scripture, to this annual lamentation and to the elegies which were sung at it. In the Book of Chronicles,* we are told that "Jeremiah lamented for Josiah; and all the singing-men and singing-women speak of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and have made them an ordinance in Israel." In the Book of Lamentations,† one of these elegies is recorded,—a very sweet and pathetic verse: "The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord, was taken in their pits, of whom we had said, Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen." And it is these elegies which Jeremiah, in the verse before us, now bids the people sing no more. They are no more to "weep for the dead" king; they are no longer "to bemoan *him*," lovely as he was in life, and heroic in death. A new and deeper tragedy demands their tears.

That we may see what this more recent and moving tragedy was, we must complete our story of that troubled time. After his victory over Josiah in Galilee, then, the King of Egypt, instead of advancing against Jerusalem, turned northward, and conquered Damascus, Hamath, and other Syrian towns. The city of Jerusalem thus obtained a brief breathing-space; there was an interval in which her statesmen might decide on the course they would take. As I have said, there were two political parties in the city, the one heathen, the other Hebrew. Each was now headed by a son of Josiah. Eliakim, the elder son, was at the head of the heathen party; Shallum, a younger son, was at the head of the party which stood faithful to the laws and traditions of Israel. At first, while the memory of Josiah was still fresh, and his servants held the reins of power, they had no great difficulty in placing Shallum, although he was a younger son, on the throne of his father. Dissolute and oppressive, a doer of evil, Shallum was nevertheless lavish and ambitious, qualities which commonly win popular liking and applause. Moreover, unworthy as he was of the honour, he *was* the head and leader of the national, the patriotic, party, and was not himself, I think, without patriotism, though he is denounced as an evil-doer and oppressor. Raised to the throne by the national party, Shallum naturally set himself strongly against making terms with Egypt; "*his* voice was all for war." By some unexplained stratagem, however, he was enticed into visiting the Egyptian camp in Syria. Here he was treacherously seized, thrown into chains, and sent a prisoner into Egypt. And so, after a reign of only three months, he disappears from history in the darkness of an Egyptian dungeon, in which, "bound in misery and iron," he sadly wore away his life.

In the prophet's conception, this was a far worse fate than death, a fate worthy of a far more passionate lamentation. And, therefore, he bids the people cease their lamentations for Josiah, and sing an elegy for Shallum, his son. "Weep ye not *for the dead*, neither bemoan him: but weep ye sore *for him that goeth away:* for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." And he assigns as a reason for his command, and a sufficient reason: 'For thus saith the Lord *touching Shallum* the son of Josiah King of Judah, who reigned instead of Josiah his father, *who went forth out of this place; He shall not return hither any more: but he shall die in the place whither they have led him captive, and shall see this land no more.*"

The brief reign of Shallum was the last gleam of hope that lit up the sky of Israel. When *he* was carried away captive, the heathen party regained its ascendency in Jerusalem, and made their leader, Eliakim, King. Eliakim, a luxurious and godless prince, an utterly base and unworthy son of the good Josiah, willingly became the vassal and tributary of Egypt. And from that time onward, till the sacred land was swept clean from its

* 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.

† Lam. iv. 20. Whether this be the elegy of Josiah is, however, doubtful. Many hold it to be that of Zedekiah. In any case it is worth quoting as a specimen of the elegies which the ancient Hebrews sang year by year.

sinful inhabitants, cloud darkened on cloud, until the final storm, the doom-storm, came; and the winds blew, and the floods arose, and the house of Israel, that seemed to be founded on a rock, fell with a crash that reverberates in our hearts to this day. Till the storm came, Shallum lingered in the affections and songs of the people. They loved him for his father's sake, and for the patriotic hopes he had quickened, and which he had time neither to fulfil nor to disappoint. They took the counsel of the prophet concerning him, and made elegies in his honour, and sang them year by year. Ezekiel (xix. 1—4) records one of them, which has a quaint and alien sound to our Western ears, but in which the Oriental races would still find much to delight them.

"O a very lioness is thy mother!
She crouched among lions,
Among young lions she nourished her whelps:
And she brought up one of her whelps;
It became a young lion, and learned to tear the prey,
It devoured men.
But the nations heard of him:
He was taken in their pit,
And they brought him in chains into the land of Egypt."

A young lion of royal strain, caught untimely, and chained, and carried away captive—this was how the people of Israel conceived of Shallum; this was the form in which they bewailed him in their annual elegies. And, even to us, few figures are more pathetic than that of the last real King of Israel languishing in an Egyptian dungeon, and perishing perchance on the very spot in which his great ancestor, Joseph, had slept and dreamed. If we read Jeremiah's words as though they were written on the dungeon wall of that poor discrowned king, or inscribed on his tomb, we can hardly fail to be touched and moved by their pathos:

"Weep ye not for the dead,
Neither bemoan him:
But weep ye sore for him that goeth away:
For he shall return no more,
Nor see his native country."

What a tenderness there is in the words! and what an ardent undying patriotism!

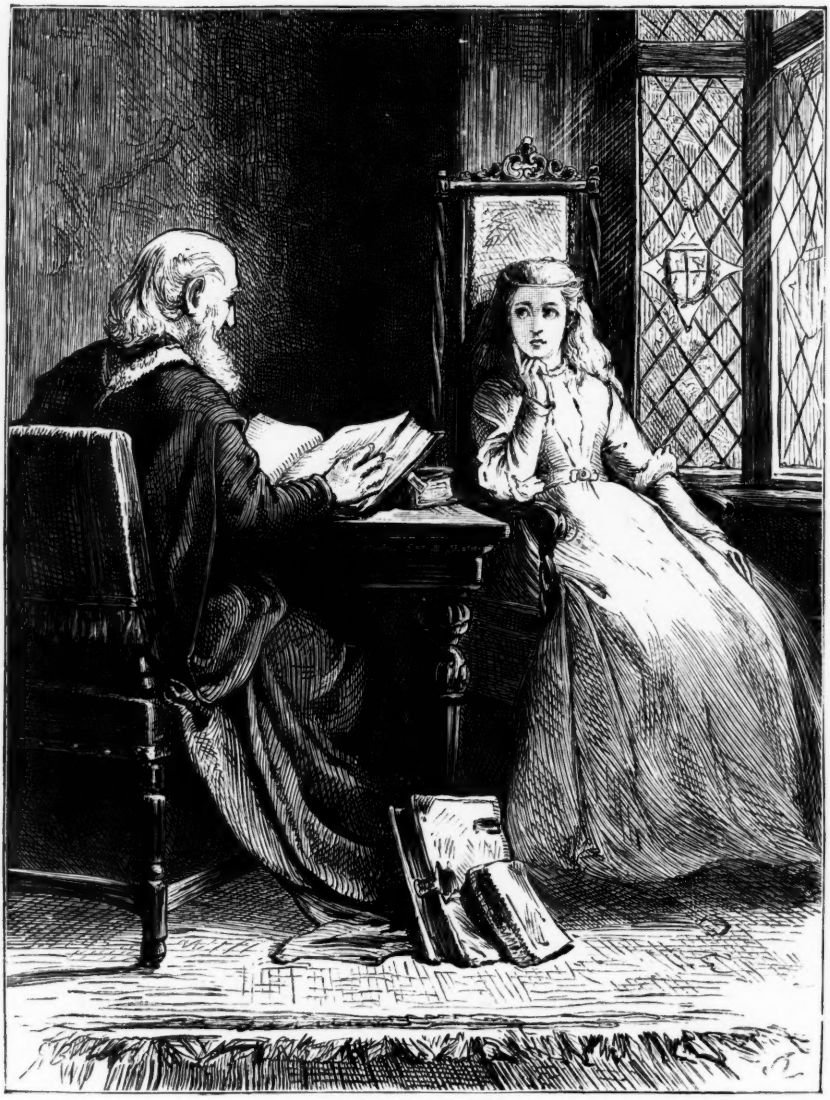
But is there nothing more? Is there no "present truth," no eternal truth, in these words? no lesson, no consolation for us? Surely there is, and it lies on the very surface of the words. Do not we weep for our dead? We need, then, to hear the injunction, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan them." Are not those whom we love sometimes carried away by divers lusts, and bound by them,—carried away by them as into "a far country," where only too surely they "come to want?" And do we always lament their *sins* as much as we should lament their death, and more? If not, we too need to lay to heart the injunction, "Weep ye for *them*, rather than for the dead, for them who 'go away,' away from God, away from virtue, away from peace, into that land of darkness from which it is so hard to return."

We none of us believe that death is the greatest of evils. We know that it is not an evil at all, but a blessing, for the good; not a loss, but a "great gain." We know, we believe that, of all the evils that can befall a man, the very worst is that he himself should do and become evil, that he should forget God, that he should refuse to let God reign over him; that his life should be ruled by no Divine law, but be driven hither and thither of divers lusts, by uncontrolled passions which, lawlessly indulged, degrade and imbrute him. And yet who would infer our creed from our conduct? Who would infer that we dread sin more than death, and lament it far more bitterly? When a close friend dies, how we weep and mourn, long refusing to be comforted; how we break from our accustomed round of thought and labour; to what trouble and expense we willingly put ourselves: what sacrifices would we not gladly make could we thereby avert the fatal stroke, or bring back the beloved dead to life!

You would almost laugh at me if I were to ask, Do you weep and lament with equal passion when a friend—a child or parent, a husband or wife—falls into sin? Does *that* come upon you with a shock which drives you from your usual round of thought and duty? Are you willing to go to any cost, to make any sacrifice, in order to recover your friend from the fatal effects of his guilt? Do you mourn for him as for one dead? And yet, must I not ask these questions of you, ask them seriously, urgently? Should there even be any need or room to ask them? If sin *is* more terrible to you than death, how is it that you are not more terrified by it? how is it that you are not more zealous to avert it, to save men from it, to do your part towards stamping it out of the world?

Call men to a crusade against death, in which there was even the faintest hope of victory, and who would not join it? But call them to a crusade against sin, in which there is not only the hope, but the assurance, of ultimate victory, and of victory over death as well as over sin; and who offers himself for this war? Do you? do I? I think we may begin to have some hope of ourselves when we find that we really fear sin more than death, not for ourselves alone, but for others, and are more hurt to see them do a wrong action than to see them expire, and are even more prone to weep and lament over the guilty than over the dead.

Some of you, since men die daily, have no doubt recently wept for your dead, and bemoaned them, although you know that they have passed through death into life everlasting. Ah! weep no more—at least for them. They are happy now; why



(*Drawn by* W. Rice Buckman.)

"What blessed words are these, my daughter!"

"*THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE*"—*p.* 5.

should their happiness bring you tears? If faith were perfect in us, if love were perfect, we should not weep for the dead who die in the Lord, for to *die* in the Lord is to *live* in the Lord. Sorrow for the pious dead is selfish sorrow, and shows that we are thinking more of ourselves than of them, more of our loss than of their gain, more of the winter of our loneliness and discontent than of the summer of their joy. If you would weep unselfish tears, the tears of love, weep not for those who have gone away from you to be with God; but weep ye sore for those who have gone away from God, though they are still with you. Weep for the sinful, for the lost, who wander through the "far country," seeking rest, and finding none; seeking food, and finding none. Weep for the weak, guilty souls who have sold themselves into the captivity of evil, who have been conquered and bound by some lust of the flesh or of the mind, who loathe their bonds, but cannot break them; who sigh for deliverance, but sadly forbode that they shall "return no more, nor see their native country;" yea, weep for *these*. For, if you weep for them, you will soon give them more than tears. You will carry them the tidings of salvation. You will tell them of Him who came to "bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness from the house of bondage." You yourselves will labour to help and redeem them, seeking by your kindness to persuade them of His kindness, by your mercy to convince them of His mercy. And in these works of love and compassion you will find a sovereign cordial for your personal sorrows and griefs. Weep for the sinful, and you will no longer idly bemoan the dead. Seek out the lost, and you will no longer bewail *your* loss. Let love inspire and rule you, and all the selfishness will pass out of your grief, and, with the selfishness, all the pain: you will enter into the sacred and abiding peace of God, who, *because* He loves all men, has appointed unto all men once to die.

Time is but as the veil in the Temple, which hides "the Holy of Holies" from us. For many of us the veil is already luminous, or half-luminous; we can discern on it the shadows of those who walk within it, in the light of the glory of God. Why should we mourn for *them*, or for the friends who are called to join them? Soon we too shall pass within the veil, and be transfigured by the Divine glory. Meantime, let us labour, as we wait, till our change comes, seeking to draw others into the outer court of the Temple in which for the present and till we reach "the holiest of all" we are content to worship; and so lose all the pain of waiting, and of parting, in the duties and hopes and joys of a Divine service.

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER I.

WALTER KAPELL, a right worthy and respected citizen of Dixmuyde, in Flanders, was reading from a large open Bible placed on an oak table before him, in an upper room of his house, in that ancient town. The rays of the morning sun which found their way through the richly-carved framework of a bay window fell on the head of a fair young girl, seated on a high-back chair, placed just within its recess. Her light auburn locks, secured round her forehead by a golden band, hung in rich curls over her neck and shoulders. Her large blue eyes were fixed with intense interest on the reader, as if she were drinking in every word he uttered. It was evident from the form of her features and the expression of her countenance that she was Walter Kapell's daughter. She was, and his only child. Her mother, whom he loved with the fondest affection, had been taken from him at her birth, and he regarded the infant she had left behind as his richest treasure. She returned his affection with the most devoted and filial love.

"What blessed words are these, my daughter!" said Walter Kapell, looking up for an instant and gazing on his child. "'By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.'" He continued reading. "Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us, and having a High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for He is faithful that promised."

Walter Kapell, placing his hand on the book to mark the passage, observed, "How different is this to the teaching of the priests of Rome, who would fain make us believe that unless through their mediation, and by fasts and penances, we should not venture to approach that loving God, who gave us the parable of the prodigal son, showing how He welcomes sinners returning direct to Him.

"See, too, how He values simple faith, as we are taught in the following chapter; how He has ever supported those who adhere to Him, often through trials of cruel mockery, and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment; how they were stoned, sawn asunder,

tempted, slain with the sword, wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented."

"Truly, dear father, we have great need at the present day of the encouragement which the Lord in His love has given us," observed the young girl. "How terrible are the persecutions to which the lovers of His Holy Word are subjected in all directions, by that fearful man, Peter Titelmann, and his companions. May he, through God's mercy, be prevented from coming to this town!"

"Amen, my daughter," said her father; "yet should he come we must be prepared, and let us pray for grace that we may adhere to the truth without wavering, as did they of whom we have been reading."

While they were speaking, cries and shouts were heard at the further end of the street. As the sounds drew nearer, the shrill voices of boys could be distinguished. An expression of alarm passed across the countenance of the young girl.

"What is it, Marie?" asked her father.

She opened the lattice and looked out. "Not what my foolish fancy had supposed," she answered. "I see but a mob of youths and boys. They are shouting and jeering after that poor idiot lad, Hans Kopperzoon. See! he stops and waves his club to drive them back. They fly before him, and when he stops they again begin jeering and shouting, and trying to excite him to fury, and amusing themselves with the strange movements he makes when in a rage. Now he moves on again, and they follow, pressing on him as before. They are seizing stones. He has overtaken one, and seems about to strike him, but withholds his weapon, and merely drives him back with his hand, as if with contempt. They seem not to appreciate the poor idiot's forbearance. Oh, cruel! a stone thrown from a distance has struck him! Others follow the example of the first coward; and now whole showers are falling round him."

"That must not be!" exclaimed Walter Kapell; "I must save the poor youth, idiot though he be, at all risks;" and he hurried from the room. Marie followed him down-stairs.

"Oh, father! let me accompany you, as surely, brutal as they may be, they will not dare to throw stones at a girl, though they may not respect even you."

The citizen, not hearing her, took his hat from a peg on the wall in the entrance passage, and hurried into the street.

Marie, thinking of her father's danger, and regardless of herself, without stopping even to throw a hood over her head, followed him. The poor idiot, in spite of the numerous blows he was receiving from the stones while slowly retreating, turned round every now and then to face his opponents, whirling round his club with which he warded off some of the missiles. Still it was evident from the number of his savage foes increasing every instant, and pressing closer and closer round him, that he would ultimately be overcome, and that any moment a stone larger than the rest striking him on the head might prove fatal.

Walter Kapell, regardless of the danger to which he was exposing himself, rushed up to the side of the idiot, shouting to the mob, among whom a number of savage-looking men had mixed.

"Stand back, mad, cruel people! What harm has this poor youth done? Do you wish to kill him by thus casting stones at his head?"

"He is a sorcerer and wizard: he deserves death!" cried out several voices from among the crowd. "He has bewitched the children and the cows: there is no knowing what mischief he has done."

"Because he has done none," answered Walter Kapell. "He is perfectly harmless, I tell you, and wishes not to injure man, woman, or child, or cattle either. But take yourselves to your homes, and let him go in peace."

Poor Hans, hearing a friendly voice, cast a grateful glance toward Herr Kapell, and ran behind him.

"Beware what you are about, Walter Kapell," cried a man from the crowd. "If you take to protecting wizards and sorcerers, you will have enough to do to look after yourself. Stone them both together," continued the same person, one of those who had lately arrived on the scene.

The first assailants of the idiot, only requiring encouragement, again began to cast stones, but at that moment Marie, seeing the danger of her father, hastened up, and threw herself before him. On seeing this, once more the idiot began to whirl round his club, and warded off several of the missiles, which might otherwise have struck the fair girl.

"Oh, people! are you human beings or savage beasts?" exclaimed the citizen, endeavouring to shield his daughter.

"Shame!" cried several from the crowd. "There is a young girl there; we must not hurt her."

"She is, perchance, in league with the wizard," cried out the same savage who had before spoken. "Treat them all alike!"

Some of those in front, however, struck by the beauty of Marie, now turned round to stop the rest, and allowed time for Walter Kapell to withdraw her, as well as the idiot, within the shelter of their house, the door of which had been left open. So suddenly had the whole affair occurred that the servants, who had been engaged in the back part of the premises, had not been aware of what was taking place. Happily Marie had escaped without a blow, while Walter Kapell himself had suffered but slightly, though the poor idiot was bruised all over, and his face cut by the stones which had struck him.

While Herr Kapell led Hans into a back room,

where his hurts might be attended to by his old housekeeper, Marie's faithful nurse, Marie ran upstairs to bring certain salves and bandages from the closet in which those things, with many others, were stored. As she passed the sitting-room, glancing in, she saw, to her astonishment, two persons who were standing over the Bible in which her father had been reading, and while one was examining its contents, the other was apparently engaged in making notes in a book which he held in his hand. Her step was light; their backs were turned toward her. Trembling with alarm, she hastened on to obtain the articles wanted for the poor idiot, intending to tell her father what she had seen on her return. She was some time searching for the things, and when she again passed the room the strangers had disappeared. She hurried down-stairs, and as she reached the passage she saw two figures at the street door. They opened it noiselessly, as if accustomed to such a proceeding, and passed out, closing it again in a like cautious way behind them. Poor Marie's heart trembled, sure that they had come for no good purpose. She was well aware of the dangers to which those who ventured to read the Bible were exposed; it had long been a prohibited book in the dominions of the cruel and bigoted Emperor, Charles V. He had some years before appointed Francis van der Hulst to be Inquisitor General for the Netherlands—a man called by Erasmus, in his sarcastic vein, "a wonderful enemy to learning." He had characterised the coadjutor of the former—Nicholas of Egmond—a Carmelite monk, as "a madman armed with a sword."

These two fearful men had received full powers to cite, arrest, imprison, and torture heretics, without observing the ordinary forms of law, and cause their sentences to be executed without appeal. They were ordered, however, to take the advice of the President of the Grand Council of Mechlin, Laurens by name, a cruel and ignorant man, who hated learning with a more than deadly hatred, and who, consequently, might certainly be relied upon to sustain the severest judgments which the Inquisitor might fulminate. Satisfied with the zeal and energy of these worthies in their endeavour to root out heresy, the Pope of Rome had gladly sanctioned the appointment of the Emperor. Thus the Papal Inquisition had been established in the Provinces. Though these men were ultimately removed, the infamous Van der Hulst being degraded for forging a document, and other styles of roguery, they were succeeded by others equally bloodthirsty and unscrupulous, who employed various officials of the same character, among whom Peter Titelmann was pre-eminent for his outrageous cruelty. Philip had now succeeded the Emperor Charles, as King of Spain and the Netherlands, and had exhibited his devotion to the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and his love for his subjects, by confirming and renewing all the acts of his father. Passing through the most thriving portion of the Netherlands, Titelmann executed his diabolical functions with a swiftness, precision, and even jocularity, which hardly seemed human. Contemporary chronicles describe him as like some grotesque yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the head with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging suspected persons from their fire-sides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, torturing, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information, or process. Such was Peter Titelmann, who had already visited some of the neighbouring towns, but had not as yet made his appearance at Dixmuyde. The inhabitants of that place hoped fondly that he would refrain from paying them a visit, which would not fail to be unwelcome to many of the inhabitants.

Poor little Marie had heard a great deal lately about that terrible personage, and thoughts of his fearful character had intruded themselves into her mind even while she was listening to the words of Sacred Writ which her father had been reading. She could not fail therefore to connect the visit of the mysterious strangers who had intruded themselves into the house, and so stealthily again hurried out, with the proceedings of Titelmann. She closed the door with bolt and bar behind them, and then, with the salves and bandages which she had obtained, her limbs trembling and her cheek pallid with fear, entered the chamber to which the poor idiot had been conveyed. She there found her father and her old nurse engaged in bathing the head and limbs of the unfortunate Hans. They had taken off his coat that they might the better examine the hurts he had received on his arms and shoulders.

"That is a dear good girl," exclaimed the nurse, as she turned over the articles which Marie had brought; "you have forgotten nothing that we require. Please hand me that pot of salve, it is the very thing for these sort of injuries; and now those bandages. We will make you more easy, poor Hans. There, do not groan so."

The agitated tone, however, of Marie's voice as she spoke to Margaret attracted at length her father's attention. The poor idiot's hurts having been dressed, Walter Kapell asked his daughter if anything further had happened to alarm her. She then told him of the persons she had seen in the sitting-room. The information naturally made him very anxious. "But are you sure you really saw any one?" he asked. "Were they not, perchance, creatures of the imagination which your alarm might have conjured up? Surely no one would have ventured thus to intrude into our house, unless they had come with the intention of stealing? Did you not see them carrying anything away?"

Marie assured her father that she could not mistake the evidence of her senses.

"We will soon ascertain the truth, then," he said. "Margaret, do you watch over the poor lad, while we go and examine the room."

He and his daughter hastened up-stairs. Nothing had been taken, that they could discover; but the pages of the Bible had been turned over, for Kapell remembered well the part he had left open. "I am afraid you are right, my daughter," he said; "but whether the men you saw were spies or intended to rob us, but were disturbed by your coming, we must be prepared for whatever may happen. We are in God's hands, my daughter. It is a blessed thing to know we are watched over by One who cares for us."

"Yes, my father; but might it not be safer for you to conceal yourself, or seek safety in flight? We have heard how those are treated who venture to read God's Word; and the men I saw may be spies sent by the fearful Inquisitor. Perchance he himself may soon follow, and then what will happen we know not."

"I know very well what may happen," said Walter Kapell, looking upward; "but I will not endeavour to escape the consequences of doing what is right in God's sight. He tells us to search the Scriptures, and to commit our ways unto Him: we have been doing so."

"You are right, my dear father, I know," said Marie; "but yet I should be happier if I knew that you were beyond the reach of that terrible Peter Titelmann. Many have fled from the country to escape his cruelty. I would thankfully accompany you, even if I knew that we were never again to see our dear home."

"The scene you have just gone through, my child, has agitated you, and made you more alarmed than the case demands," said Kapell. "Sit down; I will again read some of this blessed book, and we shall assuredly find comfort and consolation in it." Marie resumed the seat she had quitted when they went to the rescue of the poor idiot, and endeavoured to calm her mind as she listened to the words which fell from her father's lips.

(To be continued.)

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PHILIP.

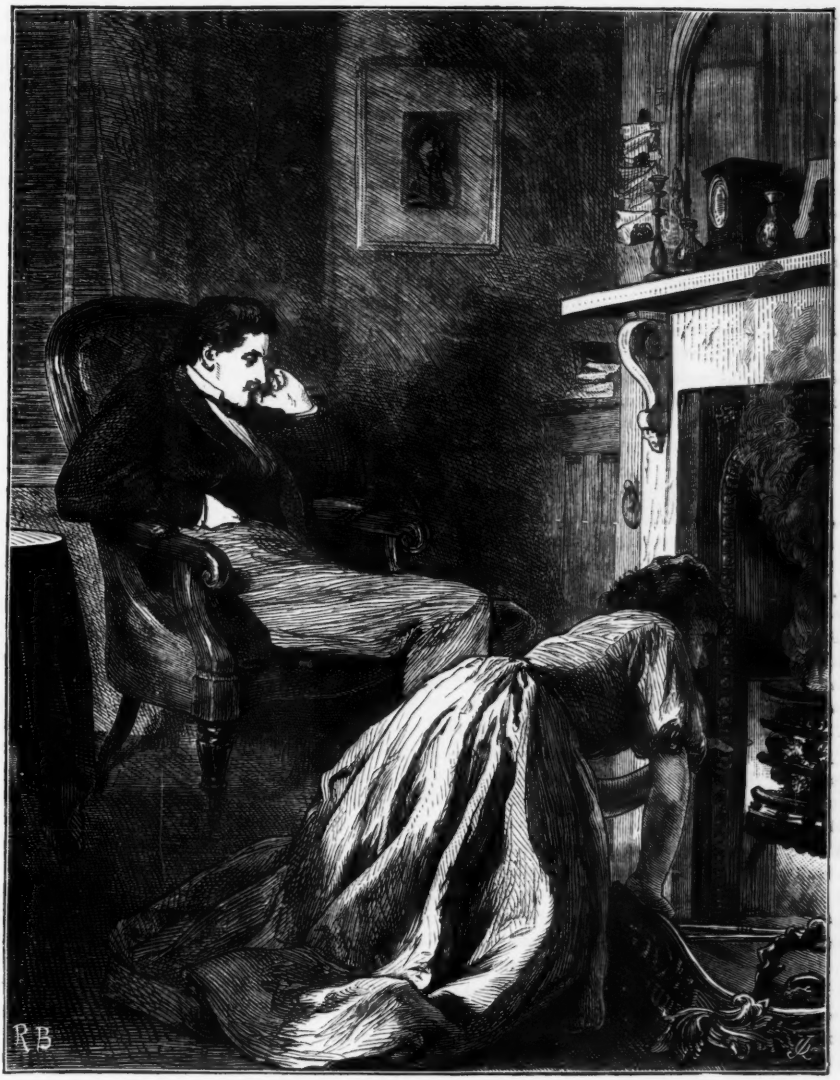
"FOOL!"

"At forty man suspects himself a fool," says Young, the sententious. Philip Tenterden suspected it a little earlier, it seemed, for he muttered the objectionable word, evidently casting it in his own teeth, as he passed the mirror on the mantelshelf, and greeted his gloomy reflection there. Then he flung himself into the nearest chair, and from thence surveyed the immediate prospect with determined resignation.

It certainly was not an inviting one. A newly-kindled fire sputtered in the grate, and the room, already full of November fog, was fast filling with the acrid smoke of burning wood. "Fool!" muttered Philip; but for what?—for living the life of a bachelor in London lodgings, or for feeling desperately depressed and miserable on that particular occasion, when there was nothing more than usual in the circumstances, except that the fire refused to burn up and the not very neat-handed Phillis, Mary, had re-lit it so awkwardly that half of the smoke found its way into the room instead of up the chimney. She had also disappeared, leaving behind her a stalactite-looking candle, the light of which made fog and smoke and darkness visible.

Presently, however, the damsel reappeared, carrying a regulator lamp—a very ill-regulated lamp it was, for Mary generally contrived to make it smoke and smell abominably at some period of the evening, besides which, it showed itself capable of a variety of caprices quite incomprehensible to the ordinary intelligence. On the present occasion it simply went out as soon as it was set upon the table, and Mary—who, by the aid of a vivid imagination, could always account for its vagaries—stated apologetically that it had had too much "ile," adding privately what sounded very much like "drat it," as she lifted the glass globe and chimney, and applied a lighted match to the wick. When she had set the lamp agoing, she went down upon her knees and poked the fire with her fingers, and blew it with her breath. And not a word of remonstrance fell from the lips of the figure in the chair—not a word, for he knew that the slightest murmur would bring down upon him a shower of fibs.

Mary was an Irish girl, clean and active and clever enough, but awkward at little things, as if her fingers had an inherited incapacity for dealing with them, an incapacity which extended to her tongue with regard to facts big and little. Several times in his despair Philip had summoned the landlady, but on her appearance his accusations had assumed the mildest form—indeed, they had sounded to the poor woman, unused to so much courtesy, like commendation itself. She laboured under a distressing breathlessness, which made her eyes brighten and dilate, and which gave her, as



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"Not a word of remonstrance fell from the lips of the figure in the chair"—*p.* 8.

she leaned heavily against the table with one hand, and held the other before her lips in a deprecating manner, the look of a creature hunted and at bay. Philip was glad to see as little of her as possible.

Mary, having coaxed the fire into burning, proceeded with the ordinary routine of the evening She covered one half of the table with a cloth—a plan which strictly defined the isolation of the meal-maker—and set thereon the materials for a nondescript meal—tea and a mutton chop. Philip Tenterden had given up dining. In this fashion he breakfasted and in this fashion he supped, eating besides a comfortless midday meal in a city dining-room.

He ate his chop and drank his tea slowly and in silence. It seemed indeed a very silent house, in one of those "no thoroughfare" roads, where the grass grows along the edges of the pavement and by the sides of the railings. When the things had been removed, he went to a side-table and took up a book, one he had taken from a lending-library, and sat reading for a time. At length he threw it down in disgust—it might have been with his own mood, but the unfortunate author came in for a share of it. He wished that he had brought work with him—a thing which he often did—but as he had not, he tossed back his hair from his forehead and sat resolutely looking into the fire, daring to do nothing. Yes, daring! for it was not a pleasant airy day-dream that came to take possession of the mind of Philip Tenterden; it was a troop of dark, sad, bitter, perhaps well-nigh maddening thoughts, to which, with a scornful smile lengthening his long, close lips, he said, "Come on."

Philip Tenterden is dark, but certainly not strikingly handsome, he is too long-nosed and lantern-jawed for that; but he has a fine graceful head and beautiful eyes. The lines of his face are neither weak nor sensual. A man who would enjoy keenly and suffer keenly; he sees and fights with the shadows about him, pursues them, entreats them, and does not succeed in dispelling them with the light of common day, or its artificial substitutes, as most of us do. And distrust has come to be the attitude of his soul; perhaps his profession fosters it, for he is junior partner in a firm of City solicitors, Messrs. Austin, Tabor, and Tenterden, and he sees a good deal of naked human nature on one side or the other. And he never gives over suffering because of this: every new instance of falsehood, treachery, overreaching, and wrong which comes before him gives him a new pang. He would fain reverence humanity, and to him its wholesale insincerities and degradations are continually revealed in their darkest colours. Once on a time, with a youthful passion of pity, he had gone down among the poor—the outcast poor of London—and he had found himself floundering in a perfect quagmire of imposture and deceit. "Charity is an impossibility," he had said to himself, turning back into the beaten tracks of respectability, and adding, "all men are liars."

But was there no insincerity in Philip Tenterden's own life? It seemed to some who knew him that there must be, for his conduct and principles were not always reconcilable, at least from without. He was rich—that is to say, rich for his position, having an income of nearly £1,000 a year, and yet he was not liberal—in fact, never gave at all toward any purpose, however laudable, even when he had been betrayed into speaking of it with enthusiasm. Was he a miser? It seemed so to some who knew that he lived in humdrum lodgings at a guinea a week, dressed with extreme plainness, and never entered a place of amusement. "Why do you live in that out-of-the-way place, Tenterden?" said his senior, Mr. Tabor. "I wish you would come up beside us again and be a little more accessible."

But Philip Tenterden shook his head and said he had got accustomed to his solitude and had given up going out in the evening.

It was strange, so many things men think good were open to him; society, local public business, the claims of which he had been wont to advocate and from which he had hurriedly withdrawn, and last (not least) marriage. And he had nothing to say to any of them.

"Depend upon it there is a lady in the case," said Mrs. Tabor in confidence to her husband.

"I thought at one time," said Mr. Tabor, speaking with his usual deliberation, as if he always weighed his words, which was the case—"I thought at one time he was getting fond of our little Lucy."

"You discouraged him rather, I think," said his wife, with the slightest ring of dissatisfaction in her tone. Philip had always been an immense favourite of Mrs. Tabor's.

"I don't know that I did particularly," said Mr. Tabor. "There was no advance on his part enough to be dealt with in a discouraging manner, and Lucy was but a child. You know it is two years nearly since he left the neighbourhood, and we have seen little enough of him since then. Lucy is only nineteen, and we don't want to lose the little one yet, do we?"

"No," replied Mrs. Tabor, warmly; "but there's nobody I would like so much to see her marry as Philip."

Mrs. Tabor was anything but deliberate—a rash, warm-hearted woman. Not that her husband's deliberateness was the result of want of heart. On the contrary, Mr. Tabor was kind and liberal; it was the result of an overwhelming conscientiousness acting upon a naturally slow and cautious temperament.

"I did not know you had gone so far as that," remarked her husband, rather wistfully; "at least in serious intention."

"I don't know about serious intention," she an-

swered, laughing. "He was fond of her when she was ten years old, and he was twenty. They were the best of friends up to two years ago, and I think she misses him."

"Has she said anything to make you think so?" said Mr. Tabor, anxiously.

"No, she says nothing—a far worse sign in a girl like Lucy."

"Well, you know best, mamma," he answered, smiling tenderly; "but I think the child does not look unhappy."

"Oh! thank God, no," said the mother, earnestly. These two had known sorrow in their youth, and their one desire was to shield their daughter from it, though indeed it had not been bad for either of them; it had not been to either of them the sorrow that worketh death. Not death to the body, it seldom does that; but to the soul, with its hopes and loves and aspirations. They had laid their trouble clean away out of sight and hearing, and made their little world as bright and gay as they could make it for their laughing, dancing child.

"That is well," said Mr. Tabor, "for of late I have noticed some things I do not quite approve of in Philip."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Tabor. "He used to be the best young man you ever had in the office; before he was taken into partnership you had the highest opinion of his business abilities."

"And so I have still," replied her husband; "he transacts every piece of business entrusted to him with ability and zeal, throws his whole heart and soul into it. It is not that. I have noticed a certain graspingness, which is unnatural in youth, and a parsimoniousness which is unfitting and unnecessary. I would not like to give our little one into the keeping of a miserly man. I like a liberal spirit, even if it errs on the side of liberality."

And Mrs. Tabor once more jumped to her own conclusion, and repeated, "Depend upon it he is going to get married, and is saving up for it. You can have nothing to say against that, my dear."

CHAPTER II.

MEMORIES.

PHILIP TENTERDEN'S mode of living did not allow of much variety of occupation. When he had looked for some time into the fire, he went and looked out at the window, to see whether there remained for him the possibility of the only alternative to his lonely sitting, a long lonely walk. At first, of course, he saw the reflection of the room, with its lamp and fire blurred with fog. But he got behind the venetian, and as he watched the street lamp glimmer feebly on the opposite side of the road he decided that the night was not very bad, and that he might venture out. He heard just then the eight o'clock post enter the road. Rat-tat after rat-tat sounded nearer and nearer, but awoke no expectation in his mind. He had no letters that did not go to the City. So he neither stirred nor changed his attitude, even when the postman knocked at his own door. He was standing there when Mary entered with two notes on a little black tray. He advanced to take them, and noted a mark on each, suspiciously like that called "Peter's thumb," but he saw nothing more till the girl had withdrawn. Then he looked at the letters, and as he did so a smile dawned on his face, making it tenderer and more beautiful than one might have fancied. The letter held uppermost, the letter smiled upon so tenderly, was addressed in a pretty hand he knew. He opened it, and it was written in the same, but not in the writer's name. It was a formal invitation to a party on the 28th of the month, purporting to come from the writer's mamma. It was quite extraordinary the amount of attention those four and a half lines seemed to require. He knitted his brows and bit his lips over them, took several turns up and down, stood irresolute, sat down and got up again, and appeared as if he could not dismiss them.

At length he sat down once more, wrote an acceptance, which was informal, and ran:—

"DEAR MRS. TABOR,—Though I have given up party going for some time, I mean to allow myself the pleasure of being present on the 28th.—Yours, always sincerely

"PHILIP TENTERDEN."

But when he had so written he laid the note aside, as if quite uncertain whether he should send it or no, while his face relapsed into the deepest gloom. He took up the other with a look of supreme disgust. It was addressed in a particularly scrawling hand, and written in the same; but it had also the merit of being brief. It ran:—

"DEAR PHIL,—I want to see you immediately about something that has happened. Please come to-night if you can.—Yours affectionately,

"FANNY LOVEJOY."

Over this Philip hesitated not at all. He determined at once to answer the summons, perhaps for the very reason that it would dispose of a disagreeable duty, though he had a certain relish for such, and in five minutes more he was abroad.

He caught a train at the suburban station, about ten minutes' walk from his lodgings, and by dint of expertness reached the other side of London in little more than an hour. Having arrived at the outskirt—that is to say, the last row of buildings that had infringed on the open fields—he had also arrived at his destination; but for full five minutes he paused, looking up at the closely shuttered and curtained windows before him, through which not even a ray of light escaped to cheer him, with tidings of warmth and light within.

The row consisted of a block of three villas, distinguished—or rather quite the reverse of distinguished—by the title of "Park Villas," looking out on the pleasant fields which stretch upwards

to Hampstead Heath. They had been built and inhabited by families connected together by the ties of business and friendship, who had migrated thither in a body from the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square.

Mr. Austin, who took possession of No. 1, was the head of the firm of Austin and Tabor, solicitors. He was at that time a bachelor. His partner, Mr. Tabor, brought with him a wife and daughter, a little maid of some nine summers, to No. 2; while Mr. Tenterden, Philip's father, who was an old friend of both partners, occupied No. 3, with his sons Francis and Philip, and his orphan ward, Fanny Lovejoy.

As Philip glanced up at the houses the thought in his mind was not of the changes wrought within and around them by the tide of human vicissitude; it was of sunny slips of garden on Sabbath afternoons, when he sat upon the wall, a long-limbed lad, and teased and petted and pelted with flowers a laughing girl, whose every secret he knew, whose every happiness he shared. Winters must have alternated with summer even in that favoured locality, but they were blotted out of remembrance, only the "sunny memories" lived and clung about the home of Philip's youth.

At length he knocked at No. 3. A great brass plate was on the door bearing upon it the name of Lovejoy, a fancy of Fanny's when she came to live there all by herself. A tidy housemaid admitted him, rather astonished at his late appearance; but looking a welcome when she saw who it was, and ushering him at once into the presence of her mistress.

Fanny rose with an exclamation of pleasure and advanced to meet him, took his hand in her plump fingers and led him to a chair, while a big light-coloured cat caught the ball from which she had been knitting, and played with it, lazily lying on his side on the hearth-rug.

"It was very kind of you to come to-night, very; but I hardly expected you. Indeed, there was no hurry. I didn't say there was, did I, Phil? I forget exactly what I said."

"What has happened?" he asked, releasing his hand. "I see Puck is all right," looking down at the cat. "Has one of the servants been robbing you? or is it a case of virtue in distress you want to see me about?"

"Oh, dear, no—that is, yes. The servants are the best creatures in the world. Thank you."

This last was for the return of the ball, which Philip had picked up, and disentangled from the feet of the stool, just as Miss Lovejoy had upset a basketful of diamond-shaped patches of knitting in search of it.

"Thank you," she repeated, as he picked up the pieces. "This is the fifty-fourth diamond of my fourth quilt. I can't see now to read at night; and I like to sit and think."

"That's more than I do," said Philip. "Your thoughts must be pleasant ones."

"Oh yes," she answered, with a little laugh. "I was thinking before you came in how many people I have known, all dead now. There was father and mother and the little ones, you know, before I came to live with you. Then there was Uncle Joshua and your father and mother, and Dr. Darle and his wife, and our old neighbours the Finches, and the Rev. Mr. What-was-his-name, the young curate, who went to Torquay with his sister."

"Quite enough! Fanny, stop," exclaimed Philip, when she had got so far; "I can't bear that sort of thing, you know."

Fanny was accustomed to Philip's impatience with her speeches, and she placidly paused in her cheerful enumeration.

For the first time in his life, and he had known her as long as he could remember, Philip felt a movement of pathetic interest in Fanny Lovejoy, sitting there with that group of old familiar faces looking at her out of the shadows and peopling her solitude.

It was greater than his own, and growing greater as she advanced on her journey, and one after another old friends dropped off. She was at the age, too, when all the ties of later life are forming; when the little ones are growing up who will lend us their arms to lean upon when our steps begin to be feeble, who will close our eyes in the last darkness, and lean over the verge of our graves; but she had no link to the new generation and no attraction for the old; no light nor heat of intellect or energy to draw a little circle round her out of the advancing darkness.

Fanny had been the oldest daughter in a sickly family, a family in which disease and death had been ever present in their saddest forms. Neither, it might be, had this man sinned, nor his father; but sin there must have been somewhere against those laws written on the tissues of flesh as clearly as on tables of stone, to have introduced those fearful visitations of malformation, sickliness, and idiotcy which had afflicted the Lovejoy family. The unhappy parents, struggling with their own infirmities, had laid down child after child, with aching hearts, acknowledging that it was better so; that death was better than the life which they had transmitted; and in the midst of all this Fanny lived and throve and grew fat and merry, an altogether inconsequent little person, never considered very wise, though her only unwisdom lay in her immense imperturbability, and in her being fat when it was expected that she should be lean, and cheerful when all around her were depressed. Good nature was scrawled in every lineament of her fat face, a good nature which had been set down to stupidity, an opinion justified by a curious incoherence and inconsequence of speech, qualities which did not come out in act or deed. She was not, as a girl, either ill-formed or ugly;

but she was unusually fat, and persistently untidy. Her strings were always untied and her buttons unfastened, and she lost things endlessly. And now, before middle age, she was left entirely alone, and entirely independent, a woman who trusted everybody who came near her. She was bound to do something foolish, in the opinion of the one or two people who had any interest in her still, and they watched accordingly; but her confiding trust had hitherto been completely justified.

A friendless orphan at seventeen, she had been left to the care of Philip's father, who was her sole guardian; and for fifteen years of her life she had remained in his house as a daughter. She had three hundred a year at her own disposal; and, after paying a hundred and fifty for her board and that of the servant who waited on her, she spent the remainder in her own slipshod fashion, giving away a large proportion of it in easy charity. But she had been very free and very happy in the Tenterden household, having apparently no ambition and no desires beyond it.

Five years after the removal to Park Villas, Mrs. Tenterden died, a quiet, colourless woman—perhaps because her lot was quiet and colourless—but one who ruled her house like an embodied equity. Mr. Tenterden, a singularly reserved man, exhibited a strange mixture of sorrow and of what appeared relief from restraint when she died. His sons believed that he acted under excitement, for he was demonstrative where he had been hitherto shy, and voluble where he had been silent. Philip, the youngest son, had remained under his father's roof. Articled at seventeen to Messrs. Austin and Tabor, he had remained after his five years' probation on the footing of a future partner, an honour which he obtained after other five years of servitude. Francis, the eldest son, was settled in the North of England as an engineer.

The long-established routine of the widower's household went on as before, under the guidance of Fanny Lovejoy; but Mr. Tenterden himself was failing rapidly, becoming a tremulous, sleepless, sickly man. One day he astonished Philip by saying that he would be glad to see him settled in life before he gave up entirely.

"I am not an unsettled character," Philip had said, with truth; "and I have no immediate wish to marry, if that is what you mean."

Philip laid stress on the word "immediate." He did wish to marry some time, of course. Then what was he waiting for? Was it for the lady? Her he had chosen long ago, and she had kept the door of his heart against all comers; but only the other day his little Lucy had been a child, and he had held back from wooing her with scrupulous delicacy, for younger and tenderer than she seemed either to father or mother, she seemed to him.

Imagine Philip's feelings, therefore, when his father said, with a ghastly attempt to appear jocular, and an ill-concealed anxiety beneath the surface, "You and Fanny might make a match of it."

"What can have put such an idea into your head?" replied the indignant Philip; "an imbecile old woman!" Fanny was not so many years older than himself.

The joke was never repeated in the face of Philip's unmitigated amazement and disgust; but many a time did the young man look at the unconscious Fanny with curious eyes, wondering how such an idea could ever have entered into his father's mind. *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

BY THE REV. J. D. GEDGE, M.A., DIOCESAN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 1. RUTH.

Chapters to be read—Parts of Ruth i.—iv.

INTRODUCTION. Tell the children when Ruth lived—viz., in time of Judges. Ask what nation we have history of in earlier books of Bible, and why they think this story of one girl is told: Ruth iv. 22 shows she was an ancestress of David, and so of Christ.

I. RUTH IN MOAB. Read i. 1—11, and question upon it, so that the circumstances may be fully understood. Remind of the famine in Canaan in Abraham's and Joseph's time (Gen. xii. 10; xlii. 1). Picture Naomi's desolate condition, having lost husband and two sons in a strange land. Death at all times sad, still worse among strangers. Ask questions upon the well-known story of Orpah's return home, and Ruth's cleaving to her mother-in-law. See what it shows on the part of Ruth. (1) *Her deep love.* Often daughters-in-law do not care for, or behave properly to, mothers-in-law: here there was deep regard and affection, showing proper feeling and behaviour on both sides; a happy picture of family love. (2) *Her unselfishness.* As far as was likely, Moab would be a better home for her than Judæa, because she would be among her own friends, instead of strangers; but this was not thought of in comparison with her duty and affection towards Naomi (see i. 16—18). True love is always unselfish.

II. Ruth in Bethlehem. (Read i. 19—22). Picture out the arrival at the little village; the stir and excitement; old friends crowding around; the news spreading; Naomi's sorrowful remark that she should be called Marah (or bitter). Refer to Exod. xv. 23: Marah, where the waters were bitter. See how Naomi traces all her troubles to God's providence; so St. Paul tells us how God afflicts His children (Heb. xii. 6, 7), and Christ tells us the same (Matt. x. 37, 38). Now notice Ruth's conduct (read chap. ii.). (1) *She was submissive.* Though a widow and full grown, she did nothing without consulting Naomi. Like Christ, who for thirty years remained at Nazareth, subject to His earthly parents (Luke ii. 51). (2) *She was industrious.* She went and gleaned in the fields in order to maintain herself and Naomi. So St. Paul would not be chargeable to his converts, but worked night and day (1 Thess. ii. 9). She was not slothful in business. (3) *She was modest.* See her proper request to the servant, told by him to his master (ii. 7); her respectful manner of speaking to Boaz when questioned by him (ii. 10, 13), not presuming upon his kindness, not pert, but gentle of speech and respectful in manner. What an example to young servants! and to all in inferior positions. The more modest and retiring, the more Christ-like they become.

Turn now from Ruth to look at Boaz as the model of a good master. (1) *He feared God,* remembering his Master in heaven (Eph. vi. 9). Notice his salutation to the reapers (ii. 4). (2) *He looked after his servants.* No true kindness to leave servants alone. See picture of a good mistress among her maidens (Prov. xxxi. 27). (3) *He was kind,* letting Ruth stay with his servants and share their meal; and directing the reapers to let fall some handfuls for her. How contrary to those reproached for oppressing the fatherless and widow (Isa. i. 23). His was true religion, as described by St. James (i. 27).

III. Ruth married. It will not be necessary to read the third chapter; it will be sufficient to tell the children of Naomi's advice to Ruth to take the opportunity, while Boaz was asleep on a pile of corn, to lie down at his feet, and place his cloak over her, thus claiming his help and protection to a relative. Then explain that Boaz was a kinsman, but not the nearest kinsman, of Elimelech, Naomi's husband. Refer to Deut. xxv. 5—10 for the law of inheritance, explaining that Elimelech's property descending to his son Mahlon, the nearest kinsman ought to marry Ruth, but, as he failed to do so, Boaz, the next of kin, bought his right and married her (read iv. 9—11), thus keeping God's appointed law for preserving property in a family, doing a kindness to a poor kinswoman, and bringing down blessing upon himself.

Practical lessons. (1) *How God is the defence of His people.* Naomi, without any doubt, returned to her own people, and Ruth with her took Naomi's God for her God, and their confidence was not misplaced. One of God's titles is the "Father of the fatherless and Judge of widows" (Ps. lxviii. 5). (2) *How God overrules all for good.* Ruth returned with Naomi, poor and destitute, to end by marrying a rich man, the ancestor of the Saviour. So Joseph's being sent to Egypt caused him to become his brethren's saviour. (3) *The happiness of a God-fearing family.* A beautiful picture—Boaz, the reapers, the gleaners, all living together in peace and love, and receiving blessing from the Lord. An example for us to go and live likewise.

Questions to be answered.

1. How did Ruth express her wish to stay with Naomi?
2. What points in her character did she show?
3. What do you notice of her character while in the fields of Boaz?
4. Describe the character of Boaz.
5. Give texts speaking of the duties of masters and servants.
6. What general lessons may we learn?

IN THE WIND AND THE RAIN.



HE was washing potatoes. Now there are a great many different ways of washing potatoes, for nearly every one eats them and likes them. In civilised London, when we speak of washing potatoes, our thoughts directly travel to a scullery away down-stairs under the ground, a poky, miserable, horrid place, and a cook in a big apron, and a dreadfully serious, cross face, standing hacking away with a knife and saying, "Bother the potatoes! what a time they take to prepare, and how bad they get to be sure!"

But we are going to talk about another and a very different way of preparing the potatoes. Of all the extraordinary cottages you ever saw, I am quite certain that you never saw one like this, which I am going to tell you about. It was perched on a very steep hill, with the ground about it so sloping that on one side you stood on a level with the roof, and this roof was covered with tall grasses and pretty large leaved weeds, which grew thickly round two odd little stumpy chimneys; and the doorway was quite crooked, and if you had entered there, you would have thought you had made a mistake, for

there was only a cow-stable to be seen; but through the stable, further on, was a door which led into the kitchen of the house.

The house stood close by a copse of birch-trees, and all amongst heather and bluebells, and passing the house was a splashing, busy little stream; and now I am coming to the potatoes, for a little girl belonging to this most rustic, picturesque cottage had dipped a tin can into a pool of the burn, and was standing beside a rock washing the potatoes. She was not beautiful, not the least bit beautiful—in fact, she was an ugly little girl, and when you hear how she was dressed, you will say that she must have been ridiculously ugly. She had a little cotton jacket of a particularly flaring pattern, and a short homespun petticoat; and tied before her was a long thick apron, which came ever so far below her petticoat, and more than touched the ground—clearly somebody else's apron, and never made for so small a person; no shoes and stockings, and no hat, but thick red hair, a turn-up nose, and ever such a big mouth. Of course, she had some redeeming points, and it is only fair to mention these as well as the less pleasing ones. The big mouth seemed to be made for laughing, and the merry mischievous eyes looked as if they had determined to be happy and bright in spite of anything that might happen, and the well-made limbs were evidently fashioned for work and activity. So impossible was it for this small lady to keep still, that even as she vigorously washed the potatoes she was singing with much emphasis a Scotch reel, and the bare feet were marking time like a couple of capital india-rubber balls.

Two small boys in old tartan kilts, and with a full share of bare legs, were close by on the ground, apparently desirous of strangling one another; an unwound fishing-line was coiled about them, and feet and heads alike became entangled in it.

"Sandy and Tammy," cried the potato washer, pausing in all her occupations, "are you going on with rolling up the line? Do you know what father will say in five minutes if it is not done?"

Sandy and Tammy were both too eager to heed her, and she returned to all her occupations, for a time, until a howl from one of the wearers of kilts made her look round again. The dispute had by no means come to an end, so taking up a bad potato, she threw it with some strength and perfect disinterestedness at both combatants. But it hit Sandy on the ear, and attributing this to some fresh attack on Tammy's part, he seemed to redouble his efforts at strangling him. At this Maggie (the potato washer) gathered up her apron and rushed to the rescue.

"Leave off, you creatures;" but she spoke in such broad Scotch that it is absolutely necessary to translate it into the English language. "I declare, you are for all the world like a couple of otters out of the burn yonder. Are you wanting to eat one another entirely? Look at the line, getting tangled together. If you do not sort it at once you will not get a potato to-day, neither the one nor the other of you. Now, will you leave off, you savages?" And Maggie clutched so vigorously at Sandy's Rob Roy tartan kilt in her endeavours to force them to discontinue their argument, that it was only a wonder that the one large hook which kept his garment about him, held yet firmly in its place.

All at once a strongly-made man, in rough blue jersey and oil-skin cap, made his appearance round the wall of the house, and quicker than words can tell Maggie returned to the potatoes, and Sandy and Tammy to the disentangling of the fishing-line.

The potatoes were soon finished after this, and putting them in a large black pot, with some fresh water from the burn, Maggie carried them into the house, if the queer little erection could be dignified by such a title, for it had more resemblance to a heap of stones than anything else.

Inside the kitchen Maggie found her father, the sailor in the blue jersey whose coming had lately sent Sandy and Tammy about their business in such quick time; he was sitting in an old wooden arm-chair. Now this arm-chair was a sacred institution in the house; it was very solidly made, and on its wooden seat lay a particularly thin cushion, with a very much worn-out cover; but this was the father's chair, and not even Sandy the adventurous or Tammy the daring ever ventured to climb into the seat of it.

At the other side of the kitchen, almost hidden in the wall, was a bed, and on it a little bundle covered over with a shawl; this was the youngest of the family, the baby of a year old.

And now we have seen all the family. Look round as we may, there is not one more to be found—no mother to take care of that little sleeping bundle on the bed, and no other to take care of the house and look after the noisy boys but little Maggie, the merry little ugly girl with the red hair.

"Maggie, lass," said her father, "put plenty of potatoes on, for Peter Morrison is coming by-and-by to get his dinner with us, for we've been busy putting the nets down."

"I will put some more on, father." And then more potato cleaning took place, and when Maggie was putting these in the black pot, her father said again, "Maggie, lass, we shall have to bring in the nets to-night, about one o'clock, and it will be very dark, for there is no moon, and I think there will be wind, and maybe rain by then, and I shall put the light on the rocks before the black cove before we start, and some of them will give it a look at ten o'clock, before they go home to their beds; but if wind and rain came on, something might happen to the light, and it would be better if some one were to give a look to it, maybe about half-past twelve or one, and there is no other body

could do it better than yourself, you are canny enough if you can keep awake."

"I will be down, father, in case it rains; but if there is no wind and rain I suppose I need not go."

"It will be right enough if it should keep fine."

Her father watched Maggie as she hopped about the place, tidying up the kitchen, dancing with the baby, who seemed to be nearly as big as herself, managing the unruly boys in a way that at least seemed to be efficacious, and busily preparing the dinner. It certainly was amusing to watch her movements, which were so strangely active, for the bare feet never lost their resemblance to india-rubber balls, which every time they touched the ground bounded off again.

Peter Morrison, faithful to the dinner hour, appeared just at the moment when Maggie had ascertained that the potatoes were cooked to perfection; and when she had drained them in the most knowing way, Maggie placed them in triumph on the table.

In the course of the afternoon, the father of the household and Peter Morrison walked up the hill on which the house stood, to have a look round on sea and sky, to judge, if possible, of coming weather. Closely behind they were followed by Sandy and Tammy, who were admiring the wisdom of their elders, and imitating their movements, and pretending to be weather-wise in their own particularly small way.

Down under the shelter of the hill, outside the cottage amongst the heather and bluebells, Maggie was singing reels and strathspeys to the baby, training his young ears to decidedly Scotch music, occasionally varying the entertainment by a most energetic dance.

Maggie was just thinking to herself that it was time to be infusing the tea, when she saw approaching in the distance, up the steep hill-path to the cottage, three gaily-dressed ladies. Now Maggie had a great regard for appearances, so she hastily untied her huge apron and tucked it into the heather, tried to push the obstinate red hair behind her ears, and then picked up the baby and carried him down to the cottage door, where she stood leaning against the doorway, for she was not going to lose the entertainment of seeing three ladies in three gorgeous costumes, for small Maggie was already woman enough to appreciate dress and colour.

With a dignified air of indifference she watched them approach; then her heart began to beat, for they were clearly coming to the house. Now the house was so much out of the general route that visitors were few and far between. However, she pretended to be wholly unconscious of their approach until one of the three ladies spoke to her.

"I wanted to ask," she said, "whether you have seen such a thing as a small leather bag anywhere about the road in the village?"

"Is it me, ma'am, that you are talking to?" inquired Maggie—a somewhat superfluous question, seeing that the only other person present was the baby in her arms. "No, ma'am, I did not see it."

"Oh, well, in case you hear anything of it, it belongs to me, and I will leave this description of it with you, and you can tell any one of it that you see. Can you read?"

"Book writing, and I *have* seen pen writing that I could read," said Maggie, doubtfully, and looking at the piece of writing which the stranger handed to her. She looked at it for a moment, and then said very decidedly, "But I could not read *your* writing."

"I will read it to you. 'Lost, a small leather bag, containing a purse with a good deal of silver and some gold in it, a watch and chain, also several letters and a pocket-handkerchief. Whoever will bring this to Miss Murkinthwaite, at the post-office, will receive ten shillings reward.'"

"Ma guidness me!" was all Maggie's answer.

"Can any one in this house read?" continued the lady.

"Read! my father reads just beautifully; perhaps you would like to step ben the room and see the chair he sits in when he reads all the newspapers?"

The lady declined this offer, and leaving the paper, joined her friends and descended the hill. When she was out of sight, Maggie placed the baby on the ground and spelt over the bit of writing, recalling the words from memory, and fancying which they must be; she found, however, that there was great difficulty in this performance, and she settled things comfortably in her mind by saying to herself that half the words were misspelt.

(*To be concluded*).

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

1. Show that the Lamentations referred to in 2 Chron. xxxv. 25 are not the Lamentations of Jeremiah now in our possession.

2. Our Lord on one occasion mentioned the parts of the Old Testament that contained statements respecting Himself. On what occasion, and what parts of Scripture did He refer to?

3. Quote the verse from which we learn that Moses was the most eminent of all the prophets that appeared in Israel.

4. During whose reigns did the Syrians and Edomites respectively suffer a defeat in the "Valley of Salt," and what was the amount of their slain?

5. Quote the verse in which the first Syrian invasion of Judah is recorded.



(*Drawn by* C. O. MURRAY.)

HARVEST HOME IN OLD TIMES.

HERE, where the graceful squirrels spring,
And shake the mast's ripe kernels down,
I watched the dragon-fly's smooth wing
Rest on the bindweed's creamy crown,
In happy days of hoop and swing.
Then the last wagon from the field
Bore its last load along the lane,
And song and laugh and shout were pealed

Like joy-bells o'er the piled-up grain.
Infectious peals of careless mirth
That echoed in the sky's blue dome,
Rang out above the fruitful earth—
The children's shouts of "Harvest Home!"
I loved to see the ribbons stream
About the jocund harvest-sire,
Who rode the leader of the team,
And led the chorus of the choir:
It crowned my very heart's desire,
When, gathered in the large old hall,
What time the gloaming shadows fall,
The group to "supper" would retire.
The long low English board was spread
With rare roast beef, the yeoman's pride,
And toast and tankard side by side,
That all the reapers might be fed.
Right glad was I, right merry-hearted,
Before the revellers departed,
To mingle in their rustic games,
Old pastimes with quaint country names
Some twenty can I now recall,
But none so well as "snapdragon,"
With horse's head, and milk-white pall
To drape the actor of the fun,
Who made the monster chase us all,
A shrieking band, from wall to wall.
How swiftly would my childish cheek
Resign its faintest tinge of red,
And how mine eyes their fear would speak
Whilst gazing on "that awful head!"
Such scenes—like glamour wrought by elves,
As grandames say, in fairy rings—
Seem brighter than their native selves,
If Memory mirrors them, and brings
Before us Youth's Aurora-wings.

JANE DIXON.

THE VISION OF THE INVISIBLE ONE.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"For he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."—Heb. xi. 27.

PART I.

MAN is so constituted as to be powerfully influenced by man; and conscious or unconscious personal influence is, perhaps, the mightiest force which operates in this world, whether for good or evil. The common sentiment of men in reference to this matter has crystallised into a proverb familiar to us all—"Example is more powerful than precept;" and the practical wisdom of these words, which we thoughtlessly copied in childhood, we are more and more perfectly learning by the progressive experience of life. We all feel it to be much better to be shown how to do a thing, than to be told how; better to witness an example than to listen to a precept. It is very well to be told that we ought to pursue a certain course, wherein by the use of specified means we may hope to surmount the difficulties of the way, and attain at last to the object which looms encouragingly through the distance. But how much more good do we get by perusing the life of some man who has actually prosecuted that way, surmounted those obstacles, and attained that eventual reward. We feel much more inclined to set out in such a course after reading the memoir, than after reading a mere hand-book for travellers, describing and giving directions for the same route. The reason is obvious. We feel in the one case what we totally lack in the other, the contagion of personal influence and example.

Now we might expect that God, who has created us so susceptible to personal influence, and so capable of exerting it; and who, moreover, has so ordered human society that no man can live to himself, would, in any revelation which He might vouchsafe to man make large use of this principle; and what we might so naturally expect we do actually find.

The Bible is to a large extent biographical, made up of personal narrative. The great men of the Bible are imperfect incarnations of the truths and principles of the Bible. In them we see imperfectly set forth some of that goodness, beauty, and truth, the full and perfect manifestation of which we meet with in Christ Jesus; and while we are specially to look upon the life of Christ as the model and example of ours, and with reverent steps are to follow where He has led, we are also to be followers, imitators of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

We cannot doubt this in the presence of the chapter whence the words quoted at the head of this paper are taken. The design of the author of this Epistle, in this place, is to impress upon the minds of his readers the importance and prevailing efficiency of that principle of faith, which is described at the commencement of the chapter as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." This design he seeks to accomplish by summoning a cloud of illustrious witnesses, who are gathered from all the ages, and who bear significant and concurrent testimony to the practical power of faith.

It is as though he said, Do you want to know

what faith is—how faith operates—what it will enable men to accomplish and endure? Do you doubt whether faith can sublime and sustain your lives?—whether in possession and exercise of it you can conquer? See what faith did for these men of old time, "who through faith"—otherwise they were no stronger or better than you—"who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." These and other marvels they wrought through faith.

These men were living in different ages, under different circumstances, had various characters; each had his own views, purposes, course in life; in many respects they differed as widely as men could differ, but, different as they were, they all agreed in this: they had a perception of the unseen—a firm and earnest faith in the Invisible One. Of them all, it may be said, that they achieved what they did; they endured what they did, as seeing Him who is invisible. There is a key, an explaining principle, to the life of every man. The feature which pre-eminently distinguished the Old Testament worthies to whom, to whose doings and sufferings, we have reference in this chapter, was their vision of the Invisible One; that vision which can be only enjoyed by them who have the faith, the operation of which is here celebrated, and which is itself the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

This, then, is our subject: "The Vision of the Invisible One;" in considering which, two things are to be noticed:—

I. That this was the influential and sustaining principle in the life of Moses.

II. That this should be the influential and sustaining principle in our lives.

I. Let us notice that this vision of the Invisible One was the influential and sustaining principle in the life of Moses. This fact could not be more distinctly affirmed than it is by these words: "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Paradoxical as the statement may at first appear, it presents us with the explaining principle of Moses' life; believe that in everything he was influenced by this vision of the Invisible One, and his life, wonderful still, appears intelligible and harmonious. Exclude all reference to this, and it is dark, enigmatic, inexplicable. Whatever principle of interpretation we may adopt, we cannot but regard the life of Moses as distinguished by features of unusual and even singular interest in its commencement, continuance, and close. By the strong faith and skilful device of his mother he was saved in infancy from the operation of a cruel edict, which devoted to death all the male children of the Hebrews. By a seeming accident he was introduced to the notice of Pharaoh's daughter, and educated in all the wisdom of the period, in the court of the oppressors of his nation, that he might afterwards be the better able to rescue and avenge them.

Entrusted to the care of his mother, he, through his family, retained his connection and sympathy with his own people, and to such an extent, that he was led at last to openly espouse their cause; and so, "when he was come to years, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward."

He then forsook Egypt, and went into the desert of Midian, where he lived a retired pastoral life for many years, and was, like not a few of God's most distinguished servants, trained in solitude for the activities and responsibilities of public life. History tells us how, at the appointed time, Moses became the instrument of delivering Israel from the house of bondage, and was associated with their wonderful exodus from Egypt, and their not less wonderful wanderings in the desert, until at last he died, according to the word of God, within sight of that promised land, to the borders of which he had led the wandering host of Israel, but into which he was not suffered to enter himself.

In whatever way we regard this life of Moses, it must be accounted as one which we cannot reasonably explain by reference to the principles which ordinarily actuate men.

If a man do what men naturally shrink from doing—if he abstain from that which they are naturally inclined to, we must account for this exceptional action and abstinence by reference to some other principle or principles than those which ordinarily operate.

Let us apply this rule to the life of Moses. If we take the principles and motives which ordinarily dominate in the world, we feel at once convinced that they would have led Moses to live a life entirely different from that which he did live. They certainly would not have led him to refuse to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; to choose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; or to esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. Influenced by the principles which commonly actuate men, he would have chosen what he refused, and have clung to what he forsook.

What, then, was it which supported him under

his difficulties,—which enabled him to close his eyes to the fair prospect of worldly advantage,—to be strong in the presence of danger,—to bear the murmurings of the people whom he so faithfully served, and in every respect so honestly, fearlessly, and adequately to discharge his duties? We have the whole thing explained in these words: "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning wore on. Walter Kapell went out to attend a meeting of the Municipal Council; and Marie occupied herself in her usual household duties, with the assistance of the good Margaret, her nurse. Her cheek was paler than usual, and whenever a knock was heard she could not help trembling till she had ascertained who had come to the door. When the hour of dinner approached, she anxiously looked for the arrival of her father. It appeared that he was longer than usual. She frequently went to the window, and looked up the street in the direction she expected him to come; still he did not appear. Often and often she gazed up at the round face of the clock in the hall, thinking, though hitherto a true and faithful indicator of time, that it had suddenly taken to follow the evil ways of the world, and was speaking falsely. "It must surely be going slow," she remarked to Margaret. Still the clock went on, tick, tick, tick, in its accustomed manner, quite unconscious of the accusations brought against its veracity.

"No better timekeeper exists in the place, my dear child," answered the old nurse; "I have never known it to lose a minute in a week. Your honoured father will come in good time, though perchance business of importance may have detained him at the Council. Herr Brakelstoup is probably addressing the meeting, and he is a long-winded orator, as we all know."

Still Marie was not reassured. She would have put on her hood, and run up towards the Town Hall, but, anxious as she was to meet her father, she dreaded going out, lest she should encounter the rude mob who had attacked poor Hans; and she had another reason, which perhaps she scarcely liked to acknowledge to herself. She went to the window, however, more frequently than before. Now she looked up the street; now in the other direction. Perhaps her father might have gone round on some other business after leaving the Council. Suddenly, as she was looking out, the colour rose to her cheek and mounted to her brow. A young and certainly not ill-looking cavalier might have been seen walking at a rapid rate, with the scabbard of his sword held in his hand, to prevent it striking his legs, the plume of his hat waving in the wind, while his eyes were turned up towards the window from which she was gazing. Her maiden modesty induced her to draw back slightly; but she did not altogether retire, still being able to watch the cavalier as he approached. He had seen her, and raised his hand to his lips, ascertaining, as he thought, that no one was observing him, and then quickly crossed the street to the side on which the house stood. In another instant a knock was heard. Little Marie's heart fluttered considerably. She sat herself down to try and compose her spirits, but directly afterwards she hastened to the door of the room. Voices were heard below. The deep, low tones of a man's voice reached her ears, as if eagerly speaking; while ever and anon Dame Margaret's shriller voice came up the stairs. Now she thought she would run down, for she was sure if her father was at home the visitor would be admitted; then she stopped. Surely Margaret would not think it necessary to turn him away. He seemed very unwilling to go, at all events, if such was her purpose. Now the visitor's voice grew a little louder and bolder than at first. Marie's heart fluttered more and more. She made a few steps along the passage; then she heard the door closed. "Has he really gone?" she thought. "If he has, he may meet my father, who will assuredly bring him back." But Dame Margaret was not so hard-hearted as Marie had feared. Footsteps were heard in the passage; then they came up-stairs. She caught a glimpse of her old nurse, never very agile in her movements, as she reached the end of the passage. Marie ran back and sat herself down in what she believed a thoroughly dignified and composed attitude; not that she did otherwise than that which was perfectly natural to her. She had taken her knitting in hand, but had scarcely once drawn the thread tight when Margaret appeared at the door, her portly person concealing the figure, though not the face, of the young gentleman who followed closely behind her. "Herr Gellert would come in, he would take no denial; and I hope your honoured father will not blame me for admitting him," said Margaret, not aware apparently that the guest was not only within hearing, but close behind her.

"I am very glad to see Herr Gellert," said Marie, rising and extending her hand; "and I trust my father will soon be at home to assist me in entertaining him."

"Oh! you are there," exclaimed Margaret, turning round and discovering the visitor; "I thought you

had remained below till I could announce you to my young lady. Really, Herr Gellert, you seem determined to take the house by storm."

"Pardon me, good Margaret; I thought you had invited me to follow you, or I should not have ventured to act so disrespectfully towards your young mistress. I pray you, will you pardon me?" he added, looking into Marie's face.

Marie did not appear very angry or annoyed, but, on the contrary, smiled as he took her hand, and begged him to take a seat, expressing a hope that her father would soon arrive. "I have been looking for him for an hour or more," she said; "what can have delayed him I know not. Can you conjecture, Herr Gellert? I have been made very nervous, I must own; and perhaps my fears have caused the danger I apprehend to appear greater than it is." She then told him of the events of the morning, and of the mysterious persons who had made their way into the house, and escaped before any one could interrogate them.

The young gentleman looked very grave as she spoke, and did not reply immediately. He was evidently anxious, however, not to alarm her, and seemed to be considering what object could have induced the strangers to come to the house. Meantime, while the young couple were speaking, Dame Margaret stood near the door in a respectful attitude, evidently thinking that, for the sake of propriety, she should not leave them till the arrival of Herr Kapell. Their conversation, it must be owned, did not flow quite so freely as it might have done under other circumstances. The young man seemed occasionally lost in thought; and even when Marie was speaking, he did not appear altogether to understand her, though his eyes were fixed on her countenance with a respectful and admiring glance. His mind was evidently occupied with some matter of importance. He seemed at length aware of his behaviour, and arousing himself, told her that since they had last met he had spent most of his time at Antwerp, except a few weeks, which had been occupied in paying visits to several towns of Holland, to which he had been sent on business by his father, who was a wealthy merchant of the last-mentioned city. "He was well satisfied with the way I conducted matters," he added in a significant tone, "though formerly I must confess having had no great fancy for mercantile pursuits; I was less attentive to them than duty demanded."

Marie looked down on the ground as he spoke. "Antwerp, I have heard, is a very gay city. How different it must be to our quiet little town of Dixmuyde," she observed.

"Yes, in truth," said the young man. "People manage to mix pleasure with business in due proportion. We flatter ourselves that we vie with any of our neighbours in the magnificence of our spectacles. I wish that you could have been present at our last pageant, when the companies of Rhetoricians assembled from all the chief cities of Flanders, to compete for the 'Land-Jewel.' Truly the companies, in their gorgeous apparel, made a brave appearance, though I am proud to say those of the Painters and the Marigold of our own city won general admiration. The first appeared arrayed in garments of purple satin and velvet, forty horsemen heading them, all armed with swords and spears, and habited in short cloaks richly embroidered with silver and lined with satin, and doublets and hose of white satin, white boots, and purple hats with white feathers in them. The two leaders were accompanied by six footmen dressed in purple, four heralds, the same number of banner-carriers, and six trumpeters, besides forty footmen in coats of purple taffeta, with hose and doublets of white satin. But when I praise the magnificence of our companies, I must own that those of the other cities surpassed them in point of numbers, the variety and richness of their dresses, and the devices they carried. That of Brussels, for instance, was accompanied by upwards of twenty chariots, full of men magnificently dressed, and upwards of a hundred horsemen, besides pageants borne on men's shoulders, in which sat a number of young children, dressed in cloth of gold and silver and satin of all colours, preceded by a wonderful array of trumpeters, heralds, footmen, standard-bearers, and men in rich suits of armour."

"Do you seek to turn my brain with these descriptions?" asked Marie, looking up. "You know we see nothing to be compared to the scenes you describe, in this place. I have never moved many leagues from it."

"Oh no—no!" answered Gellert. "I merely seek to interest you, for I fear that you take too gloomy a view of matters; and I would divert your thoughts from the circumstances which seem so greatly to alarm you."

"Thanks, Herr Gellert," said Marie. "But, notwithstanding what you have described, I cannot help being anxious about my father; and I must ask you to go in search of him, and bring me tidings of the cause of his long delay from home."

"I will gladly obey you," said the young man; "and I hope to return very shortly in his company. As I passed through the streets, I saw no cause to suppose that anything was wrong." He rose, and, pressing her hand to his lips, an act which the customs of the times allowed, he retired from the room, accompanied down-stairs by Margaret, who—cautious duenna that she was—had not quitted her post at the door.

While the young man hastened to the court-house, looking eagerly ahead in the hope of espying Walter Kapell, Margaret returned to the room where she had left her patient. Poor Hans was sitting up, staring round him with an astonished and curious look. "Where am I? What kind witch has brought

me into this palace?" he exclaimed. "She must have mistaken me for some one else. No one cares for poor Hans."

"Set your mind at rest about that, friend Kopperzoon," said Margaret. "My honoured master and his young daughter are the witches who brought you here; and their kind hearts make them care for you, and make them willing to serve you as best they can."

"Bless them for it! bless them!" exclaimed the poor idiot, still gazing wonderingly round him. "If they will let me, I will work and toil for them to the end of my days."

"A very right spirit," said Margaret, approvingly; "though, to be sure, Hans, I am afraid that your work is not likely to prove of much value."

"Let them try me; they little know what wonderful things I can do. They are the first people who have ever done a kind act to poor Hans, and I would serve them with my best strength and blood, if needs be."

While he was speaking, the door slowly opened, and Marie looked in. Hans caught sight of her countenance. "I knew it must have been a fairy who brought me here, and there she is. I see her! I see her!" he exclaimed.

Marie, on hearing this, very naturally slipped out of the room again before Margaret had discovered her; and Hans persisted, in spite of all she could say, that the very fairy who had done him so kind an act had just appeared to him. He went rambling on for some time, talking all sorts of nonsense, which it is not necessary to repeat, till Margaret, thinking he must be hungry, brought him some food. He ate it ravenously. He seemed to appreciate any act of kindness, and expressed himself in return in a perfectly sane manner. A slight remark, however, was sufficient to present a new idea to his unstable mind, which went wandering away into the strange regions of an exuberant and unregulated fancy. Thus he went on talking and muttering, till he once more fell asleep, his countenance exhibiting a placid look, strangely different from the expression it wore when he was awake, and excited by any cause.

Many doubted whether Hans Kopperzoon was really an idiot. He had often been known to act, not only sanely, but with much judgment and discretion. Some asserted that he was more knave than fool; but as he had never acted a knavish part, those people must have been wrong in their conjectures. Possibly he might have had his sane and insane moments; but even during the latter, he always exhibited a wish to act rightly and to serve those who trusted him. He was eccentric, however, both in his dress and manners; of that there was no doubt; though possibly his eccentricity might have been assumed, for purposes which he thought fit to keep to himself. All that people knew of him was that he had appeared suddenly at Dixmuyde; but no one could tell who he was, or whence he came, or where he had his abode; for that he kept as profoundly secret as other matters relating to himself. Even his name was given to him by others, though willingly adopted, and in time he came to be known as Hans Kopperzoon, the idiot of Dixmuyde.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. NO. 2. JONAH, THE PROPHET.

Chapters to be read—Jonah i., iii., iv.

INTRODUCTION. — As this subject will probably be altogether new to most of the children, the lesson should be prefaced by a few words of explanation.

Jonah lived about 800 B.C., in the reign of Jeroboam II., King of Israel. A reference to 2 Kings xiv. 25, will show that he prophesied to Israel. Question as to the duties of prophets from past lessons, and refer to Noah, to show that they were frequently sent to warn of approaching danger.

I. JONAH'S FIRST MISSION. (Read Jonah i.) (1) *The message.* God's voice in some way directed him to go to Nineveh (Note A). For the message, see chap. iii. 4. A definite time of forty days mentioned. So to the people before the flood 120 years (Gen. vi. 3). The reason for its destruction being its wickedness. So our Lord tells us we must repent or perish (Luke xiii. 3). (2) *The flight.* Caused by fear for his own safety in giving such a message. Refer to Elijah threatened by Jezebel (1 Kings xix. 2). (3) *The storm.* The story of this having been read and questioned upon, draw out the following points. (*a*) *The sea is under God's control.* Most children have seen the sea in a storm; describe its power and irresistible violence. Made by God (Gen. i. 10), aroused by God, calmed by God (Ps. cvii. 25—29). So here the storm, the movements of the great fish (Note B), the calm, all alike directly controlled by God. How this shows His almighty power. Tell the story of Canute rebuking his courtiers, and remind of Christ stilling the tempest. (*b*) *The effect of witnessing God's works.* The sailors, in fear, worshipped their false gods, yet convinced by Jonah's words, they did what he told them, after first praying God not to condemn them; and when the calm came "offered a sacrifice, and made vows." So did Naaman when healed (2 Kings v. 17), and the sailors when Christ stilled

the tempest (Matt. xiv. 33). (4) *The fish's belly.* Ask what Jonah could do, and notice his prayer. In his trouble he sought God, and was heard (ii. 2, 4); and promises vows when delivered (ver. 9). This confession and thanksgiving are elements in all true prayer. See Hannah's prayer (1 Sam. ii. 1—8); Mary's (Luke ii. 47, 48). His being here a type of Christ in the grave (Matt. xii. 40).

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *The danger of yielding to fear of man.* It brought Jonah into all this trouble. So Peter, afraid of servant's ridicule, thrice denied Christ. Christ gave solemn warning to such (Matt. viii. 38). This a frequent snare to young boys at school, servants in kitchen, afraid of ridicule if pray or read Bible, &c. Must pray for grace to confess Christ before men, and so be owned by Him hereafter. (2) *The impossibility of hiding from God.* Adam and Eve tried to in the garden, but in vain. (See Ps. cxxxix. 1—10.) Therefore must live and act always remembering how God sees us.

II. JONAH'S SECOND MISSION. (Read chap. iii.) (1) *Jonah in the city.* Describe the great city, requiring three days to journey through it; the strange prophet calling aloud; the news spreading; groups gathering to hear the news cried aloud; the story reaching the king; the alarm; the king leaving his throne, proclaiming a fast; the public confession and prayer; all the nation stirred as one man; the prayer heard, and judgment delayed. The children will remember the united prayer for the Prince of Wales's recovery, and see what a solemn sight a whole nation praying is; how the angels rejoice (Luke xv. 7), and God pardons. (2) *Jonah in solitude.* (Read chap. iv.) Ask why Jonah should be angry. Probably because the sparing of the city seemed to discredit his testimony as a prophet. Notice God's reasoning with him, and by the figure of the gourd (Note C) showing him himself. Jonah wished the gourd to be saved, because it affected his comfort; but wished the city to be destroyed, rather than destroy his reputation as a prophet. Show the children how frequent this feeling is; it arises from intense selfishness. Jonah had himself been spared, yet wished the city, with all old and young (iv. 11), to be destroyed. This *selfishness* his besetting sin. Contrast St. Paul in his preaching and work; never thinking of self, but only how to win sinners to God (1 Thess. ii. 9, 10). See also example of Christ —made Himself of no reputation (Phil. ii. 7; Isa. liii. 3), and died that we might live.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *Do God's bidding* without caring for results—as Abraham when told to kill his son. (2) *Beware of selfishness.* Love others, and thou wilt wish for them and do for them all possible good.

Questions to be answered.

1. When did Jonah live, and to whom did he prophesy?
2. Where is he referred to in the New Testament, and how?
3. What lessons may we learn from his flight and punishment?
4. Describe the success of his second mission.
5. What was his besetting sin, and how was it seen?
5. Give examples of unselfishness in working for God.

Note A.—NINEVEH. Originally a colony from Babel (Gen. x. 11); a city of immense size, seeing there were 120,000 children. After this escape Nahum predicted its fall, as did also Zechariah (ii. 13), and Isaiah (xiv. 24). It was taken by Nabopolassar, of Babylon, in B.C. 625, which led to the destruction of the Assyrian kingdom.

Note B.—THE FISH. Probably a shark, which has a large gullet, whereas the whale has a small one. Whales, too, are unknown in the Mediterranean.

Note C.—THE GOURD. The word thus rendered only occurs here. Probably the *Ricinus communis*, or castor-oil plant. The stems are erect and the leaves are broad, throwing an ample shade, especially when young.

A SIGH FOR THE SUMMER.

FALL—fall, leaves!
Why should you lingering stay?
All the golden sheaves
Have passed from the fields away;
Stubble alone is seen
Where rose the golden grain;
Why should you still remain
When gone is the Summer's green?
Where is the rose, her queen?
Hark! how the low wind grieves
For the lily no longer seen!
Fall—fall, leaves!

Fall—fall, leaves!
Pale is the once gold sun;
Sadly the dull sky grieves
For the glory whose race is run;
Why should the swallow stay?
Songless are bush and bough;
Where is the lark's thrill now,
Now the gold of the air is grey!
Brown is the once green year;
Moaning, the sad air grieves;
All—all is pallid and sere;
Fall—fall, leaves! W. C. BENNETT.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE VALENTINE.

TWO or three months elapsed, and one evening Philip was called in from a little party at Mr. Tabor's, to find the whole house in confusion, one servant having been sent for him, and one for the nearest doctor, while Fanny stood crying helplessly over his father's chair, in which the old man was, to all appearance, dying. He had a long illness nevertheless, or rather a long dying; and, as he lingered for months, Fanny watched over him with the greatest devotion. He recovered consciousness, but not the power of speech, or even of motion; so that you could but dimly guess at his meaning by the expression in his eyes.

Both his sons were present at his death-bed; but it was Fanny to whom he looked for everything—literally looked, for she watched his eyes, and knew when he wanted anything. She had raised him on the pillow, with Philip's help, and he was actually making an effort to speak, an effort which became painful to witness as it increased in intensity. He was evidently expiring; but again and again he roused himself, trying to articulate, while one and another bent over him with words of soothing.

"It is nothing he wants," said Fanny. "It is something he has to say. It is you he seeks, both of you, not me;" and she stood back, that his sons might draw nearer.

The long-pleading, fast-fading gaze wandered from one face to the other. Francis remained mute; but Philip stooped and said in clear tones, "Do not trouble yourself about anything. We will try and find out what you would wish to have done, and do it." There was no sign that the words had penetrated the dying ear; but his eyes rested on Philip a few moments longer, and then closed for ever.

Before the funeral the brothers had begun to look into their father's affairs, and to find that they were in a very disordered condition; but on the eve of that event there was a quarrel, and Francis washed his hands of them altogether. On the day after he went away, and all correspondence between the brothers ceased.

Philip Tenterden then prepared to leave his father's house, which, however, Fanny Lovejoy took over, furniture and all. She was rather hurt that Philip should go away, and that he should be so very particular as to a valuation of the things. She liked round numbers, especially with cyphers to them; and her affairs were to be managed by Philip, as they had been managed by his father, so what could it matter that everything should be so rigidly set down to the last sixpence before Fanny commenced housekeeping on her own account.

"Tell me what has happened," said Philip, rather abruptly, breaking the pause.

"Oh yes," cried Fanny, with another little laugh, provoking beyond everything to her listener, who would have given her a certificate of lunacy on the spot, and with a clear conscience. "He has turned up at last; I knew he would."

"Who has turned up at last?" said Philip.

"Uncle Valentine. Papa had a younger brother than Joshua, you know, one who went away and married beneath him, and was never heard of."

"Well, have you seen him?"

"Yes, last Monday; that's, let me see, two days ago. I was going out, but I didn't go, when he came to the door, and asked for Miss Lovejoy—asked if she lived here. The servant said 'Yes,' but didn't ask him in. She asked what he wanted, and he said he wanted to see me. And she said he couldn't, for she thought he was a man selling pencils or pens or something, for he looked rather shabby. But I was listening in my bonnet and cloak, and I heard him say that he was father's own brother, and I ran down-stairs as fast as I could, and asked him to come in."

"How do you know he is not an impostor?" said Philip.

"I knew he was Uncle Valentine," said Fanny, "the moment I heard his voice; so I had him in and fetched him a glass of wine, for he was all of a tremble."

"How did you know him?" asked Philip, interrupting her.

"By his voice; it was so like papa's," replied Fanny.

"But that is not enough. Did he show any knowledge of the family?" asked Philip.

"I told him papa and Uncle Joshua and all the others were dead, and that I was left all by myself; and he told me that he and his family had come down in the world, and were in great need of help just at present."

"I thought that would be the case," said Philip, in a hard tone: "and of what does his family consist?"

"Oh, he has a wife and four children, nearly grown up; the rest are dead, like ours."



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Well, puss, and how have you enjoyed yourself?"—*p.* 30.

"He wanted money, of course?" said Philip, quite prepared to find that she had given all that she possessed at the moment to a rank impostor.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Fanny; "but I didn't like to give him a little and send him away like a beggar. A little would not do him any good. He wants enough to set him on his feet, he says."

"Doubtless," said Philip, who was now compelled to admit that it must have been Uncle Valentine of whom he had heard.

"And I thought I would like you to advise me what I ought to do," she added.

"As far as I ever heard," said Philip, "your uncle broke off all connection with his family of his own accord; and he has sought you out now only for what he may get."

"I wish Uncle Joshua had been alive," said Fanny. In his lifetime, the bachelor uncle had been habitual referee on all occasions of difficulty.

"Or your father," she added. "Perhaps, after all, I ought not to have anything to do with them."

Philip was silent for a little. There was a conflict going on in his own mind, and he became for a moment oblivious of his listener, whose round dark eyes were fixed patiently and wistfully on his face.

"No, I cannot go so far as that," he answered, after a time. "These people, if they are what they profess to be, are your nearest relations. The children can have no blame in the matter, and they are your first cousins. I think you ought to see them, and form your own opinion, and help them as far as you can without injury to yourself, for that, remember, would also injure your power of helping them hereafter. Give them what you can spare out of your income, but do not pledge yourself to anything like setting them on their feet. If people can't get on their own feet," he concluded with severity, "it's likely they won't be able to stand on them."

"No, no; I'll take care," said Fanny, joyfully, having received the sanction which she had desired. "I'll take care. You may trust *me*;" and she laid special emphasis on the last syllable, as if it was impossible to doubt her sagacity and insight. "Father always told me never to touch the capital, and to trust Mr. Tenterden. Do you know, Philip," she added, with solemnity, "I would like to make my will."

Philip answered nothing, and she wandered off into less important matters, certain to return to it at a greater or lesser interval.

Walking home that night—and he walked the whole way, through suburb and bye-way, over bridge and thoroughfare—Philip had food enough for reflection. He strode along, with set, drawn lips and knitted brows, and when he arrived at his own door he actually reeled, and had to grasp the railing. The sensation was not one arising from bodily exhaustion—he was unconscious of fatigue in those lithe strong limbs—but from a concentration of thought, which the sudden stoppage at his own door had jarred.

Mary had kept in his fire, and now asked if he wanted anything, with sleep in her brown, doggish eyes, at once faithful and furtive.

"I'm sorry I've kept you up so late," said Philip, kindly. "I shall not want anything."

Mary could have lain down to sleep at the back of the door for pure appreciation of his courtesy, as she turned away with her "Good night, sir."

It was indeed Uncle Valentine who had turned up—Uncle Valentine, concerning whose beauty and whose gaiety of heart traditions still lingered among the friends of his family—Uncle Valentine, who had set out on the high road of life with such brilliant expectations, such dazzling visions of success. His family had heard from him at first from time to time, each letter more overflowing than the last with hope and happiness. Liverpool was the place where he finally settled, and was lost sight of. There he had begun business as a general merchant, with a partner who had money it was to be hoped, as Valentine had but a few hundred pounds. Friends heard of the beginning of the business, but never of the end of it—at least from him; but the general business was reported to have ended in general bankruptcy, and with the absconding of the partner with the money of the firm, which appeared to have come entirely out of other people's pockets. At the very first sign of failure, Valentine had ceased to communicate with his friends. It was like him to wait for better times, and to go on sure of the future, denying himself everything but hope; but the better times were long of coming. He had been heard of again as a clerk in a Liverpool warehouse, married to the daughter of his lodging-house keeper.

Later, he had gravitated to London; but by that time both his brothers were dead, and the place that had known them in the vast city knew them no more. He had not even heard the names of the people who had received and protected his orphan niece, and he had not been anxious to make inquiries. He had still his fortune to make, and firmly believed that he would make it yet, though his locks were turning grey. He threw up a plodding situation as town traveller to an oil merchant, with £150 a year—on which his family had lived in comparative comfort—in order to turn commission agent, and make fabulous sums by per-centage on a patent invention. The pretty little house and garden had to be given up for a stifling court, for nobody wanted the new invention, and his old post was filled up. Since that time, endless had been the migrations of the family, and legion the agencies which Mr. Lovejoy had held; but the invention had evidently

not yet been patented by which his fortune was to be made. But he could now look back upon prosperity as well as forward to it, and that was a gain. The days of his prosperity were those of his small but steady income, and his pretty cottage home, What flowers he used to rear in its garden. To his fancy they were brighter than any ever seen at the most aristocratic flower-show; what luxuries he enjoyed of Mrs. Lovejoy's own making; what holidays he had with the children, who were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, in wonderful frocks and bonnets, of Mrs. Lovejoy's own construction. He had an excellent wife, and had reason to know it; one who made the most of every sixpence, and who believed in her husband with all her soul.

Alas! that these happy days were over and gone; alas! that she no longer believed in him, though she still made the most of every sixpence, and even helped to earn them. Husband and wife had been falling more and more apart; they had long been sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of poverty. One after another of their children died, always, it seemed, owing to some preventable cause, or rather some cause which poverty alone made unpreventable. They had been very pretty as children, and they grew up absolutely lovely; but the younger ones had been sadly neglected. He tried to teach them himself, and succeeded with the youngest, Ada, who learned without any trouble, remembered everything she learned, and had the voice of an angel. Indeed, all the girls had sweet voices, and picked up every song they could hear, or induce their father to sing to them. They had had a piano in the days of the pretty cottage—one their father had picked up at a sale. It had been Ada's delight as a baby, but not more than it had been her father's. Even after the old piano had to be sold, the singing went on. What cared the blithe young hearts for plainest fare or lack of gay garments; but it had gradually died down, as they grew older, and care fell more heavily, and the voices were seldom heard mingling in glee or chorus, as in more childish days.

They were very silent, and very busy at the hard, ill-paid work, which was their last resource, when their father returned one evening in elastic spirits. He had been coming home of late worn out and depressed, and the change was visible in his brisk gait and happy smile.

"You have had a lucky day, papa," cried Ada, her pale face lighting up all over.

"I should think so," said Mr. Lovejoy, rubbing his hands, and simmering with good tidings; "the luckiest day of my life is this."

"What is it?" asked Geraldine, looking up from her work.

"Do tell us, papa!" cried Ada still more eagerly, laying aside hers altogether.

Mrs. Lovejoy looked up for a moment, and continued her task with an energy of indifference.

"I've found out a cousin of yours, girls—my brother Frank's only daughter, living all by herself in very good style—indeed, she is quite wealthy, I fancy, and without a friend in the world. I am sure if I had known that a daughter of Frank's was left in that lonely way, I would never have rested till I had found her. As it is, it was the merest accident that I discovered her. I saw the name on a door-plate—it's an uncommon name, ours—and I thought I would ask who lived there. I asked a baker's boy, who served the house, and he told me that the lady was single, and I felt sure it was Frank's daughter. I had seen her, you know, when she was a very little girl."

"But how did you know, papa?" said Ada; "it might have been another Miss Lovejoy."

"You can't account for intuitions, Ada; I have had them all my life, my dear," he answered blandly.

Mrs. Lovejoy sniffed.

"And in this instance my intuition was verified, you see; and, what is more wonderful, my niece recognised me at once, and bade me welcome. She was extremely kind."

Mrs. Lovejoy could not help betraying some slight interest; but her husband's relations had been rather a sore point. She thought that in some way or other they might have turned up sooner to help them in their straits, only that she had given up believing in any help by or through her husband.

He was now assailed by a shower of questions: How old was she? What was she like? Was she beautiful?" those were Geraldine's questions. Was she clever? was Ada's.

Mr. Lovejoy found the queries rather difficult to answer. "One thing I feel sure of," he said evasively, shirking the beauty and talent queries, "she is kind—she will help us. I told her that I only wanted to be set upon my feet; with a very little capital I could realise a handsome income on the patent polish for instance—that sold well, if there had been any profit on it."

"And what did she say?" asked Mrs. Lovejoy sharply.

"She said she would gladly do anything in her power. Of course I told her that we did not want anything as a gift—that money affairs even between near relations were matters of business; in all of which she acquiesced. Yes, she was most agreeable," he added warmly, "and she is coming to see you very soon."

"To see us!" cried Ada, joyfully.

"To see us!" echoed Geraldine, ruefully; "I shall have to run up-stairs and hide myself, I'm sure; look at my feet."

"You needn't trouble yourself about your feet, nor yet about your head, Jerry; she'll never look near us," said Mrs. Lovejoy, adding, "make haste, or we shall have to sit up to finish, and waste coal and candle."

CHAPTER IV.

LUCY TABOR.

THE room was already full of guests when Philip presented himself at Mrs. Tabor's, on the 28th. After paying his respects to the busy host and hostess, he took up his station close to the door, a position from which his quick eye could take note of every person present. There, sunk in a low easy chair, was Fanny Lovejoy, airily attired in black net, and fanning herself with a black-and-gold fan. Beside her, seated on a high chair, and also in black, evidently worn as mourning, was a most attractive-looking young lady, fair, slightly drooping, and pensive, and entirely free from preoccupation. Philip catches her eye and bows, then his own wanders off again. The yellow lady with the black hair, the blue lady with the light hair, and the white and pink ladies with the brown hair—that was the rather uncomplimentary fashion in which Philip mentally distinguished the ladies present. When he had come round again to the yellow lady, he turned away his eyes; she whom he sought was not there.

Lucy had not been in the room when he entered, but presently she came up behind him, and frankly saluted him by name. He started perceptibly, for he had been looking the other way; and at this she laughed, saying gaily, "One would think I was a ghost."

"I think you are," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," he answered.

"It's one of your riddles. I can guess," she answered, merrily. Such quips and cranks had been a favourite pastime in the old days, when Philip had sat with his legs over the garden wall.

She stood with her head a little on one side, trying to guess. "It's a long time since you were here, but it has nothing to do with that." A pause, "Won't you help me?"

"No," decidedly, from Philip.

"Then I give it up," said Lucy.

"I think you had better," said Philip, grimly.

"I am so glad you came to-night," she went on, putting a world of sweet cordiality into the commonplace words. "You used to be at all our parties;" and she looked, though she did not say, as if they were pleasanter then.

But he did not respond; and when she went away to another corner, he did not follow her, as she hoped and expected—for she wanted a chat with her old kind playfellow—so she held aloof from him, frankly disappointed, as any one might have discovered with very little pains.

It is a difficult matter to describe Lucy, who was neither short nor tall, slim nor stout, dark nor fair. Her features were rather round and childish; but hers was one of those illumined faces which seem transparent to every emotion, where the large clear eyes and soft full lips seem capable of expressing to the utmost the joy of joy, the very woe of woe. As yet, happily, Lucy had lived in the sunshine, and the illumination was one of gladness and of mirth. She was not a sentimental girl. She was too honest to manufacture feeling, and too shy at heart, with all her frankness, to show it; and she was not sarcastic, for sarcasm gives pain, and Lucy could not bear to give pain; neither was she opinionated, as some young ladies are, for she had not two opinions in her dear little head that did not belong to somebody she loved, and she exercised her intellect in making them agree with each other, so as to allow her to hold both when they happened to oppose—and not such a bad exercise of intellect either. But this is a description in negative, which every one who knew Lucy Tabor would protest against, for she had the most perfect individuality in the world.

Philip followed this charming individuality with his eyes, and saw her provided with a companion, a young man whom he knew, a pleasant fellow, and the best of talkers—at least in the opinion of unprejudiced people, which you may have begun to see Philip was not.

"There he goes," thought that gentleman; "just like a barrel-organ—any tune you please. Music, literature, art; art, literature, music;" and he stalked over ostentatiously to where Fanny and her companion sat.

He shook hands with Fanny, who was radiant with good humour, and more ceremoniously with her neighbour, Mrs. Austin, the widow of the late senior partner, whose name was still retained in the firm. Mr. Austin had been old enough to be her father. People had marvelled at the marriage after they came to know her; for she was so unlike the kind of woman who marries from mercenary motives. They rather suspected her of some great sacrifice. Then she had behaved so well to Mr. Austin. She had waited upon him through a long and trying illness with the greatest sweetness; and he, poor man, was anything but sweet. Her temper was angelic, every one said, for the old man had been irritable nigh to madness; and all that she ever did was to leave him quietly to his nurse, and take a walk for the sake of her health, or read for an hour or two in her own room. When he was unusually bad, she shrank and trembled and cried a little, and stayed away as long as she dared. People said she had been sold to him, and it was true; but she had behaved beautifully as wife and widow. This was her first appearance in public after a year of seclusion.

Mrs. Austin was what is called interesting. People liked to be introduced to her, and wanted to know more of her. There was a wonderful sadness in her face, which was, perhaps, its attraction. By

the way, she was a perfect contrast to Lucy. Her face was an opaque one, with long and slightly sharp but perfect features, and large, but rather dull grey eyes.

Music had commenced, and was going on vigorously. It was a noisy duet which was being played; and two young ladies appeared to be scolding each other, one on each side of the performer. Philip stood behind Mrs. Austin in gloomy silence. She tried to say something that would lead him to talk, but hardly knew on what subject to begin. Had he read a certain book, the best of the season? He had; and they discussed several in succession.

"You are almost as omnivorous a reader of fiction as I am," he said.

"I should never have guessed it," she replied, smiling. "It is my world, this world of fiction; much more real to me than these living men and women."

"But it is necessary to correct one's ideas by a little knowledge of living men and women," said Philip, smiling.

"But how is one to get it?" she replied. "One knows so little of the people one meets. If I knew their histories, I would cease to be afraid of them."

"Afraid of them!" he repeated. He had hated heartily a good many of his fellow-creatures, but he had feared none. Then he reflected that she was a woman, and might fear where he hated. He had a strong desire to combat her fears, however; and he found himself assuming the attitude of a defender of human nature. "Men are bad enough," he said, "but they are not so bad as fiction paints them. I believe that, in this, imagination outruns reality. Worse things have been imagined than were ever done, I fancy."

"What dreadful things are in the papers, then," she said.

"You ought not to read the papers," he said impulsively. "You must remember that they drain the impurities and crimes of a whole nation into their pages. They represent life even more unfairly than fiction. If I had a sister, I would not allow a newspaper to enter the house."

"You are rather arbitrary, I think," she answered, with brightened eyes. "Do you think women ought to remain ignorant of all evil?"

"No, I am not speaking from the obscurantist point of view; I am simply pleading for a fair representation of life as it really is. When you read the daily papers, you are apt to forget from what a wide area their daily allowance of horror is drawn, and that a large proportion of crimes—all the worst of them, I am inclined to believe—are the result of aberrations of intellect."

Mrs. Austin smiled at his earnestness. "I have not got the length of fancying I may meet a murderer any day," she said. "It is not the passions of my fellow-creatures I am afraid of; it is rather their harsh judgments, their repulsions, their discords."

"And fiction, for its own purposes, exaggerates them all."

"Why do you read so much of it then?" she said, laughing, and showing her white, regular teeth.

He laughed also. "For the sake of company," he answered, "or, to put it grandly, to satisfy my social instincts."

"Are you so lonely, then?" she asked, in a voice full of sympathy.

"Lonely enough," he answered, grimly watching Lucy, who seemed to be enjoying herself quietly; while her companion divided his attentions, keeping however, as Philip could see, the largest share for Lucy.

"Your friends complain of your keeping aloof from them," Mrs. Austin said frankly.

"Do they?" he asked, with sudden eagerness.

"Mr. and Mrs. Tabor especially," she added.

"Yes, they are true friends," he replied, warmly; "they are not subject to the chills and changes of those who turn whichever way the wind blows."

"And Lucy is such a darling," put in Mrs. Austin; "she is just as steadfast and sincere."

Thus they talked while the evening flew on, condescending to little personal matters of likes and dislikes, and finding, as only people who have kept their first youth—though both Philip and Mrs. Austin might to ordinary eyes have appeared to have lost it—find, that they had very much in common, and yet feeling, as only two people who have gained by the loss of youth feel, that it is not necessary to be lovers to enjoy each other's society. These two felt that they could never be strangers again, as, though claiming a longish acquaintanceship, they had hitherto been. Each really knew a little of the other, that little which enables to know more. A certain confidence had been established between them.

Then Mr. Tabor came up, and said, holding out one arm to Mrs. Austin and another to Fanny, who had not spoken a single word during the evening, but had sat beaming and listening, "I have come to offer an arm to each of you, if you will go down to supper."

"I will take Mrs. Austin," said Philip, and he led her away. Just before he spoke he saw Lucy led off by Mr. Wildish.

But Mrs. Austin, who was very fond of Lucy, led him to the seat beside her, which was vacant, and so Philip had to stand and serve before her. He attended to Mrs. Austin's wants, and then he went away and ate a hearty supper of cold chicken and champagne.

When they were all up in the drawing-room again, the same group gathered in the same corner, with the addition of Mr. Tabor. "By the way," he said, addressing Mrs. Austin, "Tenterden here might look

over the papers you were speaking to me about." Then, turning to Philip, he explained that Mr. Austin had left a mass of private papers, which it was desirable to go through, and Mrs. Austin required some help in doing so, as it was impossible for her to know what was valuable and what not, many of them relating to the affairs of the firm.

Philip readily promised to devote one or two evenings a week to the task, the time for beginning to be settled by a communication from Mrs. Austin. But suddenly, and without warning, Philip stalked away. He had seen an opportunity—Lucy standing unoccupied and alone—and he reached her just as another music storm set in.

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"Have you been trying?" asked Philip.

"Yes, all the evening."

"Hasn't Mr. Wildish helped you?" he said wickedly.

"I did not ask him."

"You are not up in ghosts, Lucy; you might have seen me acting one the other night, looking up at your windows. They were barred and bolted; nothing but blackness to be seen, not a single ray of light greeted me except that of the hall lamp." His tone was one of light mockery, but Lucy looked up with serious eyes, and asked wistfully—

"Why did you not come in?" She knew that he had been with Fanny.

"I was haunting the place where I had lived," said Philip.

"I shall never like to close our shutters again," said Lucy; "I don't much like it as it is."

He had not answered her question; but answering questions does not matter much when every look and every tone is an answer to unspoken questionings, that go deeper than words.

Philip and Lucy kept together for the remainder of the evening. Philip indeed saw nothing and heard nothing, beyond Lucy's happy voice. In vain young Wildish strove to enter the charmed circle; he was obliged to fall back and yield to Philip the claims of old acquaintanceship. That gentleman did not even notice Mrs. Austin go, and he was himself among the last to leave.

"Well, puss, and how have you enjoyed yourself?" said Mr. Tabor, touching Lucy's cheek, where the pure pale colour had deepened; "you don't look sleepy!"

"I thought it rather slow at first," said transparent Lucy, "but it went off very well; don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, my love," replied Mrs. Tabor, absently, and looking wistfully at the bright eyes and glowing lips, as bright and as glowing as if there were neither weariness nor woe in all the world, and no need of the night for either rest or weeping.

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DURING tea-time Maggie's father and Peter Morrison and the boys all talked of nothing else but the missing bag.

"We will be out after tea looking all over the roads," announced Sandy and Tammy.

"And do you think that it is you two creatures that are to find such a thing as this?" said Maggie —"ten shillings and everything!—such a like thing was never before heard of."

"Let them go, poor boys," said their father; "not that it is likely they will find it, but the searching will do them no harm. Now, Peter," he continued, "it's time you and I were off and away; the clouds are glowering over the hill yonder, and I am not pleased with the way that the wind is changing. Now, boys, mind your sister and do your duty; do not be playing daft-like tricks, mind you that. I'm off, Maggie, lass; look after the wean and the house, be wise, and do your duty."

"That is what father is always saying; the one thing with him is, 'do your duty'—just do your duty," thought Maggie, as she stood at the door watching the two men descending the hill-path to the sea.

Shortly afterwards the two boys rushed noisily by, headlong down the hill, in search of the leather bag.

And then Maggie had to attend to all her duties, and considering the size of the house, her duties were many and ceaseless; she never could afford one moment's idleness, and she had become so accustomed to performing all that there was to be done, that it was all a habit, and she never thought that it was a great deal for her small shoulders to bear.

Her happy, merry nature brought her easily and pleasantly through all her duties, and by the time that the baby was asleep and the house tidy, she became aware that it was getting quite dark, and the wind was blowing noisily outside the house, and Sandy and Tammy had not returned.

She opened the outer door and walked out into the dark and listened, whilst the wind blew the red hair about her face and pushed her along the path. By-and-by she heard voices not far before her, and in another moment Sandy and Tammy came up to her, evidently footsore and weary.

"What keeps you two out like this?" demanded Maggie in an authoritative tone; "do you know that it is ten o'clock and dark?"

"We were looking for the bag; but we think it's just a make-up from beginning to end. There is no bag about the roads; and Tammy has cut his foot again. I will not go out with him any more," announced Sandy, "for he is never content until he has cut his foot, and he is just a trouble to me."

"And did you two gentlemen think you were to find the bag?—go you away to your beds, and don't let me hear any more about bags."

As they walked up to the cottage the first drops of rain beat in their faces, and from this moment it came down heavily, and Sandy and Tammy and everybody in the house went to bed.

But the baby woke up with a yell, and Maggie did her best to send him off to sleep again; and whilst she walked up and down the kitchen with him, the wind and the rain beat against the little window.

"Father said he wanted me to go down and see if the light on the rocks was safe, if the wind and the rain came on," she said to herself, as she again laid the baby in his bed; "but it is a terrible night to be out, and surely there will be no need, father is so very careful about fixing it; surely I need not go out to-night."

She thought about it for some time, and then undressed and got into bed. She had almost fallen asleep when the striking of the clock woke her completely—twelve o'clock. There was the wind and the rain again; then Maggie sat up and listened, and thought over and over again: clearly it was her duty to get up and dress herself, and go alone, out into the dark night and the wind and the rain, and, in all probability, on a useless errand, for Maggie had often before performed this very office, and always had found the light burning steadily and securely in its niche in the rocks.

Ah, well, it would be better to go perhaps; and with a sigh, which was all pity for herself, she rose and dressed herself, and lighting the bit of candle in an odd little swinging ship's lantern, she drew an old homespun plaid about her shoulders and red head, and went barefooted on her way.

There was a short cut through the birch-trees, which her father had made for use when he was hurried, and thinking that under the trees she would find shelter from the wind and the rain, she hurried down the rough little path, screwing up her face and bending her head in the storm.

She had got accustomed to its roughness by the time that she arrived at the black cove and the rocks under the wood. On turning round a great rock a tiny spot of light met her eyes, glaring at her and at everything else. There was the light, safe and bright, and she went up to it and looked to see that it was quite firm and dry.

All was well, and then she said, "I knew that father would place it safely, and I have had all this journey in the wind and the rain for nothing. Never mind," and the usual bright, contented light came back to her eyes, "I am glad I have done my duty, as father says, at all events." And over the low wall she went, and would have been swallowed up in the darkness but for her little swinging ship's lantern, which showed her the rough little path worn by her father's constant footsteps to and from home to the sea.

By-and-by her foot slipped on something strange, something that was not wet and cold like the moss and stones, and hastily she turned and with her little lantern peered somewhat curiously on to the path. There lay a small brown object with a round leather handle. Quick as thought active little Maggie picked it up and looked at it. All at once like lightning an idea flashed across her. "Could this be the bag?"—could such an unheard-of piece of good fortune have happened to her, as that she should have found it?

One thing was certain, at any rate, it was a leather bag, and she had found it. And without pausing to think of the hour, or anything else, Maggie turned back and passed out of the wood, and followed the road down to the village, bound for the post-office.

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At the post-office door Maggie's usual vigour and energy did not fail her, and she hammered and knocked, and knocked and hammered until, after a very long time, some one unfastened the door, saying as they did so, "Who is there, making that noise?"

When the door was opened, there was only a very small figure with a lantern to be seen, holding out a brown leather bag.

"Please," said a voice, "is this the bag that is lost?"

"Bless me!—bag; who are you?" was said, and the bag was received by somebody's hands; and then Maggie stood quite still, while a great deal of talk and fuss were going on inside, and then Maggie was asked whether she had found it, and how and when.

And then Maggie, with the shawl about her head, and still standing outside in the wind and the rain, swinging her odd little lantern, told all about it, and ended by asking, in her turn, whether it was the right bag after all.

"Yes; did you not open it?"

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in her face. For one moment she stood still, and then, by the light of the lantern, she looked into her hand. There lay something golden and solid, and then she bounded off, the two bare feet more like india-rubber balls than ever.

"What will I do with it? what will I do with it?" she repeated all along the road.

When she was just getting over the wall which led into the wood, she saw a bright light coming along the path from the black cove.

"That's father," thought Maggie; "I'll wait for him."

In a few moments her father joined her. "Well, lass," he said, "are you not home yet? were you down looking after the light?"

"Yes, father; but it was all safe—I knew it would be. Did you get many fish?"

"No, very few; the nets are getting too old; but it costs a terrible lot to buy new ones. But what makes you so late, Maggie?"

And then, with a great deal of pride and delight, Maggie told her story, and her father's congratulations were as hearty as even Maggie could have wished.

"See, now," said he, "what you've got, and all this comes of doing your duty; if you had been sleeping, like Sandy and Tammy, you would never have found the bag. Now those boys are such wild, daft-like creatures that I could not have asked them to be down seeing after the light, it would have been useless."

"Well, father, the boys are very good, but they're young yet," said Maggie, with a certain small motherliness in her tone; "by-and-by you will see the helps they'll be to you with the fishing."

"Well—well, maybe. What will you do with your ten shillings, Maggie?"

"I do not know, father." And they entered the silent cottage, where the children were sleeping.

The next morning, when her father was mending his nets, Maggie told him that she had made up her mind that the ten shillings must go towards some new nets, and although her father at first demurred, he was at length only too glad to give in.

Then Maggie tucked her red hair tightly behind her ears, and tied on the apron, which was too long for her, sang to herself, and kept time with the active bare feet, with a lighter heart than ever, as she washed the potatoes.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

6. From what saying of our Lord does St. Paul derive his argument on the resurrection contained in 1 Cor. xv. 36?

7. Quote passages from the Gospels which show that many things were done and said by our Lord to the apostles which they could not understand at the time.

8. Though St. John does not describe the ascension, yet he records three speeches of Christ referring to it. Give the passages.

9. The word "paradise" occurs three times in the New Testament. Quote the passages.

10. In St. John's address to the church of the Laodiceans, Christ is called by a name which is given Him nowhere else in Scripture. What is it?

11. We are distinctly told the boundaries of the territory of the Amorites which was taken possession of by the Israelites. Give them.

FAR APART.

BENEATH the quaint old bridge you hear
The waves make music as they pass;
And, winding to the elm-tree near,
You see the pathway through the grass,
Where we were wont to walk, alas!

The river wanders as of old
Beneath the shade of willow-trees;
The sunlit waters gleam like gold,
And ripple to the gentle breeze;
But I am far from thee and these!

The sky bends over broad and blue,
And, in the soft and mellow light,
You tread the lane our footsteps knew
In former days, when days were bright:
Do *these* days bring such sweet delight?

And still that lane with grass is green;
With fragrant flowers the banks are fair;
In golden gloss and silver sheen
The bees still haunt the balmy air;
But you will fail to find me there.

Again, perchance, I may not see
The rustling rows of willow-trees,
(Which lent a leafy canopy
When we strolled underneath at ease;)
For I am far from thee and these!

Our joys forsake us. Soon does Spring
Pass by and for the Summer call;
Soon do the birds lose heart to sing,
When fading leaves in Autumn fall;
And Winter is the end of all. J. R. E.



(*Drawn by* W. CAVE THOMAS.)

THE TWO KINGDOMS.

AN ALLEGORY.

KING CARELESS sat in idle state
Within his castle proud and grand,
Though arbiter of many a fate,
His sceptre was but Folly's wand.

All heedless of the trust imposed
By health and wealth and power of youth,
His eyes to duty e'er were closed,
His ears stopt to ungenial truth.

So that the revenue came in,
He marked not how his agents wrought;
What acts of recklessness might win
The gold his greedy coffers caught.

The poor man was to him a beast
Of burthen but for his behest,
And that his wealth might be increased
Even the lowliest were opprest.

And callous natures gathered round
His ample board, and parasites,
With servile lip his praise to sound
And loose their selfish appetites.

They sang his nobleness of birth,
And ate his fare and drank his wine,
And scoffed at everything of worth
While wallowing like a herd of swine.

Art shunned his court, and Science hung
Aloof, where Liberty was not;
The poet's lyre was all unstrung,
Till Ruin stalked by hall and cot.

Queen Careful ruled a neighbouring land
With credit, justice, and success;
Nor harsh nor too relax a hand
Had brought her people happiness.

Faith set upon her noble head
A coronet no wealth could buy;
True majesty was in her tread,
A mother's love beamed from her eye.

The nation's welfare most at heart,
She strove for aye, by word and deed,
Some holy influence to impart,
And succour where there most was need.

And so affection stronger grew,
And health prevailed through all her state;
Ruler and ruled the closer drew,
And in the light of love grew great.

Her peaceful groves Invention sought,
And gave rich harvests to the world;
The scholar and the poet wrought
Where Freedom's banner was unfurled.

Philosophy and Art and Song
Gave pleasures that might never cease;
Right proved a deadly foe to wrong,
And stood the guardian of Peace.

These kingdoms twain but represent
Two precious human lives, and he
On selfish pleasures but intent
Shall surely drift to misery.

Be reckless as to duty now,
And let the passions of thy kind
Run loose, thy members soon shall bow
To any idol sin can find.

Use those high powers which all possess,
In some degree, for sensual joys,
Thou'lt give thy soul but to caress
That which in mere caressing cloys.

Self-love and vain conceit will bring
A host of devils in disguise
Of friends, and in their charmèd ring
Thou'lt take for truth their meanest lies.

They'll sweet, seductive stories tell
To fan the flame that doth destroy;
And when too late, thou'lt know too well
How heartlessly can sin decoy.

But rule the kingdom of thy mind
With constant care, and watch and pray,
And in the end thou'lt surely find
Joys that shall never know decay.

Earth was not wholly made a waste
When Adam fell, the Source of Light
Left many a joy for those to taste
Who only would pursue the right.

So as Queen Careful gave her hours
To doing what was just and pure,
Go thou and gather virtue's flowers,
And vice in vain may set its lure.

Secrets shall be revealed to thee
That to the thoughtless are unknown,
And all that mortal man should see
Or compass, shall be all thine own.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

THE VISION OF THE INVISIBLE ONE.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"For he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."—Heb. xi. 27.

PART II.

MOSES enjoyed a sight of the Invisible One, or at least of that glory which indicated His presence, in a way in which we cannot; and it was by these special manifestations that he was prepared for the special work to which he was called. But setting aside what was exceptional and miraculous, there can be no doubt that Moses was a man who, in a very unusual degree, was influenced by a regard for those things which are unseen and eternal. He was one who set the Lord always before him; and who ever felt himself to be related to and in the very presence of Him who is invisible.

There is no need to point out how, in particular

instances, this principle operated in the case of Moses; it is the one explaining principle of his life, and is seen working from its commencement to its close. It was this which enabled him to do what must have been for one in his position very difficult—to take a right view of things. He esteemed the reproach of Christ as greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. It was this which enabled him to make a right choice. He chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. It was this which enabled him to give practical effect to his choice—he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king. It was this which prepared Moses to become God's servant, and sustained him in the presence of all the difficulties and discouragements he had to encounter while actually engaged in God's service. He was called to do a great work, to engage in a very arduous and perilous enterprise—to reprove a king, to oppose the then mightiest dynasty of the world, and to advocate, in the face of all danger and opposition, the cause of his enslaved brethren. He did this, how well and nobly we all know; he did this, enduring the sight of Him who is invisible.

Moses, in going forth from Egypt, did not leave his difficulties behind him; it is not easy for us to form any conception of what he had to do and to bear during the forty years he spent in the wilderness as the leader and commander of that stiff-necked and rebellious people who so often provoked the Lord to anger and jealousy, and who were so ready to murmur against the man who was so entirely devoted to their service. But in the presence and under the pressure of all this he was wonderfully sustained; he endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

The influence of his communion with and vision of the Invisible One was seen in Moses' character, not merely on that remarkable occasion when, coming down from the mount, his face shone with unwonted splendour; but he was a man who must have been ever and everywhere recognised as one who endured as seeing Him who is invisible. It was this which gave character and complexion to his whole career; it was this which made him what he was, and enabled him to do what he did, and to endure what he suffered.

Let us notice next, that such a vision of the Invisible One should be the influential and sustaining principle in our lives. We have not had, nor can we have, such manifestations of the Divine glory as were vouchsafed to Moses, yet there are senses in which we can and must see God, and we ought all to strive after a sight, a continuous sight, of the Invisible One.

There is a certain inferior sense in which we all have, and always have, a vision of the invisible. We are all of us very largely and powerfully influenced by things and persons not seen; not only so, but by things that in their very nature are invisible. We observe many things which have no interest for others, while others see many things that we inattentively pass by. The minds of some have but few points of contact with the surrounding universe, and are almost devoid of sensibility: to them the avenues to almost boundless enjoyment are closed. Others have susceptibility of impression and readiness of perception to an amazing extent. The poet—the painter—the man of genius—is distinguished by the possession of this "vision and faculty divine." Such not only see what others see not, but are the world's interpreters, giving a voice to that which is silent, and affording a vision of that which is unseen. They see thousands of ministering angels, where others only see vacant space. They have forms of beauty walking with them in the garden of the world, where others have only an eye for the fruits and the flowers.

But this, desirable as it is, is not the most desirable vision of the unseen. We should value this faculty and esteem it very highly as God's precious gift, and yet it may be well for us to remember that men may see very much of God as God, as the Designer and Creator of the universe, they may admire His wisdom and power as manifested in His works, and yet leave that unseen and unfelt which it mostly concerns them to see and feel.

We must view God as sustaining a nearer relation to us. As sinners we cannot appreciate God thus; and though we may admire, ours will be a cold or fearful admiration, which will keep us standing afar off. We must be reconciled to God, feel that we are at one with Him, at peace with Him, be able to regard Him as our Father, our Friend, our Redeemer. We must see Him not only as He is made known to us in His works, but as He is made known to us in His Word; so that when we gaze upon His works we may feel that these are all expressive of our Father's character and love.

That which made Moses what he was, was not the mere vision of a material splendour, but a perception of God's character. When Moses besought the Lord to vouchsafe to him some further display of His glory, God declared in reply that He would cause His goodness to pass before him; and now, as ever, in God's goodness are we especially to see God's glory. We, however, have this advantage which Moses had not, we have the revelation of God's goodness and glory in the person of Jesus Christ, His Son. There have we the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His person, the image of the invisible God, the

glory of the Godhead manifested. All earlier manifestations were but preliminary and preparatory to this; here, without controversy, have we the great mystery of godliness—God manifested in the flesh. In Jesus Christ we have the most real and direct—indeed, the only real and direct manifestation. Here have we the infinite comprehended in the finite, the unimaginable brightness, the unendurable glory, so softened down that we may gaze upon it without being blinded or dazzled, and dwell in its very presence unharmed. Here have we the true Shekinah—God dwelling with man, tabernacling in the flesh—Emmanuel, God with us. Here is God—the Invisible One, whom man cannot see—made visible in Jesus Christ; and so, looking upon Jesus, we have a vision of the Invisible One, more real and satisfying than Moses ever enjoyed.

The question is—have we had this vision of the Invisible One? Have we ever, with any true, saving vision, seen Jesus? There were many who, during His personal ministry, saw Him in one sense, who did not see Him in another: who were blind to His real character, and who, with contemptuous incredulity, set aside His claims. So still; there are many who see the historic Christ, who are acquainted with the facts of His history and the doctrines which He taught, who have no vision of Him as their personal Saviour.

But if we have this vision of God in Christ, of Christ in God, which is the true vision of the Invisible One, a further question arises, and a very important one: what effect will this vision have on us? In what way shall we be influenced by it? We have seen what it did for Moses; that also, if it work rightly, will it do for us.

It will enable us to take a right view of things. Much depends—the whole course and conduct of life may be said to depend upon this; and yet how difficult a thing is it to do! how hard is it to view present objects in any other than the light of this present world! the few trifling objects in the foreground fill up nearly all our canvas. Well, this vision of the Invisible One will enable us to form a correct estimate of those things that are seen; nothing else will enable us to view the things of this life as they should be viewed, and judge justly of the comparative worth of this world and another.

It will enable us to make a right choice. Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of Christ than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, and he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; and if, like Moses, we are led to take a right view of things, we, like him, shall make a right choice; if we but see Jesus, we shall make an instant and a willing choice; we shall elect to serve and follow Him; we shall espouse His cause, and cast in our lot with His people.

This vision of the Invisible One will prepare us to become God's servants, and fit us to do the work to which God calls us. It is a very different work from that in which Moses was engaged, much less arduous; but we need to be trained, equipped, strengthened for it; and we shall only do it well, or do it at all, so long as we feel that we are working in the sight of God, and not of man.

This vision of the Invisible One will uphold us under all the trials and difficulties of our lives. We may lay our account with having to meet in the course of our pilgrimage with much that will be very trying to both faith and patience; we shall endure as seeing Him who is invisible. All will be well if we but see the Lord standing by us and strengthening us.

We find that after Moses' interview with God, the Divine glory was brilliantly reflected from his face; and though he wot not of it, the people were astonished and almost terrified as they looked upon him. So, if we hold habitual communion with God, have a vision of the Invisible One, the effect of our communion will be seen; we shall be recognised as those who have been with Jesus, and "with open (unveiled) face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord."

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER III.

MARIE had gone back anxiously to watch at the window for her father, with whom she hoped Herr Gellert would meet and return. Nothing unusual seemed to be taking place in the town; the streets were silent and deserted, the inhabitants being generally occupied with their mid-day meal. At last she caught sight of two persons coming down the street. They were still a long way off, but even at that distance she thought she could distinguish the figures of her father and her young admirer. Then other people were seen following. The Council must have sat long, and these must be the members returning to their homes after it had broken up. She was sure that she could not be mistaken. Walter Kapell and Herr Gellert approached

rapidly. She hurried down to the street door to welcome them. As she opened it they stood on the steps ready to enter. Their countenances were grave and anxious, her father's especially. Several of the councillors who had been following them passed, walking two and two, and talking earnestly. Walter Kapell bestowed a kiss on his daughter's brow as she expressed her joy at his return, and told him how she had suffered from his protracted absence.

"We had grave matters to speak on, my child; but we will put them aside now. Our friend Gellert will dine with us, and do you tell Margaret to place the meal on the table without delay. He will, I fear, have soon to take his departure."

Kapell, followed by his guest, led the way up-stairs to the sitting-room, where Marie, having performed her mission, quickly joined them.

In spite of Kapell's intentions, he could not help describing to his young friend the matter which had occupied him so long at the Council. "One thing is certain," he observed, "the enemies of our Protestant faith are proceeding to even greater extremities than heretofore. You were with us when, nearly a year ago, we went to hear those two faithful ministers of the Gospel, Faveau and Mallart, preach in the open air, outside the town. Could persons pretending to adhere to the religion of Christ object to the pure and simple doctrines they put forth?"

"No, indeed," answered Gellert. "Not till then was my mind open to the glorious truths of the Christian faith, and when those beautiful hymns of Marot, sung by the assembled multitude, ascended toward heaven, I felt my heart lifted up in a way I had never before known."

"We must not trust to such feelings alone, though, my young friend," remarked Kapell; "unless the reason and heart are convinced and touched, such feelings as you describe may be very transient. But I was about to tell you of what has occurred. On proceeding to Valenciennes, the two ministers, after preaching for some time, were seized by the Government, and several false accusations being brought against them, were cast into prison. They were said to pretend to work miracles, and that in the presence of numerous witnesses they had undertaken to cast out devils. I saw sufficient of them to be certain that such accusations were false; no, their only guilt was that of reading the Bible to those whom they could induce to come and listen to them. Even in this small place many hundreds have been brought, through their means, to a knowledge of the truth. Still they were condemned to suffer death at the stake. That evil-minded and tyrannical minister of our lady governess, the Duchess of Parma—Cardinal Granville—seeing how strongly the minds of the people were moved in their favour, seemed to dread putting their sentence into execution. For six long months they have remained in prison, visited by their friends, while daily the people have crowded the streets, hurling threats of defiance at the authorities, or have pressed about the prison windows, encouraging their beloved ministers, and promising to rescue them in case the attempt should be made to fulfil the sentence. How heartily many here sympathised with their sufferings, you may well suppose. Often we have prayed for their deliverance, and the cardinal, observing the love the people have for them, still seemed afraid of carrying matters to extremities. Only this morning, however, news has come that he had sent down peremptory orders for their execution. The civil authorities at Valenciennes dared not disobey. Arrangements were made in the market-place for burning these true and faithful men. Stakes were fixed in the ground with which to secure them, and huge piles of fagots. As the hour arrived at which they were to be conveyed from their prison to the place of execution, crowds collected from all quarters. Thousands who had heard them preach, asked one another whether they would allow men innocent of any crime thus to be cruelly put to death. Yet the authorities saw no cause to apprehend a disturbance. Some, I doubt not, would have been glad to relieve their consciences, should the people make a successful attempt to rescue the martyrs. Be that as it may, a small guard only was appointed to preserve order and protect the executioners. Undauntedly the two ministers proceeded to the spot where they were to suffer death. They knew in whom they trusted. No coward fear paled their cheeks, or caused their limbs to tremble. The false priests of Rome stood round, in vain exhorting them to recant. They turned a deaf ear to their tempters. Simon Faveau was the first led forward. As the executioner was binding him to the stake, lifting up his eyes to heaven, he uttered the invocation: 'O Eternal Father! save those who trust in Thee.' The crowd, so the report goes, swayed to and fro. They were excited, yet hesitating. Already fire had been put to the fagots, when a woman from amidst the multitude, taking off her shoe, threw it at the funereal pile. There were those in the assembled multitude who had been waiting for this signal. Before the guards could interfere, vast numbers of bold men, rushing upon the barriers which had hitherto separated them from the place of execution, dashed them to the ground; while some grasped the broken bars with which to keep back the guard, others seized the fagots, already blazing up, scattering them in every direction, while those who had no other weapons, tore up the stones from the pavement, to use them as missiles against their foes. The slavish executioners of the savage Inquisitors fled in dismay, but the guard rallying, seized the two ministers, and before they could be rescued, dragged them back to their dungeon. The city

authorities, dismayed at the popular outbreak, knew not what to do; but the Inquisitors, true to their character, proposed murdering the ministers in prison and hurling their heads amid the multitude in the streets. To this the authorities would not consent, fearing to raise the popular indignation to such a pitch, that they themselves would be the victims. Evening approaching, the people, in nowise calmed, continued traversing the town, chanting the Psalms of David, when information was given them of the proposal of the Inquisitors. They were now seen moving more rapidly, now pausing, recoiling, sweeping forward, swaying to and fro like the waves of the sea when it is agitated by contending winds. Some among them proposed that they should venture all and attack the prison; not a moment was to be lost. Onward they rushed. The guards, frightened by their menancing front, made but a feeble resistance. The doors were burst in or torn off their hinges. The crowd rushed in, dashing aside all impediments. The guards fled, happily without attempting to destroy their prisoners, as the Inquisitors would doubtlessly have had them do. The two prisoners, like Paul and Silas, were found in their cells singing hymns, undaunted by the wild confusion around them. They were borne off in triumph, and before the authorities could rally their energies, had been conveyed by faithful friends out of the city. Where they have gone no one knows, but it is believed they are in safety. Fearful, however, is the bloody vengeance which the Inquisitors have commenced for the insult offered to their accursed office. Already detachments of Bossu's and Berghen's bands of ordnance, together with a company of the Duke of Aerschot's regiment, have been sent into Valenciennes. The prisons are filled to overflowing with men and women, arrested for having participated in the tumult. The slaughter of these unhappy people has begun. Already ten have been burned at the stake, and an equal number of the higher orders, suspected of instigating them, have been beheaded. When the post set off, thrice that number were about to be murdered by these demons in human form. No one knows where it will end, and all this done because two innocent men were rescued from destruction."

As her father spoke, Marie's cheek grew pale, and her eye wandered anxiously, now at his countenance, now at that of their guest. The effect produced on young Gellert was very different. As he listened to the account the colour mantled in his cheek, and his eye flashed fire.

"A bitter revenge will they bring down on their heads," he exclaimed. "Oh! that our countrymen had the spirit to rise in arms and drive them from the land! Are we tamely to submit thus to be tyrannised over by a handful of foreigners, instigated to their bloody work by the Pope of Rome?"

"Nay—nay, my friend, we cannot defend ourselves with an arm of flesh. Let us seek by earnest prayer the aid of One all powerful to protect us."

"I cannot think, my honoured friend, that we are not justified in drawing the sword in a righteous cause, to defend our lives and dearest liberties from the attacks of tyrants who would enslave, not only our bodies, but our minds and souls," exclaimed the young man.

"Who is there to lead us; under whose banner could we assemble, even if the principle you advocate were the right one, my dear Gellert?" said Kapell. "Those who, from their rank and wealth, might assume the command, either stand aloof, or unite with the oppressors of our country. Such men only as Count Brederode and De la Marck go staggering about the land, mocking at our tyrants, yet doing nothing effectually to oppose them. It was this matter which kept us so long in debate this morning. Two days hence the Rhetoricians were to have held a pageant in the town, and hateful as the Cardinal Granville is, we know full well that he will be turned into ridicule, while neither the Inquisitors, nor monks and nuns, nor the Pope himself, are likely to be spared. I, with others, proposed that the pageant should not be allowed to take place. Such are not the means by which the false system of Rome can be overthrown. They may hold its gross errors and abominations up to ridicule and scorn, and teach the people to hate it, but unless their minds are enlightened by Gospel truth, no stable fortress can be erected against its aggressions and tyrannies. We may exasperate our foes, but we cannot overthrow them. Far greater reason has the system of Rome to dread the sermons and discourses of faithful apostles like Faveau and Mallart, and the free circulation of God's Word, than the noisy opposition of a thousand such men as Brederode and his friends, or all the pasquinades and satires which the Rhetoricians of every town in the country united can produce. I regret to say that the arguments of myself and those who sided with me have been of no avail, and the proposed pageant is to take place. May God protect us, and prevent it from bringing down the fury of our foes upon our heads. Do not you think I am right, my young friend?"

"You almost convince me, though I had never seen the matter in that light before," answered Gellert. "But what does Marie think?"

"I agree with my father as regards the pageant," she answered; "but if I were a man, and summoned to fight for a righteous cause, I do not think I should be content to keep my sword in the scabbard; but, alas! we are weak creatures, and have great need to pray for guidance."

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the waiting-maid to announce dinner, at which meal they were joined by two of the Town

Councillors who had sided with Walter Kapell. The conversation, as might be supposed, took a serious turn, and was chiefly on the events of the times. His friends urged their host to prepare for leaving the town, should danger threaten. Both declared that they had made up their minds to set him the example, and to escape to the happier shores of England, where they might enjoy liberty of conscience, and employ their capital and talents to greater advantage than they could at home.

"You are a marked man, Kapell," observed Herr Duffell, one of the guests, "and if the Inquisitors come to our town, you will be the first to be brought before them."

Marie had been engaged in conversation with young Gellert, while these remarks were being made. She overheard them, however, and after the meal was over, and their visitors had retired, tried to persuade her father to follow the advice which had been given him.

Although Gellert had purposed returning to Antwerp the following morning, he easily found an excuse for remaining longer at Dixmuyde. Apparently gay and full of spirits, serious thoughts often occupied his mind. He did not fail to see the danger in which his friends were placed, and he might by remaining be able to assist Walter Kapell, should his aid be required. Every hour, too, that he had been in Marie's company, his admiration for her had increased; and he now felt that she was, even more than he had before supposed, necessary to his happiness. He had not formally demanded her hand from Walter Kapell, but he knew that his intentions were clearly understood. He already possessed his own father's consent, who was, in the first place, anxious that his son should wed, and that he should obtain a bride of Marie's position in the world, and of the wealth which he believed would be hers.

The latter point, however, had not influenced young Gellert in his choice. He had seen and admired her before he knew her name or family. Probably had he been sent by his father to woo a wealthy bride, he would have found some excuse for evading the command, or have looked on her with an unfavourable eye. Marie, who had lived greatly secluded from the world, had met with few young men who were likely to prove his rivals, and they had not long been acquainted before she yielded him her heart. Yet hitherto they had not talked of love, but both were aware that their feelings towards the other were clearly understood. To some it may seem strange that in a time so full of troubles and horrors, such thoughts should have found a place in the hearts of any of the inhabitants of the unhappy Netherlands, but even amid scenes of war and persecution and turmoil and commotion the tender passion still asserts its sway.

(To be continued.)

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A LAWYER'S LEGACY.

ON Sunday Philip called on the Tabors at the hour when he knew that Lucy would be out teaching her class at the rector's school; and he went away before she returned, to the great relief of Mr. Tabor, who had been made uneasy in his mind by sundry observations which Mrs. Tabor had made on the night of the ball, and who felt—what a good many fathers feel, in spite of modern mammonism—utterly disgusted at the idea of giving up his daughter to any young fellow, however worthy. How could any young fellow be worthy of a creature who had absorbed all the care and affection of two whole lives? how could he possibly have earned a right to such rose-leaf kisses as dropped every evening on the crown of his bald head when Lucy came to bring him in to tea and to coax him out of his guineas—not for herself, that would have been easy, but for some object of charity which he considered doubtful; and the little puss had lighted on this fact, and used it as an argument on occasions like these. "You know, papa," she would say, "you would give me ten times as much for a new dress, if I liked to have it, and I would rather have this and go with an old one. Lucy Tabor liked to shower gifts about her like a fairy princess, for pure delight in giving; and I think, for pure delight in giving, she might one day give herself, if anybody wanted her very much.

"Mr. Tenterden has been here, my love," said her mother, watching the effect of her words; "and he left his kind regards for you."

But Lucy made no remark. She neither turned red nor pale, nor behaved in any way unusual to her. Only she seemed that evening more lavish of her kisses and her smiles; seemed to throw herself more entirely into the sacred Sabbath music which her father loved. The small but perfect circle of husband, wife, and child, spending the evening together and alone in tranquil happiness, seemed as yet independent of the great chain of life, of which, with all its stress and strain, they formed a link.

"You see," said Mr. Tabor, when Lucy had gone to her room, "there is nothing the matter with the child."

"The matter with her!" repeated Mrs. Tabor; "of course not."

"Yet Philip did not seek her to-day as he might have done, if he had chosen," said Mr. Tabor. "He avoided her, I fancy, and she has not drooped in consequence."

"No, that sort of thing does not come on all at once, like a fever, with girls like Lucy. But if she cares at all for Philip, as I think she does, this way of his of keeping at a distance from her and then devoting himself to her, as he did last night, and then leaving her again, will only end in making her love him all the more. I have known more than one instance of a girl having her heart and life completely wasted in this way."

"Remember what an old acquaintance Philip is," said Mr. Tabor; "he would never treat our little girl in that way."

"Not knowingly," said Mrs. Tabor.

"Philip never does anything unknowingly," said Mr. Tabor.

Mrs. Tabor was convinced against her will, and every one knows what that means: she was decidedly of the same opinion still.

Next day Mrs. Austin communicated to Philip, through Mr. Tabor, her desire, if it was convenient, to begin upon the papers at once. After some little consultation, the Thursday following was fixed as the date when the work should begin; and Mrs. Tabor resolved to put on all her armour of defence against the foe who would thus be in such close proximity.

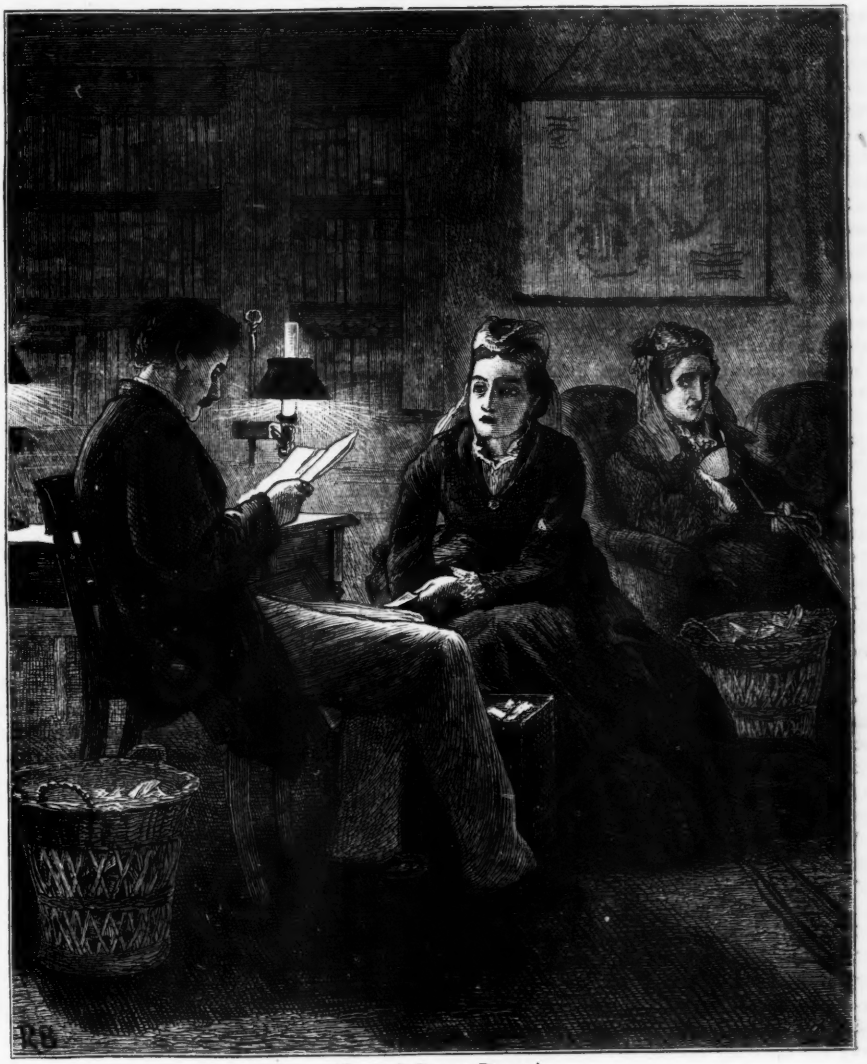
On Thursday evening, accordingly, Philip presented himself at Mrs. Austin's house; but he showed no intention of invading that of her next door neighbour, further than by glancing up at the windows. That glance, however, was enough to cause him first to smile and then to frown. The smile was for Lucy, the frown was for himself. Something more than a fool it was that he called himself when he saw a light streaming through a chink left unclosed in the shutter of what he knew to be Lucy's room, a little sitting-room set apart to her sole use, and opening out of her mother's drawing-room.

Philip was shown into Mrs. Austin's presence. An elderly lady was with her, to whom he was introduced, Mrs. Austin saying simply, "My mother, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Tenterden." Then they all three adjourned without loss of time to the library, a room which Philip knew well as the usual sitting-room of the late Mr. Austin. A cheerful fire was blazing in the grate, and a couple of shaded reading-lamps were burning on the table. Three chairs were set in the circle of light, but a great leathern one stood back against the wall, among the shadows. It was the chair which had always been occupied by the late master of the house, and Philip had a curious feeling of the harsh old man's presence for a moment.

The papers which Mr. Austin had left behind him, and which were now to be examined for the first time, were contained in a series of black tin boxes, numbered and ranged along the wall under the lowest bookshelf. They agreed to begin with No. 1, and proceed in a thoroughly methodical manner, concerning which Philip gave a few simple directions. He placed the box between them on the floor, and at the side of each a waste-paper basket. Mrs. Austin was to hand over to her companion whatever seemed of the slightest importance, or related to business of which she had no knowledge; while circulars or unimportant notes were to be thrown at once into the basket. Philip, on his part, was to consult Mrs. Austin concerning the more strictly private papers; while he set aside any of the business ones which seemed to him worthy of preservation. Mr. Austin had been one of those men, generally anything but benefactors of their kind, who never destroy a single scrap of paper, written or printed, which comes into their hands. There they lay, papers of thirty years back, done up in bundles, and in packets tied with red tape, or threaded on cord, just as they had been when removed from their dusty pile—circulars, notices of meetings, appointments, drafts of letters and of ancient briefs, notes of cases, instructions to counsel. The baskets at their feet were filled almost in silence. They had not exchanged more than half a dozen brief sentences when Mrs. Austin rang the bell to have them removed and emptied, and they paused to take breath.

Philip had glanced now and then at Mrs. Torrance, seated in the chimney-corner, with an idle desire to know what sort of woman Mrs. Austin's mother might be. Whenever he did so, he found the lady's eyes directed on her work, though if he had glanced up a moment sooner he might have seen them watching her daughter and himself; and yet if he had glanced up a moment sooner the probability is that Mrs. Torrance would have been looking at her work all the same. She held an ivory mesh in her still deft and youthful-looking fingers, and netted with amazing rapidity, fastening every knot with a jerk which seemed to say, "That is a final business." The web at which she worked was stuffed into, and proceeded out of, a linen bag which lay on the floor; and Philip found himself taking an interest in the work which seemed so slight, and yet so strong. It seemed to him as if she was weaving the web of fate. It, too, is slight and strong; made up of the slightest threads of action, twisted ever so little, and yet not to be undone except by the fatal shears.

After the brief pause, Mrs. Austin turned to her task again. She evidently did not desire to play over it; and it was no child's play, for the mass of papers to be got through was immense.



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"The baskets at their feet were filled almost in silence"—*p.* 40.

They had tea a little later, and had to wash their hands in order to partake of it. Mrs. Austin's almost transparent fingers were black, looked blacker than Philip's, with the dust of those bygone years.

After tea they resumed their work once more. At ten o'clock they had filled their baskets three times over, but they had not got through the first of the black boxes. However, Philip then rose and took his leave, and Mrs. Austin acknowledged, with a sigh of fatigue, that she had had enough of it for one evening. The task was to be resumed on that day next week, and so on each week till it was finished.

It certainly was not particularly interesting work, and yet somehow Philip had been interested in it. He took his way homeward under the December stars with a calmer spirit than usual, even after glancing up again at the neighbouring window, and ascertaining that a light was still burning in Lucy's room for the benefit of any homeless ghost who might be roaming near. Why he felt calmer than usual he did not ask himself. It was probably owing to a combination of influences: to his having had no time to brood over his grievances; to his having been surrounded with the subtle atmosphere of womanly refinement, to which he was now a stranger; and to his sense of kindly feeling in having been engaged in helping one so gentle and sweet as Mrs. Austin in the performance of a disagreeable duty.

Philip's grievances, as far as they were known, did not bring him any sympathy. It was known that his father had left nothing,—had even been to some extent insolvent, though to what extent no one knew, as his sons had evidently taken his debts upon their own shoulders. Then he and his brother had quarrelled, and held no communication with each other. But these things did not appear to justify the change in him, or to account for the mode of life he had adopted.

When he had gone, a little colloquy took place concerning him between the ladies he had left.

"My dear, I don't like that young man," said Mrs. Torrance, fastening a knot with an additional jerk.

"Indeed, mamma," said Mrs. Austin, but with very little astonishment. "Mr. Tabor likes him, and trusts him, and so did Mr. Austin," she added.

She did not venture upon any opinion of her own; she knew her mother too well for that. Mrs. Torrance would have simply jerked another knot, and said something which implied that her daughter's remark was quite irrelevant. Mrs. Austin did not even inquire into the reason of her mother's dislike of Mr. Tenterden; but her mother was ready to give it, and did give it.

"I should think he was designing, Ellen," she remarked.

Mrs. Austin replied quietly, "There is nothing to make you think so, mamma."

Mrs. Torrance was evidently rather astonished at the decision of the reply. Her daughter was not ordinarily so decided. She went on, "It strikes me that he is remarkably ready to give up his evenings to this tiresome job. It is not likely that a young man like him has not engagements that are pleasanter—at least if he has not some end in view. You are young, my dear Ellen, and rich, and he might think it an excellent opportunity——"

"Mother," interrupted Ellen Austin, but the word ended in a choking sob.

Mrs. Torrance looked perplexed. "I did not mean to vex you, my dear," she said. "You don't care for him, do you?"

"No, no—it is not that," she answered, but she did not explain. She went and divided the curtains and let them fall and shroud her, as she looked out into the night with a mute pitiful appeal.

Mrs. Torrance netted on faster than ever, glancing up at the curtain that concealed her daughter's figure. Nothing was sacred from that woman's tongue, though she could bid it be silent, tie it with a double knot if she chose; but she knew very well the power of talk over feeling—she knew that rosebuds unfolded leaf by leaf before their time will not open, but die. It was, or had been, the secret of her power over the finer nature of her daughter: the terror of that tongue of hers, not loud, but sharp—sharp, and, if necessary, tipped with poison, the poison of detraction and malice. And at present she was only trying experiments. She did not know how much, if any, of this power remained to her. As a married woman, whose husband had determinedly kept Mrs. Torrance at a distance, Ellen had slipped her neck out of the yoke, and Mrs. Torrance was not quite sure that she would submit to it again. But Ellen felt that she would. It is very easy to despise her for it, but gentleness was the habit of her soul, and obedience to her mother had been the habit of her life. It did not matter that hers was by far the larger nature, in intellect as well as heart, and that sometimes she knew it; her mother's sharp words, her mother's watchful eyes, would constrain her against her judgment and her will, and she would act upon her mother's decisions instead of upon her own, accept her mother's conclusions instead of her own—in fact, hand herself over bodily to every tyranny, while she escaped in the life of the soul. There was in Ellen a defect of will, a defect which had been her father's, and had been his ruin.

CHAPTER VI.

POOR RELATIONS.

According to her promise, and backed up by Philip's advice, Fanny Lovejoy determined to know something more of her long-lost relations. They lived

at a considerable distance, and as Fanny was no pedestrian, and was apt to lose her way whenever that feat was possible, she hired a brougham for the occasion, and set out one morning at ten o'clock. Less than an hour's driving took her to their place of abode—one of an endless row of small houses in an unsavoury suburb of district S.E. But the houses, though small and dingy, looked respectable, and did not prepare the visitor for the poverty of the interior. Fanny, like many a woman of her class, knew nothing whatever of the homes where poor men lie.

A tall, gaunt, middle-aged woman opened the door, and opened it only a very little way, informing Fanny, who inquired for Mr. Lovejoy, that her husband and son had gone to business.

"I'm Miss Lovejoy," said Fanny, beaming on her in her usual manner.

Not the ghost of an answering smile dawned on the woman's face, as she said with a sigh, "I'm Mrs. Lovejoy. Will you walk in, miss?"

Crabwise, Fanny got through the narrow doorway and was ushered into the parlour. There was a handful of fire in the grate, and a piece of drugget laid down before the fire; but the room was bare of every comfort else. On a table at the window lay a heap of work, which looked like children's dresses, and two girls sat at the table, each with a small embroidered garment in her hands.

"That is pretty work," said Fanny, advancing, and they both looked up without speaking. "Are these your daughters?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Lovejoy.

"Yes, that's Ada and this is Geraldine," said Mrs. Lovejoy, indicating each; "Beatrice has gone to business."

"I am your cousin," said Fanny again, addressing the girls, and holding out her hand before she took the seat Mrs. Lovejoy had placed for her.

They each looked up with a pair of very bright eyes, and held out to her a little thin chilly hand.

"Now go on with your work," said Mrs. Lovejoy to the girls in a dreary hopeless tone, and they bent their eyes and began sewing together the parts of each little garment.

"I hope I am not hindering you," said Fanny, looking to Mrs. Lovejoy for an answer.

"Well, if you'll excuse me a minute," replied that lady with no excess of politeness.

"Oh, certainly," said Fanny, and Mrs. Lovejoy thereupon disappeared. Fanny was capable of a great deal of silence, and evidently so were the young ladies before her. She had time to examine their faces, and every detail of their dress and surroundings before another word was spoken. She had time to notice that their flimsy gowns were stained, patched, and torn; that they had trumpery earrings in their small ears, and enormous chignons disfiguring their pretty brown heads, that they had slim, graceful figures and clear complexions—Geraldine with rose pink on her cheeks, and Ada pure and pale as a white lily. Fanny's kind heart took in the pair at once. "Have you lived a long time here?" she ventured to ask.

"Oh yes, a very long time," replied Geraldine. "Papa has often wanted us to go away from here, but mamma wouldn't stir, she was tired of moving."

"Well I might be," said Mrs. Lovejoy, re-entering. "I've had ten children, and not two of them born in the same place; and I've buried six, and not laid two of them together."

"Dear me! how sad!" exclaimed Fanny.

"And this house is handy for the City, and for the warehouse where we get our work; and Albert's wife stays with us and helps pay the rent," continued Mrs. Lovejoy, "so the girls and me can live."

"How quickly they work," said Fanny; "I've been watching them. I could not do as much in a day as they have done since I sat down here. Is it well paid now?"

"We have to work from morning to night, all three of us to earn a shilling a day each. I've just been hanging up a few things to dry, and I'll have to make up the time, for they're busy at the warehouse with Christmas orders, and if you try to turn out the work when they're busy, they'll try and keep you on when they're slack,"—she had already found needle and thread, and was making them fly through the stuff.

"But what does Mr. Lovejoy do?" said Fanny, reflectively; "you oughtn't to have to work so hard as that." Fanny held the good old-fashioned notion that money-earning belonged to the man's part in the world's work.

"He's agent for selling something or other—something which nobody ever wants to buy," said Mrs. Lovejoy with a burst.

"Dear me!" said Fanny; "why doesn't he give up selling it then?"

"He has given up things often enough, and worn the shoes off his feet looking for something else, and when he got it it was worse than ever; they wanted the new thing less than the old."

"It must be very disheartening," said Fanny with sincere sympathy.

"Disheartening!" exclaimed Mrs. Lovejoy, who had got upon her great grievance, and was communicative in a cheerless fashion; "I should think so, to keep going and going where nobody wants you, and asking and asking, and never getting. I couldn't live such a life. When the girls or me go to the warehouse, and they say they haven't any work for us, we're hard put to it before we can go back again. It turns me sick to have to beg for it like, and I've seen Ada and Jerry crying before they'd do it. But nothing disheartens Mr. Lovejoy. He's been going to make a fortune every day the last thirty years, and all the time we've been getting

worse and worse off, till I wouldn't trust to him any longer, and I only wish I had settled to work before we got so poor and had to part with everything."

"You have a son?" said Fanny, wondering how such poverty had come about.

"Yes, Albert has enough to do with himself. He has a wife and two children, and he hasn't been fortunate." She was not going to be communicative on this subject.

"And they live here?" said Fanny.

"Yes, up-stairs."

"Might I go and see them?" she asked.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Lovejoy. "Jerry, take your cousin up to see Emily and the children." Geraldine rose, and it seemed as if her wretched dress would fall from her tall figure as she led the way up the narrow stair. But the rooms when reached were not uncomfortable, though far from tidy; that is to say, they were carpeted, and one furnished as a bedroom, the other as a parlour. Fanny was introduced to a white-faced girl with a superabundance of dark hair, who was suckling a baby; while a little fellow between two and three years old stood by her side, quiet, but with evidences of recent riot all around him. Fanny thought she saw traces of tears on Emily's face, and after a little chat with the passive young creature retreated.

"We sleep up-stairs," said Geraldine, pointing upward as they closed Mrs. Albert's door; and Fanny took it as an invitation to ascend, and did not in the least observe the girl's evident reluctance.

"This is our room, and that is mother's," said the girl, as she opened the doors, blushing crimson and coughing terribly.

"But you don't sleep here?" said uncomprehending Fanny.

"Yes, we do," said the girl, with a suppressed sob. "Mother had to part with the beds when we were slack in the summer-time."

"Dear me!—dear me!" said Fanny, weeping, and stumbling down the steep stairs. "You'll come and see me," she said to the group as she re-entered the parlour.

Mrs. Lovejoy replied that she seldom went from home.

"But you'll let the girls come?" said Fanny. "Could they come and dine with me on Sunday next?"

Mrs. Lovejoy hesitated. "Beatrice might," she replied; "she has boots. But Ada's and Geraldine's are both worn out, and they catch cold with the wet coming in. Other things they can make up for a trifle, but boots are boots."

"You'll let me make my cousins a little present?" said Fanny, shyly. "This is a rather pretty purse;" and she put hers into Geraldine's hand. "You can share what is in it between you;" and saying good-bye, she hurried out of the house, with head and heart both a good deal fuller than they could well hold.

The examination of the contents of the purse took place as soon as the door had closed upon their visitor. Geraldine shook out into the palm of her hand four sovereigns, and six-and-sixpence in silver, and in spite of the impassivity with which she had received her husband's relative, Mrs. Lovejoy trembled with excitement as she saw the glitter of the gold. She had felt very little interest in the advent of her husband's niece. She was only another of the mare's nests which Mr. Lovejoy was perpetually finding, and which, far from supplying the fabulous riches he had believed them to contain, had failed to furnish his family with daily bread. She had listened every day since the new discovery to schemes in which his niece's wealth and his niece's influence bore a part, but in which so much was taken for granted that Mrs. Lovejoy may be pardoned a little impatience, when presented with the results, as quite equivalent to bread-and-butter realities.

Mr. Lovejoy felt assured all his difficulties would now be at an end; but Mrs. Lovejoy refused to believe that hers would ever end on this side the grave. She was utterly faithless as to any good Fanny's advent was likely to produce. She had been misled and tortured all her life by visions of wealth amid ever-increasing poverty. She was a woman who could only enjoy realities. Heaven knew her sufferings had been real enough. As for her husband, he enjoyed delusions: he, for his part, lived on dreams. He would have preferred dry bread and a bare pallet with them, rather than feasting and a canopy of state without them.

Often and often had he neglected the sound advice of his wife to follow the cheats and snares of his foolish fancy. What! accept some ill-paid, easy drudgery, when he might create a great branch of industry, be entreated to accept a partnership in the concern which was indebted to him for its prosperity, extend and multiply the business till it had its agents all over the globe, and die a millionaire! Mrs. Lovejoy, poor woman, had long ceased to believe in this sort of thing, and she actually trembled at the sight of Fanny's gold, as if fresh misfortune might come to her with the realisation of the least part of her husband's new delusion.

But she was recalled to her senses by the question, what was to be done with the money? instantly propounded by Geraldine. She counted it over, halved it, and handed the half to her sister, who at once, and with eyes moist with glad emotion, handed it to her mother. Geraldine retained hers a little longer, returning it to the purse, which she rattled in her hand.

"It would be so nice to spend it. I believe I could spend it all on myself," she said.

"Do you think she meant Beatie to have a share?" said Ada.

"Not at all," replied Geraldine, stoutly. "She said plainly, 'Divide it between you.' Beatie does not need it as we do, and she would keep it all to herself. I'm glad she was not here."

"She is sure to think she ought to have some," said Ada.

"There, mother," said Geraldine, with a sigh of resignation, and tumbling out the money once more, this time into her mother's hand; "you'll let us have what you can spare, won't you, just to make ourselves like other girls?"

"I'll go and buy you each a pair of boots at once," said the mother. "Then there's the rent; we're six weeks behind with that, and we'd better pay it up. And the baker and the grocer."

"Oh, mother! you'll spend it all," said Geraldine, who had had a vision of a smart hat, and saw it fading away from her.

"No, I won't, my dear. You must be decent to go there"—meaning to her cousin's—"and I'll only pay part; it will make them willing to wait for the rest. But what we should have done without this money I don't know."

Mrs. Lovejoy got herself ready with speed, and went out on her various missions with a lighter heart than she had had for many a day—nay, she actually found herself, after the first excitement was over, dreaming of other good things to come from the same source—not for herself, but for her children.

When she was gone, Geraldine ran up-stairs for a few minutes to tell her sister-in-law, and to snatch the baby, to whom she promised, not greatly to his satisfaction it seemed, a new pair of sleeve-ribbons.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 3. NAAMAN THE SYRIAN.

Scripture to be read—2 *Kings v.* 1—19.

IN this story many incidental lessons come in, on the duties of servants, &c., but the main lesson of Naaman and his leprosy should be kept quite clear and distinct.

I. NAAMAN'S DISEASE. (Read ver. 1—4.) Ask who Naaman was, and describe his position—next in honour to the King of Syria, and chief captain of his army, like Potiphar to Pharaoh, and Joab to David—great and powerful, rich, with servants and carriages, but a leper. (Note A.) Who could help him? Not his master, much as he valued him; not his false gods; he was to be taught to seek the true God of Israel. Now ask about the little captive maid; describe *her* position—taken from her home, friends, &c., and made a slave; but she had not forgotten God in a strange land; and, though a child, she realised God's power, and could speak of His goodness. Ask what lessons she teaches of *love* and *trust* and willingness to *do all* she could. She could help her master when none else could. What she did was accepted and blessed, like the woman commended by Christ, who did what she could (Mark xiv. 8).

II. NAAMAN'S MISTAKE. (Read ver. 5—10.) Picture Naaman's feeling when he heard of the prophet—how he would send for the little maid, question her himself, then rush off to the king, eagerly ask for his help. How ready the king was to do all he could, showing how much he valued him. Then ask what mistake Naaman and the king made—taking money to buy a cure, and a command to the King of Israel to heal him. Naaman's visit sure to cause commotion—this rich but leprous man—news of his coming and its object would spread abroad; at last reached the ears of the prophet Elisha; his message; why he wished Naaman to be sent to him—not for his own glory, but to teach him of the true God.

III. NAAMAN'S CURE. (Read ver. 9—14.) Picture the scene at the prophet's house—chariot with horses at the door, servants around, a crowd standing about. What did Naaman expect? A miracle performed upon him, with no effort on his part; and that the prophet would be proud of the honour of doing it for such a great man. What did he get? A message by a servant to wash in the Jordan. Was this rude on the part of Elisha? What did he want to teach him? Naaman thought a great deal of himself, was proud, and knew not the Lord. He must learn that God is no respecter of persons; all must have humility and meekness if they would learn of Him (Matt. xi. 29).

Now picture Naaman's disappointment. (Read ver. 11—14.) Turned away from Elisha's house with no hope, too proud to submit to such a simple cure. Why not wash in one of the fine rivers of his own country? He worked himself into a rage. Who came and spoke to him? This showed he was a kind master, or they would not have dared. Ask how they spoke—(*a*) *wisely*, giving good advice, pointing out how easily he would have been willing to do some great thing; and they spoke (*b*) *respectfully*, calling him father. How easily they might have inflamed him against the prophet, instead of which they urge him to obey. Then describe the cure—the chariot rolling on to the Jordan—the river of many memories—Israelites crossing, Elijah crossing it—proud Naaman getting down, dipping seven times, and coming out cleansed. His faith and obedience produced a complete and immediate cure.

IV. NAAMAN'S GRATITUDE. (Read ver. 15—19). How would he be likely to feel? Grateful, of course; but would the proud man like to return to the prophet whose message he at first despised? What does his return show? Not only had he become humble, but expressed belief in the true God. This the right effect of all miracles. So when Christ healed ten lepers, one worshipped and gave thanks, who, like Naaman, was a stranger (Luke xvii. 17). How did Naaman want to show his gratitude? Why would not Elisha take the present? He had only done his duty; he did not want reward: so he dismisses him in peace. (Note B.)

V. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (*a*) Naaman's *state* of leprosy may remind of the leprosy of sin. Show that all good qualities and endowments of body and mind can profit nothing till this is cured (Isa. i. 5). (*b*) His *bathing* in the Jordan will represent the fountain open for sin and uncleanness (Zech. xiii. 1). (*c*) His *reluctance* is like the pride of man, which thinks God's way of salvation too simple. We must become as children if we would enter God's kingdom; be born of water and Spirit (John iii. 5). Only those who humble themselves can be saved; like the publican, must own themselves sinners (Luke xviii. 13). (*d*) His *gratitude* reminds us of the homage God expects from all His servants in a contrite heart and a devoted life (Rom. xii. 1).

Questions to be answered.

1. Who was Naaman? Describe his greatness and misery.
2. What mistake did he make, and how was it remedied?
3. Show how servants may be useful, and how they should speak to their masters.
4. Describe Naaman's cure.
5. What qualities did he show after he was cured?
6. Of what is all the story typical?

NOTE A.—LEPROSY. There were two kinds; one not so bad as the other, commonly called the "white leprosy," not infectious. This was what Naaman had, as shown by the servants being near him; and also Gehazi, who being punished with Naaman's leprosy "for ever," became white as snow, and afterwards was still in attendance upon the prophet.

NOTE B.—DEPART IN PEACE. A difficulty has been felt about Naaman's asking to be excused for going into the house of Rimmon, just after professing that he would serve none but God. The difficulty will probably not occur to the children; but if it does, it must be explained that he would have to attend the king *officially*, as a Jewish lord mayor sometimes has to go to church in state where Christ is worshipped. If Naaman did not worship himself, he would not be doing wrong.

THE TRIBUTE OF MONEY.

THOUGHTS ON MATT. XVII. 24—27.

"DOTH *not your Master pay tribute?*" With respect to this miracle, we must bear in mind that there was payable from every adult male among the Jews the sum of half a shekel yearly for the treasury of the Temple. There is a regulation to this effect in Exod. xxx. 11—16; but it is far from certain that it was intended to be a yearly payment. It came, however, to be so understood, and was in general paid very willingly to the appointed collectors by all Jews, even by those who dwelt in foreign parts. The sum may be taken as equivalent to fifteen pence. Our Lord was now at Capernaum, His headquarters, where He mostly resided, and during His absence the payment of this Temple tribute had occurred. As He and His disciples passed through the streets the collectors—who were respected men, and not despised like the publicans who collected the Roman taxes—spoke to Peter, and asked him if his Master payed tribute. They addressed him, as he was a householder in the town, and probably Christ lodged with him, and they presumed that he would know his Master's intentions. Some think that an occasion was sought against the Master, designing, if He refused, to represent Him as disaffected towards the Temple service, and His followers as lawless people. Others again are of opinion that they asked this with respect, intimating that if He had any privilege to exempt Him from the payment, they would not insist upon it. Peter promptly answered, "Yes," thus pledging his Master to pay the tax. He knew that it was His custom to comply with the law, and had heard from His own lips that His mission was not to destroy but to fulfil it. Christ had evidently not heard the remarks that passed between the collectors and His apostle, so when they entered the house Peter was about to explain the circumstance that had just occurred, when Jesus anticipated him, and put a question to him in order that His disciples might not be offended at the demand for tribute, when they see that He knows even those things that are done in His absence. The proof He gives of this is by asking the question—

"*Of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers? Peter said unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free.*" Here the argument is very clear—kings do not take tribute of their sons; but the Temple was His Father's house, and therefore no claim could be rightly made upon Him for this tribute. Thus He asserts His right, yet seeing He had taken upon Himself the lowliness of the flesh, He ought to fulfil all righteousness,

therefore it was His purpose to pay it, to avoid giving needless offence, and increasing people's prejudices against Himself and His doctrines, and alienate their affections from Him, and lest it should be imputed to Him that He was an enemy of the Temple, and sought its ruin, by setting the example of withholding the tax on which its maintenance chiefly depended, He quietly submitted to the customs of His country, and of the church in which He was born and educated. We notice here how wise and temperate His zeal was; that it did not expend itself in a furious contention for, or opposition to, things of an indifferent nature. But He had not the money—not fifteen pence! No doubt this sum might have been procured some way without much difficulty, and there was no positive need of a miracle to supply the want. But our Lord saw fit to connect in the minds of His disciples this voluntary humiliation on His part, with an act which might re-assert the dignity which might by this concession seem to have been somewhat compromised.

"*Lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee.*" In these words are recorded the orders Christ gave to Peter; the effect is not particularly mentioned, but taken for granted, and justly, for with Christ saying and doing are the same thing. Fish are easily caught in this mode in the same lake at this day, and it is not unusual for travellers on reaching any of the towns on its banks, to order a dinner of fish, and presently to see a man returning from the lake with an ample supply which he has taken by a hook and line from the shore. There is no necessity for assuming that the coin was created for the occasion. We know that it is by no means uncommon for fish to catch at anything very bright; and hence there are numerous anecdotes of articles in precious metals being found in fish. The wonder consists, not in the money being in the fish's mouth as foretold by Christ, but in the fact that the *first* fish that came to the hook contained the precise sum that had been indicated. There is evidence of His Divinity, not only in the foreknowlede of the fact, but in impelling the fish containing this coin, and that one only out of the myriads in the lake, to the hook of Peter. The coin found in the fish's mouth was a stater, which is equivalent to two didrachmæ, and a didrachma was the amount of tribute money to be paid by each one subject to the tax.

As we wonder at Christ's power, may we admire Peter's faith, who was obedient to the command of His Master in no easy matter. In reward for this he was joined with His Lord in the payment. An abundant honour.

RECKLESS JACK.

"TALLY-HO! tally-ho!" cried a youth in hunting-dress. His horse galloped along, clearing hedges and ditches as if the world lay smooth before him. On they went, swift as the birds they frightened in their course, the sun shining brightly upon the hard, frosty ground, everything seeming to conduce to the happiness of horse and rider, who equally enjoyed the sport. Jack used no whip that day. Suddenly they came to a hedge of unusual height. Undaunted, they attempted to clear it, but failed, for the horse's leg caught in a bough, and they went over headlong into a ditch, the rider being thrown right over the animal's head. For the moment he lay stunned. Recovering himself, however, he tried to rise, but finding that he could not, he blew his horn. The horse, poor beast, startled by the noise, darted off at a furious rate, leaving his master alone, exhausted and helpless upon the ground. Fortunately his call had been heard, and a brother huntsman was rapidly approaching the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed.

"I say, Jack, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you in this plight? This'll never do. Why, what has become of your horse?" said the new comer, as he dismounted and fastened his steed to a tree.

"Oh, is it you, Charlie? I'm so glad you've come. I'm in such awful agony; I think I'm dying. Do you think you could get a doctor?"

"Well, I don't know, in this out-of-the-way place. Let me have a look at you and see if I can do anything. But how is it you're here at all? I thought your father had forbidden you to hunt again after laming Nellie the other day," said he, proceeding to examine Jack's wounds.

"Yes, I know he did; but as they all went out to-day, I thought it would be a good opportunity for one more ride; but I repent it now. I'm afraid I shall never get well again, I feel so bad; and what is worse I shall never dare to look my father in the face again."

Charlie Montague then began bandaging his arm and leg as best he could with pocket-handkerchiefs, for both were broken, and gave him some water from a flask.

"I wonder you're alive at all," said he; "I don't think I should have been; but, thanks to strength and spirits, there is a chance for you, and you may soon get well. Upon my word, I don't know what

we're to do; I can't leave you here alone, that's clear, to go and fetch a doctor, and it's quite certain you must have some one to attend to you properly, or else your wounds will turn out ugly. I'll just follow your example, and blow a stave or two, some one may chance to hear it; but I don't know of anybody nearer than Jones, and his cottage, as you know, is quite a mile and a half off, and what's more, I don't suppose he'd trouble himself to come so far."

However, he blew and blew as if he meant to break the horn, nor did he blow in vain, for at last up came a little old woman, panting and puffing as if she had run for her life.

"Oh, Master Charlie! is it you? I thought some one must be hurt, and so as John was out I came off to see for myself if I could be of any use. Let's see the young gentleman. Law bless me, if it aint Master Jack! Well, I always thought he'd come to harm some day—flesh and blood can't do them things him and his horse were always trying at. Well, well, now to get out of it as best we can, Master Charlie."

Both set to work to try and get Jack to the cottage. They strapped him on the back of Charlie's horse as securely as they could, and went slowly along, one walking on each side to prevent him slipping; they were compelled, however, to stop every now and then, as the motion caused him extreme pain. At length they accomplished their journey, and arrived at their destination just as it was growing dusk. Upon their arrival Jack was laid carefully on the bed, the doctor immediately sent for, one message taken to his home and another to Charlie's, stating what had happened, and that he intended remaining at the cottage that night to render what assistance was in his power.

Jack Rolands was a spirited youth of eighteen, the only son of very rich parents. When very young he had learned to ride, his father being a great sportsman and the owner of a fine stud of horses. They had had the greatest difficulty in keeping him out of danger, for when once on horseback he seemed to lose all restraint, and would ride on in the most reckless manner. Only a week before the accident I have just related he had lamed his father's favourite hunter, in consequence of which he had been forbidden to go out again unless accompanied by some one. But Jack, finding himself alone, as has been told, could not resist the temptation, and knowing the groom had not received orders to the contrary, ordered him to saddle a horse, and started off, as he thought, for a delightful ride. We have seen the consequences.

Late at night Mr. and Mrs. Rolands arrived at the cottage. Jack was too much ashamed to look up as they entered his bedroom, and hid his face under the bed-clothes; but they went up to his bedside and affectionately asked him if he was better, nor did they even allude to his disobedience. This kindness affected him more than the expected reproof would have done; he burst into tears, said how sorry he was for what he had done, and begged for forgiveness.

"We forgive you most heartily, my boy, and thank God your punishment has not been more severe," said the father; "and we shall always feel greatly indebted to Charlie and Mrs. Jones for the great kindness they have shown you."

Jack remained in a very precarious state for some time; the doctor thought he would be lame for life, but owing to his medical skill and careful nursing he at length completely recovered. His accident taught him a great lesson—a lesson which he never forgot. It would perhaps have been better for him at the time if he could have learnt it with less suffering; but it is to be hoped that his experience will prove a warning to others. F. N.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

12. Who used the words, "The battle is not yours, but God's?" and what was the occasion of them?

13. In connection with what event do we read of Jordan for the first time in the Bible?

14. What year of Josiah's reign may be regarded as the critical point of his personal religious awakening?

15. Though we have no particulars of the death of Leah, Jacob's wife, we are distinctly told where she was buried. Quote the passage.

16. Lystra, a city of Lycaonia, was visited on three occasions by St. Paul. Quote the passages in which these visits are mentioned.

17. In the time of Jeroboam the Israelites suffered a fearful defeat at the hands of the children of Judah. What was the cause of Judah's success on this occasion?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 16.

1. The Lamentations of Jeremiah in our Bibles have for their subject the miseries of Jerusalem and his own personal lamentations; and Josiah's name is not once mentioned in them.

2. In Jerusalem. The law of Moses; the prophets; the Psalms (Luke xxiv. 33, 36, 44).

3. "There arose not a prophet since in Israel, like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face" (Deut. xxxiv. 10—12).

4. David. Amaziah. 18,000 and 10,000 men (2 Sam. viii. 13; 2 Kings xiv. 7).

5. "Now in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah did Sennacherib, King of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them" (2 Kings xviii. 13).



(*Drawn by* J. D. WATSON.)

AT THE BROW OF THE HILL.

STAY, dear, do not cross the stile,
Let us linger a little still;
Rest here at the gate awhile,
Just here at the brow of the hill.

Look back by the way we came—
We can see the path winding down,
Through fields where the kingcups flame
Mid the grass that waits to be mown.

Just there where the popla-s sway
  Lies the pond, and the mill below.
Look back all along the way—
  Every step of the way we know.

Half-hidden among the leaves
  Of the elms where the rooks build high,
The chimneys and gabled eaves
  Take the glow of the rose-red sky—

Red roofs turned to purple dun
  In the crimson of dying day;
And many a summer sun,
  And a winterly gloaming grey,

Has chequered the garden lawn,
  Where the golden lilies grow;
Has glimmered at eve and dawn
  Over fields of untrodden snow;

And many a moon has filled
  When the time of harvest was come,
Since first rooks began to build,
  Since first the old house was a home.

Look back at it all again,
  Let us linger a little still;
One day you may long in vain
  To stand here at the brow of the hill.

The road that we came was sure,
  And shut in from all winds that blow;
Beyond lies the open moor,
  And a country we do not know.

Thus far we came side by side;
  But, when once we have passed the gate,
It may be our ways divide,
  And I am no more your mate.

Look back at it all again,
  Let us linger a little still;
One day we may long in vain
  To stand here at the brow of the hill.

M. M. H.

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE inhabitants of Dixmuyde were out making holiday. The streets were thronged with gay groups, moving towards the centre of the town, greeting each other with jokes and laughter, and talking of the trial of rhetorical skill and wit to be exhibited at the "Land-Jewel" about to take place. Unpleasant rumours had, it is true, got about respecting the sanguinary proceedings at Valenciennes and other places, instigated by that faithful servant of the Pope, Cardinal Granville, but many refused to believe them, and others endeavoured to cast the thoughts of them aside for that day at least. They would have their amusement first, and then would be time enough to inquire more particularly as to what had taken place; Valenciennes, too, was a long way off. Their humble little town would probably escape the notice of the Inquisitors. They grieved for the sufferings of their countrymen, but personally they had little reason to be concerned. Such are the thoughts generally of men. The thunder-storm on the horizon creates no alarm, but when the dark clouds come gathering overhead, and the artillery of the sky roars forth, and the forked lightning flashes brightly, then the people begin to tremble and to seek for safety under some sheltering roof. Not a few, however, of the leading citizens wore grave countenances in spite of their efforts to appear at their ease. The information they had received was too well authenticated to allow a doubt in their minds of the fearful events which had occurred. Still, though their hearts were sad, they had resolved to be present at the pageant, lest some motive might be assigned for their absence perilous to their safety.

Banners with various devices, and gay pieces of tapestry hung from the windows, or were suspended across the streets leading to the central place or square of the town. Here on one side rows of seats had been erected rising one above another in a crescent form, with a gay awning stretched over the structure. In front of it were several stages raised some feet above the ground, also with silken canopies overhead, and adorned with flags of various colours and devices. Steps led up to the platforms by which the "Rederykers," the Rhetoricians, or actors might ascend to perform their parts. The intermediate spaces were filled by the populace, who were content to stand to witness the spectacle, while people of inferior rank or wealth occupied the seats, under the awning where they could at their ease listen to the speeches and watch the performances.

Although Walter Kapell had wisely desired to prevent the exhibition, for fear of the sentiments which might be expressed by the Rederykers, who were certain on this occasion to give a free utterance to their opinions, he determined to be present and to share the danger, whatever that might be, with the rest of his townsmen.

Young Max Gellert had managed to find several cogent reasons for remaining at Dixmuyde, and had sent off a despatch to his father, giving him the most cogent reason of all, which he had good hope would

be received as valid. He, now in attendance on Marie, formed one of Walter Kapell's party as they proceeded to witness the exhibition of the Rederykers, with Herr Duffel, and his pretty little daughter Bertha and young son Bertrand.

Bertrand was a brave youth, and noted among his companions for his talents. He was to have taken part among the Rhetoricians in the trial of their oratorical powers, but his cautious father, fearing that he would give too free an expression of his opinions, and thereby become the mark of their foes, had forbidden him to take part in the performances of the day. He was too good a son to think of disobeying his father, and had been half inclined to shut himself up in his room and remain there till the pageant was over. Bertha, however, had persuaded him to come with her, but though he did so, he walked along with a downcast look and a silent tongue—very unusual to him—his dissatisfaction with things in general being further increased on observing the attention Max Gellert was paying to Marie, and the favour with which she received it, he himself being a devoted admirer of the young lady.

"Who can he be?" asked Bertrand of his sister. "I should judge from his cool and confident manner that he is some great lord, accustomed to have all the young ladies he meets falling in love with him."

Bertha had heard all about Max Gellert from her father, and her own eyes told her the true state of the case between him and Marie. She was anxious, however, like a good sister to comfort Bertrand and restore him to good humour. "He came here on business for his father and remained for the pageant. He will soon be away again," she observed quietly.

"I wish he had never come," muttered Bertrand. "I did not mind being prevented reciting my verses when I thought I should have been by her side, and might have repeated them to her, but to be cut out by a stranger! it is too bad. Perhaps after all, she may not care to listen to them."

Poor Bertrand, he cared little for the gay bands of Rederykers who passed by, some on horseback, others in chariots or cars, and still more on foot. Neither did Marie or Max Gellert pay them much attention; they were, in truth, too much occupied with each other to remark what was taking place around them. Still those bands were worthy of observation. Silk and satin doublets and cloaks were worn by many a brawny pair of shoulders. Feathered hats were seen above shaggy heads of hair, and white gloves were worn by hands accustomed to wield the sledge-hammer and saw, the pick-axe or mattock. With each band were banners of all colours and numerous devices. On many were the trade emblems of the sturdy artisans who composed the bands, to show that they were not ashamed of their callings. The tailors had their shears exhibited aloft, the carpenters their hammers, the masons their trowels, and so forth. The latter, who outshone most of the rest, had a silver trowel borne at their head, and were greeted with much respect. Not only did each trade form a band of its own, but there were persons in various strange costumes banded together, some appeared as monks and friars, with priests and a cardinal in his robes at their head. All laughed when they saw the latter, and recognised the hated Granville, for they knew full well that he would afford them no little merriment—as much even as the buffoon who moved among the monks, cutting jokes at their expense and playing a variety of antics.

Places in the front row of the canopied crescent had been reserved for the two magistrates and their families, which not without some little exertion were reached. Just as they took their seats the Rederykers began to ascend the platform amid the applauses and shouts of the populace. It would be difficult to describe the dresses of the various characters, some appeared as knights in armour, others as courtiers in silken attire; one band was habited in the costume of the distant East, one in that of Hungary, another in that of France, all having endeavoured to be as magnificent as their means would allow. There was also a king with his ministers and court, and an attendant buffoon, who caused great amusement, especially when he warmly greeted the person evidently representing Cardinal Granville, and walked with him arm-in-arm backwards and forwards across the stage, as if earnestly discussing with him the affairs of state. Other political characters were in like manner brought forward. The general opinion held of the monks was shown by the way their representatives acted on the stage and the sentiments they expressed, but which need not be repeated. Among them was a burly fellow with shaven crown, who from a huge chest at his side produced papers, sealed with the cross keys and triple crown of the Papacy, which he offered for sale, averring that they were indulgences for every possible sin and cures for every known complaint. The fools from the different stages, after listening attentively for a short time to his remarks, scrambled in hot haste towards him and began to purchase eagerly, chuckling gleefully as they described each especial sin which they would now be at liberty to commit. No one else could be found to follow their example, whereat a figure representing Satan, who had been standing at the monk's right hand, seemed much concerned, and hastened to the cardinal to obtain advice.

The recitations of original poetry, and sometimes of prose, formed, however, the chief amusement of the day. They were mostly full of political allusions, and were delivered with much energy and spirit. Bertha, like a good sister, believed that her brother's oration would have been considered superior to all the others—an opinion fully shared in, probably, by that young gentleman. Herr Duffel was thankful that he had prohibited his son from delivering it.

hoping thus to escape the painful consequences of a visit from the hated Inquisitors to the town. Marie and Max would have found it difficult to give any exact account of what had been said; for, though the actors had been moving about before their eyes, and the sound of their voices had reached their ears, even when their own tongues were at rest their thoughts had been too busy with each other to heed what was taking place before them.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE most of the inhabitants of Dixmuyde were thus amusing themselves inside their town, the outer streets were almost deserted, as was the surrounding country. One solitary figure might have been seen proceeding along the high road towards Valenciennes. It was that of a man habited in the cast-off finery of some gay gallant, which had been torn and patched over and over again with pieces of various colours and materials. His long elf locks were covered by a hat with the remnant of a once waving plume stuck in it; while in his hand he carried a thick club, which assisted to help his somewhat tottering steps along the road, though ever and anon he would stop and flourish it round his head, as if he were defending himself from an assault, now turning to one side, now to the other, to meet his supposed foes, shouting out wildly at the same time, and showing his grinning teeth.

"Keep back, villains! keep back! Your weapons can do me no harm; but you shall not touch her. Cowards! would ye hurt a young maiden? Keep back I say! keep back!" Thus poor Hans Kopperzoon went on. There was still a bandage on his head, and another on his arm, showing that he had not recovered from the hurts he had received when rescued from his assailants by Walter Kapell. He had probably made his escape from the magistrate's house when not watched by Margaret, and wandered away, in his aimless mode, into the country.

Suddenly he stopped and peered ahead. He had caught sight of two horsemen approaching the town. Instinctively he drew aside and concealed himself behind some bushes in a wood which bordered the road. He could, however, from between the branches, still observe the horsemen as they jogged forwards on their stout, large-boned Flanders steeds. He could hear their voices, too, even at a distance; for they were talking in loud tones, one of them every now and then giving vent to shouts of still louder laughter, which sounded harsh and discordant as they reached the poor idiot's ears, and made him tremble, he knew not why, from head to foot.

Before long one of the horsemen had ridden round to the other side of the bush, and poor Hans, finding himself discovered, came trembling forth, staring at the two Inquisitors with a bewildered look.

"Tell us, ere I brain you with this club, what do you here? who are you?" shouted the principal Inquisitor, fiercely.

"I came here on my own affairs," answered Hans, awed into calmness; "and if it so please your reverences, I am the lord of broad lands and untold wealth, for I wander where I will, no one stopping me, and I never owned a coin to count."

"The varlet is either a cunning knave or an idiot," cried Titelmann.

"If it please your reverences, the people call me the Idiot of Dixmuyde," said Hans, making a profound bow, with his hat in hand.

"Though idiot he is, he may be of use to us," observed Fabry. "I was on the point of offering a piece of advice when your excellency's keen vision discovered this scatterbrain. If we enter the town by the main street, our arrival will be known, and our game will have time to run to earth. He will be able, undoubtedly, to lead us round through some back way, and we can meet our trusty spies unobserved, and lay our plans for catching the whole of our intended victims in the same net."

"Ah, well-beloved brother, you are ever fertile in devices, especially when the good of the Church is concerned," said Titelmann, with a leer. "See if you can make the fool understand our wishes."

Hans had been attentively listening to all that had been said, and understood quite enough to know that the Protestants of Dixmuyde were in danger. Erratic as was his mind, he was not incapable of reasoning to some purpose; and while he stood gazing, with open mouth and rolling eyes, at the Inquisitors, he bethought himself that by leading them a roundabout road, through narrow lanes, he might, if he could make his escape, leave them to find their way alone, and have time to warn his friends of the danger which threatened them. When, however, Fabry asked if he could act as their guide, after scratching his head, and twisting and turning himself about for some time, he looked up with a stolid glance, as if he had not comprehended the question. The Inquisitor repeated it.

"What reward will your reverences bestow on me should I render you the service you require?" said Hans at length, as if the meaning of what was said had not till then worked its way into his brain.

"A sound cudgelling on your stupid crown, fool, if you refuse to do as you are bid," exclaimed Titelmann, losing patience.

"Two can play at that game, reverend gentleman," cried Hans, springing on one side and flourishing his own club, ready to ward off any blow aimed at him. "An you are peaceably disposed, Hans Kopperzoon will for this nonce do your bidding; but force never made him obey any man, whether with helmet on head, or tonsured crown, or flowing locks, or——"

"Fool, know you not that I can burn you if I please?" exclaimed the Inquisitor, fiercely.

"Truly, reverend sir, I have heard say that there

is another personage, who shall be nameless, ever merrily engaged in the same occupation," answered Hans bowing low. "Only he burns those who do his bidding, while you threaten to burn me for not doing it. Alack! alack! between two such honourable and distinguished personages, what will become of poor Hans Kopperzoon, the Idiot of Dixmuyde?"

Titelmann, instead of growing more angry, burst into a loud laugh. "Lead on, fool, and you shall be well rewarded," he shouted out. "Take care, though, that you play us no scurvy tricks, or a broken skull, I promise you, will be the penalty of your folly."

"Though your words sound not over-pleasant to my ears, I will obey you, reverend sir, if you cease to handle that ugly club of yours," answered Hans, shouldering his own weapon, and without more to do, marching on ahead of the horsemen.

After proceeding some distance, he turned off to the right hand by a narrow lane which evidently led round to the other side of the town. The road was uneven, and covered with large loose stones, among which the horseman had some difficulty in picking their way. It appeared, indeed, from the grass growing in thick patches, to be but little used. Hans ran on in front, leaping nimbly from stone to stone, and greatly increasing his distance from the horsemen. Titelmann shouted out to him to slacken his pace, but turning round, he merely beckoned to the two priests to increase their own speed without in the least slackening his. At length he reached a spot where another road branched off from the first, the trees still concealing the town from view. At that instant, Hans, who had been watching the opportunity, slipped round the corner, and set off running as fast as his legs could carry him.

"The fool has outwitted us," exclaimed Titelmann, "In which direction went he, Fabry?"

"I know not," answered the priest. "Had you brained him, as you proposed, we should not have been the losers. However, we must now find our way as best we can."

"I did not suppose that he would have ventured to play us such a trick," said Titelmann.

"No one but a fool would have done so," remarked his companion.

"Ah! friend Fabry, he is only one of many," answered Titelmann. "If fools did not abound, we wise men might find it a hard matter to live."

Thus conversing, the two Inquisitors proceeded along the road, which they supposed would conduct them into Dixmuyde.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH:

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?"—Song of Solomon i. 6, 7.

ON the supposition that has been made with regard to the dramatic structure of this poem,* the first of these verses is a continuation of an address made by the Church to some who are designated as "daughters of Jerusalem." Whoever may be meant by these, they are at least friends of the Bridegroom; and the Church feels it due to them to explain anything in her present circumstances and condition hardly compatible at first sight with that high estate of spiritual glory and attainment which she had claimed as the affianced spouse of Christ, her Lord. "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem"—black as the "tents of Kedar," comely as the curtains of Solomon. The explanation of this two-sided picture has been given already. It is a figurative representation of the believer even in his best estate—and the more true, the better his spiritual estate is. He is a strange compound of good and evil—an assemblage of spiritual contradictions, with elements in his moral nature so grovelling and low and earthly as to evidence but too plainly the dust from which he was taken, and yet with aspirations so Divine and pure and heavenly as to show that into that dust has been breathed the inspiration of the living God. It will be according to the point of view from which we contemplate him, whether he seem as black, or seem as comely. Only observe, in this parti-coloured view of the Church's spiritual state, the "comely" is her real, true, and abiding complexion; the "blackness" is a separable accident. Seen as man seeth, and, indeed, as when taught by the Spirit, his own heart seeth, the believer is a stained thing, blurred and blotted through and through,—in this sense the believer being, like his Master, without either "form or comeliness." But to the angels, able to look under the obscuring veil, the blackness and blemishes disappear. They see only the reflected brightness of One, who, for beauty, is "chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." Still this blackness, this confession on the part of the bride

* See vol. viii., p. 662.

to so much of remaining infirmity, is a thing which, while deprecating the unkindness of the censure, the Church deems it well to explain to these daughters of Jerusalem—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me."

First, there is a word of deprecation. "Look not upon me, because I am black;" that is, "do not look slightingly, disdainfully, reproachfully, as if I were black and nothing else." How keenly does the world look out for the faults of professing Christians—for their mistakes, when they err; for their infirmities, when they stumble; for their inconsistencies, when they walk not circumspectly; for their failures, when they are tempted and overcome and fall. And as the eye is quick to discern mere faults, so the heart delights to lay them bare. Men of the world rejoice in iniquity, especially in the failings of good men. It ministers to their self-satisfaction to see how low a man "after God's own heart" can fall. How many *better* than themselves are to be found they are not careful to inquire: enough if they can find some worse:—"I thank God I am not as other men are, or even as this publican." The Church reproves this fault in the daughters of Jerusalem. "In looking upon me because I am black, thou walkest not charitably." We may all apply the lesson. It is a note that we have attained to the Divine gift of charity when we walk backwards, rather than be brought face to face with a brother's shame; when, though cognisant of his faults, we make as if we did not see them, either hiding the unsightly thing under a bushel, or passing by on the other side. Charity both "covereth" all things and "hopeth all things." That which meets the eye may be "black," but who shall say how much that is fair may be concealed beneath the surface?

But the Church proceeds to give some reasons for her blackness—reasons which, at all events, should protect her from being regarded with anything of unkindness or disdain. "Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me;" because, through the many afflictions and tribulations I endure, "my skin is black upon me, and my bones are burned with heat." This sin of looking unkindly upon those who are suffering under God's corrective judgments we find sorely reproved in the case of the Edomites by the prophet Obadiah:—"Thou shouldest not have looked on the day of thy brother in the day that he became a stranger; neither shouldest thou have rejoiced over the children of Judah in the day of their destruction; neither shouldest thou have spoken proudly in the day of distress. . . . . As thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee: thy reward shall return upon thine own head." Let us stand in awe of putting our own interpretations upon Divine judgments, whether in the case of a nation or a man only. To find no other reason for the accumulated miseries of Job than to suppose him to be the slave of some "secret thing;" to believe that no sinners could be so great as those "on whom the tower in Siloam fell;" to conclude that the man on whose hand a viper fastens, after rescue from a wreck, must be "a murderer whom vengeance suffers not to live,"—is not to speak words for God. He rather says of His Church, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." In no other way could He purely purge away her dross, and take away all her tin. None shall be so "white" hereafter as those whom the sun of tribulation hath looked upon. "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . . . . And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation."

But there is a special form of sun-scorching to which the Church would attribute some of her blackness—namely, because it had led to the falling away of many from their steadfastness;—"the sun hath looked upon me"—the sun of persecution;—the fires of bigotry and intolerance have scorched me with their burning heat, and from that time the love of many of my children waxed cold. Our Lord, it will be remembered, foretold of some fallings away from the faith which would arise from this cause. "When the sun is up"—that is, as He himself explains it, "when tribulation or persecution ariseth, they are scorched;" and "because they have no root they wither away." Not much does this sun look upon us in our day—at least with any scorching heat. The more dishonour to the Church when a believer cannot bear a little of it; when, from the fear of man, or the apprehension of loss, or the dread of ridicule, or the anticipated forfeiture of this or that man's goodwill, a Christian dares not to be outspoken and honest and consistent with his own principles, but will palter and hesitate, and with bated breath will whisper away his Christianity. Oh! a church will soon become "black" that numbers among her members many who are so soon affrighted and so easily scorched.

Under this head of persecution, however, the Church hints at a particular form of opposition she had been exposed to: "My mother's children were angry with me." It is no new thing in the history of the Church for a man's foes to be "they of his own household." To inherit a common blood and own a common parentage is no security that brethren should dwell together in unity. There will often be children "of the flesh" and children "of the promise" under the same roof; and then it will happen, as with Isaac, that "he that is born after the flesh will persecute him that is born after the spirit." "Even so it is now,"

we may add with the apostle. No sooner does one member of a family come out from the rest, setting up a higher standard of personal religion, discovering more of sensitiveness than others to the pernicious influences of the world, evincing a greater love for ordinances, or devout retirement, or employment in good works, than there is a strange mustering against that one of all the home forces. It may be in the form of gentle suasion—"Son, spare thyself;"—or in more direct interference and calling off from sacred duties—"Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee;"—or in the taunting sarcasm, "Be not righteous overmuch." Anyhow, he feels the family bond is severed; he becomes "an alien unto his mother's children." Parents, brothers, sisters, friends, realise ye the terrible responsibility of domestic influence! There is a member of Christ's flock who but for you had been not black, but comely. He could have borne the hot sun of worldly persecution, but not the scorching beams of home frowns and home dislike. And persecution is felt more when it proceeds from those who are bound to us by near ties. We take up the language—"It was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it, but it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend." Moses felt the trials of the camp to be harder to bear than the trials of the wilderness; and Paul would not have heeded the fighting with beasts at Ephesus—that being a mere device of pagan cruelty: his great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart was that he could not conciliate his kinsmen according to the flesh: "My mother's children were angry with me."

But the Church assigns another reason for her want of comeliness. She has been over-worked, over-busied, over-anxious in the work given her to do, and this to an extent that has interfered with the sanctified growth of her own character and the proper culture of her own religious spirit: "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." The expression "made me keeper of the vineyards" is interpreted by Jewish commentators to refer to some enforced employment imposed upon the Church by her mother's children which was at once laborious and degrading, according to that prophecy of Isaiah which foretells as a sign of Zion's coming prosperity, "And the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vine-dressers." Enforced or voluntary, the point of the reference is the same, that multiplied and engrossing duties are attended with danger to the religious character. Man's thoughts turn away from God too much of their own accord to make it either wise or safe for him to engage them wholly upon matters which, however lawful in themselves, are still of the earth, earthy. The soul requires to be occasionally called off, in order to institute a formal and serious inquiry into the state of its highest concerns; lest the mind become wholly absorbed with perishable objects, and all its life and elasticity give way under the pressure of its duties and its cares.

"They made me keeper of the vineyards." The expression may refer to those who bear office in the Church of Christ. "My well-beloved hath a vineyard on a very fruitful hill," and honourable is the employment of those who have to dress it. Yet is there a danger to them, also, that overmuch diligence in the keeping of others' vineyards may lead to neglect in the proper culture of their own. Of this danger we find our Lord on one occasion warning His own disciples. They had just returned from a laborious missionary journey, and were recounting their successes, when the Master interposed, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while," intimating to them that high and holy and blessed as their employment was, they had work to do for their own souls, which no zeal or labour in doing good to the souls of others could either compensate for or supersede. "We perish in lawful things," says an old proverb. We may go further, and say, "We may perish in sacred things." Without watchfulness and privacy and much prayer, the lamp of the spiritual life will waste away in the minister, even as in others, leaving him to sue fruitlessly to those whose spirituality he had helped to kindle, saying, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

Still not to ministers only does the warning of the passage apply. According to our vocation and ministry, we are every one of us made "keepers of the vineyards." And it may be that we have tended them with much of watchful care and culture. As parents, we have striven faithfully to bring up our children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." As Sunday-school teachers and visitors to the poor, we have not been wanting in diligence to bring all whom we could influence to a knowledge of the things which make for their everlasting peace. As men of wealth and influence and position, we have conscientiously laid out our talents to the glory of God and for the good of souls. And, like those disciples returning from the villages of Galilee, we may have had much success granted to our labours, yet the question recurs, how has it fared with our own souls all this time? We are not saved in companies; we must each one stand in his lot; we shall be summoned from the grave, and take our place before the throne one by one. Can the warning be other than well-timed for any of us? You may tell of Christ, and not win Christ; point to the rest, and not enter into the rest. "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept."

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMILY PARTY.

ALMOST as soon as she got home Fanny Lovejoy sat down and wrote one of her scrawling little notes, asking her uncle, aunt, and cousins to dine with her on Sunday at two o'clock, that being the hour which she fancied would best suit the family. She also wrote asking Philip to come and meet them.

The invitation was not a particularly welcome one to Philip; nevertheless, he resolved to go. "Fanny is a fool," he said to himself, "and there is no knowing what she may do in the way of involving herself; and besides, I ought to know what sort of people they are."

When the day arrived, Fanny made preparations as for a host, having been left in ignorance as to how many she might expect; and at the hour when the churches have emptied, as Fanny, who had just come in, was still untying her bonnet, the party arrived. It consisted of Mr. Lovejoy, with a daughter on each arm, and Albert and Beatrice, detached, bringing up the rear.

Mr. Lovejoy might be shabby, but he was too genteel-looking for the fact to be noticeable, and between Geraldine and Ada he was utterly hidden and in eclipse. These young ladies were wonderful to behold. Their beautiful, richly-shaded brown hair bulged out behind in some mysterious manner, and then flowed over their shoulders, as if to show that no chignon, however monstrous, was capable of containing it. It was plaited across their heads, and fringed over their brows; it was adorned with bright red ribbons, and fastened with great glittering pins; while on the top of all was perched a tiny black felt hat, with three little cock's feathers to match their ribbons. The rest of their costume it will be needless to describe, except that they had lost half a week's sleep on the frills. Nevertheless, under the disfigured heads were the two fresh, smooth, flower-like faces; and Mr. Lovejoy was glad to introduce them into their cousin's drawing-room as into their natural sphere.

Beatrice, the eldest, was better dressed, as far as material, and even taste, went, and was therefore a more pleasing object to look upon; for she, too, was pretty, only a close observer would have noticed that she had keener eyes and a harder mouth. Ada and Geraldine were young and tender yet. On Beatrice her circumstances, perhaps, had begun to tell more. She and Albert did not look as if they belonged to the same family as the others. Ada and Geraldine were shy and silent; Beatrice was self-possessed, and Albert swaggering. They were soon all seated in the drawing-room, waiting for the announcement of dinner and the arrival of Philip. Albert's manner seemed to say, "I am quite at home, you see;" and presently he got up and went to the window. Then he whistled under his breath, and finally said he would step out into the garden and have a cigar.

Ada and Geraldine were but fifteen and sixteen respectively, and could not remember many of the better days of the family to which their father made frequent allusion; Beatrice, who was three-and-twenty, and Albert, who was two years her senior, could. Ten years before, when the latter was a lad of fifteen, they had, to all outward appearance, been tolerably well off. He had received a good education at a commercial school; and being a fair writer, as his father had been, he had been taken into a City warehouse at a salary of twenty-five pounds per annum, to be increased five pounds a year till he was twenty, when its further advance depended on his own exertions. It was a fair enough prospect for a boy in his position; but the employer with whom he had been placed was one of the worst possible men for a weak, self-indulgent lad to come in contact with. He was self-indulgent and strong. Fond of low sensual pleasures, and ever ready to encourage others to be fond of them too; he could do with impunity what weaker men could not do without death or ruin, and his warehouse had turned out youth after youth whose history had ended in one or both of these.

Albert began by spending the whole of his earnings upon himself, and at first he required the money for necessaries—his clothes, his dinners in the City, and his trains. As he got older and richer, he added cigars, occasional soda-and-brandy, and other luxuries. His family at this time becoming poorer and poorer, his mother suggested the propriety of his paying something for his board and lodging, but he put her off, saying, he would soon have double the salary—in fact, his services were priceless, and his expenses were in the meantime heavy. He would however, make it up to her some day. He was obliged to dine at a better place and dress better; dressing better included putting on a handsome ring when he went out, and carrying his glove in his hand to show it off.

His mother had transferred her faith and allegiance from his father to him, and believed in him as long as possible. When that faith ended in bitter disappointment, she laid aside all hope, and almost



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"Mr. Lovejoy was narrating some experience of the glorified past"—*p.* 58.

resented its appearance in any other quarter. Up to that time he had only been a foolish, conceited, dandified youth; but the two years that followed made a rapid change for the worse. There were older men in his set, further gone in vice and folly; and though it was in vice and folly, Albert would not be outdone. The set consisted of choice spirits, who met every morning in the up-town trains, a headachy, dreary lot, smoking the biggest of pipes and swaggering the biggest of swaggers. It made you hopeless to look at them. They met, too, every evening in one of the great corner public-houses to play billiards, drink brandy-and-water, talk idiotic slang, and sing yet more idiotic songs.

Albert's great exertions for his employers were evidently not appreciated as they ought to have been. The truth was that he had no talent for business, and no industry to make up for the want of it. He was invariably late, and would come to the warehouse half asleep besides, the consequence being that at twenty-one he had still but £80 a year.

And on this he chose to marry. His mother, who was breaking her heart over him, hailed it as a forlorn hope for his reformation. She had tried to remonstrate with him; but he had silenced her in such a way that she did not care to repeat the experiment; no one else put forth hand or voice to warn him. How could they—she had kept his delinquencies entirely to herself? Poor mother! often and often had she sat up listening for every footfall, till the last train was in and all was silence, and then gone to bed, trying vainly to believe that (as he was sure to say) he had been kept late and had taken a bed with a friend.

Marriage and its responsibilities might sober him, and she never thought of the fate it was preparing for the girl he had chosen. Albert Lovejoy had a weak sort of beauty about him, which he was doing his best to spoil—the beauty of bright eyes and a fair skin, and a certain young neighbour was supposed to be very fond of him. The family, though steeped in debt by that time, occupied a house in a better quarter, and had furniture which they still called their own. The young people had numerous opportunities of meeting, as the gardens of their respective houses were only divided by a breast-high palisade. Mrs. Lovejoy invited Emily to tea, and otherwise promoted the affair, and Albert at length agreed to get married. He would have gone back at the last, and kept his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, if it had not transpired that Emily Blake had £200 of her own, which she could take possession of on her wedding-day. She was an orphan, and the niece of the couple with whom she lived, who thought Albert, with the prospects he vaunted, a very good match indeed.

Albert had now been three years married, and he had but £80 still, and was not at all likely to have more. Emily's money had melted away and come to nought, except what of it had been invested in the furnishing of their rooms, and she, poor thing, had two little children. She had been very ailing since her marriage, and very fretful, and her husband was equally impatient of both complaints, and he made them the excuse for living a more dissipated life than ever. She was left at home on the present occasion, a sadder sort of Cinderella crying over the fire, because Albert had refused to let her go, for want of a suitable dress he said, but really because her going involved taking the baby, and Albert detested the very sight of it.

Philip had not intended to arrive so early; but when the time came he was unable to stop away. You see he was not a lofty imperturbable being, but an eager-hearted and very movable man. He arrived while Albert was still in the garden, and had not been five minutes in the room when he was seized with inward laughter. It seemed to him that he had been introduced into a company of cockatoos, as his quick eye took in the scene around him. Mr. Lovejoy was narrating some experience of the glorified past, and looked for all the world like an old bird preening his scanty feathers, and all but saying, "You wouldn't believe what a fine fellow I was once upon a time." Then the girls, with the clear eyes and the pantomimic heads, were looking up to their father with unfailing interest and admiration, each with her head a little on one side. A third young lady with side-long glance seemed to be taking an inventory of the furniture. Philip was prepared at once to be amused with the party. The evident innocence and unworldliness of Mr. Lovejoy was pleasant to him. He could not amuse himself with, or at the expense of, unpleasant varieties of his species, and so when Albert sauntered in, smelling of tobaco and looking supreme assurance, his amusement gave place to disgust.

Fanny promptly introduced the new-comer, naming Philip as her oldest friend and the manager of her affairs, for which Philip by no means thanked her.

"Oh," said Mr. Albert, extending his hand, "a gentleman of the legal profession, eh?" and he laughed at what he appeared to think a joke, while Philip preserved a profound gravity, and coldly bowed.

Albert felt oppressed immediately, and inclined to detest the young lawyer, who was acting, in his choice phraseology, "the heavy swell." But they were immediately summoned to dinner, and to dinner they went, in a rather heterogeneous manner.

At table Mr. Lovejoy still kept up the conversation. He talked without ceasing. Everything reminded him of something else, which it did or did not resemble. The company certainly were not half grateful enough to him for his exertions, perhaps because they were so free from effort. The two pretty cockatoos pecked away on each side of him, eating

very little and speaking not at all, except to utter every now and then a spasmodic "No, thank you!" which shook their scarlet top-knots.

Beatrice, who sat next to Philip, was equally silent, but more observant, and Albert was speedily absorbed in the good things before him. Philip watched him with no friendly eye, as he drank quantities of beer and sherry, and began to address himself with undue familiarity to the maid who waited.

Unobservant as Fanny was, she was glad when the dinner came to an end, and she did not prolong her stay at the table longer than she could help. When she rose Philip rose also, and they adjourned by common consent to the drawing-room.

Mr. Lovejoy was holding forth to his niece upon the splendid profits to be realised by a patent manure company, for whom he had been briefly engaged, and was making her hair stand on end by a description of the horrible and dangerous processes by which the article was obtained, when Albert sauntered up to Philip, on the other side of the room, and observed with easy familiarity that "the governor there would go on for ever with that jaw of his."

Philip's only answer was a contemptuous stare.

In the pause, Mr. Lovejoy was heard saying, "If you had a little capital to invest, you know, it would yield cent. per cent.—excellent investment." And Fanny was heard to answer simply, and with a directness for which Philip had not given her credit, "I leave all that to Mr. Tenterden, for I don't know anything about investments. My money is all in the funds, I believe."

"Well, that's a pity now—a waste of money, I call it," returned Mr. Lovejoy.

"Let's go and have a cigar," said Albert.

"I don't smoke," replied Philip, feeling as if there was something phantasmagoric in his present surroundings—in the half-tipsy and wholly disagreeable young man, and in the pretty, silent girls, with their preposterous heads, wholly unconscious of anything to be regretted in their own appearance, or in the behaviour of their father and brother.

Philip was conscious of a maddening sense of the mockery of life, which was certainly not diminished when Albert, determined not to be rebuffed, remarked in an undertone that lawyers generally knew a thing or two, and added, still lower, and nodding in Fanny's direction, "Is she well off now?"

Philip exploded. "I do not feel called upon to discuss Miss Lovejoy's affairs with you," he said sternly, immediately walking over to the other side of the room, watched by Beatrice, who had not lost a word, and was not likely to let her brother forget the snubbing he had received.

The fire of momentary anger kindled in the young man's face, but it was quenched in the animal craving to consume something. So he went out and lit his cigar, and paced up and down the garden.

Philip felt that to stay longer was an utter impossibility. He went up to Fanny, made an apology for departing so abruptly, and left, much to her dismay, for simple as she was, she was feeling rather uneasy at the tone of her new relations. As for Philip, he had one of his bad attacks of despondency and gloom, and betook himself to the rather dangerous plan of exhausting his misery by exhausting himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW CORDELIA.

A FORTNIGHT passed away, and Philip had devoted an evening in each week, as agreed upon, to the task of assisting Mrs. Austin in the disposal of the papers. They had got through two of the black boxes, and had left them absolutely empty. Mrs. Austin was as gentle and gracious as ever; but Philip thought her a trifle more reserved than she had been on the evening when they began their task.

To Philip it was the pleasantest task he had ever undertaken. Mrs. Austin's presence began to act like a charm upon him. He would come in from the walk to her house, with a bitter and restless mood upon him, and before he had been many minutes there the ice was thawing round his heart, he felt himself becoming genial and calm; the attitude of resistance in which he lived continually could not be maintained, and it was a real rest to him to lay it aside.

Mrs. Torrance sat in her corner handling her mesh, knotting the threads of her apparently endless web, and raying malign influence from her eyes; but Philip took no heed. He was so glad to enjoy the presence of one woman, whom he felt to be pure and good—he who had such a need, such a hunger for faith in goodness and purity; and he read them in every form of expression, in every feature, in every word and act of Mrs. Austin's.

Philip did not want Mrs. Torrance out of the way that he might make love to Mrs. Austin; but he would have liked her out of the way to confide in Mrs. Austin, to tell her much that was in his heart, and much that was in his life. He had a craving for her sympathy for which he could not account, seeing he was not in love with her; and, if he had but known it, the craving was mutual.

Poor Ellen, in all her chilled life, had never met any human being whom she liked as she liked Philip Tenterden. It was more than liking, it was an instinct impossible to explain, of mingled trust and tenderness. What she had felt that first evening would perhaps never come to her again—thanks to her mother's tongue—that satisfying sense of safety and happiness. She did not say to herself, "Here is one human being who will not hurt me knowingly or unknowingly," but she felt it, and expanded in it as in light and freedom. Thus they were mutually giving pleasure, and unconsciously the pleasure and

satisfaction would ray from the one to the other, in word and smile and lightest touch.

On the third evening a little incident happened which called this mutual feeling into active play. Philip had taken up a packet folded in brown paper and tied with cord, but with nothing unusual about it, and with not even a name to indicate its contents; there was only a date written outside and a black seal. Breaking the seal and cutting the cord he came upon a bundle of yellow letters, written in faded ink, and he had no sooner glanced over the first than he put it back again and handed the packet to Mrs. Austin, saying, "This is private."

She took it from him with a smile, and began also to peruse the letter; but the smile quickly faded and her hand trembled a little.

Philip continued to look at her, as if he awaited her decision. Her downcast eyes were still fixed on the faded page; but she was not seeing, she was striving to force back the coming tears. When he became aware of this, Philip averted his face, and he felt sure that she wept a little, and was anxious to hide her emotion from her mother. After a few minutes she laid the packet down by itself and resumed her task without speaking.

But a little later Mrs. Torrance rose and went out of the room, after searching her bag and muttering, "I thought I had another ball." She had gone up to her room to fetch one. To be bereft of occupation for her tongue was bad enough, but to be left without work for her hands as well was unendurable. Mrs. Torrance suffered from a diseased activity of body and mind.

Then Mrs. Austin rose and took the little packet, and stooped to place it in the fire.

"Will you not look through it first?" said Philip, quickly.

"No," she answered sadly. "He never mentioned her name to me. He would not wish it."

"Still I do not think they should be destroyed unread," he ventured to say; "a mere glance would suffice."

"Will you look over them then, and destroy them one by one?" and she held the packet towards him.

He hesitated. The letter he had read was full of terms of endearment.

"I cannot do it," she urged. "Mr. Tenterden, perhaps you know that my life has not been a happy one. It has had in it more of sorrow than of love. I think he must have loved her, and her only. Oh! I wish he had but told me. It would have made a difference. He did not care for me at all, and I—I would have loved him if he would have let me." Her face was quivering all over with pain.

Philip took the packet from her hands. "I am not too happy, Mrs. Austin," he said; "and therefore I may be allowed to sympathise with you;" and he passed his own hand gently over the hand that lay in his for a moment, thrilling the woman through with a passion of tender pain, which she would gladly have wept out at his feet.

But just then Mrs. Torrance entered. There was a slight elevation of the eyebrows as she saw the changed attitude of the pair, both standing on the hearthrug, and both visibly moved. But neither vouchsafed an explanation. Mrs. Austin made way for her mother, and Philip began unfolding letter after letter, glancing at their contents and committing them to the flames.

"Have you come upon anything particular?" inquired Mrs. Torrance, unable to restrain her curiosity.

"Some early love-letters, mamma," said Mrs. Austin.

"Oh, I should have liked a look at them," said Mrs. Torrance.

"I have not looked at them," replied Mrs. Austin, with gentle emphasis; and Philip coolly finished putting them into the heart of the fire, a proceeding which sealed his fate with Mrs. Torrance.

When the black marble timepiece on the mantelshelf chimed ten, Philip prepared to shut up the box and to say good night, as usual.

Mrs. Torrance interposed. "My dear," she said, addressing her daughter, "you are not thinking of going to work at those papers on Christmas week; surely you will let them stand over for a little."

"I had forgotten, mamma," she answered; and then turning to Philip, with a smile, "I must not think of troubling you for a week or two," she said.

"Pray do not think of me," replied Philip, sincerely; "it is anything but a trouble. You do not know how empty and dull my evenings are, and how pleasant it is to find a use for them. Let me come if you are disengaged."

Mrs. Torrance had never heard such a confident speech from any young man in the course of her life.

"No," we will agree to take a holiday," replied Mrs. Austin. "I shall improvise a little party for this day week, Christmas Eve; and you will come, will you not? I need not send you a formal invitation, there will only be a few mutual friends."

"I will come," said Philip, answering her look of entreaty; but his own had clouded, and he could not add the customary "with pleasure."

"I shall expect you then. We dine at six," she said; and "good nights" were exchanged.

Mrs. Torrance could hardly believe her own ears. Improvise a party without consulting her, and ask this audacious young man on quite an intimate footing! She must really speak seriously to Ellen.

They were no sooner alone than she began, using this time a little diplomacy. "Ellen, my love, you really must beware, or Mr. Tenterden will take your kindness to him for more than it really means. I think I can see—and I'm sure you have often acknowledged how clearly I see into those sort of

things—he cares a great deal more for you than you think. If you don't wish to encourage him——"

Mrs. Torrance stopped abruptly, for her daughter had once more moved away—once more shrouded herself in the heavy curtains. It was a habit of hers to look out thus. But she was not this time hiding a hurt, she was looking up to the moon in the clear lofty sky, with a face all transfigured with a strange joy. She was thinking, "Is it so?" and for a moment she realised the sweetness of the hope; but only for a moment. Such happiness was not for her, who had bartered her life away; and there rose before her a vision of Lucy Tabor in all the glow and freshness of her youth, and contrasting herself with the vision, she felt the joy was not for her.

After what seemed to her mother so long a pause that she started to receive an answer, Ellen stepped quietly back to the table. "Mamma," she said, with unusual sternness, "I think you are mistaken; but at any rate, please do not speak in this way again. Let me take people just as I find them; let me make of my life what may still be made of it. I am not likely to err on the side of rashness."

"Very well, Ellen," said Mrs. Torrance, angered more at the tone than at the words, and more at what was unsaid than what was said. "Perhaps I had better leave you. Bessie will take me in, though her husband does all he can to make me uncomfortable. Or there's Julia; she'll want me in the course of a month or so. Poor thing! she can hardly make ends meet, and can't put me up very well, but I'm always welcome. I'll go to Julia's."

Mrs. Austin allowed her mother to run on. Bessie and Julia were her sisters, from whose homes Mrs. Torrance periodically retreated, vowing that, unless in a case of life and death, she would never enter them again.

At this point something possessed Mrs. Torrance to cry, a thing which she was not in the habit of doing. "It's very hard at my time of life," she sobbed, "to be bundled about in this way, and I did think I could have been at peace with you, Ellen."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Ellen, in the greatest grief, "pray do not speak in that way; you who have been so good to us, have done so much for us. Forgive me, mammy dear;" and she flung herself at her mother's feet.

Mrs. Torrance's ascendency was once more complete. It was quite true she had been a devoted, if not a tender, mother. Many a day and many a night she had worked for her children till her limbs had ached and her eyes grown dim; she had denied herself rest and comfort, and even warmth and food, that they might be warmed and fed; she had sat up stitching, ironing, plaiting, knitting, netting, and crocheting, that they might look fair without and be cosy within; and none of her self-denials and sacrifices were forgotten by this Cordelia of hers. Nor did they appear the less because they were made the most of.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 4. ELIJAH THE PROPHET. PART I.

Chapters to be read—1 *Kings xvii., xviii.*

TO THE TEACHER. The incidents in Elijah's life being mostly known, it will not be necessary to dwell upon them all minutely, but rather to use different points in the story for drawing out the lessons of his life.

I. ELIJAH IN PRIVATE. (1) *Elijah at Cherith.* (Read xvii. 1—7.) Ask the duty of prophets as to warning of evil, referring to Jonah; and show by contrast how Elijah was obedient to God's word. From James v. 17 show that this absence of rain was a punishment at his own request. Show how he was a man of earnest prayer, and how God always answers such, by referring to parable of Unjust Judge (Luke xviii. 7). Ask how he was preserved during the famine. He received "daily bread" in a strange way—as Israelites for forty years in wilderness; teaching that "man does not live by bread only" (Matt. iv. 4). From Ps. cxlvii. 9 show how ravens and all are dependent on God for food, and how He can change their natural instinct at His will. (2) *Elijah at Zarephath.* (Read ver. 8—25.) When brook dried why sent to strange city? See Luke iv. 24—27. Being rejected in his own country, none were worthy to entertain the prophet. Ask a few questions on the story of the widow, showing how she had *faith* in the prophet's word, which made her *act* accordingly, and thence she was *rewarded*. Show also how Elijah, having trusted God for food day by day, was now assured of food till the close of the famine. Trust in God is never misplaced (Ps. xxxiv. 10). A similar miracle to the meal multiplying is, of course, our Lord's multiplying the loaves. (3) *The child raised to life.* (Read 17—24.) Notice the following points: (1) Elijah took the child into his own private room, and there alone pleaded earnestly in prayer. (2) Elijah's prayer prevailed with God, as did Jacob's (Gen. xxxii. 28). (3) The effect of the miracle upon the woman in confirming her faith.

II. ELIJAH IN PUBLIC. (1 Kings xviii.) Famine had now lasted more than three years. Picture out the land lying desolate—ground parched, grass all gone, streams empty, cattle and horses dying, even the king himself obliged to go on foot in search of grass. Now Elijah is to come out of obscurity, and God's honour is to be vindicated. (1) *Elijah and Ahab.* (Read ver. 16—20.) Ahab and his servant Obadiah had divided the land between them to try and find grass for the cattle. As Ahab—hot, tired, and disappointed—is searching, he meets Elijah, and denounces him as the troubler of Israel. Ask why he thought him so? Who prayed for no rain? but why was it withheld? Who then was the real troubler of Israel? Refer to 1 Kings viii. 35. Notice Elijah's *boldness.* Not the least afraid of Ahab—tells him of his sin, and bids him summon the false prophets. (2) *Elijah and the prophets of Baal.* If the story is not known, read it first, and then bring out the following points: (*a*) *The place,* Mount Carmel, a rocky prominence overhanging the sea, from which the water was obtained to pour over the sacrifice (ver. 33). (*b*) *The people.* Ahab the king, 450 prophets of Baal, and 400 prophets of the groves—*i.e.,* 850 false prophets in all, on one side, and Elijah alone on the other—a large party of the Israelites looking on. (*c*) *The question* (ver. 21). Shows many were undecided. A test proposed that might convince all which was true God. Had God ever answered by fire before? (2 Chron. vii. 1.) (*d*) *The first sacrifice.* Describe Baal's prophets sacrificing their bullock—crying to Baal all day—no answer—their frenzy—cutting themselves with stones—leaping on the altar—Elijah mocking them. (*e*) *The second sacrifice.* Picture the people drawing near—their eager excitement of suspense—Elijah repairing the altar—cutting up his bullock—drenching the altar with water, to allay any suspicion of false play—all ready. (*f*) *Elijah's prayer* at the time of evening sacrifice. He appeals to God by the past. Ask the children how God was best known to Jews—as God of Abraham, &c. Ask why God should send down fire—viz., to vindicate His own honour, and show that Elijah was His prophet. Which came first? So in Lord's prayer; we ask first, "Thy will be done," and then "give us . . . daily bread." (*g*) *The fire.* Picture the excitement when the fire descended, and as God's minister, or servant (Ps. civ. 4), licked up the water as well as burnt the sacrifice. (*h*) *The effect.* What would the people think? There could be no doubt; so with one act they fell down and worshipped. What was to be done with false prophets? (Deut. xiii. 9.) So they were all put to death, and Elijah was established as a prophet.

III. ELIJAH ALONE WITH GOD. (Read ver. 42—46.) Excitement over, false prophets slain, people dispersed, king gone to eat and drink, Elijah stays to pray. Punishment had done its work; God was again worshipped. What would he pray for? Servant sent to watch if clouds gathered. How often did he pray? What did this show? His earnestness spoken of James v. 18. At last perseverance rewarded, and rain came.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. What does the whole of these two stories teach? (1) *Trust in God is never misplaced.* Elijah trusted for food, drink, protection, rain—all granted. (2) *The necessity for decision.* This may be pressed home to the children. What are first thoughts given to? Pleasure, sin, vanity, &c. If so, are worshipping other gods; must love God first and best. (3) *The efficacy of prayer.* This prayerfulness Elijah's great characteristic. Is it ours? (4) *Importance of boldness in serving God.* Elijah always rebuked sin. So should children among companions, schoolfellows, &c. A promise to those who confess Christ before men.

Questions to be asked.

1. Give an account in your own words of Elijah's life in private.
2. Describe briefly the scene on Mount Carmel.
3. Where is he referred to in the New Testament as a man of prayer?
4. Which commandment condemns idolatry, and how does it do so?
5. On what other occasion did fire descend from heaven?
6. What practical lessons may we learn?

HARRY'S RASH WISH,

AND HOW THE FAIRIES GRANTED IT. BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

CHAPTER I.

"I HATE babies! I wish there were no such things in the world!" cried little Harry Thompson, as, having finished his first inspection of the new owner of the nursery cot, he tripped across the floor with his little bare feet and climbed into bed. "I wish, nurse, you'd take that nasty cradle out of the room, and bring back my rocking-horse instead."

"Indeed, Master Harry! I aint a goin' to do nothing of the kind, and I am ashamed of you, that I am, speakin' in such a heartless way of your little sister," replied nurse, reproachfully; "it is not so many years ago since you were a rocking in the

same cradle yourself, and a very peevish, cross little baby you were—always a screamin' or a whinin' at summat or other."

"I am sure I was never half so red or so ugly, or so small," cried Harry, taking his fairy tale book from the head of his little wooden crib, and thrusting it under his pillow. "What good are babies? they can't fight, or kill lions or tigers or buffaloes, or read fairy tale books, or do anything useful."

"I can't say as how I see much use in readin' the silly stuff as is printed nowadays in fairy tale books," replied nurse, rather contemptuously; "and if I was you, Master Harry, I'd be thinking of saying my prayers when I put my head down on my pillow, instead of gabbling about hobgoblins and such like."

"Hobgoblins and fairies are not one scrap like each other, so there you are wrong, nurse," cried Harry, triumphantly; "hobgoblins are like ghosts, —indeed, they are generally ghosts, with long white sheets and green eyes, and very hideous; but fairies are most beautiful things, with wings and yellow hair, and shining dresses, and wands, and they can come in and out of a room, and make people invisible, or do anything they like."

"I wish, then, they'd make you invisible, Master Harry, or do something with you to keep you quiet, for there's not much chance of the baby sleepin' while you keep up such a chatter and nonsense; put your head down on your pillow now, and don't let me hear another word till the mornin'."

After this admonition from nurse there was silence in the nursery for a few minutes; but until Harry was actually asleep he could seldom cease talking, and presently he began again in a kind of loud whisper, "I wish—I wish—oh! how I do wish something."

"What do you wish, Master Harry? is it a slice of the cake that I have in the press?" asked nurse, who after all was not an unkindly soul; and she rose and walked towards the cupboard.

"No, no, I did not mean the cake—though I should like a bit of that very much; but I wish so much I could be a fairy just for one night—only for a single night, and then I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" and nurse having cut a slice from the cake placed it in Harry's outstretched hand.

"I would turn all the babies in the world into mice or rats or butter, as the enchanter did to the queen and her children in the golden bower, and then cats would eat them, and people would catch them, and soon there would be no more of them, and I should have my rocking-horse back in the nursery instead of that nasty cradle."

"Well—well, if ever I heard such an idea!" murmured nurse to herself with a smile; "a turnin' of babies into mice and such like. I doubt but you'd be repentin' of your wish after a bit, if the fairies were just to take you at your word."

This speech of nurse's hardly reached Harry's ears, for having finished his cake, he was already half way into the land of dreams; he tried to answer her, but could not, and though his eyes were still blinking a little, and he could hear the singing of the kettle on the hob, yet he had an uncomfortable vision of seeing the baby crawl slowly out of the cradle on to the floor, and having looked all around it furtively, suddenly creep up the side of the nursery press and disappear, squeezing itself through the well-known mouse-hole out of which Harry had that very day picked the piece of cork placed there by the nursemaid Lizzie.

Harry did not like looking any longer lest he should see it come out again, so he turned on his pillow and covered his face with his hands. But this was only a dream, such a thing could not really happen, and soon—very soon—Harry's eyelids closed altogether; he heard no longer the singing of the tea-kettle or the creak of the cradle rockers, and when nurse came to replace the quilt which had fallen from his bed, he was fast asleep with his arm under his head, and his red-brown curls hanging in wonderful confusion over his pillow.

It was not very long after this that nurse herself began to yawn and to grow sleepy. Having glanced at the clock, she put her knitting aside in the work-basket, and took the spectacles from her nose; she then lit the night-light and replaced the piece of cork in the cupboard, and all her preparations for the night being completed, she raised the infant in her arms from the cradle, and as she looked into its little quiet face, she could not but smile over Harry's strange wish, that there might be no more babies in the world.

Soon the nursery was as still as might be; there were no angry gusts of wind that night rushing against the panes of glass or moaning in the chimney. The kettle sang itself quietly to sleep in the fender, the cinders creaked and tinkled and fell into the grate below, till at length the red glow died out, and the grate became black and sombre as everything else around it. The night-light flickered a little at first, and cast strange shadows on the wall, but soon its light also sank beneath its yellow rim, and only a faint glowing circle on the ceiling above showed that it still burned; it was a night for people to sleep, and to sleep deeply.

And very deeply little Harry slept, with his head pressed into his pillow and his arm thrust under it, holding in loving embrace his much-prized fairy tale book. Had he not slept so very soundly, he might perhaps have seen—or perhaps, indeed, even in his sleep he did see—the fairies one by one, as the clock struck twelve, creeping out between the leaves of his book and climbing over the side of his bed, letting themselves stealthily down upon the floor.

I think Harry must either have felt them squeezing themselves out of the book, or he must have seen them, as they clambered down, for he raised himself

on his elbow, and though his eyes appeared to be shut, still he seemed to follow all their movements.

And such a strange-looking lot as they were to be sure—enchanters and witches and gnomes, and lots of old well-known friends, such as Ali Baba and his forty thieves, and the Yellow Dwarf, and Beauty and the Beast walking arm-in-arm, and Cinderella, whose train was carried by her two sisters; and at the head of the procession Little Snowwhite, whose mother had so long wished that she might be born, and when she was born she was so lovely—oh! so lovely. Harry could scarcely take his eyes off her; yes, it was quite plain to see that Harry was awake now, for he was so busy counting them, as they walked slowly past his bed, each with a wand in his or her hand, and so loudly did he number them, two and two and two, that nurse from her bed cried, "Hush—hush! be quiet there, Master Harry, with your two and two; this is the time for sleep, and not to be adding up your figures;" but then the curtains of nurse's bed were drawn, and she could not see the fairies all filing along so grandly and in such order, creeping up the legs of the nursery table, till at last they were all gathered in a crowd upon the top.

Harry counted them twice over; there were just a hundred of them; and now, as they all joined hand in hand and made a circle round the night-light, he could see them much plainer, such gorgeous robes and dazzling dresses, and more resplendent than all the rest, Little Snowwhite in a dress of pure silver; she did not join hands with the others, but stood just inside the circle waiting as it were till they had taken their places.

Then some strange kind of ceremony began, which interested Harry so much that he got up upon his knees, and stretched his head as far as he could to watch them. Little Snowwhite seemed to be making a speech, for she waved her hand to and fro, and clasped her hands, and appeared as if she were in some great trouble; and sometimes she pointed her wand, which was shaped like a spear, at the night-light and sometimes Harry thought she pointed it at him, till all at once she seemed to waver and flicker as it were from side to side, and to totter, and though two knights rushed out from the circle and tried to catch her, they were too late, for she slipped through their arms like water, and sank into a little white heap on the table, just for all the world like a flake of snow.

This seemed to cause a great hubbub and commotion, the circle was quite broken up, and a crowd of angry faces gathered round the glass which held the night-light, and Harry could see that they were all plunging their spears or wands into the boiling grease; and as each successive gnome or fairy drew it out it seemed to him they looked furiously across the room at him, and such a buzz and hum began, and surging of heads round the light, that Harry grew quite terrified and crept back under the clothes, where he would have hidden his face also, only the night-light seemed to grow frightened as well at all the row and fuss they were making around it, for it gave two or three great leaps of red flame in its socket, and then went suddenly out with a splutter and crackle, leaving the room in total darkness, and all the fairies in dismay and confusion.

Nor could Harry feel quite comfortable himself, for he disliked very much being in the dark, especially with such a lot of angry fairies creeping about the room like wasps, and as the thought of wasps came into his head he heard suddenly a great simmering and humming and buzzing, and he knew that all the gnomes and creatures were creeping up the side of his bed again as fast as ever they could, in great hurry and confusion, and as each of them passed by his face to creep back under the pillow, they hissed out some words into his ear that sounded to him like "Sleep, sleep, sleep," and at the same moment plunged the sharp point of their wands into his eyelids, till at last, when the hundredth gnome had buzzed the word "sleep" into his ear, he did, strange to say, fall sound asleep, and into such a very long deep sleep as I hope you and I may never experience for ourselves. (*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

18. Referring to the murder of Abel by Cain, St. John in one of his writings asks the question, "And wherefore slew he him?" Give the answer in St. John's words.

19. Three distinct punishments are foretold to David for his sins in the case of Uriah, the Hittite. Give the verses in which they are stated.

20. On one occasion David had an opportunity of slaying Saul, but would not do so because he was "the Lord's anointed." At this time he told his companion that Saul's death should happen in one of three ways. What were they?

21. Only one priest of Baal is mentioned by name in the Bible. Who?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32.

6. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii. 24).

7. Matt. xvi. 9; Mark viii. 17; John ii. 17, 22; viii. 27; xii. 16; xvi. 12, 13.

8. John iii. 13; vi. 62; xx. 17.

9. Luke xxiii. 43; 2 Cor. xii. 4; Rev. ii. 7.

10. "The Amen" (Rev. iii. 14).

11. Judges xi. 22.



IN THE ORGAN-LOFT.

STILL where the mystic silence,
Pulsing so sweetly soft,
Reigns through the lumbered chamber
Of the old organ-loft—
Save when a faint susurrus
Sighs from the outer croft:

Dark where the deathly shadows
Stealing by nave and aisle,
Deep in their folds of sable
Mantle the stately pile,
Save when the western sunbeams
Flicker a parting smile.

Sore with a piercing sorrow,
Stung with a rankling smart,
Welling the founts of feeling,
Bursting the stricken heart,—
Yea, as a deer that sobbeth,
Struck by the hunter's dart;

Here as to stanch the bleeding
Drank I the organ-tone,
Drank of the mighty music,
Here in the all alone
Came to me peace from heaven,
Out from the Mercy-Throne.

Here as in gentlest accents
Whispered the soft sweet strain,
Soft as the sighs of autumn,
Sweet as the summer rain,
Stanching the inward bleeding,
Healing the biting pain;

Here as in grand vibration
Thundered that harmony,
Swelling the heart with throbbings,
As swelleth a restless sea,—
Bringing peace to the weary
Soul with its mystery;

Pulses of lovelier music,
Strains with a grander roll,
Welling the secret fountains,
Into the spirit stole,
Fusing a heavenly unction
Over the stricken soul.

* * * * *

What was that mystic chiming
Softly that stole along,
When the sonorous anthem
Tremored its thunder strong,—
Strangely, with trancing sweetness
Chanting an undersong?

Even as sweet vibrations
Thrilled from the key-board quire,
Pulsing with magic silence
Through an electric wire,
Strike in a distant organ
Tones of majestic fire;

So through the infinite regions
Pulsing in love's gold cord,
Even the notes of anguish
Struck on the heart's key-board,
Striketh, meseems, far deeper
Notes in a Grander Chord.

And as the farther thunder
Throbbed from the organ throats
Answers the saddened wistful
Plaint of the nearer notes—
Answers with hopeful anthems;
So, as it downwards floats.

Softly, the heavenly music
Melts with its mystic chime
Hearts in a wondrous sweetness,
Spirits in thoughts sublime—
Thoughts of the far-off country,
Thoughts of the future time.

G. H. P.

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Rhetoricians were still engaged in their trial of skill, when Marie's eye was attracted by the strange figure of Hans making his way among the crowd. Little attention was paid him, many possibly supposing that he was one of the Rederykers, who had taken the fancy to dress himself up in a tatterdemalion costume, for the purpose of representing some particular character or other. Hans worked his way thus without impediment among the crowd, till he came close under where Walter Kapell and his family were seated. The magistrate, his attention being engaged with the actors, had not observed him.

"What can he want?" asked Max, to whom Marie had pointed out the idiot.

"I suspect from his manner that he has something to communicate," she observed. "Try if you can hear what he says."

Hans seemed to understand that they were speaking about him. Getting close up to them, with his fingers on his lips, he beckoned to Max to bend over and listen to him. "Hist! hist! noble sir," he whispered; I know all about it. You can do more for your friends than they would care to do for themselves. Take them out of Dixmuyde ere another sun rises in the sky."

"Why do you wish them to go so speedily, friend?" asked Max.

"Because Hans is a fool, and fools see strange things," he answered. "Hans saw not long since two figures riding along the road. They had hoofs on their feet and horns on their heads, and were threatening to play some scurvy tricks with the people of this place, in obedience to Satan, the master they serve. Poor Hans is called a fool; but if you take not his advice, there will be a greater in the world than he is. But why does poor Hans prate on thus? He must go back, and find his reve-

rend friends; he may perchance learn something more of what they are about, and such knowledge will not come amiss at all events."

Max knew that there would be no use in cross-questioning the poor idiot, who seemed, indeed, so eager to be off again that he would scarcely stop to utter the last words. Marie and Max watched him as he threaded his way among the crowd, till he was once more free of them; and then he set off at full speed in the direction from whence he had come. He had already gained the outside of the town, and was hurrying along the narrow lane leading to it, when he saw before him the two Inquisitors, who were looking about them, as if uncertain whether they were pursuing the right road. He chuckled to himself when he perceived this. "Ah! ah! the fool has outwitted the wise men this time," he muttered. "Most reverend sirs, how comes it that your noble steeds cannot keep pace with a poor crippled idiot? What could I do more than hobble along, thinking you were following, when, lo and behold! turning round, you were not there; so I e'en had to run back and try to find your reverences. Now I have found you, an it please you to tell me the mansion or hostelry to which you are bound, I will lead you to it; every house and every hovel in Dixmuyde is equally well known to Hans Kopperzoon."

"The fool is not so great a fool after all," said Titelmann to his companion.

"He may be a greater knave than we take him to be," replied Fabry; "he must needs be looked after."

"I wait the commands of your reverences," said Hans, taking off his hat and bowing low as he spoke.

"Lead us then to the house of Master Nicholas Barra," said the Inquisitor Titelmann, "you doubtless know the street."

"That do I, reverend sir, by the token that not long since worthy Master Barra, in the spirit of kindness, kicked me down the steps of his mansion."

"You were probably sitting on them, stopping his way, and deserved the rebuff," observed Fabry.

"I took it at all events, and went my way," muttered Hans as he ran on once more in front of the horsemen. "I love not Master Barra the more for it though, nor his guests either."

The pathway somewhat improved as it neared the town, and the horsemen were able to keep pace with the idiot, who in a short time led them up to the gateway of a large but gloomy house at the back of the town.

"Is this the mansion of Master Barra?" asked the Inquisitor Titelmann.

"An it please your reverence I know of no other," said Hans; "and having done my duty in conducting you thus far, with all due submission I must remind you to do yours, to cross my hand with the coin you promised."

As Hans spoke he cautiously kept his eye on the countenance and right arm of the Inquisitor, prepared, should either exhibit hostile intention or act, to spring aside out of the way.

"You would have coin, knave, would you?" said the Inquisitor. "Come again in a day or two, and you shall have a double fee; as yet we know not whether you have led us aright. Ring yonder bell, and we will learn whether this is truly the house of Master Barra or not."

"He would brain me if I were to doubt his word," muttered Hans, tugging away at the iron bell-pull.

No answer came, and the chief Inquisitor began to grow impatient. At length a slide in the gate was pulled aside, and the wizened face of an old woman appeared. She looked inquiringly at the strangers, as if doubting whether or not to admit them. A few words from the chief Inquisitor were, however, sufficient to make her begin drawing aside the bars with trembling hands, when, with the assistance of Hans, the gates being thrown open, the Inquisitors rode into the small stone-paved court-yard.

"Alack—alack! who is to take their horses?" muttered the old woman; "the men are all gone to the pageant and have left me alone."

"Never fear, mother, I will take care of their reverences' horses," said Hans; "although Master Barra loves me not, judging by his deeds, I am ready to do him a good turn and act the part of his horse-boy."

The two Inquisitors, like other people after a long journey, being anxious to get into their evening quarters, left their steeds in the charge of Hans and entered the house. He walked the animals up and down for some time, and then, tired of the occupation, secured their bridles to some iron rings in the wall, and noiselessly crept up the steps to the house. He went along a passage, peering cautiously on either side, till he reached a room of considerable size. He looked in; no one was there.

"Ah—ah! mischief has been brewed here before now," he muttered, as he walked forward on tiptoe, glancing over his shoulders to ascertain that no one was following. At the further end was a large raised seat or chair of state covered with damask. He drew the drapery aside. There was ample space for him to conceal himself beneath it.

"If they find poor Hans they will kill him," he said to himself; "that will not matter much, however; if he can hear their plots and plans, idiot as they call him, he may foil them." Saying this, he crawled in, carefully drawing the drapery so as entirely to conceal himself.

CHAPTER VII.

The pageant was over; the people were dispersing to their homes, most of them in high glee, and laughing at the jokes which had been uttered. Marie and Max Gellert had agreed not to speak to Herr Kapell till they had got home, of what had

occurred. Poor Marie felt very much alarmed; her heart had been foreboding evil since the visit of the two strangers, though the presence of Max had greatly contributed to dispel her fears for the time. He was to have left Dixmuyde next morning; but would he go now, while danger threatened them? She would ask him to stay.

"If you had commanded me to go, I would have disobeyed you," was his answer. "If those fearful Inquisitors have really come hither, your father will be among the first they will seize as their prey. I say this, Marie, that you may join your entreaties to mine, that he will allow me before the night passes by to conduct him to a place of safety," said Max; "and I would urge you, Marie, to fly likewise. They might be content to leave you if they could seize your father; but should he escape, then we know not what cruelties they may commit."

But they found that her father was not to be persuaded.

"My dear daughter, my young friend, understand that we should never fear to face danger when duty commands us to remain," answered Walter Kapell. "In these times of trouble, I may yet be of use to my fellow-townsmen. Would that they had followed my advice, and given up the performance of that foolish pageant, and our foes would at least have had less excuse for persecuting us."

"But the mischief is done," urged Max. "If the Inquisitors have really come to the place, as the poor idiot supposes, you undoubtedly will be among the first seized. Their object is always to strike terror into the hearts of the people by destroying those who may become their leaders and advisers. Oh! listen to Marie."

"My dear father," said Marie, "he speaks the truth. Remember those mysterious visitors of the other day; that they came with treacherous intent there is no doubt. Think how many have already suffered even for having a Bible in their houses."

Marie and her lover continued in the same strain for some time, advancing every argument they could think of to induce Herr Kapell to make his escape while there might be time; but he remained inflexible. He had the same answer to all their expostulations: "I believe it my duty to continue at my post."

"Now, my young friend," he said at length to Max, "I must urge you to return to your hostelry. Come here to-morrow morning before you take your departure as you proposed doing, and I trust that you will find we have still been unmolested."

Poor Marie could restrain her feelings no longer, but burst into tears; again and again she entreated her father to provide for his safety. "Oh! reflect, my beloved father," she exclaimed at length, having reserved her strongest argument to the last, "if you are seized and dragged off to prison, I must bear you company—if not for your own sake, for mine. I entreat you to follow the advice we offer," and she looked up into his face with streaming eyes. "It is for myself, the child you love, I plead."

Max Gellert could scarcely restrain himself when he found that the magistrate still remained determined. He was indeed very much inclined to lose patience with him; still he could not but admire his firm resolution to remain at the post of duty, as he believed it. At length Max was compelled to obey the magistrate's commands, and bidding him and Marie farewell, with a heavy heart he left the house, and the door was closed behind him. He was still undecided how to act. At first he was inclined to walk up and down during the night, performing the duty of a sentinel. He could not tear himself away from the spot. He had made several turns, looking up ever and anon at the windows of Walter Kapell's house, and considering whether he should not go back and make yet another effort. Then he reflected that it might be wiser first to proceed on to his inn, and make the arrangements he had proposed for their flight. He might do this without causing suspicion, as it was known that he had intended starting on his journey the following morning, and he might easily find an excuse for commencing it at an earlier hour than he had fixed on.

As soon as he had come to this resolution, giving one more glance up at the window, hoping that he might get a glimpse even of the shadow of Marie's figure, he hurried forward. He had not got far when he observed through the gloom a figure stealing along towards him, close to the wall, as if to shun observation. He instinctively put his hand on the hilt of his sword ready to draw and defend himself should he be attacked, as was not at all unlikely in those times. He and the stranger had got close up to each other. For a moment he supposed the latter to be a cavalier like himself, but a second glance showed the tattered and fantastic costume of Hans Kopperzoon. The idiot stopped and gazed at him earnestly.

"Hist! hist!" he said, "who are you, an honest man or a rogue?"

"An honest man I hope," answered Max.

"I believe I have seen you before, my friend. I know you by your voice now," said Hans; "I can trust you. I am on my way to those we would both wish to serve. Our friends are in terrible danger. The poor idiot can, however, help those who are kind to him, as well as can many a wiser man. Why have they not taken my advice? I warned them before, and hoped that by this time they would be far away from this unhappy town. I suspect, young sir, however, if they had gone you would be bearing them company. Are they still in their house?"

Max was surprised to hear one supposed to be a mere idiot speak thus sanely, and at once told him that he had in vain endeavoured to persuade Walter Kapell and his daughter to leave Dixmuyde.

"Then the fool must see if his arguments can produce more effect than a wise man's," said Hans, chuckling, as was his custom at times when he spoke.

"If you are bound to Walter Kapell's, I will return with you," said Max.

"A sensible resolve," answered Hans. "Come along, gentle sir. If our friends are found within their own doors by sunrise to-morrow, they will be clutched by the talons of those ill-favoured birds of prey who with their dark wings are now flying over this unhappy land of ours."

"I pray that you may persuade Herr Kapell of this," said Max; "but you must find stronger arguments than I used."

"I can tell him that I heard Titelmann himself issue an order for his and his fair daughter's apprehension, this very night," whispered Hans. "If he will not believe me, I will tell him he is more mad than I am, and shall be much inclined to lift him up on my shoulders and carry him off by main force. Come along, young sir, or we may have the Inquisitors' hounds baying at our heels before we reach the house."

Max, with his strange companion by his side, hurried back towards the house he had just left, looking anxiously around to ascertain if any one was following. Even now it might be too late, he feared, but he resolved to defend Marie and her father with his life.

He and Hans reached Walter Kapell's abode as he hoped unobserved. Margaret opened the door in answer to their knock. Her countenance was pale and anxious.

"Come in," she said, "Oh! Herr Gellert, what has brought you back?"

"This honest fellow, and I would see your master forthwith," he said.

"Come up, come up then," said Margaret, "my poor young mistress is in a sad state; I never saw her so moved. What has happened?"

"You are a faithful friend, Dame Margaret, and I would that you could assist in persuading your master to fly from hence without a moment's delay."

"Fly! whither can my master fly?" she exclaimed.

"To Antwerp, and from thence to the happier shores of England." This was said as Max and Hans followed Margaret up-stairs.

Notwithstanding his daughter's agitation, Walter Kapell was perfectly calm. He cross-questioned Hans narrowly about the information he brought, and was at length convinced that the idiot had really heard the Inquisitors issue the order for his apprehension, and that it was not a fancy of his brain. Marie clasped her hands with thankfulness when she heard her father agree to follow Max Gellert's advice. While she and Margaret hastened to make preparations for their sudden journey, Walter Kapell put up his money and certain valuables, especially some belonging to his wife which he desired to carry with him. No time was wasted, however, and in a very few minutes Marie appeared, habited for a journey on horseback, when Walter Kapell, with his cloak thrown around him and carrying his sword in his hand, declared himself ready to proceed.

Poor Margaret could not restrain her tears. "Go—go, my dear young lady," she said, embracing Marie. "I will remain and guard the house. They may put me to the torture, and drive my poor life out of my body, before I will tell them where you are gone."

"What dreadful words are those!" said Marie as she returned Margaret's caress.

"I should not have spoken them," said her kind nurse; "they will scarcely interfere with me. Do not be alarmed on my account. Now Heaven protect you. I would not delay you a moment. I am sure that brave young gentleman will fight for you as long as he has a drop of blood in his veins."

As Dame Margaret uttered these words the whole party issued from the house, when she immediately closed the door behind them, barring and bolting it as her master had desired her to do.

Max supporting Marie, with Walter Kapell on the other side of her, hurried along towards the "Black Boar," his inn, where he hoped soon to have his horses saddled and ready to proceed on their journey. Immediately they left the house, the idiot, touching Max Gellert on the shoulder, whispered, "Herr Duffel is kind to Hans; Hans must give him warning of the danger which threatens him," and before Max could turn round, the idiot had glided away into the darkness.

Marie entreated her father and lover to hurry their steps.

"I can move as fast as either of you," she said, "do not delay for my sake."

The "Black Boar" was at some distance from Walter Kapell's house, being conveniently situated on the high road which passed through the outskirts of Dixmuyde. To Marie the distance appeared far greater than she expected to find it. Her heart beat quickly with agitation; for she dreaded lest they might meet any one who would stop them, or inquire where they were going at that late hour.

"In a few minutes more we shall be at the inn," whispered Max.

As he spoke, three persons in cloaks were seen approaching from the direction in which they were going. They must either meet them, or turn back and take another road. The very act, however, of retreating might be dangerous, should the persons approaching be foes. The instant Max saw them his suspicions were aroused, for he in no way liked their appearance.

"Herr Kapell," he said, "be ready to draw and defend yourself should we be attacked."

He had scarcely spoken when the strangers began

to move quickly towards them. "Who are you, thus wandering through the streets at night?" demanded one of the strangers.

"I might well ask you the same question," answered Max, promptly. "Surely it is allowable for peaceable citizens to return home after a visit to a friend."

"We must know who you are before we let you pass," said the same person who had before spoken.

"And I must know by what authority you venture to question us before I answer you," exclaimed Max, placing himself in front of Marie and her father.

"By the authority of the Emperor and the Holy Inquisition," was the answer. "You must accompany us, and satisfy the Inquisitors respecting the object which has taken you from your homes at this hour."

"What if we refuse to yield to the summons?" exclaimed Max, drawing his sword, and holding it ready for use.

"We are three to two, for we take not the girl into account," answered the stranger, gruffly. He seemed, however, not very eager to meet the point of Max's weapon.

"Oh! let us pass, whoever you are," exclaimed Marie, trembling from head to foot, though endeavouring to retain her composure. "Surely you would not hinder us from proceeding on our way."

"You may have been out attending some meeting of heretics, or preachings, and knowing your guilt may be about leaving the town," said the stranger. "Put up your sword, young sir, or it may be the worse for you."

"Not till you allow us to pass unmolested," answered Max.

The three men, who had drawn their weapons, now advanced. Max placed himself before Marie, keeping his assailants at bay. While one, who showed himself to be a good swordsman, attacked him, the other two assailed Walter Kapell. The magistrate, who had been a man of peace all his life, was but little accustomed to use a sword. His weapon was whirled from his grasp, and his two assailants rushing in, seized his arms and began dragging him away.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH:

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON. (*Continued.*)

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept. Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions?"—Song of Solomon i. 6, 7.

AT this point there is an abrupt transition in the dialogue; and though it is still the Church speaking, her address is no longer to the daughters of Jerusalem, but to Christ Himself, and to Him in earnest prayer, that, by the reviving and refreshing influences of His Word and Spirit, He would comfort her under the infirmities she had just been compelled to bewail:—"Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

"O Thou whom my soul loveth." Love to Christ is the key-note of this song in all its parts. The experience of it by the true believer stands for all comfort, all assurance, all promise. It is the source of his joy: "We will rejoice and be glad in Thee." It is the ground of his confidence: "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." It is the pledge of his unfailing constancy: "I held Him, and would not let Him go." It is his uplifted standard against all misgivings and fears: "Set me as a seal upon Thine heart, as a seal upon Thine arm; for love is strong as death. . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." And a like place belongs to this love to Christ under the Gospel. Peter felt there was only one thing which could commend him to his Divine Master: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee dearly." * But this would commend his faithfulness, for love to the Lord Jesus Christ is the inclusive grace, the paramount grace, the representative grace, so to speak, standing for all that makes the true disciple. Love enters more or less into all the fruits of the Spirit, and all the graces of the Christian character. What is "joy," but love happy in its object? or "peace," but love cherishing the Lord's parting gift? or "long-suffering," but love bearing the cross after Jesus? or "gentleness," but love bearing provocations meekly, and taking them without a murmur for His sake? What is "hope," but love resting on her anchor? What is "faith," but love mounting on eagle's wings to her home in heaven? What is "repentance," but love washing the Redeemer's feet with tears? What is "obedience," but love

* Φιλῶ purposely distinguished from the less ardent expression of the Master, ἀγαπᾷς με.

offering its best and choicest on the altar of self-sacrifice, and spending life in asking the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Whom not having seen, ye love," says the apostle; and loving, we believe in; and loving, we lean upon; and loving, we follow after; and loving, we run to for food, for guidance, for shelter, for rest. "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

"Where Thou feedest Thy flock." As intimated in a former paper, the scene of the composition is laid in a pastoral country, and therefore, with perfect naturalness, Christ is addressed as a shepherd. We all feel that no image could be more tender or suggestive than this. In its spiritual applications it conveys an assurance to us of everything we could either need or desire—all love, care, providence, sympathy, devotion, watchfulness—the services of men and the ministry of angels—preservation in danger and protection from foes. It is an image which gathers up into one all Christ's titles, and condenses into one all His blessed offices; and causes to centre and meet in one blaze of brightness all promise, prophecy, vision, type—all that could inspire affection, or draw forth a deep and devoted trust:—"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

And observe, it is "Thy flock" concerning which the Church desires to be informed; those who had been once neglected and scattered abroad; those whom Christ had sought, and found, and laid on His shoulders rejoicing; those on whom He had set the seal of a peculiar propriety as each one "passed under the hand of him that telleth them." These He guides when they err, feeds when they hunger, refreshes when they faint, binds up when they are sick and wounded, shields and shelters when they are tempted and assailed. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them." Know them through and through; know all their thoughts, desires, affections, purposes; all their fears, infirmities, struggles, doubts; all their temptations, trials, dangers, discouragements. And I know them *all;* none are overlooked; none are neglected; none perish. There is an unbroken succession of living agencies at work for them, beginning from the moment the lamb was first found of the Bishop of souls, until, brought again from the dead by "the Great Shepherd of the sheep," it shall be folded everlastingly with the redeemed flock of God. Mighty and marvellous provision all this for the sheep of His pasture. "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest them," how Thou feedest them, and what Thou feedest them upon.

"Tell me where Thou feedest them." To this it may be answered generally, on the fruitful hills of grace and truth, in the rich valleys of Gospel promise, by the still waters of the river of life. But a more particular answer may be obtained from the sixth chapter, where we read: "My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens." Here, by "gardens," as we learn from other Scriptures, is meant the place of ordinances; the Church with its prayers and preachings and visible ministries; the hallowed spot where God holds discourse with souls; "communes with them from the mercy seat;" breaks to them, morning by morning, the crumbs of life and immortality. In these, therefore, we may eat and be filled. "Eat, O friends, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the goodness of Thy house." And how dost Thou feed them? Mediately by under shepherds, no doubt, who have it in charge "in season and out of season," to feed the flock of God, and to minister those ordinances, those "breasts of consolation," out of which the people are to draw precious life. Yet would those breasts be "dry," and that food be mere husk and stalk, if it were not for the accompanying influences of the all-quickening Spirit, taking of the things of Christ, making the promise a living thing, filling the hungry soul with the strong meat of the Word, and causing "the wholesome doctrines of our Lord Jesus Christ" to be "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." And hence, efficiently and actually and in very deed, the food wherewith Christ makes His flock to feed is Himself. They feed on Him; grow up in Him; live by Him. His flesh is meat indeed, and His blood is drink indeed. He brings them into His banqueting-house; and while "His banner over them is love," He spreads their tables with angels' food. He feeds them with the manna that comes down from heaven. Their souls delight themselves with the fatness of grace and promise; and with flagons of consolation, better than wine, their hearts are made merry and glad. Would not the Church be satisfied with such an answer to the inquiry, "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest Thy flock?"

But not feedest them only; tell me also "where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon." A good shepherd makes provision for his flock at all seasons—sees that they have pasture for the morning, shade for the noon, a safe fold at night. So likewise does Christ provide for those who are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. In the day-time of life He feeds them; in the night of the grave He enfolds them; and when the sun of tribulation lights upon them, or any heat, He leads them to "quiet resting-places."

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "Tell me, therefore," says the Church, "where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

By "noon," here, we clearly understand a time of temptation, or affliction, or persecution—that scorching season, to the malign influences of which the Church had already attributed much of her lost comeliness. And, therefore, she here proposes the anxious inquiry, "Tell me where dost Thou lead Thy flocks at noon," when they are "in heaviness through manifold temptations;"—when the arrows of Satan are hot, and fierce, and violent; when saints are cast into the furnace of affliction; when neglect, and hate, and scorn burn up their "spirit as it were a fire-brand?" What shelter hast thou for one smitten of God and chastened? for one with heart and home desolate, stay and staff gone, life's one bright thing taken from him, left in the great world alone? Thou hast refreshments, coverts, resting-places—what are they for those who are under God's thick cloud—a cloud that it seems no prayer can pass through,—who walk in darkness and have no light,—who are bruised, burdened, broken down utterly under a crushing sense of the Divine displeasure; who pray, and pray not,—who believe, and believe not,—desponding, though not in despair,—faint, though still pursuing? Under the shadow of what rock can they repose who are exposed to this noon-tide heat? "Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon."

To such questions we know the Bridegroom can make full answer. Under all forms of scorching heat when the soul is faint,—under affliction, or temptation, or desponding thoughts, Christ has many resting-places, protecting shelters, refuges we may always run into and be safe. We find them in the tenderness of His sympathy, in the boundlessness of His compassions, in the unfathomed depths of His love. We find them in the consolations of His Spirit, in the sufficiency of His grace; in the pledged oath and seal of the everlasting covenant. We find them in the illimitable reach of His sacrifice, in the power of His resurrection, in the might of His ascended priesthood, and in His plighted Word to be with us "even unto the end of the world." All these are noon-tide resting-places, still waters beside which Christ leads the people of His flock. And they may lie down there, and take their rest, having the everlasting arms underneath them, and beholding on every side of them the green pastures of the flock of God. Such a rest we all feel the need of sometimes. We all have our noon to pass through—when Satan assaults, and crosses irritate, and wrongs chafe, and expectation fails;—when we want to get away from ourselves and out of ourselves—out of the sound of a fretting and fatiguing world to some calm retreat, where we can know nothing but the ripple of "the waters of Siloam which flow softly," and the still, small voice of the Beloved whispering, "Peace!" And thus we see that He who is our food is our rest also. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." He provides the pasture, and He prepares the shade. He spreads our table in the wilderness, and He shows us a place where we may lie down at noon. And the pasture and the couch are one. "He that eateth me shall live by me," is His answer to the fainting soul who asks, "Tell me where Thou feedest." If the inquiry be pressed further, "And where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon," a voice replies, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—rest, and more than rest, as the Church found: "I sat down under His shadow with great delight."

And then mark the reasons why the Church is so anxious to be fed where Christ's people feed, and to rest only where His people rest—namely, that if she should wander very far either from Him or them, there was danger that she might "make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience," and become joined unto the world. Let me be with Thy flock, for "why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of Thy companions? or rather of those who pretend to be Thy companions and are not?"

Observe here one of the marks of a true believer—namely, that he has a holy shrinking from all hurtful contacts; prays to be kept at a distance from all soul-destroying influences; has a godly dread of the world—of going too near to it—of being too much mixed up with it—of throwing himself too much into the groove of its fashions, and pleasures, and principles, and ways. And this we should do, not so much from fear of the world as from distrust of ourselves. A Christian's footing is never so sure as when he is under a constant fear of falling; as when the spirit of self-reliance is cast out; as when a sense of weakness makes him to walk softly, and, leaning hard on Christ, he cries, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." And there are two dangers the Church is afraid of, if she should turn aside, if she should miss her way and get out of the footprints of the flock—namely, that she should feed in treacherous pastures, or lie down in a delusive rest. Away from Christ and the place where His people feed, she would be ever spending money for that which is not bread, which would minister to no holy longings, satisfy none of the aspirations of the human spirit, feeding "with ashes" the cravings of an immortal nature, and flinging the mocked and disappointed soul back



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Are you offended with me, Philip?"—*p.* 77.

upon herself, "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

And as the pastures are not wholesome, so the rest does not refresh. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it." He may lie down on it, but it is only to be "scared with dreams, and terrified with visions." His eyes are closed, but it is by the world's opiate, not by the children's sleep. It is a broken slumber, not peaceful rest. "Seeing, then," reasons the Church, "that in Christ we have rest, and all rest—rest from the disquietudes of an anxious heart; rest from the fears of a sin-burdened conscience; rest from the oppressions of the tempter's noontide heat; rest in that sheltering bosom where I may cast all my sins and sorrows, why should I turn aside by the flocks of Thy companions?" And believers now must reason in like manner. We know that, in regard of our spiritual life, all comfort, all growth, all safety, all peace, must consist in our being near to Christ, and feeling that He is near to us. We must strive habitually after a sense of His indwelling presence, as the life of our life, and the soul of our strength. If we be His flock, we shall lack nothing. Through much trial we shall be led, it may be, and through much weariness, but He will assuredly bring us home at last. If we are gentle, His eye will guide us; if we are wayward, His staff will be laid upon us; if unwittingly we stray from His side, He will restore our souls, never leaving us, never forsaking us, till He has brought us to those heavenly pastures where He feeds his flock, or where, under the shelter of the everlasting hills, He makes them to rest at noon.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

WAS IT WELL DONE?

PHILIP had accepted two invitations for Christmas week—viz., to dine at Mrs. Austin's on Christmas Eve, and on the following day at his partner Mr. Tabor's. The company assembled in Mrs. Austin's drawing-room, which he was the last to enter, consisted of the Tabors, Fanny Lovejoy, and the incumbent of the district church—all friends, as Mrs. Austin had said, and they went to dinner in the following order: the clergyman, Mr. Huntingdon, took Mrs. Austin, Mr. Tabor took Mrs. Torrance, and Philip took Mrs. Tabor, Lucy and Miss Lovejoy bringing up the rear. But at table Philip was seated between the two latter. Philip could not well have been placed in a position more trying to him. There he was, seated between an attraction which he had the strongest determination to repel, and a repulsion which he had the good grace to desire at least to conceal. Philip was certainly very unfair to Fanny; but he was by no means fair in many things. Mrs. Tabor, watching her darling, and seeing the look of sweet content which dawned upon her face as she took her seat beside him, felt mightily indignant at his unfairness. That impulsive little woman had the strongest desire to cross over from her place, and bodily protect her little Lucy by taking her away from his side. If he didn't want to marry Lucy, why didn't he go and marry somebody else and make an end of himself?" she had said, to her husband's amusement, for the subject had been renewed more than once between them. She felt sure that in some way he had been tampering with the child's affections. "After all, he may be only waiting to have something more to offer her," suggested Mr. Tabor.

"As if we would only part with her to the highest bidder!" cried Mrs. Tabor, indignantly. "He has a great deal more than you had when I engaged myself to you," she added; "you had only three hundred a year."

"And you had nothing at all," said Mr. Tabor, fondly. "But, my love, I tell you frankly, I don't understand Philip. He has not been open with me lately about his affairs; it is just possible, however, that he may be saving in order to marry. You know young people nowadays can't set up house on a hundred or two as we did, and Philip had less than nothing to start with."

Lucy had begun to prattle to Philip in her soft fresh voice, and he answered in almost savage monosyllables, the effect of the restraint he was putting on himself, for he at least had made up his mind that he was not in a position to marry Lucy Tabor, and he had as great a horror of tampering with the girl's affections as Mrs. Tabor could possibly have desired.

Fanny went on eating her dinner in silence. Poor Fanny, she stood just a little in awe of Philip, and had done so ever since his boyhood, when he had been both disagreeably conscientious and conscientiously disagreeable, and had frequently in these

moods fallen foul of the slipshod Fanny. She loved him, but it was from household use and wont, and because she was of a loving nature; but he had been more or less to her a veritable *enfant terrible*. Also at the present moment Fanny had upon her mind a feather bed—not metaphorical but actual, a feather bed with all the appurtenances thereof, and sundry other articles of furniture, which she had sent off to her uncle's house out of her own. And though these things were strictly hers to do with as she would, she felt quite as guilty as many another would who had stolen them, and also, though she was not under the slightest compulsion to tell Philip what she had done, she had a well-founded conviction that out it would come.

Gradually Lucy began to wonder at Philip. She glanced up at him from time to time, puzzled at first, and then hurt—grievously hurt, so hurt that her heart seemed in her throat, and she could scarcely swallow a morsel. Lucy had in former days been petted by Philip. She had sat on his knee. He had stroked her hair and her hands with a peculiar caressing touch, which the child had loved; and though they had met but seldom recently, there was outwardly the old frankness between them still. Even at her party the other night, though he had held aloof at first, he had come to her at last, and had stayed by her, making her heart beat fast with pleasure. What had she done to offend him? She could not account for it at all.

And yet it was not difficult to account for Philip's conduct. He had resolved to give up all idea of Lucy, and had begun to banish her image from his very thoughts, when that unlucky party placed him once more so near her that to resist the attraction became impossible. He had resisted it as long as he could, and then getting warm with excitement he yielded, and for the rest of the evening had defied all prudence and self-control, though he heard their voices plainly enough. But he had determined never to risk so much again, for what he put in peril was not only his own honour but Lucy's happiness.

Therefore he answered abruptly, moodily, even harshly, the remarks which Lucy addressed to him, and made her feel that she had never been so unhappy in the whole course of her life. Poor Mrs. Austin, engrossed by Mr. Huntingdon, little thought of the discomfort of at least three of her guests.

Mr. Huntingdon was a large, fair, comfortable-looking young man, with an air of great self-satisfaction; that would have been Philip's description of him. But the ladies around him, and they were but a sample of some hundreds, would have pronounced it an inexcusably unfair one. He was of course the idol of a circle, naturally and necessarily, for he was the only creature to whom, from the dead level of their suburban society, they could lift their eyes. And he was by no means an unpleasing object. He was good, he was handsome, he was tolerably cultivated, and he had about him a manly simplicity, which his admirers were doing their best to spoil. He was poor, and the church was not endowed. He was remunerated for his labours by a moiety of the seat-rents. It was therefore necessary to keep up the congregation, in order to keep out of debt. He had to get up, and to keep up, an amount of fervour which he found it difficult to maintain—at least, in the atmosphere of the St. Luke's congregation. It was very difficult to sustain any fervour at all in the presence of that sea of millinery, blooming faces and shiny pates of comfortable papas, who asked him to dine with them, and discussed passing events, while they guarded against the least allusion to those spiritual matters which were the work of the clergyman's life. No one in that congregation appeared to have any troubles—no one appeared to have any sins. Our clergyman, who longed to do battle with real evil in men's lives and souls, found himself fighting with shadows. It took the heart out of him, for his was the heart of a worker, not of a preacher; he was no preacher—few are. He took occasion to lament his lukewarmness openly, and it had a great effect. He was held to be quite apostolic; his church filled, and he became popular, and was of course tempted to preach in the style which made him so. Every effort which he made after thorough sincerity of life seemed to lead him further from it.

When the three gentlemen were left to themselves, Mr. Huntingdon succeeded in leading the conversation into a more serious channel than usual; and in the course of it Philip broached some opinions which startled the clergyman, as coming from one who considered that he had a right to be held a member of the Church of England. Philip was not sorry to startle Mr. Huntingdon. He was not a perfect character; he was out of temper with himself and things in general, and he gave undue prominence to what rested in his mind as speculation rather than belief. And when Philip asserted that he believed a great many people were going about in the world without souls, having literally and truly lost them, Mr. Huntingdon set him down as dangerous, and all the more dangerous that he attempted to support the theory by reason, and even by the authority of Scripture. Mr. Huntingdon knew nothing of Philip's life; but even if he had known it to be more blameless than most, he would never have endorsed the maxim, "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." He would, on the contrary, have held most conscientiously to the converse, that his life could not be right who was in the wrong with his creed.

Mr. Tabor, always cautious and peace-loving, seeing how matters were going between the two young men, made a motion to join the ladies. These ideas of Philip's revealed to him a new, and rather uncomfortable phase of his junior partner's mind.

So they adjourned to the drawing-room, and Mr. Huntingdon at once made his way to the place where Mrs. Austin was seated by the side of Mrs. Tabor. Mr. Tabor went over and joined Fanny and Mrs. Torrance; and the former seized upon the opportunity to give him an account of her uncle and cousins. Lucy had been playing already, and Mrs. Austin had begged her to go on. Common politeness required the unattached Philip to go and turn over the leaves of her music for her, which he accordingly did.

"Sing us something, Lucy," cried her father, when she paused, and Lucy sang. Mr. Tabor, listening (for he loved his daughter's music), caught a depth of tone in it which he had never heard before; and he could not help exclaiming when she had finished the song, "Well done, Lucy!"

Was it well done? It was the pain at her heart that wrung the music out. She was being taught to love by love's suffering instead of by its joy, though as yet she did not know that it was so. When she had finished her song, she smiled as she thanked Philip and turned away, and he allowed her to pass over to her mother's side. It was Lucy's first sorrow, and her first dissimulation was to hide it, which the girl did heroically.

Shortly after, the Tabors went away and broke up the little party. Once at home, Lucy kissed her father and mother with a semblance of her old gaiety, and ran up-stairs to her own room. But in her own room she knelt for a long time quite dumbly. She had no words for the pain within her. The thought in her heart was only, "Why do I suffer thus?"

On the morrow Lucy joined in the household greetings, and walked to church with her father, a little paler than her wont, which was all that showed outwardly of the change within. The last time she had sat there with her parents, listening to the Christmas service, she had been a mere child—so it seemed to herself; she could look back upon herself as so different. Only now had she come into a separate existence, with a life and experience of her own, and it was pain. And yet the pain was a quickening one, as if she had passed from winter into spring—had come forth into bud and blossom, though the wind was cold, and the frost might blight and wither.

In the evening at her father's house the company was the same, with two additions—Mr. Wildish, and a young doctor who had settled in the neighbourhood; both units, like Philip and Fanny, who had no circle to gather to. But under the new arrangement, necessitated by these added units, a complete change was wrought upon the rest. The party was as lively and merry as Mrs. Austin's had been chill and dismal. Lucy was seated between Arthur Wildish and the doctor; the latter robustly sanguine, as a young physician ought to be, the former, who was of Celtic blood, with a quite un-English flow of enthusiasm and spirits; and on the surface Lucy was gay. Even Philip, seated by Mrs. Austin, was charmed into accord with the general geniality.

It was only at the close of the evening that he discovered, or thought he discovered in Mr. Wildish a tendency to hover about Lucy, as a bee hovers round a blossom, and that he found it necessary to stand beside her, to protect her from his buzzing.

Philip could not help smiling, when he found that the subject of the conversation which had roused his jealousy was working men's clubs. "Confess that you know rather more about the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, Lucy, than about the habits of working men," said Philip.

"I fear it is true," said Lucy, "but I can listen; and Mr. Wildish has been telling me a great deal about them. He has been giving me an account of a club he has helped to establish, where they go to read the newspapers and amuse themselves."

"And I assure you," said Wildish, turning to Philip, "that some of them are as nice, intelligent fellows as you could wish to meet."

"I don't see anything remarkable in that," said Philip. "There is far greater equality of intelligence among men than we are apt to suppose; and I wonder that working men can endure to be treated like a parcel of children, and petted and patted on the back perpetually."

"Our club is to be self-supporting," said Wildish, "all that we have done is to initiate it."

"Whatever is worth doing for them, they can do for themselves if they choose," said Philip; "and if they don't choose, there is no good done at all."

"May not we, who have leisure and cultivation, help them to choose?" said Wildish, eagerly.

"Working men will soon be the most leisurely class in the kingdom," said Philip. "What man who is going to do anything for himself sets out by working only nine hours a day?"

"But surely nine hours is enough to devote to hard manual labour?" said Wildish.

"No, it isn't, unless a man wants to do something harder," said Philip.

"Too bad," cried Wildish, laughing; "all work and no play you know."

"What are the things you think best worth having, Wildish?" asked Philip. "Money?"

"No."

"Ah, well, that's because *you* have enough of it; but suppose you had not enough of it, and could get nothing that you wanted without it?"

"Well, we'll say money then," said Wildish.

"After that education, social consideration, the right to rise into any position for which you were fitted—these are the best things as regards this life. They are within reach of the working men, but they must work harder, and deny themselves more than, as a class, they have any idea of, in order to get them."

"I don't see how that bears upon our argument," said Wildish. "You are against working mens' clubs."

"No, I am not," said Philip.

"Well, you are against people of education, people of the upper classes, helping to establish them?"

"No again. I am only in favour of working men doing that, and far greater things, for themselves."

"But their wants claim our consideration, do they not?" said Wildish.

"And I want them to claim a far higher consideration," said Philip.

"Mr. Wildish would lead them to higher things," broke in Lucy, blushing.

At this Mr. Wildish looked radiant.

"And Philip," she added, turning to him, "I know you want to be able to treat them as true equals, and to meet them wherever men may meet as such."

"What are you disputing so vehemently, with Miss Tabor for umpire?" said the doctor, coming up.

Mr. Wildish gave the information.

"Then you ought to beg Miss Tabor's pardon for discussing such a subject with her," returned the doctor, whose manners and ideas were somewhat underbred.

"No, indeed," said Lucy, earnestly, and not in the least intending to flatter Mr. Wildish, "I have been very much interested."

But the doctor had broken up the discussion, and Lucy was called upon to sing; so the little group separated immediately, nor did it form again, only when Philip was saying good-bye, and Lucy found herself beside him for a moment out of the others' hearing, she took courage to whisper, "Are you offended with me, Philip?"

"Have I been cross to you, Lucy?" he said, for answer.

"Something very like it," she replied, between laughing and crying.

"Forgive me," he whispered; "I am very wretched."

There was no time for more. Her eyes had questioned, but he could not answer; and the effect of his words he could not possibly foresee. Their effect was to make Lucy forget her own grievance and dwell completely upon his, giving up her whole heart to yearning tenderness.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 4. ELIJAH THE PROPHET. PART II.

Chapters to be read—1 *Kings xix.*; 2 *Kings ii.*

INTRODUCTION.—Before beginning this lesson ask a few questions upon the last, so as to bring out strongly the quality of boldness which Elijah displayed in meeting Ahab and the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel; thus prepare the children for the contrast presented by this lesson, in which Elijah is found despondent.

I. ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS. (Read xix. 1—8.) Ask what became of the people after the events on Mount Carmel. Ahab tells Jezebel, who is furious with Elijah and threatens his life; the people dispersed, stirred with new feelings of devotion to God. Elijah left alone; how would he feel? Lonely, afraid, depressed after the previous excitement, wishes to die, as of no use to any one. See how God deals with him. (1) *The food.* He went to Beersheba, the extremity of the land, and leaving his servant, went on alone to the wilderness. Is awoke by an angel twice; food is prepared for him, and he is thus strengthened for the long journey of forty days before him. Ask of whom this reminds us. Christ dreading being left alone (John xvi. 32), takes His three disciples—leaves them while He goes on to the garden alone—prays—and is strengthened by an angel for the work before Him (Luke xxii. 43). So always before any great work God in answer to prayer will strengthen His children. Remind of Jacob before meeting Esau (Gen. xxxii. 24), Moses on Mount Horeb (Exod. ii.), Joshua before taking Jericho (Josh. v. 13). This an encouragement to seek earnestly that we may find help in time of need. (2) *The cave.* (Read 9—13.) Ask why Elijah was brought to Horeb; who fasted there forty days before when receiving instructions from God? Notice God's question to him. He had come away from his work and duties in Judah, and was doing nothing in the wilderness. His answer defends his conduct; showing how he had been jealous for God, but was now left alone and in danger of his life. Ask the children what they think of the answer. Was it sufficient excuse for neglect of duty? Refer to other prophets alone. Noah before the flood, John the Baptist in the wilderness. Ask what signs of God's protection Elijah had already received; his faith somewhat failed. Refer to Abraham's distrust of God when he called Sarah his sister (Gen. xii. 11), Peter's faith failing on the sea (Matt. xiv. 29). Now see how God revived Elijah's faith by showing His power. Try and make the children realise the scene. Show a picture, if possible, of the mountains of Horeb. Point out the peak of Sinai, describe the wind tearing the rocks, hurling down masses; then the earthquake, as when the law was given; then the fire, as when Moses

was on the mount; and then God's power having been seen, God's voice must be heard. (3) *The voice.* (Read 13—18.) Ask what the wind, &c., would teach Elijah. How almighty God is, therefore He could destroy his enemies—deliver His servant; the still, small voice would speak to his heart and conscience. Notice the same question and answer put, and then notice God's reply. The prophet must go back to his work (ver. 15), but he must anoint his successor. Ask children why Elijah was to be taken away, showing by his translation that it was rather in mercy than punishment. Also ask about the 7,000 who had not worshipped Baal. How surprised Elijah must have been, and also how thankful; not like Jonah, who was angry. Ask what this teaches—viz., that Elijah's faithful work for God had not been in vain, and how it should encourage us to persevere.

II. ELIJAH'S TRANSLATION. (Read 2 Kings ii. 1—11.) The story being probably well known, notice the following points: Elijah's translation was known before it happened (ver. 5), probably by direct intimation from God to encourage His prophet. Notice how Elisha went with him first to Bethel, so often called the "house of God;" then to Jericho, the great city which may represent the world; and lastly to Jordan, typical of death. At each place Elisha is offered to leave Elijah, but prefers to go on with him, and at last is with him when taken up. Show how this may be considered as allegorical. We must follow Christ to the house of prayer, then find His presence in the world. He will be with us in death (Ps. xxiii. 4), and we shall share His glory (Rom. viii. 17).

III. ELIJAH A TYPE (1) OF JOHN THE BAPTIST. (*a*) *In his manner of life:* living in the wilderness; his dress similar (2 Kings i. 8; Matt. iii. 4). (*b*) *In his work as prophet:* foretelling the future, rebuking a wicked king—the one Ahab, the other Herod. (*c*) *In his character:* both being alike bold, fearless, and yet humble. (*d*) *In his death:* both being cut off in prime of life and full career of usefulness, and succeeded by a greater prophet. See Mal. iv. 5; Matt. xi. 14. (2) OF JESUS CHRIST. (1) *In his holiness,* no sin being recorded of him, though of course not wholly sinless, as Jesus was. (2) *In his translation.* As Elijah was accompanied by his successor, upon whom a double portion of his spirit descended, so refer to the ascension (Acts i.). Ask the details. The ascension was known beforehand (Ps. lxviii. 18)—the disciples were with Christ—saw Him ascend—and on day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 2) the Holy Ghost descended in large measure.

IV. PRACTICAL LESSONS. Elijah's life teaches us (1) *Perseverance* amid all discouragements and opposition; for our work shall have success, and for ourselves a crown of glory (Rev. ii. 10). (2) *Boldness,* to rebuke sin and be decided for God. This requires great faith and prayer, but shall be owned and rewarded before men and angels (Matt. x. 32).

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe in your own words Elijah's journey in the wilderness.
2. How long was his fast? Who else fasted a similar time?
3. How did God reveal Himself, and how did He speak to him?
4. What was Elijah's general character, and when did it partially fail him?
5. Describe his translation.
6. Of what two persons was Elijah typical, and how?
7. What two practical lessons may we learn?

HARRY'S RASH WISH,

AND HOW THE FAIRIES GRANTED IT. BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a bitterly cold morning, a red foggy sun, and the ground covered with many inches of snow, when at length Harry, having yawned and stretched himself many scores of times, opened his eyes and thought to himself that it was perhaps time to get up. The sleet was drifting against the unshuttered windows, the room was grey and gloomy inside also, but in the yard beneath the cocks were crowing lustily, proclaiming aloud in no faltering tones, that though the day was dull, it was time to be up and stirring. Harry had given a promise to his elder brother Jack that when he had to return to school the rabbits in the hutch in the harness-room should not be forgotten, but have their food given to them every morning early before breakfast, and now Jack was gone and Harry had to fulfil his promise, so without waiting for nurse's usual summons, or the advent of Lizzie the nursemaid with the bath and hot water, he determined to get up and dress himself, and with another yawn, which nearly stretched his mouth from ear to ear, he thrust his hand under the far corner of his pillow for the grey worsted stockings, where he had placed them the night before, intending to make his feet hot and toasty before putting them on the uncarpeted floor.

But how was this? some one must have changed the stockings he wore yesterday, and put another pair full of holes under his pillow, for the moment he thrust his foot into one of them, out came both his toe and heel through the sole, and the ribbed top came off with such a jerk in his hands that it threw him right back upon his pillow.

"Somebody has been playing a trick upon me, and a very silly trick too," muttered Harry, half angrily, as he sat up in his bed again and tried whether the second stocking was in the same sad condition as its fellow; but matters were even worse with it, for in his efforts to draw it up his leg, the whole foot came right off at the ankle, and remained suspended on Harry's toes, while the leg part flew suddenly into as many holes, as if it had been cut in pieces purposely with a pair of scissers.

"Who on earth can have played such a silly trick?" cried Harry again, as he indignantly kicked the foot of the stocking over the edge of the bed, "especially when I have only to walk across the room to the press to get out another pair. It's one comfort, whoever did it won't hear the end of it from nurse for some time—that they won't!" and Harry, regardless of the cold, clambered out of his bed upon the floor, and crossed the room towards the old oak press which held the children's linen. "But I say," shivered Harry, as he gazed around him in some bewilderment, "Lizzie has not even lit the fire yet, I never saw the grate look so black and empty; and what can have become of the cradle?" and Harry, stooping down over the spot where the cradle had stood when he last saw it, raised up a heavy piece of cumbersome, painted wood, the shape or form of which he could not at first make out, but which, after long inspection, looked to him like a roughly-carved horse's head. A few hairs still stuck to the crest of the mane, and the painted eyeballs, though worm-eaten and dull, had a sad, meaningless stare in them, very unlike the fiery orbs of his own beloved rocking-horse, whose absence from the nursery he had so bitterly bemoaned.

"Phew!" sneered Harry, replacing the heavy piece of wood on the ground as gently as he might, lest he should wake the baby, "phew! I suppose Lizzie has dragged this ugly old head out of the lumber-pit in the yard to make firewood of; I am sure I wish she had it on the fire this moment, I do; it's so wretchedly cold and raw, and so cheerless and dull an old nursery I never was in, without as much as a piece of carpet to stand on;" and, walking delicately on his heels, Harry turned again towards the oaken press in search of his hose.

This press was usually locked, and had a very cranky key, that required much patient turning and twisting before the lock would yield to its pressure, but this morning the door of the press stood open—indeed, it seemed to have got some kind of wrench, for it hung forward and downward, as if depending from a single hinge, and Harry moved it gently enough aside, fearing from its position it might fall upon his feet.

"Gracious me! what on earth has nurse been doing?—why the press is nearly empty!" cried Harry, standing upon his tip toes so as to see up to the higher shelves. "Why, what has become of my new knickerbocker suit, and all my other things? they could not be rolled up in this filthy bundle;" and Harry thrust his hand into the corner of the middle shelf, where there seemed to be a heap of some mouldy clothes; but quickly as he pushed in his hand, he drew it quicker forth, for out rushed, first, a huge fat mouse with a long horny tail, and immediately afterwards such a host of woodlice and earwigs as made Harry spring several paces back from the press, and shake his little nightdress frantically, to free himself from the host of unpleasant living creatures that had suddenly fallen upon it.

"Nurse! nurse!" cried poor Harry in great dismay and distress, "what has happened to the press? some one has taken all our nice clothes out, and put in a lot of dirty rubbish! Nurse, you must awake and get up, for robbers or people must have been here in the night and stolen everything! Nurse, nurse! do you hear? I'm calling you."

But there was no responsive sound from the bed; nurse must have been in a very sound sleep, for she never stirred, or even turned round at poor Harry's terrified appeal, and only for a faint whining sound, like the waking yawn of his new-born sister, Harry would have thought that nurse must be already up.

"Nurse," he pleaded still more piteously, as the cold struck up through his bones, and his teeth chattered in his head, "do let me get into your bed for a while, I am half frozen with cold, and I can't find any clothes to put on; do let me just creep in at the foot, and I'll promise not to disturb the baby."

So Harry, shivering and shuddering, sat upon his heels and gazed earnestly into the darkness, trying to make out the exact position of nurse and baby in the bed, so that he might clamber safely into a warmer nook; but by-and-by, as he could see things a little better, it seemed to him that he must be mistaken as to nurse's being asleep, for he was certain he saw her eyes wide open and staring at him in a horrible glaring kind of way, which made his blood, cold as it was already, run like ice through his veins.

"What's the matter, nurse?" he asked, timidly; "why are you staring at me in that way? I asked leave to get into your bed, and you did not say no;" but the eyes only glared more fiercely than before, and nurse said never a word.

"Nurse—nurse! why don't you answer me? You are frightening me on purpose; it's very unkind of you. I can't stay here if you don't say something;" and at last, with a cry born both of fear and anger, Harry tore back the curtain of the bed with one sudden wrench and beheld—oh! horrible sight—neither his nurse nor little sister asleep upon their pillows, but in their place a large tabby cat, gazing steadily at him with scared eyeballs, from a heap of dirty feathers, and surrounded by a mewing circle of tabby kittens.

Poor—poor Harry, what a little object he looked.

gathered up at the foot of the bed, trembling from head to feet, and still holding in his grasp the faded curtain of the bed, which had come off the pole in his hands.

For a moment or so Harry seemed uncertain what to do, surprise, fear, utter bewilderment, kept him rooted to the spot, while a host of vague questions rushed through his mind. What had happened? where was he? was he in his own nursery at all? had he wandered in his sleep into some strange house, or could robbers have come in the night and stolen every one and everything away? for even the chairs and tables in the room, he now remarked were absent from their usual places.

It would be well for him to find out whether he was in his own home or not; one glance out of the window would be sufficient to recognise the garden, with its pretty circular flower-bed and close-clipped yew hedges; and giving one frightened glance at the cat, whose eyes seemed to follow all his movements, Harry crawled back over the footboard and approached the window.

Yes, it was his own house—there could be no doubt about it; there were the mountains opposite, so familiar to his eye; they looked a little strange, to be sure, wrapped up in their white sheet of snow, but still he could not mistake them, nor the familiar windmill on the top of the peak, and the great pine wood in the cleft of the hill, where Jack had often gone off in search of squirrels and rare nests; and here Harry's eyes travelled downwards to the garden which lay beneath the nursery windows, in the corner of which his brother had also built a summer-house during his last holidays, and covered it with cones and bright pebbles from the brook which ran at the foot of the place.

But where was the summer-house now? Harry could not see it, though he strained his eyes across the snow till they ached; it seemed to him as if the branches of the lilac-trees must have grown ever so much taller, for they hid it quite from his view; either that, or those who had robbed the house had robbed the garden also, for even the very garden-seats of rustic wood were missing from their shady corners, and everything had a strange uncared-for look which the unusual amount of snow could not account for. But just at this moment, as Harry was about to turn back disappointed from his survey, something stirred below in the garden, some living thing rushed suddenly from under the holly bushes and darted beneath the thickest part of the yew hedge, sputtering up the snow as it hurried past and making a dark track across it.

Harry wondered what it could have been, for it was smaller than their dog Tray, and many times larger than a bird; he remained therefore at the window watching earnestly to see if it would move again, but though now and then a spray of the yew-tree stirred, and a clump of snow fell from its branches to the ground, for some time there was no further sign of life within its precincts.

At last, with another rush and a scurry, out came the wild creature again, and this time, as its goal was much farther off, Harry had ample time to see it; and not only did he see it, but gave a loud scream, for what was it after all but Jack's handsome lop-eared rabbit, which had been committed to his charge, and which must have escaped from its hutch, and there it was now, rushing blindly, madly down the river-walk.

Just as madly and blindly did Harry rush out upon the landing and down the two flights of steps which led to the hall. He had no further clothing than his nightdress, and no boots or stockings on his feet; but what did all this matter, in comparison with the fact that the black-and-white rabbit, for which Jack had given his whole year's savings, had escaped from its house and was loose in the garden?

Harry took the last three steps of the stair at a flying leap in his haste to reach the garden; but, as the old proverb says, "more haste, worse speed," instead of coming down safely on his feet, Harry seemed to land, first of all, on something warm, large, and hairy, which, emitting a cry, rolled over on its side and sent him sprawling on his face and hands into the vestibule.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

22. Give a parallel instance from the New Testament to the exclamation uttered by Isaiah during the heavenly vision vouchsafed unto him.

23. Quote a passage from Isaiah's prophecy which states distinctly the cause of the captivity.

24. What prophecy was uttered against Ephraim on the occasion of the league between Ephraim and Syria to put the son of Tabeal on the throne?

25. Quote a passage from the New Testament which assigns a limit to both knowledge and prophecy.

26. Give a Scriptural reason for our Lord's repeated injunctions to silence respecting the miracles which he had wrought.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48.

12. Jahaziel, the son of Zechariah, to the children of Judah, when they sought God's aid against the children of Ammon and Moab and Mount Seir (2 Chron. xix. 10—15).

13. The parting of Abram and Lot (Gen. xiii. 10).

14. The eighth. (See 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3.)

15. Gen. xlix. 30, 31.

16. Acts xiv. 6, 21; xvi. 1—3.

17. "Because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers" (2 Chron. xiii. 18).

We have been requested by the Secretary of the Hospital for Sick Children to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel of toys for use of the patients in "The Quiver Cot," from "Stockwell."—ED. Q.



(*Drawn by* W. C. THOMAS.)

THE WATCHERS;

OR, GUARDIAN ANGELS.

SHEPHERDS watching in the fields,
In the daisied fields of night,
We bring succour swift and sure,
Fainting penitents to cure;
Guide them back with love and light,
Fold them on the wold of Right.

Sound the timbrel, fill the reed,
Let the pealing anthem lead,
Well-forth with triumphant sound
When the erring one is found,
Found! Found!

Homeward then we joyful rise,
Bear glad tidings to the skies,
Cleave the clouds like carrier-dove,
Pass the golden gates of Love,
Found! Found!

W. Cave Thomas.

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARIE, not having observed what had occurred, remained close to Max, ready to throw herself before him should he be overmatched. Max, indeed, had to exert all his skill to parry the thrusts of his antagonist; a false step on the slippery pavement would have caused his destruction.

The officer of the Inquisition (for such he seemed to be) was a strongly-built, powerful man, and continued his assaults evidently with the intention of tiring out Max. Poor Marie felt ready to sink with alarm.

While Max and his assailant were thus engaged, Marie saw several persons coming round the corner of the street. They stopped for a moment, when two figures came hurrying up. Alas! they might be fresh foes.

One of them sprang forward, and she then recognised Hans Kopperzoon, who, flourishing his club, made a stroke at the head of Max Gellert's opponent. The man's quick ear had, however, caught the sound of his footsteps, and he sprang aside in time to avoid the blow; seeing also another person coming up, and that the day was turned against him, he retreated, followed, however, by the idiot and the other newcomer, who proved to be Bertrand Duffel. Before they could overtake him, however, he had disappeared in the darkness. Not till then did Marie miss her father. "Oh! where is he—where is he?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Max! oh, Bertrand! follow and bring him back. Can those dreadful men have made him their prisoner?"

Bertrand hesitated for a moment. "My father and sister are there, we will conduct you to them, then endeavour to ascertain what has happened to Herr Kapell."

The two young men then led Marie up to where Herr Duffel and Bertha with an attendant were standing.

"They have him!" exclaimed Hans; "the bloodhounds have caught in their bloody fangs the best man in Dixmuyde. Alack, alack, young sirs, he is beyond your reach by this time: but, hist! we will see if the fool can yet outwit the wise men; but if we stay here we shall deserve little credit for wisdom."

Poor Marie could with difficulty be restrained from running in the direction she supposed her father had been taken; Bertha, indeed, had to hold her, assisted by Herr Duffel.

"What is now to be done?" said that worthy man, turning to Max. "We had received warning from poor Hans here that the officers of the Inquisition were about to visit our house, and we were escaping to the residence of a faithful friend, where we hoped to find horses to fly immediately from the place; but now it seems but too probable that, if we make the attempt, we shall be pursued; and if we go to our friend's house, we shall only bring destruction on his head."

"Then, worthy sirs, take the poor idiot's advice," said Hans; "he has a burrow, though neither large nor magnificent, where no one will think of looking for you, and perchance while the hounds are hunting in another direction, the sly foxes may creep out, and make their escape."

Not a moment was to be lost; yet Marie could with difficulty be persuaded to accompany Herr Duffel and Bertha, who were anxious to follow the advice given by Hans. "But my father—my dear father! will no one attempt his rescue?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Max Gellert! surely you would not desert him!"

"Indeed, no," answered Max; "I would first see you in safety, and then I promise you I will do my utmost to rescue him."

"And so will I," exclaimed Bertrand. "Herr Gellert, I will accompany you, and act as you may advise."

"Well spoken, young sirs," exclaimed Hans. "And now you have arrived at that wise resolution lose no more time, but follow the poor idiot, who will lead you to his abode. Happily, it is not far off, and we may get to earth before the huntsmen come up." Saying this, Hans sprang forward, followed by the rest of the party. He quickly threaded several narrow lanes, when the fugitives found themselves outside the town. The thick branches of the trees which hung overhead made it difficult for them to see the road; and they could but just distinguish his figure as he went leaping on before, frequently disappearing. Still they went on, expecting again to see him.

"Hist! hist!" said a voice close to them; "turn to the right. Take my hand, Herr Duffel, and you, good people, follow." Herr Duffel put out his hand, which Hans grasped. "Stoop low, worthy sir, or you may find it a hard matter to enter my abode."

Bertha followed her father, holding poor Marie by

the hand. The entrance being surrounded by underwood, which grew both on the bank and at its base, prevented the approach being seen. The whole party being inside, Hans told them to wait while he blocked up the entrance. This done, he struck a light, when they found themselves in a cave of a dozen feet or more deep, and somewhat less in breadth, the earth being supported by a few rough timbers. It was not altogether destitute of furniture, for there were several three-legged stools and a table; while at the farther end was a heap of leaves and dried grass, which probably served the owner for a couch.

"No one in the whole of Dixmuyde knows my abode," whispered Hans; "you are as safe here as if you were a thousand feet deep in the earth. Though the Inquisitors themselves passed close by it this morning, they never suspected that there was near at hand a place where Hans could hide away his friends from their search. Rest here, therefore, fair ladies and gentle sirs, and Hans will go out and find food for his guests."

Herr Duffel, however, entreated that he would not venture. He probably thought that, notwithstanding Hans' boast, the cavern might be discovered by the keen eyes of the Inquisitors' officials, should he be seen going backwards and forwards in that direction. The man, also, who had been put to flight by the idiot's cudgel would certainly be diligently on the search for him, and not rest till he had discovered his hiding-place.

Poor Hans did the honours of his abode with considerable courtesy, entreating his guests to be seated, and apologising for the rough style of his furniture. "Poor Hans has no great banquet to spread before you, he observed, producing from the shelf several pieces of broken bread, with a jug of water, as he spoke; "this may stay your hunger, however, and 'with such food as we have we should be content,' as the preacher says."

For some minutes the party were silent, occupied with their own sad thoughts. At length Marie looked up. "Have you forgotten my father?" she said to Max.

"I was considering by what means he might be rescued," answered her lover; "but I put it to Herr Duffel whether he would not first have you placed in safety, and I would then endeavour to find means for setting him at liberty."

"I know I speak the mind of my friend," said Herr Duffel, thus appealed to; "I will remain here, if Max Gellert and my son will undertake to escort you and Bertha to Antwerp. On my daughter I will lay my commands to go, and, acting as your father's friend, I would insist on your accompanying her."

"Oh! no—no!" exclaimed Marie; "whatever be my father's fate, I will share it."

"The poor fool will settle the question," said Hans, who had been casting his wild, staring eyes first at one speaker and then at the other; "it may be that he can do more to rescue Herr Kapell than either of these wise young sirs. And now, as he is master of this mansion, he bids you try and get some rest, while he sallies forth to learn how matters go in the world outside." Saying this, Hans went to the entrance of the cave, and, showing Max and Bertrand how they were to close it behind him, slipped noiselessly out.

Anxious as both the young men were to follow Marie's wishes, they felt the hopelessness of doing so with any good result, and therefore resolved to wait the return of the seeming idiot, though idiot they could scarcely believe him to be.

Hour after hour passed by. There was a store of oil which enabled them to keep a small lamp alight. Their watches told them that day had returned, though no gleam from the outer world entered the cavern. They were thankful at length to take some of the dry crusts which Hans had offered them. The day passed slowly by. They spoke but seldom, and then in low tones, for fear of being heard by any casual passer-by. At length there was a slight movement in the bushes which closed the entrance to the cave, and Hans' wild head was seen as he pushed back a portion to allow of his entrance. He closed the aperture behind him, and advanced towards where the party were seated. He did not speak, however, but touching Herr Duffel on the shoulder, drew him aside to the further end of the cave. He there for some time whispered in his ear, glancing every now and then around to ascertain if he was not overheard. Herr Duffel spoke a few words in reply, and then returned to the table.

"To you, my young friend," he said, putting his hand on Max's shoulder, "and to you, my son, I commit a solemn charge. I act for my friend, Walter Kapell, and lay my commands on his daughter, and on you, Bertha, to go from hence to-night. These young men will escort you, and will defend you with their lives. May Heaven protect you, for vain is the help of man. Hans tells me that the horses are ready, and are waiting for you even now a short distance hence. The friend to whom we are going has provided steeds for Bertha and Bertrand. Now go forth, my children, while I remain here; the journey is too long for me to undertake, and I should impede your progress, probably sacrificing both you and myself."

"But my father!" exclaimed Marie, "is he still in the power of the Inquisitors?"

"Hans has promised not to tell," said the idiot; "perchance even now he is in safety: go forth and obey his wishes. Hans must say no more."

With a heavy heart, and still doubting whether she was not being deceived, Marie allowed Max Gellert to lead her forth from the cavern, followed by Bertrand and his sister, Hans going before to show them the way.

It was already quite dark, indeed, without a guide

they could not have found the path through the thick wood.

Bertrand and his sister had always been accustomed to obey their father, and therefore, although unwilling to leave him alone in the cave, had not hesitated to do as he commanded them.

Poor Marie went forward, still hoping from what Hans had said, that she should ere long meet her father, buoyed up with the thought that he had escaped. They had been charged not to speak, and therefore she was afraid even of putting a question to Max as to whether he supposed they should meet with Herr Kapell.

They had gone on thus in silence for half an hour or more, when Hans stopped them. "There are the horses in yonder grove," he whispered; "mount and away; pull not bridle till you have placed many a league between yourselves and Dixmuyde; Hans will go back to his friends and look after them."

"But my father! I thought I was to find him," exclaimed Marie.

"Hush—hush! speak not so loud, my dear young lady," said the idiot; "Hans will look after Walter Kapell. Now away—away! lose not another precious moment."

Marie found herself lifted into the saddle, a cloak being thrown around her, with Max Gellert by her side, guiding the animal by a leading-rein. Bertrand had in the meantime placed his sister on horseback. Guided by the person who had had charge of the steeds, they set off at full speed towards the north.

"Farewell, young friends, farewell," muttered Hans, as he watched them till they disappeared in the gloom of night; "I will now go back to my duty. Alack—alack! the times are sad and out of joint. They say Hans is mad; far madder are those who serve Satan, and are content with the miserable wages he gives them."

(To be concluded.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—II.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

THE HEALER OF MEN.

WERE I to write a "Life of Christ," I think the motto on its title-page would be this simple sentence from St. Luke's Gospel,* "The power of the Lord† wrought in Him to heal." For the Lord Jesus was emphatically "the Saviour *of the body*," that He might be the Saviour of the soul. From the very first His ministry was a ministry of healing; *i.e.*, as the word implies, a ministry which restored men to health; for *heal*, *hale*, and *health* are but various forms of the same word; to *heal* is to give *health*, or to make men *hale*. As we trace Him through His beneficent career, we find Him for ever curing men of whatsoever disease they had, causing the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, cleansing the leprous, giving strength to the impotent, raising the dead.

It may be doubted if we often dwell on this aspect of His ministry, or so dwell on it as to be sensible of its supreme importance. Yet if for a moment we reflect how changed and marred the Gospel would be were all trace of His works of healing cut out; if we reflect how, from a Man instinct with tender sympathies and Divine energies, He would thus be reduced to a mere rabbi, and from a Saviour to a mere teacher, we shall at once feel that the main stress of His ministry was turned in this direction; that what most of all distinguishes Him from other great teachers, and persuades us that He verily came from God, is precisely the fact that He healed men of their infirmities and diseases. And, indeed, if no other sources were open to us, yet from His mere sayings, from the emphasis He lays upon them, we might learn what weight to attach to these works of mercy. He Himself claims that, if men will not believe on Him because of His words—words such as man never spake or heard before—they should yield to the superior force of His deeds, and believe on Him for His works' sake. When John the Baptist, torn with doubt amid the rigours and depressions of his dungeon, sends to ask, "Art Thou in very deed the Coming One for whom we are looking, or must we look for another?" our Lord's reply was simply this: "In that same hour He cured many of diseases, and plagues, and evil spirits, and unto many blind He gave sight." Then turning to the disciples of the Baptist, he said, "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised;" and thus "the Gospel is preached to the poor." His reply virtually is, "These works of healing prove that I am the promised and expected Healer." He does nothing but restore men to health; and on this, on this alone, He bases His claim to be the Christ of God.

Here, then, we may see what weight He Himself attached to the fact that "the power of the Lord wrought in Him to heal." And seeing that He bases His whole Messianic claim on this single fact, we begin perhaps to ask, "Why? Why does

* Luke v. 17. † *The Lord*, *i.e.*, Jehovah, or God.

He rest spiritual claims on physical evidence? Why must He heal the bodies of men in order to prove Himself the Saviour of their souls?"

Now if we would answer that question, we must draw a distinction which at first may seem simply curious and fanciful, but which is really very important and helpful,—the distinction between *the healer* and *the physician*. The distinction, slight as it looks, is radical and profound. The *healer* is, literally and strictly, one who restores men to *health*, not by scientific remedies, but by his personal influence; by shedding his life, health, and vigour into their weakened frames, or by occult mysterious arts—by incantations, by sacrifices, by herbs gathered under certain phases of the moon, or by availing himself of certain auspicious conjunctions of the stars. In ancient times, and even down to the Middle Ages, these mysterious supernatural charms or influences formed the staple of medical science and practice in every land, and those who were proficient in them were properly called *healers*, men who could give health. On the other hand, the *physician*, instead of employing, or professing to employ, supernatural means, is a student and observer of Nature, as his very name implies: for the word "physician" is derived from the Greek word φυσις a word which means "Nature," or "the whole physical universe." The physician uses physic, *i.e.*, natural ingredients which operate in a natural way. He studies the constitution of man, and the effects of certain herbs, drugs, exercises upon it; and he applies the knowledge thus obtained to the cure of disease. Instead of muttering a charm, or consulting the signs of the zodiac, or bidding us offer a sacrifice to the gods, he gives us certain medicines such as our case demands; the only sacrifice he requires of us is a sacrifice to himself —in the shape of fees. In all civilised communities the physician, the disciple of Nature, now bears rule. But the uncivilised people even in civilised communities still attach great worth to charms, to omens, to the various medical fetishes which they have received by tradition from their forefathers, or from their grandmothers: while all savage tribes and races have their conjurors, their holy men, their medicine-men—half priest, half doctor, whole impostor—who are still "healers" in the original sense of the word, and depend on incantations, omens, and sacrifices. Nevertheless, even among these wretched impostors there are to be found some who have true secrets of healing, or who, by that mysterious influence which man exerts on man, achieve many wonderful cures.

We smile at the English rustic, who believes in charms for warts; at the Italian peasant, who attributes his own or his children's maladies to the baneful power of a neighbour's squint; at the African savage, who, when he falls sick, seeks to appease an angry god by giving a cow to his priest. And it is well that we should smile at these superstitions; only, lest our smile should be too supercilious, let us remember and blush for the corresponding superstitions which we ourselves may hold, although we laugh at them—superstitions about spilling salt, for example, or cutting friendship with a knife, or sitting down thirteen to a table, or doing honour to our dead by hideous and costly funeral mummeries; superstitions which many Christian people, not *born* fools, partly accredit, although in us they show as gross as any fetish worship in the African tribes. We do well to smile, except when we should weep or frown, at superstitions such as these. But we should do better still were we to search into their origin and significance. And, if we look deep enough, we shall find that this conception of a healer as distinct from a physician has, not only a very ancient origin, but also a very solid foundation in fact and truth.

We ask, How came all men once, and for long ages, to think that physical diseases had their root in the supernatural, and could only be cured by supernatural means and influences? The answer, the first answer, is:—That there appears to be, and not only to have been in the past, a primitive intuition, a conviction innate to man and ineradicable, that bodily diseases are signs of God's displeasure against moral offences; that the body, and the fruit of the body, suffer for the sin of the soul. From this profound conviction it is an easy inference, that, if the God whom we have offended can be appeased, if the soul can thus be cleansed from its sin, the body will be cured of its sickness, the moral health will carry physical health with it, just as the moral disease brought physical disease. We need not talk of past ages and savage races: do not we ourselves know that, at least in many cases, moral offences have the worst physical consequences, undermining health, fatally depressing the vital powers? And where we cannot see these injurious or fatal results, do we not still suspect that they do and must tread on the heels of offence? We can trace no connection perhaps between a certain bodily sickness and any definite violation of moral law; but, nevertheless, do we not feel that sin is somehow at the root of all sickness? do we not instinctively connect the two? do we not admit that a diseased frame tends to produce morbid moods of the soul? that a healthy body is an immense help toward keeping our souls in health? and that if once the soul were wholly freed from sin, the body would at last recover a perfect soundness and never know the foul touch of disease again?

And here, though I cannot stay to dwell on it, or even to hint at the many conclusions to which it might lead us, let me suggest for leisurely

consideration, a fact which seems to have almost escaped notice—viz., that the Lord Jesus, the *perfect* Man, the only Man who never at any time transgressed the Father's commandments, had a perfect bodily health all through a life exhausted with toils and suffering such as no other man ever endured. He might be bruised, pierced, killed; but He could take no infection of disease; He knew no physical taint. It is not simply that no sickness, no bodily ailment or defect is recorded of Him: we instinctively feel that we cannot so much as conceive of His pure body as profaned by infection, that such a conception would alter our whole thought of Him.

That fact of itself speaks volumes for our native and inbred conviction, that health of body is in the closest connection with health of soul, that physical disease is a sign of moral disorder. "The whole man quivers in the shock of sin. The crystalline order of soul and body is shattered by the same blow." So, at least, in common with all men, we instinctively believe.

And have we no warrant for our faith in the Inspired Word? nay, in the teaching of Christ Himself? Surely we have. The whole history of man as recorded in the Bible is the history of a creature—nay, of a creation—made subject to disorder and corruption by the sin of the transgressor, and redeemed into physical order and life by the obedience of Him who came to do His Father's will and to hide His law in our hearts. In His treatment of the sick who came to Him for healing, the Lord Jesus shows us in many ways that He, too, believed, as we believe, in sin as the root of sickness, and held that, when once this evil root was plucked out, health would return. How often did He say to some poor sufferer, "Thy *sins* are forgiven thee," saying nothing about health of body, though health came back as He spoke. How often did He attribute the diseases and plagues of men to the presence of evil spirits tormented into unwonted activity as He drew nigh. How often did He virtually bid those whom He had healed, "Go, sin no more; keep the law which you have broken," and thus imply that past diseases were the fruit of sin, and that future sins would bring even more terrible forms of disease upon them.

However we may interpret these facts, or some of them, we must admit them as proofs that the Lord Jesus, who surely knew more than we do, both of the natural and the supernatural, held moral evil to be the cause of physical disorder, moral health to be at least the beginning of restored physical health, and even physical health to be a long step toward the health of the soul. In short, He confirms the instinct, or intuition, which leads us to connect bodily sickness with spiritual offence, and which finds expression even in the rudest pagan savage, who seeks healing by invoking the aid of spirits greater than his own, or by offering a sacrifice to an offended deity.

Now this instinct, which we have such good reason to trust, demands a Healer, not a Physician. If our cure is to be perfect, if we are ever to rise into perfect health even of body, we must have more than a physician who can write prescriptions and apply physical remedies to physical diseases. We must have a Healer who, while Lord of Nature, is also Lord of that which is above Nature; who can give us, not medicine, but health; and who, that He may give us health, can search into all the hurts of the soul, and control all the influences by which the soul is affected. What we want is the *mens sana in sano corpore*, a hale soul in a hale body; a soul so full of vital health that it will heal the body and keep it in perfect soundness.

Such a Healer, thanks to the tender mercy of God, we have in the Lord Jesus Christ. Himself sinless, therefore of a perfect health, with nothing in Him that evil could claim, and therefore nothing on which infection could lay its foul grasp; able, indeed, to "lay down" the life which none could "take from" Him:—free from sin, from disease, from bondage to death, He came to make us "partakers of His Divine nature," to infuse into us His perfect health, to redeem us into His perfect freedom.

But if *this* was the scope and aim of His earthly ministry, if He came on an errand so sublime, so intensely spiritual, why does He from the very first occupy Himself with the lower labour of healing men's bodies, with taking away disease rather than taking away sin; with delivering men from their sicknesses and infirmities, rather than with redeeming them from their transgressions?

The common answer to this question is, that He thus devotes Himself to works of healing in order to conciliate men—to gain influence with them; in order that, when He has prepossessed them in His favour, He may speak to them on high spiritual themes, and win them to trust their souls in *His* hands who has already saved their bodies. And on this ground *we* are urged to minister to the physical wants and pains of men, so taking them at a wise advantage, and not alienating them from the truths we have to teach by our indifference to their bodily ailments and needs. And in a sense, to a certain extent, no doubt this is a true answer. Assuredly we ought to minister to the physical wants and pains of men; to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to tend the sick; and having done *our* "works of healing," we should also preach the Gospel to them. Assuredly the Lord Jesus did win influence and an easier reception for His words by His kind constant care for men's bodies, and was able to lead many to faith, who, but for His help, would hardly have

listened to Him. Nevertheless I cannot admit that He set this acquisition of influence distinctly before Him as a motive, as a mark at which He was to aim: there was too much *heart* in His works for that. I rather believe that, instead of seeking an ulterior advantage, He was simply moved by a Divine pity to alleviate, or to remove, the pains or deprivations of them that were sick. He was man, and felt for man. He was God; and how but by healing could He show Himself to be one with the Father, who has hidden such marvellous recuperative energies in our bodies, and stored up medicinal virtues in the water we drink, in the food we eat, in the air we breathe, in the herbs we gather, in the very rocks on which we tread? He was Love; and what should Love do but help just where help is most needed and will be most welcome?

But Love works wisely, even where it works without a thought of prudence. And if the Lord Jesus *had* set Himself to persuade us that He was the Saviour of souls, what more sagacious course could He have taken than by showing Himself the Saviour of our bodies? How could He have more commended Himself to us, as the very Healer we require, than by visibly giving health? Spiritual processes are hard to grasp. The mysteries of the spiritual life—as, for example, the regeneration and sanctification of the soul—are beyond the reach of men, who have been left to grope after God, if haply they might find Him. But we can all understand a work of healing. We can all admire the grace and kindness of One who listens to every cry, and gives health to the sick without fee or reward. The blind who saw, the deaf who heard, the lame who walked, the lepers who were cleansed, did not these speak for Christ, and win many to come to Him and hear Him for themselves? Do they not still speak to us from the Gospels—that strange motley crowd of halt and blind, dumb and deaf, which Christ drew round Him, and tell us how kind He is, how willing to help us in our lowest no less than in our highest needs?

As we consider these works wrought on the body, our instinct tells us that He who could, suddenly, and by a word, remove the visible results of sin, must have a strange power over the soul as well as over the body. Our thoughts are led on, and up, along the line which connects body and soul, physical and spiritual haleness, till at last we find in Christ the Healer for whom the world waited, for whom the whole creation groans, of whom we also are in imminent need. He who can give health to the body by a word must have under control all those dark spiritual powers by which our souls are polluted and betrayed; and therefore we may come to Him for *saving* health, health of spirit as well as health of body, and by His grace be redeemed from all evil.

Finally. These works of healing wrought on the body were nevertheless *spiritual* works. In curing the poor of their diseases, Christ also preached the Gospel to the poor. For the miracles are parables as well as miracles; parables as beautiful and impressive as any which fell from the lips of the Lord. They spake, they still speak, the truths by which our souls are saved. So truly and immediately do they speak to the spirit in us, that we constantly put a spiritual interpretation on them without being aware of it. As we read of the blind man restored to sight, or the deaf man listening with unstopped ear, or the lame man leaping after Christ into the Temple, we feel that we use no mere figure of speech if we say: We, too, were once blind and had no eyes for the Divine realities, and Christ opened our eyes; we, too, were once deaf to the true harmonies of life, and Christ unstopped our ears; we, too, were once lame, and halted uncertainly in the path of obedience; but Christ has given us strength to walk, and sometimes even to run, in the way of His commandments. If we speak of leprosy or death, it is uncertain till our sentence be complete whether we are not speaking of the inward uncleanness which cleaves to us, or of our insensibility to things spiritual and Divine. In short, all the miracles are parables; all the healing works wrought by Christ on the bodies of men have a voice which speaks to us of that great spiritual redemption which He came to accomplish.

And because His works of healing assure us of His grace, His willingness to minister to our needs; because help for the body implies help for the soul; because in curing physical diseases the Lord Jesus revealed His power to redeem us from spiritual infirmities, we bless God that His power wrought in Christ to heal, we sing and give praise to the great Healer and Redeemer of men.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR WILDISH.

THE year was about six weeks old when Philip and Mrs. Austin resumed their interrupted task; and Philip, on his part, resumed it with alacrity. He was beginning to feel the mode of life which he had adopted very irksome in its isolation, and very narrowing in its denials. It was cutting him off from the sympathy even of the men whom he met in the hours of business. He could feel a taunt as acutely as most men, and he did not escape being taunted on his parsimony on more than one occasion. A certain tone of unfriendliness began to appear against him among some. Those who persisted in being friendly were, if possible, a still greater trouble to him. Young Wildish was one of these; and he was fated just then to see a good deal of Wildish. On one pretext or another the young man began to haunt the chambers of Messrs. Tabor and Tenterden. Mr. Tabor, it is true, had been lately putting some work in his way, and had been very friendly to him, owing to the warm recommendation of an old friend of his own. Philip had already seen Wildish more than once depart homewards with Mr. Tabor, the young man leaning on the elder's arm, and he could follow him in imagination into the bright and genial atmosphere of Lucy's home, and into the light of Lucy's presence. And going back to that shabby lodging of his, and to the company of his own hard thoughts, was not very pleasant after that.

Then Wildish had taken it into his head to obtain Philip's special favour, and it was very difficult to resist his advances, made as they were without calculation and without warning. It was difficult to resist the flash of a pair of frank eyes, blue as wild hyacinths, the grasp of a warm hand that had the feel of true fellowship, and the words, simple and manly enough, but with a strange ring in them, coming from one young man to another, in which he sought Philip's friendship—"I want you to be my friend, Tenterden. There's nobody I like so well. Let's go and dine together," or, "You'll come and hear me read my paper at the S. S. A.?"

And Philip went and heard him read his paper "On Co-operation;" (for Wildish was an enthusiast in social reform, and talked and wrote the wildest Ruskinese,) and having heard him, got up in his most savage mood and, as poor Wildish said, "knocked down the heads of his neatly got-up paper like a row of nine-pins."

"I wish you had chosen the bar," said Wildish, after the meeting, linking his arm in Philip's, as his manner was. "You could have done anything—risen to the woolsack. And now to show you I don't bear malice I'll take you to a capital place for a little supper."

"You'll do no such thing," said Philip. "I don't want you to spend your money."

"Nonsense! I've more than I can spend," said Wildish.

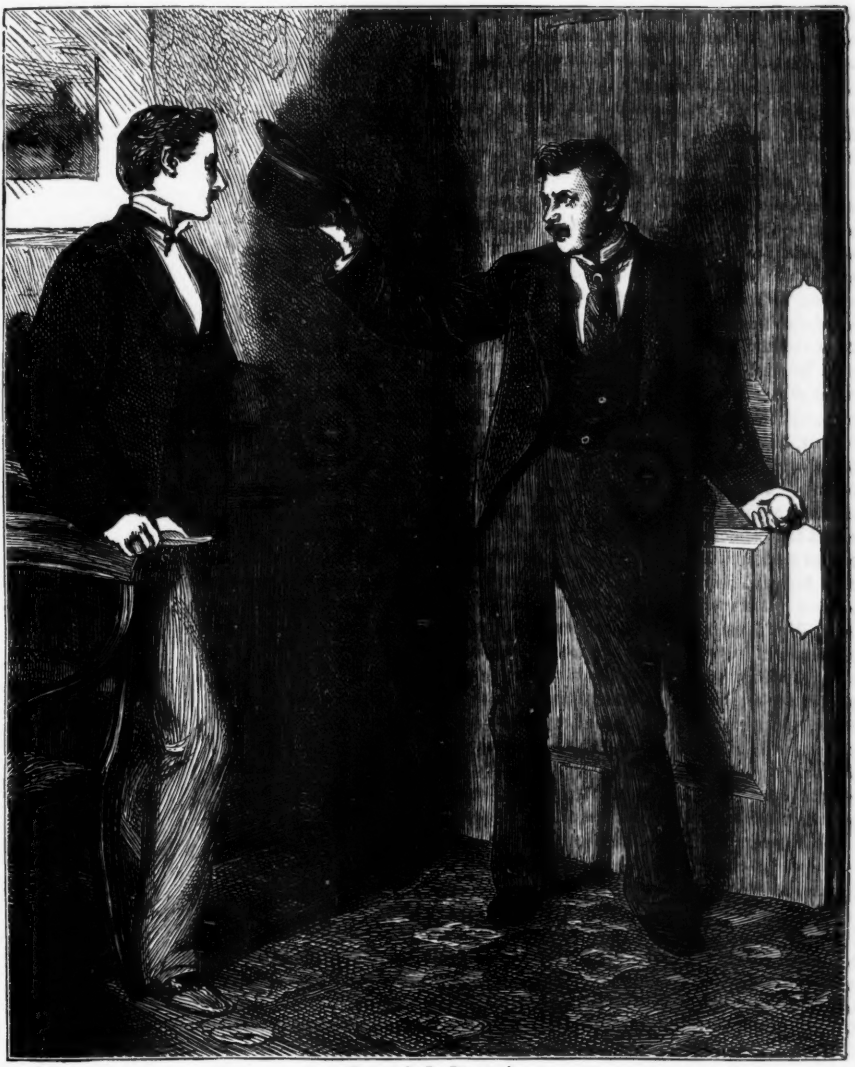
"Then found something, and confound those theories of yours. Good night;" and he left poor Wildish looking as wistful as a woman. And then he went back to him and volunteered to go home with him to his luxurious West-end lodgings, with a tender care that the younger man, with his riches and his freedom and his innocence, might not fall a prey to the many temptations of the great city, and the feeling unconsciously tinged Philip's tone towards him, and brought forth in return some affectionate sallies that almost made Philip blush. And before they parted Wildish confided to him his admiration for Lucy Tabor, for which piece of presumption Philip could have boxed his ears.

Those evenings with Mrs. Austin began to appear to Philip like a haven of refuge, and he was glad to receive the little note which recalled him.

When he went he found Mrs. Austin alone, and she explained that since she had written—indeed, that very morning, her mother had been called away. But it seemed to make no difference; they did very well without Mrs. Torrance, and went on with their task just as if she had been there. Perhaps they heard one another's voices a little oftener, or more frequently made a little digression from the business in hand; but they were hardly aware that they did. Neither of them had ever come in contact with a mind so deeply in accord with their own. Neither had ever felt companionship so perfect or so sweet.

At the close of the next evening they had begun to calculate how long it would take them to finish the papers that remained, and Philip had boldly said he should be sorry to see the end of them.

After this it was inevitable that they should think of each other after they parted for the night. Philip, walking homeward, thought there was even yet a possibility of happiness for him in the future if this one woman would consent to love him and to help him. The same obstacle existed in Mrs. Austin's case as in Lucy's—she was rich. Philip was suffering



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"'She can take her money out of your hands any day,' was Albert's rejoinder"—*p.* 92.

from some form or other of pecuniary embarrassment. He thought of her help even more than of her love. And yet why would it be more honourable to seek to marry her than to seek to marry Lucy? Perhaps it was that he set a greater value on Lucy's love, which was as yet an altogether unknown quantity; whatever it might be, unless he could enter the lists at once he had not the slightest chance of it.

The Wildish affair was rushing rapidly to a conclusion, and that irrepressible being was evidently, and doubtless with good reason, full of hope. He had even begun to speak to Philip of what was necessary and desirable in the way of settlements—not mentioning any names—and of what was requisite in the shape of a mansion for a newly-married man with a few thousands a year to begin with. He even showed an exasperating interest in the shop windows, as he and Philip walked together to exchange a volume at Mudie's.

Now the truth was that Wildish had boldly attacked Mr. Tabor, and taken him at a disadvantage. He had asked to be received on the footing of Lucy's lover, and it was all in vain that Mr. Tabor protested sincerely, but laughingly, that he would rather see him no more, as he had no wish to get rid of his daughter. It was too bad, he said, to ask him to encourage a deliberate robber. But the young man pleaded that somebody or other would rob him of his treasure soon, and if he had no objection to his person or fortune, it was but fair to let him try. He had been quite open. He had not spoken to Lucy at all. Mr. Tabor took that into the most favourable consideration. Mrs. Tabor went over to his side with enthusiasm, with that infatuation which mothers have for seeing their daughters married; and there he was, staying with the Tabors from Saturday to Monday, and dining there once or twice a week besides. And Lucy was always glad to see him, and never once set down his frequent visits to her own account. It was not the first time a friendless young man had been made free of her father's house. He was a companion of her own age, and Lucy enjoyed his companionship, and the fulness of that companionship, and the impulsive kindliness of Arthur Wildish's manner quite covered the tenderness of his love—indeed, warm-hearted as he was, Wildish had not the peculiar quality of tenderness, and he did not miss its manifestation in Lucy. He was, as Philip saw, full of hope, and Mr. Tabor had already conveyed several hints to his junior partner of how matters appeared to stand.

It was hard lines for Philip, and he felt it, and gave himself quite enough of pity to keep his pain thoroughly alive and stinging — a species of self-torture in which we all indulge more or less. But on the whole he bore it like a man. He had lost his greatest stake and another had won, and all the issues of the game would be different—nay, his very interest in it was partly gone; but he was not going to give up. Blankness he could not endure; rather, from the nature of his mind, blankness was an impossibility to him. He must look forward to something, and he looked forward to a friendship with Mrs. Austin, a life-long friendship, not without love. He would never be able to love her as he loved Lucy. Little Lucy, who had grown up before him from child to woman, had grown into his soul. And perhaps he was right. The fresh untried nature, wrapped in tender mystery, has a perpetual and peculiar charm, and must be treated with all tenderness, and to pour out tenderness was in Philip's nature. Mrs. Austin had suffered, and they could have fellowship in suffering, which was quite another thing. He could tell her all the circumstances of his case when the time came, make demands upon her sympathy, and at length marry her when freed from his secret embarrassments.

It did not strike him that he was going rather empty-handed to her from whom he expected so much. Poor Ellen, she had had quite enough of chill negation in her life, and just then she was entertaining far other dreams—dreams which were shedding a rare, late splendour over her life—a life in which she moved freely because in perfect harmony with the mind of her companion, and in which she could sacrifice herself with complete satisfaction, making his life the channel for the fulness of her own.

CHAPTER XI.

IS FANNY TO BE FLEECED?

Meantime Fanny Lovejoy's new-found relations had been giving her a great deal of anxiety. Never had they been so unfortunate, according to Mr. Lovejoy, whose imagination always illuminated the past and the future, and Fanny did not know that he had repeated the same phrase a hundred times under the pressure of present trial. In the first place, work was scarce, and Mrs. Lovejoy and her two daughters were thrown idle. It was of no use going from warehouse to warehouse, their stocks were complete for the season, and each had the same dreary answer, "Nothing to do." It was in vain that Mr. Lovejoy received an advance—that is to say, borrowed from his employer on the goods of his which he was going to sell and didn't, the daily needs of the family swallowed up everything. Beatrice gave a proportion of her earnings, by no means more than sufficient for what she received, and could not be induced, even by the sight of her mother's and sisters' sufferings, to give more. It was absolutely necessary for them to eat, and when they came to the last loaf—that is, the last loaf which they were allowed to eat on credit—something had to be "put away" to get money to buy the next. That something was Fanny's feather bed, followed by Fanny's warm blankets, given up just when their warmth was most grateful to the

poor souls, whose nourishment consisted of tea and bread.

Hearing nothing of them for several weeks, Fanny had gone to see them, and had found things in this plight. Mr. Lovejoy would have concealed the fact that the gifts of his niece were gone; but Mrs. Lovejoy was bent upon telling, that she might not have it on her mind, and Mr. Lovejoy had covered her retreat by a rapid fire of talk concerning the hopes and expectations of the coming spring, when work would be abundant and sales unprecedented. Fanny thought the girls looked very dreary. They were dirty and dejected, and both had colds, and it made their cousin's kind heart sick to think that they were suffering from want of the food and warmth which she had in abundance. In her shy way she gave Mrs. Lovejoy money for immediate necessities, and was going away, when the thought occurred to her that she might take one of the girls to be a kind of companion, and she mentioned it at once, saying, "One of the girls might come and stay with me, as they are doing nothing. It would be a nice change for either Ada or Geraldine; and if we liked each other we need not be in a hurry to part, you know."

Mr. Lovejoy was delighted. Which of them would Fanny prefer to have?

Neither of the girls spoke. Ada looked at her father wistfully, and Geraldine looked at her mother, with an eager light in her eyes, which said plainly, "Let me go."

Mrs. Lovejoy was suffering a pang new in her maternal experience; death had taken her children, and she had parted with them painfully enough, but it was almost more painful to have them choose to go away from her thus. And yet it would be wrong in her to refuse to let one go—never to come back to share her troubles any more, and so never to be her real daughter any more. She knew it would end in this way and in no other. For what had she to share with them? only when Geraldine looked at her so, it broke her heart.

"Ada had better go," said Mr. Lovejoy, seeing that no one spoke.

"Oh, father, don't send me," Ada found courage to say; "I want to stay with you."

"Jerry, you want to go?" said her mother.

"Yes, mother," said the girl, frankly; "but it's best, as papa says, for Ada to go. I can get work sooner than Ada. She can't go about to the shops as I can, and she can't help you so well. Let Ada go."

"You shall settle it among yourselves," said Fanny, taking her leave of them; "only one of you will come," and she nodded to her young cousins; "you know you needn't stay if you don't like living with me."

And they settled it speedily enough; Ada was to go. It was some consolation to Mrs. Lovejoy that the lot fell to the unwilling Ada, who parted from her old home with regrets and lamentations not very flattering to her new one. And immediately the seemingly quiet and passive girl was installed in Fanny's cosy home, and became part and parcel of the furniture of Fanny's life. Fanny was very good to her; but she was rather distressed that her gifts made no impression on the girl—not that she wanted gratitude; but her unresponsive acceptance seemed to argue a heart that had no response to make. But it was not long before Fanny found the spring that unlocked it. When she proposed the smallest kindness to her father or mother, or to her sister Geraldine, the girl's wistful eyes gathered light and her pale face alacrity and brightness. Fanny's union with the family became closer every day—closer than she had ever contemplated. Ada was never so happy as when she was allowed to go and see "them at home," and she was therefore allowed to go as often as she chose, or when she was not allowed to go, for she fell rather ill on Fanny's hands, one or other of the family came to see her. Through Ada all the details of their poverty became known to Fanny. The only one of the family concerning whom Ada was reticent was her brother Albert, of him she never spoke at all.

But one day Ada was favoured with a call from Albert, and she happened to be alone to receive him. He came swaggering into the room where she sat reading, and the girl received him coldly, without any of that kindling of eye and face which showed when she was pleased. "What have you come for?" she said, rising; "is somebody ill?"

"No," he said; "why should you think somebody must be ill?"

"I only wondered what had brought you here," she replied.

"The train brought me," he answered rudely. Albert Lovejoy's manners were the manners of his set, and they were by no means conciliatory.

Ada waited for him to speak after that.

"I'm not welcome to your ladyship, I see," he said mockingly; "I'm come a begging, you suppose, don't you? Come, Ada," he added in another tone, I want you to do something for me. I'm terribly down on my luck. I want you to get the old girl to lend me ten or a dozen pounds. My month's screw will be paid next week, and I'll pay it back—I will indeed."

"What do you want the money for, Albert?" she said, looking quickly at him, all her passiveness gone, and speaking with a decision that seemed quite new in her.

He flushed as he answered, "To make up some money I lost last week; ten pounds out of petty cash. I'm a lucky fellow," he added, with a forced laugh, "am I not? There's no end of a row in our place over anything of the sort—just as if fellows were thieves."

"Did you lose this money or spend it, Albert?" asked his sister.

"I've told you I lost it," replied Albert, sulkily. (It was true, he had lost it—at play.) "I'll lose my situation over this paltry piece of business," he went on—"that is, if I can't pay up the money; and I can't afford to lose it. I could do a great deal better for myself, of course; but I can't go out like an unmarried man, and they know it too," he swaggered.

At this juncture Fanny appeared, and both brother and sister kept silence.

"How is Emily?" said Fanny, kindly, when she had shaken hands with Albert, who was her least frequent visitor—indeed, she had never seen him since the Sunday he dined there. "Why did you not bring her with you?"

"Beg to be excused," he said, with an attempt at waggery. "Em'ly cries from morning to night, and the baby from night to morning."

"Dear me!" said Fanny; "they must be ill."

"If Em'ly could be set up a little," said Ada, with the wisdom of fifteen, "the baby would get better, and cease fretting."

Albert laughed, but not pleasantly, and Fanny asked him to be seated, but he continued to stand.

"I've been telling Ada what I came for," he said. "I've been very unlucky, and lost ten pounds of my employer's money, and I want you to lend it to me for a week or two."

"Dear me!" said Fanny, reddening; "I'm sorry I've not got so much in the house. It's in the second half of the quarter," she added, apologetically, "and you know I draw my income quarterly—that is, Mr. Tenterden brings it to me." Fanny did not say that her quarter's income had not lasted out, so great had been the drafts already made upon her.

"It's very hard," said Albert, in an injured tone.

Fanny quite felt she was doing him an injury when he recapitulated the likelihood of his losing his situation and being suspected of dishonesty.

Ada had remained neutral till now.

"Mother will be in a fine way if I get disgraced," said her brother, looking at her; and her face became eager in a moment.

"What can I do?" asked the helpless Fanny.

Nobody answered her; but Ada, seeing her perplexity, went over to her side and crouched down by her chair.

Albert did not offer to go. It was very painful to Fanny, and becoming every moment more painful. She must make a final decision. It was this he was waiting for. Fanny found it impossible to make the decision against him.

"Dear me! dear me!" she kept repeating; and then it occurred to her to say, "but surely the gentleman would wait if it was all explained to him."

"No, I assure you he won't wait; you don't know what business is," said Albert. "The governor is hard as nails. He wouldn't believe I had lost it if I went down on my knees to him."

"Could you wait till to-morrow?" asked Fanny, at the last of her defences, and thinking within herself that she would borrow the money somewhere.

"It'll be all up with me if I wait till to-morrow," he said, thinking that the present opportunity must not be allowed to slip.

Then Fanny rose and went to her desk, and wrote a little note to Philip Tenterden, in which she asked him to give the bearer ten pounds, adding that the said bearer would explain to him the necessities of the case.

Albert accepted the solution, though not very cheerfully, and went away, going straight to Philip's quarters, which, as it took some time, and the evening was far advanced, he did not reach till after that gentleman's return.

Their mutual antagonism was apparent at the first encounter. They did not offer to shake hands. Philip took the note held forth by Albert, and coldly motioned him to a seat. Very coldly he then requested the explanation mentioned in the note.

"I don't know what you mean by an explanation," swaggered Albert.

"You will see by reading this;" and Philip handed back to him Fanny's little note.

"The explanation is, that I lost the money, and it was not mine to lose, and must be made good at once," said Albert, sulkily.

"But how did you lose it?" asked Philip.

"That's none of your business," said Albert, losing his temper completely. "It's not your money I'm asking a loan of."

While this was going on a rapid argument had been passing through Philip's mind. "These people are fleecing Fanny," he thought; "and I ought not to allow her to be fleeced." Then he answered, "I cannot let you have this money; Miss Lovejoy has already drawn her quarter's interest, and I must see her before I can advance another."

"You see what she says!" cried Albert, passionately.

"I do."

"And you won't let me have it?"

"I will not."

"I should like to know what right you have to refuse. She can take her money out of your hands any day," was Albert's rejoinder.

But Philip stood his ground, and to this he merely bowed.

And Albert took his departure, muttering threats and insinuations, in which Philip caught and winced at the words, "You'll repent of this."

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 5. GIDEON.

Chapters to be read—Judges vi., vii.

INTRODUCTION.—Ask a few questions as to the Israelites' settlement in Canaan, and refer to Judges ii. 7—12 for their condition after Joshua's death. Describe their condition—the land fairly distributed, each with his own plot of land—vine and fig-tree—and all might have been well. What caused trouble? Commanded to destroy natives of country, but indolently did not do so; made alliances, which led to learning their idolatry. Ask how they had been already punished at Sinai for this. Ask what are God's three sore judgments—war, famine, pestilence (2 Sam. xxiv. 13). Which was sent now upon the Israelites, and why? Show how God's judgments are retributive: the nations spared became their greatest curse. At time when Gideon lived had been oppressed by Midianites for seven years. Ask effect of enemies being in country; refer to distress of France in late war, lasting only six months. What could Israelites do? At last cried to God. Ask what He had already done for them, and His promises that none shall ever seek in vain. Ask who the judges were, and for what purpose sent. They were *deliverers*, as Samson from Philistines, and many others: *judges*, as Deborah and others; and they acted occasionally as *priests*, in the absence of a settled place of worship and priesthood. Thus we shall see Gideon, though of tribe of Manasseh and not Levi, was directed to offer burnt-sacrifice.

I. GIDEON'S CALL. (Read Judges vi. 11—24.) Notice the following points: the dread of the Midianites causing Gideon to thresh the wheat secretly; the visit of the angel. Gideon, not knowing who he was (ver. 22), thought it only a man, called him "my lord"—*i.e.*, sir." Notice the similarity between his visitation and that of the Virgin Mary (Luke i. 11), and of the conversation to that between God and Moses when he was sent to Pharaoh. Ask what it was a call to do, and how could Gideon hope to slay the Midianites. Probably Gideon thought this was some great man proposing a scheme for destroying the enemy, and that he was to help him. Show how great was Gideon's (*a*) *humility*; thinking himself unworthy—just such humility as John the Baptist's when called to baptise Christ (Matt. iii. 16). Notice also his (*b*) *hospitality* in bringing food for the stranger—just as Abraham had done (Gen. xviii. 5): both entertained angels unawares (Heb. xiii. 2). Ask how God accepted the offering; refer to Elijah at Mount Carmel, to show how God was wont to send fire: the result was to increase his (*c*) *faith*. Afraid of death because had seen angel; when God said, "Peace be to thee," he believed, and unbidden offered sacrifice. So when Christ appeared to apostles on the sea, and after His resurrection, His words of peace calmed their fears and increased their faith.

II. GIDEON WORKING AT HOME. (Read vi. 25—32.) Ask what he was called to do—two kinds of work—put down idolatry and destroy Midianites. Where was he to begin? Why at his father's house? Point out what this would show on Gideon's part—(*a*) *boldness*, to destroy his father's idol and grove; (*b*) *determination* to do exactly what God bade him; and at the same time show that his faith at present was weak—did it at night; like Nicodemus, who came to Christ (John iii. 2), but point out how, when this was done, his faith grew strong, and he boldly stood out for God under the influence of His Spirit (ver. 34). Now describe the scene at Gideon's house: family awake—altar of Baal found destroyed—the alarm and confusion—the inquiry. One of the ten servants who helped Gideon tells the message to his father, to kill him. His father's wise answer, that Baal, a god, can plead for himself; the result—Gideon's life spared and a strong feeling excited in his favour.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *Religion must begin at home.* Children often wish to do things for God away from home. Show how must first bring influence to bear upon home life, trying to check any wrong-doings at home, and then may expect God's blessing in other parts. (2) *The blessing of prompt obedience.* Gideon, in fear and trembling, did what he was told, and the result was that the whole people followed him. So Nicodemus at first came by night, then spoke boldly for Christ in the Sanhedrim, then helped Joseph to bury Him. So always, boldness for God will be blessed. Bring this home to children—boys stopping bad language in school or workshops, refusing to join in doing wrong, will be respected and gain influence.

III. GIDEON'S WORK ABROAD. (1) *The signs.* (Read vi. 36—40.) Ask what signs had been granted to Moses (Exod. iii.), and show how gracious God was in granting Gideon the exact signs he asked for, and how it would encourage him to persevere. (2) *The preparation.* (Read vii. 1—8.) Ask the number of Gideon's army (ver. 3), would 32,000 be too many against the countless hosts of Midianites? and yet must be reduced. Why? Ask how Jericho had been taken. What did God want to show the people? His sovereignty. How were the numbers twice reduced, till 300 only were left. (3) *The dream.* (Read 9—15.) Ask how Gideon might feel with this handful of men; how he was encouraged; and the effect, that he worshipped the Lord. (4) *The battle.* (Read 19—23.) Picture out the scene—dark night; watch of enemy lately set; Gideon's army, in three companies of 100 each, stealing along; lamps concealed

in jugs in left hand, trumpets in right hand; the signal—the jugs suddenly broken, lamps blazing, trumpets sounding; the alarm; the enemy, in sudden surprise, slaying each other; the rout and pursuit (vii. 24—25; viii. 4).

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Israelites would learn that "God saveth not with many or with few." We may learn to trust all our concerns in God's hands; when things seem darkest, and all against us, He can help by Himself.

IV. GIDEON'S OLD AGE. (Read viii. 22—27.) Ask who was the Israelites' king, and why, therefore, Gideon declined. Show how the least departure from God's ways leads to sin; second commandment forbids graven images of God; but Gideon's golden ephod (Note) probably had representations of God on it, and led Israelites to sin (ver. 27); showing how careful even best men must be not to cause offence (Matt. xviii. 7). At last died honoured and respected (ver. 32).

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the condition of the Israelites in the time of the judges.
2. What were the ordinary duties of the judges?
3. Give an account of Gideon's call.
4. What three qualities did Gideon show?
5. What was Gideon's work at home, and what two qualities did he exhibit?
6. Name two practical lessons to be learned.
7. What was Gideon's work abroad, and how was his faith encouraged?
8. What fault did he commit in his old age?

NOTE.—EPHOD. A short cloak covering the shoulders and breast: ordinarily of linen, but the high priest's was to be of gold, blue, purple and fine linen. The Egyptian ephod was covered with idolatrous figures, which Gideon probably copied.

HARRY'S RASH WISH,

AND HOW THE FAIRIES GRANTED IT. BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT could it have been? surely that stupid old Tray had not remained lying on the rug when he heard some one running down the stairs? No, old Tray was far too careful of his limbs to have quietly run such a risk; and as Harry rubbed the palms of his blue hands and his poor bruised knees, he could not resist turning back to see what had been the cause of his fall, and there in the inner hall, at the foot of the stairs, still seemingly much annoyed at what had occurred, lay an old goat, with long beard and solemn eyes, licking with an earnest solicitude the side of its body on which Harry had so unceremoniously descended.

So many extraordinary things had occurred this morning, that this almost astounding sight did not produce as great an effect on his mind as it might otherwise have done, so having for a moment tried to unravel the why and the wherefore in his puzzled brain, Harry gave it up and hurried down the narrow vestibule passage to the hall door, eager above all to rescue old Lop-ears from an untimely end, and save his reputation in the eyes of Jack.

Judging by the noise of nibbling, scratching, scrabbling, and skirmishing about in the passage, the mice seemed to be holding an early parliament, but all fled at the sound of the boy's eager footsteps, and no further impediment presented itself till Harry actually stood outside, knee-deep in the cold snow which lay heaped up in the vestibule.

Here, indeed, he did pause, poor child, and looked around him in dismay and utter bewilderment. He did not even seem to feel the cold, or to be sensible of the scantiness of his attire; his whole mind had evidently become absorbed in the endeavour to take in the extraordinary position of everything around him, and to arrive at some conclusion as to how it had all happened.

First, right across his path lay one of the great stone pillars which supported the portico; another, though not actually fallen, leaned in a helpless way against its neighbour; and the portico itself in many places seemed crumbled and fallen away. Nor was this the only token of ruin or disaster; the staunch oak-tree, between whose branches hung the children's swing, and at whose base was built the circular seat, so secluded and sociable, lay also on its side, a fallen giant, with the snow piled high on its gnarled roots; and the very wall which bounded the pleasure ground itself seemed nothing now but an irregular heap of stones, with great gaps leading out upon the highway.

"There must have been an earthquake in the night; some awful thing must have happened while I was asleep!" cried Harry, trembling from head to foot as he gazed around him. "Perhaps every one but myself has been killed;" and as this terrible thought occurred to his mind, his lip quivered and the cry burst from his lips, "Papa—mamma, where are you? what has become of you? what has happened?" but only a kind of hollow echo seemed to rush up through the empty house which answered him mournfully, "Where are you—where are you?"

Harry darted back into the house, down the dark vestibule to the foot of the stairs, eager to ascertain if they had really responded to his cry; but the goat had now taken possession of the lowest step and would not allow him to pass by, and though he shouted

and screamed to his father and mother, and all who ought to have heard and answered him, there was not a sound to be heard, but the scurrying hither and thither of mice and other wild but timid animals.

Harry again took refuge in the open air, and more frightened and confused at every step, made his way towards the yard leading to the garden. Here there was not the same dismal loneliness, but still greater seemed the confusion and disorder. In the centre of the yard, under cover of the horse mill roof, there were at least a dozen cows lying down lazily chewing the cud, and gazing calmly out through their large, thoughtful eyes; scores of cocks and hens were pecking and scraping in the snow, or crowing hoarsely in defiance of each other, and as to Jack's lop-eared rabbits, there were not scores, but hundreds of them bobbing in and out of old sheds and outhouses, or pursuing each other in wild skirmishes across the yard.

This strange sight, and the thought of Jack's delight and pride at being the possessor of so many rabbits, gave a momentary check to poor Harry's stupefied terror. He tried to choose some of them, and catch them; but they were wary and swift of limb, and after several fruitless efforts he was obliged to give up and rest himself, sitting down on the old stone trough by the pump, for his knees trembled, his feet ached with the cold, and the sleet, which was still falling in long, slanting lines from the heavy clouds above, seemed to cut him through and through.

How long he sat there, leaning his poor tired head against the iron handle, he could not tell; the cold had so numbed him, he did not care to move, and the thought of returning to the empty, desolate house, was more dreadful to him than anything else. There was some companionship at least in the cows and the fowls, and the lop-eared rabbits, but what would it be when night came on again, and the red sun behind the snow clouds gave no more light? and Harry, suddenly thinking of this, covered his face with his hands, and though he was a hero, a soldier, a brave boy, to whom tears were a real pain, and a more real disgrace, he burst out into such loud and piteous sobs, that even the cows stopped chewing the cud to listen, and the hens, who had been pecking at his little blue toes in the snow, fled from him in fear and surprise.

All the long morning not one soul had entered the yard, usually alive with workmen, and resounding with cheery farm sounds of the flail, or the whetting of the scythe, or the tinkle of the milk-cans. Not a human footstep had been heard in the lane close beside him, or the whistle of a passer-by; it was as if the whole place had been suddenly forsaken in the night, and some ban had fallen upon it. Supposing he were to wander a little way down the road, and see if all were changed in the outer world, as well as in his own home and his own house? he could not feel more lonely and miserable than he did now, go where he would, and he might meet with some one who would have pity on him and give him shelter in his helpless, lonely condition.

So at length, the sun being now on the decline, and the darkness coming on with giant strides, Harry rose from beside the pump and walked straight out through the gap in the hedge into the lane beyond. This lane led to the main road on the one side, and right up the mountain on the other, and for some seconds he hesitated which way he would go, but at length something determined him to choose the more secluded of the two roads, and without further delay he turned, tired as he was, and breasted the furzy hill.

It was a puff of blue smoke curling up from a distant cabin roof on the mountain-side that had attracted poor Harry's attention, and made hope stir suddenly in his breast; had not he often read in books before now of lost children, poor wandering babes being called back to life and energy by the sight of just such a wreath of pale smoke emerging from a hut where lived some good old dame, or tender hearted ruffian? Was it not so with Willy the Woodman and his dog Cæsar? and did not Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when he had given up all for lost, spy just such a friendly beacon, and find rest and cheer for the night? and as each fresh tale of fairy lore rose up comfortingly before his mind, he quickened his pace, and passed on through the still drifting snow and increasing darkness to the cottage on the moor. Not one living soul did he meet on all this long and toilsome walk; all the cabins by the roadside were deserted, and most of them in ruins; not a creature wished him God speed, or held out a welcoming hand; it was like walking through a dead world, without life or sound, save when an owl screeched at him from the ivy, or a startled rook flapped about overhead in the snow-laden branches.

At last—yes, at last—after, oh! such a weary climb—Harry came in full view of the cabin. No light burned as yet within its window, but still up from the chimney issued a ghostly cloud of smoke. Harry now having reached the longed-for goal, almost feared to advance further. What if out of the darkness were to spring some creature more terrible than the darkness itself—some evil gnome or black enchanter? But this was not the experience of little bewildered Willy, nor the fate that awaited the other heroes or heroines of his favourite books, and gathering up all the courage left within his little perished frame, Harry pushed open the gate that separated the cabin from the road, and going up the narrow path, knocked timidly at the door.

At first there was no answer, nor till the knock was repeated many times did he hear any one move within; but at last there was a stir, a kind of groan, and a trembling voice cried querulously, "Eh! what's that?—what's that a knockin' itself against the door? I cannot rise to see. Some poor wild thing driven,

na doot, by the cold to seek shelter within; but I canna' rise to see. Be off with you, whate'er you are, and do not come troublin' me more."

But Harry could not turn back now; if he did not find the rest and shelter he had so long toiled for, he felt he must lie down and die. The sleet was coming down more pitilessly than ever, and a piercing wind had sprung up upon the moors; no, there was no turning back, he must go and seek the fate within, let it be what it might.

Once again, therefore, Harry knocked, and pushing against the door with all his force, it slowly yielded to his pressure, the rusty hinges creaked, the panels groaned at the unusual strain put upon them, but still the opening grew wider and wider, till at length he stood inside the portal, trying with dazed eyes and beating heart to fathom the darkness within.

That there was some living inhabitant of the cabin he could not doubt, he had heard the voice, and he could even distinguish already something in shape and form like a human figure crouching on a bench by the side of a waning fire; but whether it was some homely countryman, ready and willing to give him help when he should hear his sad tale, or some evil being lying in wait for his destruction, he could not by any means discern.

Whatever it was, let it be man or woman, witch or enchanter, the opening of the door did not seem to make any impression upon it, for there was no movement of surprise, or raising of the angry, querulous voice he had heard when outside. All the energies of the strange being seemed centred about the fire, for as Harry still looked earnestly in its direction, he could see two long shrivelled arms, stretched out over the embers, and the head bent low down almost to the knees, as if to draw in with its breath the dull heat emitted by the dying fire.

"It must be the Old Man of the Mountain, of whom I was reading yesterday in my fairy tale book," murmured Harry to himself with a shudder, as a sudden leap of flame in the grate revealed still more clearly the outlines of the figure before him. And a strange figure it was, with shoulders twisted and distorted, a long grey beard hanging almost to its very feet as it leaned forward, and matted locks of white hair, which nearly hid from sight a face wrinkled and yellow like a withered apple.

"The Old Man of the Mountain, the Old Man of the Mountain, it can be no other! Had not I better make my escape before he looks up and discovers me, and perhaps leaps upon my back and strangles me?" muttered Harry, anxiously, and he gazed from the figure to the open door, where the sleet was still beating in remorselessly, and from the door to the aged figure in front of him.

Yes, it was better to make his escape if he could, even in the face of the cold and the wind, the snow and the darkness, and the utter loneliness without; with the warning of Sindbad the Sailor before his eyes, it were folly to remain within the reach of such a heartless man as this, death itself might be even more to be desired than to be chained to such a being for life.

At this moment, while Harry hesitated whether to go or stay, the figure moved, it raised its head, withdrew its hands from their outstretched position over the fire, and looked Harry full in the face.

Harry would have made his escape now if he could, but he could not, his numbed feet and legs seemed to have lost all power of movement, and he stood opposite the old man, as if frozen to the spot, gazing into the fire in an agony of fright.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

27. With the name of Enos, the son of Seth, the sacred historian connects a remarkable circumstance illustrative of the times in which he lived. What is it?

28. Where in St. Paul's writings do we find reference made to the serpent concerned in the temptation of Eve?

29. How many times does the word "Jehovah" occur in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah?

30. By which of the prophets, and in what connection, is the name of Persia first used in the Bible?

31. "With stammering lips and another tongue will he speak to this people." This passage is quoted by St. Paul. Give his precise rendering of it.

32. There is a passage in Jeremiah which seems to be a direct quotation from the Psalms. Give it.

33. Point out the applicability of our Lord's answer to John's disciples when sent to ask Him whether He were the Christ or not.

34. Mention the first occasion on which our Lord intimated the rejection of the Jewish people.

35. A reference to the first Messianic prophecy contained in the Bible occurs in the Epistle to the Romans. Give chapter and verse.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

18. "Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous" (1 John iii. 12).

19. 2 Sam. xii. 10, 11, 14.

20. (1) "The Lord shall smite him; (2) or his day shall come to die; (3) or he shall descend into battle, and perish" (1 Sam. xxvi. 10).

21. Mattan (2 Kings xi. 18).



THE MINISTRY OF YOUTH.

"The time is short."

I OFTEN think that we are wrong,
That in this varied world of ours
We seek to gather nought but flowers,
And leave the weeds till we are strong.

We love them not, these ruined forms—
These wrecks of beauty—flowers run wild;
We ask not what their life beguiled,—
Alluring streams or howling storms.

We too much love the bright and sweet,
And do not pity where we hate;
We stretch no hand to reinstate
The withered things beneath our feet.

Yet God made these as wheat, not tares;
As incense flowers, not baneful weed.
Of each and all the Lord hath need
To turn men's blasphemies to prayers!

We greatly err who little know
The trials which these souls distrest,
And wrought rebellion in their breast;
We only mark their overthrow.

We too had fallen but for Him
Who would not let the bruised reed break;
Who gave us strength when all was weak,
Who gave us light when all was dim.

Shall we on our uprightness lean,
And with self-pure and moteless eyes
Condemn a brother's leprosies,
And cry 'gainst him, "Unclean, unclean?"

I know not where your lot is cast,
In lonely hamlets or in crowds;
I warn you but of gathering clouds;
The longest day must close at last.

One thing I know, that there abound
Works which your hands, though weak, may do.
Shrink! and a Voice shall cry 'gainst you,
"Ye are but cumberers of the ground!

"Your faith is dead, and ye shall die;
Without one effort to do good
For Him who spared not His own blood,
Your faith is fine-wrought blasphemy!"

"Here was he *born*, here *lived*, here *died*,"
May rest on some decaying stone;
But no memorial of *deeds done*
To glorify Christ crucified!

And yet we hide our powers of youth
Deep buried 'neath a weight of earth,
Entrusted talents seeking birth
That they may combat with untruth.

We leave them till we grow more old,
Till we are stronger for the fight;
Till we ourselves have more of light,
We leave them till "the tale is told."

Yea, till "the tale is told," and then
We mourn for all our early powers;
We mourn for all those idled hours,
We fain would have our youth again.

It is no wild, unheard-of dream,
That e'en a child hath labours here,
Before old age's sepulchre
Declares, "Ye are not what ye seem!"

And therefore, thou sweet child, with face
As yet unlined by furrowing tears,
Yet strangely sad beyond its years,
Bethink thee of thy work and place!

Words from thy lips methinks might teach
The stubborn ear, the hardened heart,
And enter to that inner part
Which subtler wisdom could not reach.

So rocks the power of waters own,
It is not that the drops have strength,
But they are constant, and at length
Find entrance to the heart of stone.

Fear not, though met in angry mood;
Shrink not, thy Saviour did not shrink;
The cup He drained wilt thou not drink?
Arise! like Him be doing good.

Only beware the setting sun;
Thou hast thy little cross to bear,
There is a crown thy brows may wear
When thou thy weed-strewn course hast run!

CECIL MOORE.

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER KAPELL was seated on a low bench in a dark, damp, vault-like chamber. The window, which was high up in the wall, had been strongly barred, a faint gleam of light only coming down through it. Where he was he could not tell, but he only knew from the appearance of the place that it was not in the common prison. As he was being carried off by the officers of the Inquisition, he suddenly found his eyes bound, and thus, utterly unable to resist, he was dragged along for a considerable distance; after which, being led through several long passages, he found himself thrust down into the chamber he now occupied. Had he not known the cruel character of the Inquisitors, he might have supposed himself the victim of some mistake; but he knew full well that, seized by them, he must be prepared for the worst. His chief anxiety was about his sweet daughter; for himself, he was ready to suffer whatever Heaven might permit.

Several days passed; but cut off from the whole outer world, he had been unable to learn what had happened in it. In vain he attempted to ascertain

anything from those who brought him his scanty food. Had his daughter really escaped? He would have given untold wealth, had he possessed it, to know the truth.

His cell was in darkness, and night had come on, and the faint gleam which during the day struggled in had entirely disappeared. The door creaked on its hinges, and four dark, cloaked persons entered the cell. One of them produced a light; but their faces were concealed by masks, and the large cloaks they wore.

"Walter Kapell, your conscience may enable you to guess the crimes of which you are accused, yet the Holy Inquisition can pardon crime, and restore the criminal to favour, when full confession is made and repentance is felt. Are you prepared to acknowledge your guilt?"

"I own to be very guilty in the sight of God, but I know not of what crime towards my fellow-men I can be accused. Towards them, to the best of my power, I have always acted uprightly and honestly."

"You have offended against the laws of the holy Church," said the masked speaker: "you have read the forbidden book, and you are accused of holding heretical opinions. Think of these matters. To-morrow you will be brought up before the Board of Inquisitors; and if you refuse then to acknowledge your sins, means will be taken such as our holy Church allows to compel you. Be wise then, like your friend. Your daughter—it is known you love her—has already confessed her folly, and will to-morrow be set at liberty."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Walter Kapell, gasping for breath; "my daughter! is she in the power of those fiends?"

"Speak not blasphemy, Walter Kapell," said the voice.

The officers of the Inquisition, so the magistrate supposed them to be, remained some time in his cell; but as he knew well that anything he might say would be brought up against him, he restrained his feelings, and replied cautiously to all the questions put to him.

The principal speaker had, after some time, turned to leave the cell; but one of the persons who had entered lingered for a moment, and then, suddenly stepping back, placed a paper in his hands, making a sign that he should conceal it. The next moment he was left in darkness. Why was this paper given him? It seemed a cruel mockery when, thus left in darkness, he was unable to read it. Could it be a message from his daughter? All night long he remained awake, wishing for the return of day, when by the ray of light which came down from above he might be able to decipher the contents of the paper. Was it not rather perhaps some cruel device to keep him awake, and thus weaken his nerves? The longest night, even to the most weary watcher, has an end. Gradually a faint light stole into the gloomy chamber; it increased more and more, till, eagerly taking the paper, he spread it out so as to catch the full strength of the ray as it came in through the barred window. Could he believe the words he saw on the paper? No longer he feared what his tormentors might have prepared for him. The words he saw written were: "She whom you love is in safety; fear not for her. Destroy this when you have read it." Doing as he was requested, Walter Kapell tore the paper into a thousand pieces, and stamped them well into the ground. "Now," he said, returning to his seat on which he had spent the night, "I fear not what man can do unto me; I will trust to the Lord alway."

The cruelties practised by the Inquisition in Spain on its hapless victims are well known. The Inquisitor Titelmann proceeded with a less studied but more savage barbarity towards those placed in his power. Bread and water was the only food allowed to the unfortunate citizen of Dixmuyde. When at length it was considered that his courage would be sufficiently abated, and his nerves weakened, he was suddenly dragged out of his cell by a band of masked officials, and confronted with the Inquisitor, who had already made his name terrible in the country.

"Walter Kapell, you are accused and found guilty of reading the Bible and holding heretical opinions. Have you any reason to offer why you should not suffer the penalty due to your guilt?" exclaimed Titelmann, savagely glancing at him.

"I have but obeyed the commands of my Lord and Master, who said, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which speak of Me,'" answered the prisoner, boldly.

"That command, if such there be, was only given to the priests of the Church," exclaimed Titelmann. "You acknowledge your guilt, then?"

"I dare not speak otherwise," said Walter Kapell, calmly. "I know whom I serve, and He has said, 'He who confesses Me before men, him will the Son of man confess before the angels of God.'"

"If not for your own sake, for that of your daughter, recant your errors, foolish man," cried the Inquisitor. "You love your child, I am told; she is in our power, and will share your punishment. If you confess your errors, she will imitate your example, and the life of one you love will be preserved."

Walter Kapell gazed at the Inquisitor with unmoved eye. "I love my child dearly," he answered, "but I love her soul still more. The flames with which you threaten me will not induce me to imperil her soul, even if I believed that she was in your power."

"Take the heretic away. To the stake with him! to the stake with him!" exclaimed Titelmann, stamping with his foot. "Bring up another prisoner: we must make quick work with these pestiferous heretics."

Greatly to Walter Kapell's sorrow, as he was being removed he saw his friend Herr Duffel dragged up, as he had been, before the savage Inquisitor. They exchanged glances as they passed each other. "Be firm, friend," said Walter Kapell. "Pray for me that I may hold to the truth," was the answer.

Herr Duffel was questioned much in the same way that Walter Kapell had been, and, though a man of less physical courage, remained equally firm to the faith he professed. The fate of both had long been settled, and nothing either could have said would have saved them from the terrible doom prepared for them. Already in the public square, where the gay pageant had but a few days before been acted, the stakes were fixed and fagots piled up. The Inquisitors believed that by thus putting to death two of the principal citizens, the rest of the populace would be frightened into submission, and that the timid ones would come forward and accuse others for the sake of preserving their own lives. Thus Titelmann invariably acted, though not always as successfully as he expected. Furious when disappointed, he would order the arrest of many persons frequently when no sort of accusation had been brought against them. No time was allowed the victims to prepare for death; they were considered unworthy of any advantage it might be supposed they would thus obtain.

Large crowds, drawn by various motives, were collected in the square. Titelmann and his brother Inquisitors, with numerous officials, were seated on the platform, covered by an awning on one side. In the centre were two stakes, with iron chains and piles of fagots, while a body of soldiers in the Imperial uniform stood round in silence. The crowd witnessed the approach of the mournful procession. Two of their principal magistrates, with their heads bare and chains on their arms, were seen advancing, surrounded by a body of armed men. Walter Kapell came first, with firm step and head erect. Both he and his companion were accompanied by two priests of Rome, but they refused to listen to their exhortations. "You may mean me well," said Walter Kapell, in answer to the priests, "but I repeat, I know Whom I serve; if He thinks fit to allow my mortal body to be consumed, I know that He has prepared a mansion in the heavens, to which He beckons me with loving arms."

"Oh! the abominable heretic!" cried one of the priests; "are no true Catholics prepared to stop this blasphemy?" and at his bidding a soldier thrust the end of his pike into the martyr's mouth, for the purpose of preventing him from speaking.

The place of execution was reached, when the priests, seeing that all their efforts were vain, retired to a distance, leaving their victims to the secular power.

With savage roughness the two sufferers were now seized by the brutal executioners, who dragged their cloaks and coats from off their backs. They were quickly bound to the stakes, and the fagots piled up around them. At a signal from Titelmann, who seemed to delight in witnessing the sufferings of his victims, the fire was kindled. At that moment a movement was seen in the crowd. The people moved aside, and from their midst a figure sprang forward, flourishing wildly a club, which kept at a distance all who attempted to stop him. It was Hans Kopperzoon.

"Back—back! you accursed murderers! that man has done no wrong," he shrieked out; "he has protected my life—he has given me shelter—he has supplied me with food when I was hungry; stand aside, I say, and let me save his life, or let me perish with him."

Already the smoke was ascending from the pile; Walter Kapell's eyes were turned upwards towards that pure sky through which his soul was about to soar. Before Hans could reach him his head was seen to drop, and he and his companion were enveloped in the cruel flames and dark smoke. Savage as were the guard, even they seemed moved with compassion for the poor idiot, and seizing hold of him dragged him forth from the flames, although not without difficulty could the fire which had seized his clothes be extinguished. The crowd swayed to and fro, and many eager to save the poor idiot, who had been so long among them, surrounded him and bore him away in their midst. In vain Titelmann ordered him to be searched for and brought into his presence; he had disappeared, and no one could tell where he had gone.

Two days afterwards the Inquisitors and several magistrates, whom fear had induced to join them, were seated in conclave. Fresh victims were being sought out, for the savage Inquisitors' thirst for blood was not yet quenched. As they were expecting the arrival of some prisoners, a loud cry was heard at the door, and the guards stationed there flying right and left, there appeared a wild-looking, scarcely human figure. Many recognised Hans Kopperzoon, the idiot, now apparently more mad, uncouth, and strange than usual. On his shoulder he bore a burden; it was that of a fleshless and charred skeleton. "There, murderers!" he exclaimed, springing forward and casting the object at the feet of the magistrates, "you have eaten his flesh; now eat his bones!" Having uttered these words, he gave vent to the most fearful shrieks, and keeping at bay with his formidable club all who attempted to stop him, he made his way out of the hall. Fleet as the wind he ran down the street, his shrieks still reaching the ears of those who had allowed his patron to be put to death. No one ventured to stop him; he fled through the streets, he reached the confines of the town, and never from that day forward was Hans Kopperzoon seen in Dixmuyde.

Many years afterwards, when some workmen were

digging into a bank to erect a country house for one of the magistrates of the city, a skeleton was found with a club grasped in its hand. The idiot had reached his cavern, and had there lain down to die in peace.

At the time that the flames lighted by the savage Inquisitors of the Pope were consuming the two martyrs at Dixmuyde, a boat was crossing the British Channel. The wind was from the south, the sea smooth, and the boat glided rapidly towards the shores of England, where many a foreigner, persecuted for religious faith, has found a safe asylum. Among the passengers were two fair girls and two young men.

"But, my dear Max, do you think we shall find my father in safety there?" asked Marie Kapell, who sat with her hand clasped in her lover's.

"I trust that he has already escaped from his foes, and that we shall ere long meet in that land of freedom," answered Max Gellert, somewhat evasively. He had had doubts from the first whether Walter Kapell had really, as Hans Kopperzoon had asserted, obtained his freedom. He knew that he had acted according to the wishes of his friend in escorting his daughter far away from their persecutors. The boat reached Southampton in a few hours, and on the following day, in the Lutheran church of that ancient town, Max Gellert and Marie Kapell were united in the bonds of holy matrimony by its venerable pastor. Their names appear in the earliest existing records of the chapel. Bertha resided with her friend till she was married. Max meantime established himself in business, and taking Bertrand as partner, who after a time followed his sister's example, they became flourishing foreign merchants.

Many months passed before Max Gellert heard of the fate of the two martyrs. He broke the news gently to his young wife and their friends.

"Think where they are now," he added. "Happy as we esteem ourselves, how far more so are they! what glory—what bliss unspeakable are they enjoying, such as we can never know till we join them in heaven!"

THE END.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF DAVID AND OF CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

DAVID and Jesus were both born at Bethlehem. But is there any good ground either positively to believe or plausibly to conjecture that the two births took place, not only within or close to the same village, but actually in the same dwelling, or within the limits of the same enclosure? It is to help the reader to give his own answer to this question that we offer the following remarks.

David was born in the house of his father Jesse, who was the grandson of Boaz, "a mighty man of wealth" in Bethlehem (Ruth ii. 1). Boaz was the sixth in direct descent from Pharez, whose name and the prosperity of whose house had become so proverbial in Israel, that when all "the people in the gate, and the elders" of Bethlehem, answered to the appeal of Boaz touching his marriage with Ruth, they said, "The Lord make the woman that is to come into thine house like Rachel and Leah, which two did build the house of Israel: and do thou worthily in Ephratah, and be famous in Bethlehem: and let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar bare unto Judah" (Ruth iv. 11, 12). During the generations which intervened between Judah and David, the house of Pharez seems to have reached the culminating point of its prosperity at the time of the exodus and in the person of Nahash, the grandfather of Boaz. When Moses and Aaron, in taking the first census of the people in the wilderness, selected one man from each tribe to assist them, "these were the renowned of the congregation, princes of the tribes of their fathers, heads of thousands in Israel" (Numb. i. 16), and Nahshon, "prince of the children of Judah" (1 Chron. ii. 10), was the one chosen to represent the tribe of Judah. He ranked thus only abreast of the other eleven. But when, at the consecration of the altar, the twelve presented their offerings day by day successively, "he that offered his offering the first day was Nahshon the son of Amminadab" (Numb. vii. 12). Again, when the tents were pitched around the tabernacle, the post of honour, "on the east side towards the rising of the sun" (Numb. ii. 3), was assigned to Nahshon and his tribe; and when all the people set forward on their march, "in the first place went the standard of the tribe of Judah: and over his host was Nahshon the son of Amminadab" (Numb. x. 14). Taking it further into account that he was married to Elisheba, the sister of Aaron (Exod. vi. 23), Nahshon not only appears as the head of his tribe, but as standing next to Moses and Aaron, the third man in rank of all the host. These family honours he did not transmit entire to his descendants. Boaz did not occupy the same station in the Commonwealth that his grandfather filled, but there seems no reason to doubt that he continued to be the head of the tribe, and was the chief inhabitant of Bethlehem. David's birth-place was thus the house of the sheikh, or head man of the village. As in those early days, there would be no khan (or inn) at Bethlehem, the duty of enter-

taining travellers and strangers would fall to be discharged by the sheikh. As Abraham did within his tent at Mamre, so would Boaz, and Obed, and Jesse do within their house at Bethlehem. This house, with its adjoining threshing-floor, was situated exactly in the position most favourable to such exercises of hospitality, lying outside the village, upon a spur or slope of one of those swelling heights on which the village was perched, looking down upon those rich corn-fields, in which Ruth followed the reapers—which the traveller still looks down upon from the Church of the Nativity, and which testify to their identity by their continued fertility, being, in fact, among the few corn-fields of any depth or richness of soil which the hill country of Judea offers to the eye. "Wash thyself," said Naomi to Ruth, when they were both living within the village, "and put thy raiment upon thee, and *get thee down*: but make not thyself known unto the man, until he have done eating and drinking . . . . And she went down, and did according to all that her mother in law bade her" (Ruth iii. 3—6). The strange adventure of the night over, and his resolution taken, "Boaz *went up* to the gate, and sat him down there."

This house of Boaz was the home of David's birth and boyhood. We learn little or nothing from him or from his life either about it, or about any of the localities in its immediate neighbourhood. That the haunts of early days made a deep impression upon such a spirit as his we cannot doubt, but with the single exception of the words that burst from his parched lips in the cave of Adullam, "Oh, that one would bring me water to drink out of the well of Bethlehem, at the gate!" no expression of that attachment survives from which any information as to localities could be gathered. He left Bethlehem whilst yet a youth, and never returned to live there. But we can well imagine that when raised to the throne, the acknowledged head of the tribe of Judah, that part at least of the old family estate by which this headship was indicated would pass into his hands and be at his disposal. He made one remarkable disposition of it. It was toward the close of his eventful career. Chased by the rebellion of Absalom from Jerusalem, he fled across the Jordan to Mahanaim. One grand old chieftain of Gilead, older than himself, who had seen much of life and its vicissitudes, was among the first to hold out the hand of affection and help to the weeping, homeless fugitive. A provision was at once made by Barzillai and his friends for all David's own wants and those of his followers. They "brought beds, and basons, and earthen vessels, and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and beans, and lentiles, and parched pulse, and honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine, for David, and for the people that were with him, to eat: for they said, The people is hungry, and weary, and thirsty" (2 Sam. xvii. 28, 29). But beyond that tie of gratitude which such spontaneous and profuse generosity created, another and stronger link bound David to Barzillai. He found, in him a spirit kindred in all its higher aspirations to his own. And so when the turn of fortune came, and David was summoned back once more to occupy the throne, and when Barzillai had accompanied him so far on his journey as to the Jordan, David entreated him to go forward, and live with him as one of his own family at Jerusalem (2 Sam. xix. 33). The offer was courteously, gratefully, pathetically refused. "And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? and why should the king recompense it me with such a reward? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother. But behold thy servant Chimham; let him go over with my lord the king; and to do him what shall seem good unto thee. And the king answered, Chimham shall go over with me, and I will do to him that which shall seem good unto thee: and whatsoever thou shalt require of me, that will I do for thee" (2 Sam. xix 34, 38). True to his word and promise, David took Barzillai's son Chimham with him to Jerusalem, gave him a place at his table, on his death-bed specially commended him to the care of Solomon (1 Kings ii. 7), and "appears," says a writer on this subject, "to have bestowed on him a possession at Bethlehem, on which in later times an inn (or khan) was standing, well known as the starting-point for travellers from Jerusalem to Egypt."

The later times to which Mr. Grove refers were the troublous days that followed the siege and capture and destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. A large portion of the population, embracing the principal families, had been carried away into captivity, but a Chaldean colony was planted in Judea, and under its oversight a remnant of the old inhabitants was left to till the land and keep the vineyards. Over this remnant Gedaliah, a Jew, was made governor, the prophet Jeremiah being permitted to remain by his side. The governor did not long enjoy his honours. A conspiracy was formed to take away his life. He was warned again and again, but he would not believe that Ishmael, one of his own brethren, could be guilty of such a crime, and he fell a victim to his

unsuspicious trust. The deed was foully done, the treachery and cruelty that accompanied its execution being so revolting to the great body of his fellow-countrymen, that when Johanan undertook the office of avenger, Ishmael was deserted and forced into instant flight. But now a terror of the Chaldeans fell upon Johanan and his friends. Soon as it was known at Babylon that the governor appointed by the king, and the Chaldean soldiers set round him as his body-guard, had been so inhumanly and perfidiously slaughtered, would not a swift and summary, perhaps indiscriminate vengeance be visited upon the deed? Pursued by the phantom of this alarm, and carrying along with them Jeremiah, whose life had been singularly preserved, Johanan and his chief followers fled in haste from Mizpah, on the way down into Egypt. At Bethlehem, the first stage on their journey southward, they paused. Dissembling in their hearts, they resolved to inquire of the Lord whether they should carry out their purpose of escaping into Egypt. At their desire Jeremiah gave ten days to this inquiry. The place in which this consultation, so long and so memorable, and which had such disastrous issues, took place is thus described in Jer. xli. 17: "And they departed, and dwelt in the habitation of Chimham, which is by Bethlehem, to go to enter into Egypt." We have good authority for asserting that the Hebrew word here rendered "habitation" denotes a khan (or inn).* The house assigned by David to the son of Barzillai had, in course of time, been turned to such a use. Nothing could be more natural. In patriarchal times, when travellers were few and traffic limited, the sheikh of the tribe or village might take on him the task of entertaining strangers, regarding its discharge as a privilege and pleasure. But as traffic increased, and the great roads along which it was carried on became defined, there sprung up along all the leading thoroughfares khans (or inns); in many cases at first but rude constructions, little more than walled enclosures sufficient to give shelter from the heat by day and protection from robbers or beasts of prey by night. As the need became greater and the means of meeting it expanded, the generosity of merchants, princes, and kings was turned into this channel, and many caravanserais of imposing magnitude arose, the remains of which are scattered over Syria. One feature was common to them all. "There are no inns," says Volney, in his travels in the East—*i.e.*, in the Western acceptation of the term, with host, and waiters, and housemaids, beds prepared and food provided &c.; "but the cities and commonly the villages, have a large building called a kan (or kervanserai), which serves as an asylum for all travellers. These houses of reception are always built without the precincts of towns, and consist of four wings round a square court, which serves by way of enclosure for the beasts of burden." When once it was determined to have such a khan (or inn) at Bethlehem, the house of Chimham would at once present itself as meeting this requirement. It is described as standing close to yet outside Bethlehem, such being the exact force of the Hebrew expression translated *by* Bethlehem, in the passage already quoted from Jeremiah. How this building came to be so appropriated, and what changes were made in it to fit it for its new use, it is of course impossible for us now to say, but this once done, its character would secure its continuance, its abiding unchanged for so long at least as a public khan was needed at Bethlehem: for to the khan of the East there attached a kind of sanctity, like to that which guards the modern hospital; no buildings being better protected in times of war, none less changeable as to the site which, once fixed, was almost immutable; and none the memory of whose position, even when in the lapse of ages they crumbled into ruins, has been more faithfully preserved; as the still existing names of so many of them testify—Khan Mineyeh, Khan Hashbeya, Khan Hathur, &c. &c. Considering its size and its position relative to Jerusalem, we may be almost certain that there never could have been more than one such inn at Bethlehem, and that the house of Chimham was no other than the inn of Joseph and Mary. In point of fact had the projecting eminence lying outside Bethlehem to the eastward been simply covered with ruins, bearing the name Khan Chimham, no one would have ever doubted that there once stood the inn of the Nativity, the inn of Jeremiah, the house that David gave to the son of Barzillai. But in a position exactly answering to the descriptions already quoted of the situation occupied by the houses of Boaz and of Chimham, there now stands the most ancient of all existing Christian churches, erected by the Empress Helena A.D. 327. Does this venerable pile cover the ground on which the house of Chimham stood? It was raised over the reputed birth-place of our Lord. The peculiarities of its position, its natural character and office, above all the great incident of Christ's birth, would surely be enough to preserve so long a knowledge of the site of the Khan of Bethlehem, even supposing that its semi-sacredness had not screened it from the devastations of the Roman wars, and that in those wars it had been swept away, and that the grove of Adonis

* "Consederunt in habitatione *vel publico diversorio* Chamaami prope Bethlehem." (Calmet's Commentaries, V.T. t. ix., p. 327.) "Geruth, an 'inn,' from *gur*, 'to turn aside.' (Compare Latin, *deversorium*.) The word occurs but once, Jer. xli. 17 (habitation), to denote the khan (or caravanserai) of Chimham, the son of Barzillai, by the side of Bethlehem, on the road from Jerusalem to Egypt."—"Sinai and Palestine," Appendix, § 90, p. 529.

planted by the Emperor Hadrian covered its site, but for one circumstance we are persuaded that it would have been universally and on good ground believed that the Church of the Nativity now stands where the inn once stood.*

Nor would the mere assignment of a cave as the place of the great birth been held of itself as creating any great difficulty of belief. "Like all limestone formations, the hills of Palestine abound in caves," and a cave in the limestone rock on which Bethlehem stands may have been used as a stable for cattle attached to the inn. A very early and for a long period the universal tradition of the primitive Church pointed to a grotto as the scene of the nativity. Justin Martyr was himself a native of Syria, born little more than eighty years after Christ's death (A.D. 114), in a town of Samaria not more than a day's journey from Bethlehem. In his dialogue with Trypho he says: "But when the child was born in Bethlehem, since Joseph could not find a lodging in that village, he took up his quarters in a certain cave near the village, and while they were there Mary brought forth the Christ and placed Him in a manger." Origen refers to this as the constant and undisputed tradition of the place in the generation following that of Justin Martyr; and Eusebius and Socrates did the same in the succeeding century.† Helena had the authentic, express, and universal faith of the Christian society to act upon when she built her church over the cave connected with the old inn of Bethlehem. Jerome, whose means of information were so ample, at once and unhesitatingly accepted the tradition as correct, and (A.D. 386) took up his abode close by in that cell where for thirty years he lived and prayed and wrote and fasted, and in which he died.

With such evidence in favour of Christ's birth having taken place in the cave-stable of an inn, is it unreasonable to believe that had the one shown beneath the Basilica been likely to have been so used there had been a general concurrence of belief in favour of its having been the place of the great event? But the character, form, and position of this cave, not a natural one, but hewn out of the rock, lying far down beneath the surface, unapproachable by cattle, has awakened incredulity, in some cases generated positive and strong disbelief. "There is no access to it," says Dr. Stewart, "except by two flights of steps; and this I consider the only objection to accepting the tradition, as it is quite impossible that horses, asses, or other animals could have made their way down these stairs into the stable." "I confess," says Dr. Wilson, "that its effect upon us, as far as the exact spot is concerned, was nearly completely lost by our entire persuasion that the Saviour was not born in a subterranean cavern like this, difficult of access to cattle, but in an approachable stable attached to the khan (or inn) in which the virgin mother could not be accommodated."

The same objection makes Tristram hesitate, Stanley doubt, Grove repudiate. But is this one objection of sufficient weight to overcome all the antecedent probability in favour of the tradition? Who can tell us what changes have taken place since the nativity, seriously affecting the position of this cave in relation to the adjoining tenements, and its capability of easy access? Even had nothing been done previously by the hand of time or the rude violence of war, the very clearing and levelling of the ground to form fit foundations for so large an edifice, may have involved not only many alterations of the surface, but much hewing of the rock. Dean Stanley and Mr. Grove are both inclined to believe that the Khan of Bethlehem having been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and all knowledge of the exact locality of the nativity having perished, when it was desired at last to give a local habitation to the event, the strong existing tendency to connect memorable incidents with grottoes came into play—the old tradition of Justin Martyr was revived, and a cave in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem easily found and fixed upon. Had it been so, had the choice been free among all the grottoes that lie round the village, we cannot well understand the selection of one apparently so unsuitable. Not only, however, had a cave to be chosen, but that cave one close to the old khan. The khan itself might have been swept away, and the cave choked up and forgotten. But is it possible, with so much tradition and living Christian literature indicating the locality, that in the period intervening between the nativity and the days of Constantine, all knowledge of where the Khan of Bethlehem stood had perished? Had it been but an ordinary khan, with no historical remembrances connected with it, its antiquity and the well-known peculiarities of its position would have kept up the remembrance of its site. The old Jewish associations connected with it must have helped to preserve this memory. The first generation of Christians

* Calmet, Mr. Grove, and Dean Stanley are all ready to admit that the house of Chimham was in all likelihood the inn of Joseph and Mary. "Eusebius Cæsariensis docet, publico in diversorio natum esse Christum Jesum, prope mœnia Bethlehem; quod *fortasse idem fuit cum hoc Jeremiæ*." (Calmet's Commentaries, V.T., vol. ix., p. 527.) Mr. Grove writes: "By the time of the captivity the Inn of Chimham by (גֵּרוּת = close to) Bethlehem appears to have become the recognised point of departure for travellers to Egypt (Jer. xli. 17.) A caravanserai (or khan), *perhaps the identical one* which existed there at the time of our Lord." Dean Stanley says: "By Bethlehem" in ancient times was the caravanserai (or khan) of Chimham, son of Barzillai, for those who would go to enter into Egypt; and from Bethlehem, *it may be from that same caravanserai*, Joseph "arose, and took the young child and its mother and departed into Egypt."

† See Quaresmius, Eluc. Ter. Sanct., t. ii., p. 625.



(*Drawn by* Robert Barnes.)

"Then she sat down and cried afresh"—*p.* 107.

may not have been so careful about preserving what did not appear to them to be perishable; but certainly from the time of Justin Martyr downward a strong feeling of the Christian heart clung to the place where the Lord was born, and was not likely to let the knowledge of it die out. It was different from what it was with so many of the holy places in and about Jerusalem, the siege and destruction of which effaced all traces of the particular localities, and that anterior to the time that the care for preserving the remembrance of them grew up. Here at Bethlehem tradition had a very simple office to discharge. So long as it stood outside the village walls, the khan would be there to tell its own story, and when it perished its ruins might long remain; and if they were supplanted in the time of Hadrian by the erection of a heathen sanctuary upon so conspicuous and memorable a site, would that have a tendency to obliterate the memory of the old edifice? rather would it not help to fix and perpetuate it? We are very confident that for many hundred years many old villagers of Bethlehem could have guided a stranger without hesitation to well-known ground; and the site of the khan fixed, that of the stable became so far fixed also.

Giving such weight as it seems capable of bearing to each part of the evidence, we are inclined to believe that the Convent of Bethlehem spreads itself over the very ground which the khan (or inn) occupied, and that somewhere immediately adjoining—not, it may be, in the exact spot now shown—was the stable and the manger in which the young child lay. That this khan (or inn) was the same with that of Chimham in which Jeremiah consulted, we can scarcely doubt. To identify it with the house of Jesse and of Boaz, may seem more difficult. The links of evidence at this end of the chain are undoubtedly weaker than at the other; yet if we once admit that the house assigned by David to Chimham was part of the patrimonial property at Bethlehem, we are very naturally, if not necessarily, led on to the conclusion, that the place of the birth of David and of David's Lord lay within the embrace of one and the same homestead.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

DRIFT.

DURING the past weeks the private history of the Lovejoy family had been a very sad one. The old couple who had brought up Albert's wife had some time before retired to Brighton, and Emily had been asked to bring her children and spend the Christmas week with them. As the money necessary for the journey was sent, and more might be forthcoming, her husband had suffered her to go.

So Emily went, and stayed a fortnight instead of a week, and was petted and made much of by her old friends. The poor thing cried a great deal even there. She cried with gratitude, she cried with excitement, she cried with pleasure, just as at home she cried with weariness and vexation. But the cause was physical, and did not arise from temper at all. She needed rest and quiet to heal her fretted nerves, and fresh air and tempting food to restore her strength, and before the fortnight had elapsed, under these influences her tears had ceased to flow. But her uncle had made up his mind to see her home, and he did, for there had come out the pitiful fact, that she was afraid to return after having stayed a week longer than was fixed. Her uncle could not understand her. He feared some positive ill-treatment; he did not know that she shrank from an unkind word more than some would shrink from a blow.

It was late when they reached home, and Mrs. Lovejoy herself opened the door.

"I came to take care of George," said the old gentleman, getting out of the cab with the little fellow sleeping on his shoulder.

This would have been reason good in Mrs. Lovejoy's eyes at any other time, for she doated on the child, but being in an irritable mood she muttered something about it's being a pity when people could not take care of their own children. She had always considered her daughter-in-law a poor creature.

"I'm sure you look well," she went on, greeting Emily as if she grudged the poor girl her faint roses.

Emily's lips quivered, but she got out with the baby and went into the parlour. "Where is Albert?" she asked.

"He's not at home," replied Albert's mother; "it's rather dull work staying at home when other people are away enjoying themselves."

Emily began to cry.

"Be good, dear mamma,—be good," said little George, who had roused himself, and was looking round brightly.

It was what she said to him when he cried, and she might have made answer in his own baby phrase, "I can't be good."

Mrs. Lovejoy gave her a candle, and her uncle, who had been settling with the cabman, followed her up-stairs. There she sat down and cried afresh. The baby stared in wonderment, the child stood wistfully at her knees, and the old man patted her shoulder.

There are some people who may be poisoned, stabbed, slain, without either drug or knife, on whom other people's harsh tempers act as doses of irritant poison, whom other people's sharp tongues wound with cureless wounds that bleed inwardly, and take life away slowly but surely. Such a one was Emily Blake. There was another element in the young wife's grief. Her husband had not even cared to be at home to welcome her. She had loved him so fondly, admired him so much in her childish fashion, and it was so hard to feel that he cared for her not in the least. She knew she had no influence over him, and she could not know that not an angel from heaven would have had power to influence him now. Young as he was, he was being tied and bound with the chain of self-indulgence, till it would come to body and soul parting company before he could be set free.

When at length Albert came home he met his wife and children without a single greeting. With trembling and tears Emily wished that she had never gone away. What had she done to deserve such a home-coming as this, and what had he been doing in her absence? Surely he was altered for the worse.

Yes, hard as Mrs. Lovejoy was, she was to be pitied. Albert had spent the fortnight in one continued debauch. Some nights he had not come home at all. If his wife had little power over him, she, poor mother, had less. He would not listen to the slightest remonstrance of hers, and at his father's authority he mocked. As a consequence of that fortnight's behaviour he had already received notice of dismissal from his employer's service.

Albert Lovejoy's downward career was not arrested by the discipline of adversity. His health indeed was slightly improved by enforced abstinence from brandy and tobacco, but his temper was worse than ever. He would sit at home whole days, making the poor women miserable. The little child could not move about at play without irritating him, and he would insist on sending him out of the room where he was. If the baby cried, he would shout at the unconscious creature in the meaningless jargon of his tribe, but with a look which terrified his helpless wife. "Hold that noise, or I will kill you!" If Emily had been given to reading works medical and psychological, she would certainly have pronounced him mad. As it was, she kept the children as much as possible out of his way, especially the boy, who, accustomed to the gentleness of his mother and the doting fondness of his grandmamma, resented his father's harsh tones and angry looks with little tremblings and poutings of the lip, which generally ended in a prolonged roar, as a slap or a punch accelerated the catastrophe. Then the master of the house would go forth, declaring that he was driven out of doors with the din. At length he carried his unkindness to the children to such a pitch, that even Emily rebelled. Little George (he was but a baby still) had been fretful and feverish, suffering from some of the ills that baby flesh is heir to—probably the cutting of a double tooth. A little thing would make him cry, and his movements were more restless than usual. He chose to drum upon the table with a spoon. It was tea-time, and his father was there. Albert seized the plaything, and flung it to the other side of the table.

At first the child began to laugh, as at a novel and agreeable diversion, but looking in his father's face his little heart was seized with a sudden sense of wrong, his little lip began to quiver. His mamma had always allowed him to drum as much as he pleased. His grandmamma had even furnished him, on occasion, with a little tray on which to make music yet more delectable. He lifted up his little hand and struck at his father.

A white flash of anger rose on Albert Lovejoy's foolish face, and he dealt the little one a blow on the cheek with the full force of his open hand, leaving crimson marks of his fingers on the soft baby cheek.

Emily flew to her boy, who was screaming with rage and pain, and sheltered him in her arms. For the first time in her life she turned and defied the aggressor. "If you do that again," she cried, all white and trembling, "I'll leave you and beg my way to Brighton."

Poor young wife, she had not energy enough left in her to get as far as the next street. Then she added her own hysterical weeping to the cries and sobs of the unappeasable infant. Even his mother denounced him when she came up to ascertain the cause of so much wailing.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "here's no end of a row;" and sullenly, without a word of pacification or apology, he took his hat and departed from the house.

Night came, and he did not return. Emily kept on at her needlework till morning, when she fell asleep with weariness and sorrow.

Mother and daughter-in-law crept about the house next day in mortal terror of what the day might bring forth. The others were abroad. Beatrice was at work as usual. Both Mr. Lovejoy and Geraldine had gone to make inquiries. But the day passed, and nothing had been heard of him. This was the worst that had happened yet, and the two who suffered most became friends in their great calamity. Towards night their dread grew sickening. Some

accident had certainly befallen him. He was lying in some hospital, dying, or dead; or still more dreadful, he had gone to the bottom of the river in a fit of suicidal mania.

Once Mr. Lovejoy thought he was on the point of finding him, as he walked between the double row of sufferers to the bed of one who lay insensible and unknown; one who had been brought into the hospital yesterday from a terrible street accident, the breaking of a chain which was swinging a stone up to the cornice of a new building. But it was not he. Some one else was missing in some corner of the vast city; some one else was waiting for the unknown sufferer, and suffering too.

It was towards the close of the third day, when Mr. Lovejoy had given information to the police, that Albert made his appearance—a woful spectacle of wrecked and blasted youth. His wife and mother received him without question or reproach, thanking God in their hearts that he had come back at all. His watch and much-valued trinkets were gone. No one asked how or where. What use in asking? Silence comes with despair.

Then all at once a situation offered. True, it was with a man so characterless that he could not obtain any one to help him that had either character or self-respect; a man as violent as he was unscrupulous; as resentful of being over-reached himself, as he was ready to over-reach others. Into this man's establishment Albert Lovejoy went to supply the vacancy caused by a sudden dismissal—no unusual occurrence there.

On some parts of the coast—those exposed to the long wash of great seas—each little bay or indentation is paved with a different kind of shell or pebble. The great ocean has sorted them out as it were, one by one, and flung them into various receptacles, according to their size and weight. And the ocean of life sorts out individuals in much the same fashion. They, too, are drifted into this position or that, according to their weight and quality. Albert Lovejoy's new associates, who had entered their master's service on much the same footing as himself, were all more or less fast and loose young men, given to music-saloons, billiards, and little suppers; and they were immediately bent upon having one of these little suppers at Albert's expense.

Now Albert had not so much as a shilling to spare; he had not even wherewithal to pay for his dinners, and he could not solace himself with imaginary ones as his father could. He felt the actual hunger, and more than that, he felt keenly the shame of impecuniosity. The lack of his watch and trinkets made him actually shrink as a dog does who has recently lost his tail. His companions would have been quite content with a promise from him to stand treat when he received his wages. They knew what it was to be "not very flush of coin." But Albert had once been the "nob" of his set, and it was galling to begin among new men an acknowledged pauper.

It was the third evening of his engagement, and he did not come home at the usual time. The warehouse shut at seven, and at that hour Emily put her children to bed, and made her room a little tidy for his return. She then sat down to sew and to wait. Half-past eight came; the warehouse might be shut, but plenty of work goes on with closed doors. Albert might be detained. Nine, ten, and still he had not come.

The rest of the family had supper and went to bed. Mrs. Lovejoy came up to sit with Emily. Nearly another hour, and neither she nor her mother-in-law had spoken. Emily had eaten nothing, which was making her low and faint.

"I hope he isn't going to stay out all night again," said Mrs. Lovejoy, in an injured tone, laying down the last stocking to be mended.

It was too much for Emily; she burst into tears, and quitted the room, going into the dark one opposite that she might indulge more freely.

Meantime Albert had had his little supper, and paid for it—a heavy price for poor enjoyment, if, indeed, it could be called enjoyment. It was by no means a costly entertainment as far as money went; it did not consist of ortolans and champagne, but of oysters and beefsteak-pie, pale ale, cigars, and brandy. Four sat down to it, and it cost but fourteen shillings.

But where did the money come from? Albert paid the bill with a Bank of England note for ten pounds, and put his name on the back of it with a flourish. Where did he get it? That very morning he had passed the workshop of one of the customers of his former master, and the man, standing in the doorway, had hailed him as he passed. Not knowing that he had left his former employment, he asked him to receive the sum of ten pounds on account. The man was not a very good payer. "I had better give it you while I can," he said; "money's a great temptation."

And Albert took the money, handing the man a receipt for it in due form; and it came into his head that he might borrow it for a few days. He would spend only as much of it as he could replace at the end of the week, and nobody would be a bit the wiser.

The party at the "Dove and Rainbow" had broken up early. They had not had a particularly jolly evening. Albert Lovejoy had not been successful in his capacity of host. In truth, it was a very dull affair—an affair of stupid jokes, joyless laughter, and unmeaning talk. The night was cold and raw, and each went shivering home out of the steaming room. Albert staggered on the threshold, but not with drink, and his teeth rattled in his head.

But how glad his mother and Emily were to hear his latchkey in the lock a little after eleven! The

wife's face brightened more than a girl's who expects her lover, as she flew to the door to meet him, and he was welcomed as if he had been the best of men and husbands—indeed, as the best of men and husbands are not often welcomed. Next day, at his departure, he received a gentle hint to return earlier if possible—a hint to which he replied impatiently enough, but still to the effect that he would return early. Nevertheless the same dreary waiting was in store for Emily, who this evening waited alone.

About the same hour Albert returned, but looking so wild and ghastly that a nervous dread seized the poor young wife, and made her tremble like an aspen. That night Albert had been gambling. He had been desperately uncomfortable all day about the money in his possession, and in the evening it occurred to him that he might try his luck with it, win back what he had spent, and hasten to pay it over to its rightful owners. He was accounted a good hand at billiards. He did not lose invariably. His winnings and his losings over a given space of time would indeed have fairly balanced themselves; but he had thought more of the winnings than of the losings, and they seemed the greatest. It was the old story. He went to the biggest place he knew, won at first, then lost, got nervous, and could not regain; playing desperately for some sort of retrieval, and leaving off when he was obliged with very little money, and of hope none at all. He had spent more than he could make up in many weeks.

The day after he left his place of business early, on the plea of illness (a plea real enough too), and tried, as we have seen, to borrow the ten pounds of Fanny.

CHAPTER XIII.

INTERRUPTIONS.

It was the busiest hour of the day at Messrs. Tabor and Tenterden's. In the outer office, which was entered by a glass door, pens were going rapidly. In each of the deep window recesses was a desk, whose occupant was availing himself of whatever light was to be had. With less of light, but apparently more of leisure, another clerk looked over papers at a central erection full of drawers and pigeon holes, while a messenger sat on a bench and waited. This outer office opened into a larger and more cheerful apartment, in which sat Philip Tenterden, who, after all sorts of interruptions, had just sat down to finish one or two important letters for the post. Out of Philip's room a door led into a narrow passage, on the opposite side of which opened Mr. Tabor's room, and another. This passage had a separate outlet on the landing, so that clients on confidential business, though ushered in by the outer office, might pass from their hearing direct.

Another interruption, and Philip raised his head with a gesture of impatience. It was Arthur Wildish, who came forward in irreproachable attire, as Philip could see, but in somewhat subdued spirits. "I want to catch the four o'clock post," said Philip, unceremoniously after giving his hand; "you won't mind my going on with my letters?"

"No, I'm going directly. I only looked in in passing. I want a word with Mr. Tabor."

"He is disengaged," said Philip, nodding in the direction of the opposite door.

Mr. Wildish loitered, looking as if he had something to say, but meeting with no encouragement he said good-bye, and went out by the other door.

But the interruption, slight as it had been, proved fatal to the letter upon which Philip was engaged. It was some time before it was proceeded with at all, and then it was in a manner so unsatisfactory that it had to be torn up and re-written. When it was re-written, and Philip touched his bell and gave it to the messenger without a moment to lose, a hectic flame was burning on his cheeks, from the force which he had had to put upon his wandering thoughts. He came back again to his seat and tried to concentrate his mind upon some other matter, but failed, and finally rose and went out of his room, and into that of his senior partner, who he concluded had gone out. He had heard him at the door with Wildish some time ago. But no, there was Mr. Tabor, in the unusual attitude of contemplating the points of his toes, seated opposite the fire with his feet on the fender, doing nothing.

"I thought you were gone," said Philip; "I came in for Fisher's letters."

"Oh, that can stand over," said Mr. Tabor, evidently disinclined for business. "Wildish has gone up without me;" and Mr. Tabor sighed unconsciously, and fidgeted in his chair. "He wanted the start of me to-night, it appears," he added, in a tone which was almost an invitation to further inquiry. But Philip made none.

Why should he ask what that young fellow wanted, when he left Mr. Tabor behind in order to reach Mr. Tabor's own house in its master's absence, when he knew it perfectly well, had divined with a lightning flash of intelligence from the moment Wildish had entered his room? Mr. Tabor wanted sympathy at that moment, and sympathy was the last thing Philip was capable of giving. Mr. Tabor was feeling the mere fact of his presence not being wanted at that particular moment, even in his own home, very much as a schoolboy feels at being out of the game. Hence the attitude of *abandon* so unprecedented in the methodical, painstaking, hardworking lawyer.

He was told to stand aside politely, and allow the creature whom he had accounted his very own to pass into the possession of another, and be from henceforth his only in name. He was also suffering from a great regret. The thing he loved next to his daughter was his business—not the profit of it, that was really and truly a secondary consideration with

him—but the business itself, which he and his dead partner had built up by dint of rare probity and industry, and which he had often in the days gone by wished for a son to inherit. The next best thing he had coveted was that his only daughter should marry the business, in the shape of his younger partner and successor; and he had cherished in his heart quite a fatherly love for Philip in consequence. And in this matter Philip had disappointed him, and disappointed him to his own hurt. He would have liked Philip to understand something of this, but Philip at that moment seemed to understand nothing. He seemed to be labouring under an unusual density, while all the time he was alive to the last fibre of consciousness. He was traversing every inch of the road with young Wildish, following him into the very presence of Lucy; but his imagination refused to go further, though he felt that he should know the very moment when the momentous question was asked and answered.

So the opportunity passed, and Mr. Tabor proceeded homewards, intending to take a turn on the heath before entering his house, in order not to interrupt the lovers till they had settled that little affair of a lifetime. Philip, too, went home to dress, and go to Mrs. Austin's. For one evening he remembered the engagement without pleasure. Even that had not power to distract his thoughts. He would have preferred a twelve miles' walk under the frosty stars. He quarrelled with a man who elbowed him at the train, and his fellow-travellers set him down as the person in fault because his brow was like a thunder-cloud, while the fat and selfish aggressor made himself comfortable in his corner. He was altogether in an electric condition, ready to flash out at a touch.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAUNCH.

BY W. C. BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "SONGS FOR SAILORS."

NOW, now they strike the shores away,
And as away they're struck,
The noble ship
Adown the slip
Takes water like a duck.
No hitch—no stay,
She floats away,
How well her work she knows!
And noble work
She will not shirk
Where'er the free wind blows.

Good luck to her, where'er she sail;
God guard the lass, I say;
May never rock
Her timbers shock,
Or sea sweep spar away;
Oh, may the wave
Ne'er be her grave,
Winds waft her round the world,
Still, still to work,
And never shirk,
Till in port her sails are furled.

HARRY'S RASH WISH,

AND HOW THE FAIRIES GRANTED IT. BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

CHAPTER IV.

AND such a strange old face it was, wrinkled and sunken and carewern, and with eyes that looked at one as it were through a fog, but which, clouded by age or trouble, seemed to conceal no angry fire or cruel revengeful purpose.

Nay, there was something curiously simple in the face of the old man, almost like a child's, as he sat gazing and gazing at Harry in a sort of amazement, and by-and-by stretching his hands out over Harry's head, as he had done a moment before over the fire, he murmured something which Harry could not hear, and tears came up into his dim eyes and ran down his cheeks.

At this Harry seemed to lose all fear, and he began to question his companion, to ask him his name, and to know if he might remain under the shelter of his roof for the night, but received to all his questions never an answer, save that the old man drew him nearer and nearer as he spoke, and gazed at him still more earnestly, muttering to himself all the while words which to Harry's ear had no meaning. "A hundred years—aye, a hundred years since I saw the like; a hundred years, my pretty one, since I saw a face like thine;" and so on the same words it might be a score of times.

But presently he seemed to notice that Harry's feet and hands were numbed with cold, and that he needed warmth and shelter; for with tottering steps he rose and closed the open door, and threw some wood upon the fire, and having done this, he drew the child down on the settle beside him, and began to chafe his little hands between his own horny palms,

and muttering still for ever to himself the same words—"A hundred years—aye, a hundred years, and full, since I saw the like."

"Since you saw what?" asked Harry at length, driven to despair by the monotony of his companion's remarks, and hoping to gain some information; "what is it you have not seen for a hundred years?"

"The like o' thee—the like o' thee; I have not seen the face o' a child like thee for nigh a hundred year."

"Why, what is there curious about me?" asked Harry, uneasily; "how am I unlike other children?"

"Poor innocent," murmured the old man, compassionately, "he speaks o' other children, as if he had seen a many o' them. Why, dear heart, one has not seen the smilin' face o' a babe i' this wicked world for a hundred year—not for a hundred year, and a lonesome world it has been without them; all the bright laughs, and the innocent tears, and the pretty dimples in their cheeks all gone, all flown away in the little babies, it was amost enough to break one's heart, to see all the empty cradles a standin' by the fireside, and the mothers a walkin' about wi' nothin' i' their arms, and no song of love in their mouths, instead o' singin' their wee ones to sleep o' their breasts wi' sweet songs and kisses."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Harry, plaintively, as he noticed tears rising again in his companion's eyes; "why, I am not very old, and I have seen hundreds and thousands of children and babies. Why, I have a little sister of my own who is only a few days old."

"Then if that be so," replied the old man, gloomily, "thou must have dropped into a strange world in the middle o' the night; thou must have fallen fro' the sky i' the flakes of snow, or risen from thy grave i' the kirkyard, for not one babe has been born in this world of ours for a hundred years, not for a hundred years since the night when the fairies walked abroad i' the fields and houses, and granted many a wicked wish to them as had wicked wishes i' their mouths and hearts."

"When was that?—tell me more about it all," asked Harry, eagerly, as some dim recollection came creeping over his mind, which made him feel unhappy and ill at ease; could it be possible that he had really passed into some new world in the middle of the night, or could he have been sleeping in his grave, or elsewhere, for a hundred years, and that now that he was awake again all he loved were gone, dead, perhaps, and buried—his mother, his father, Jack—oh! not Jack—Jack—with his rosy cheeks and ringing laugh, he could not be dead and gone and hidden from sight! and the baby—the little cosy baby with the dimple in its cheek, and the tiny hands stretched out so helplessly? All these strange sad thoughts had arisen like ghosts themselves to haunt him, and he waited eagerly but fearfully for the reply to his question, "When did all this happen?"

"It happened o' a night—let me see," and the old man paused a moment and ran his fingers through his long grey hair—"aye, it happened just a hundred year ago, come last night. The fairies, they say, do fly in swarms o' nights when the moon is at her full, and play their pranks all over the earth with beast and fowl and such like, and then they come creepin' at dead o' night into the houses and makin' such mischief as is in their power to make, granting to silly folk their silly wishes, and harmin' those besides who never harm them. However, as I heard tell, for I was but a lad then, just turned o' fifteen—ay, you may look at me wi' your wide-open eyes in wonder, lad, for a hundred and fifteen years old I am this blessed day. I would I had died when I was a babe, I do," broke in the old man with a sob, "for to live on all alone i' the world is weary work, without seeing the face o' a living being; but to finish what I had i' my mind to tell you. One of these nights with the big moon a glowin' in the sky overhead, they all came a buzzin' and a swarmin' about the countryside here, and seeing what harm they could do quiet folk, till by-and-by a host of them walked in at twelve o' the clock to a house down yon i' the valley, where there lived, I heard tell, an honest gentleman and his wife and some little folk."

"And what?" asked Harry, with eyes which blazed red in the fire-light, and cheeks whiter than the snow outside; "and what—what—what were you going to say?"

"Eh, dear lamb, don't thee a look at me so, it were better I told thee no more; I feel thy wee hand a tremblin' like a bird."

"Go on—go on," urged Harry, "I must hear it all."

"Well, an thou must, thou must, I suppose," replied the old man, sadly; "I was never a good hand at contradicting o' children, and as I say, there was a wee chap had fallen asleep i' his cot, with some foolish wish in his mouth, for I cannot a think he had it rightly set in his head; he had some foolish wish, as I say, on his lips, as how he would there were no more babies i' the world, or something o' the kind, and like a poor innocent lamb he bleated out his idle fancy to some one who sat by him, and the fairies, who were a clustering round his head like a swarm o'bees, just caught up the very words as he spake them, "he would that no more babies would be sent into the world;" and so as I was told, they not only carried out his silly babbling words, but they made away wi' the poor child himself, at least his cot was empty next morning, and though his father and mother hunted the world up and down, they never saw his pretty face again. Some said as how the nurse was also to blame, for she had wished the fairies would make the little chap invisible; but, be that as it may, they never saw him more—never never: they stole the pretty bird from his nest, they did, the thieves——"

"What was the boy's name?" asked Harry, in a

voice so low, so sad, so trembling, it would never have reached the old man's ears had it not been so full of pain.

"His name—nay, I misdoubt if I can call it to mind, but bide a bit and I will try. There is many a thing as happened long ago I remember better than I do o' late years, but bide a while and I will try." And while he waited Harry's poor little brain seemed to spin round and round with misery—the empty nursery at home—the forsaken house—the lonely world—the biting cold and drifting sleet, with no one to love him or care for him but this one old man, who soon must die himself, and all for why?

"Ay—ay, I mind it now, I mind it now; his name was——"

But before these words could leave the old man's lips, Harry leaped from the bench with a scream; his pain was too great to bear longer, his agony of mind too keen for endurance. "Don't say it was Harry, don't say it was me!" he shrieked with such bitterness, that the old man appeared to shrink and wither away from before his sight, the walls of the cabin rocked, the snow seemed to hiss outside in its fury, and then some one shouted into Harry's ears with a voice which sounded like a peal of thunder,

Awake, Master Harry! awake, it is time for you to get up, you have slept quite long enough!"

Ay, one would think so; a hundred years is a good long sleep for a little boy of five years old, and as Harry awoke and rubbed his eyes in utter bewilderment as to where he was, where was he, think you? Why, in his own snug nursery, the fire was burning brightly in the shining grate; the kettle, not the snow, was hissing on the hob; the tea was made already, and slices of nice white bread-and-butter were cut and temptingly laid upon a plate; the cradle was in a corner by the fire; nurse, singing happily, sat plying the rockers with her foot; how cosy, how bright, how comfortable, they all looked!

And so our old friend Harry had his breakfast in bed, Lizzie gave it to him on a little tray, and nurse laughed as she poured out his tea, and said he must have been dreaming in the night, he tumbled about so, and screeched like, and she did not wish to rouse him in the morning, as he seemed to have fallen into an easier sleep.

And so he had been dreaming, poor Harry, though he did not tell nurse what the terrible dream was all about; but, when he was washed and dressed, and his curls were all combed out and smoothed, before he left the nursery he paused and leaned over the little pink-lined cradle where his sister lay fast asleep, and looking at her for a long time, he stooped down and gave her such a kiss on her little dimpled cheek, that nurse looked up in amazement; but Harry in his own heart knew why.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

36. Quote a verse from Isaiah in which each division of the fourfold office of Christ is enumerated.

37. When our Lord speaks of the lasting punishment for offences committed, He quotes a passage from Isaiah's prophecy.

38. There is a passage in one of the greater prophets which seems to be the basis on which St. Paul's description of the Christian armour is founded. Quote it.

39. A passage from Habakkuk is quoted by St. Paul in the Acts of the Apostles. Give it.

40. The prophet Zechariah in describing the mourning of those who shall see Christ at His second coming, borrows a simile from a fact in Jewish history.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 80.

22. Luke v. 8. (See Isa. vi. 5.)
23. Isa. v. 13.
24. Isa. vii. 8.
25. 1 Cor. xiii. 9.
26. Matt. xii. 16, 17.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

DORCAS.

"Tabitha, arise."—Acts ix. 40.

THE bright eye filmed, the busy hands were still,
The active form, hushed in its last long sleep,
Lay in an upper chamber. Loud and deep
The lamentations which the lone home fill.
When straight the minister of God's high will
Sped to his mission: and the tears were dry,
And brightness lit once more each lustrous eye.
Again the ready hands displayed their skill.

"Not dead, but sleeping"—such the motto grand
Which o'er each Christian sleeper must abide
Since Christ, the First-fruits of the Risen, died,
And dying rose, to draw them with scarred hand—
Scarred with the records of man's cruelty,
Scarred to ensure our immortality—
O'er death's dark waves to exercise command,
And beckon our beloved on to the deathless land.

MAURICE DAVIES.



ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

"Can two walk together unless they be agreed?"

WE parted, with no whispered hope
Of meeting on the morrow—
She went to flutter through the world,
And *I* to wrestle with my sorrow.

And yet we loved—oh, story trite
That careless lip full oft profaneth!
Oh, story told of human hearts
Until it nothing new containeth!

Who stays to think what records drear
Of troubled hours, of idols broken,
Of disappointments hardly borne,
In those few simple words are spoken!

Why parted we? so fair, so dear—
Ay, when was maiden fairer, dearer?
My child-friend first, each passing year
But drew us nearer still, and nearer.

Why parted we? the deed was hers;
With every earthly gift surrounded,
She shrank from treading that strait way
By which *my* surer joys were bounded.

We sundered, yet she oft looked back;
Did she not see I would have given
For her dear sake my very life,
But not, oh! not my hopes of heaven!

Two years, though long, not comfortless;
Though trial-fraught, not wholly dreary;
Who toils for others best forgets
At lonely hours to fret and weary.

One day across my path she came
On mercy's errand, basket laden;
What mission casts a fairer grace
About a bonny English maiden?

We clasped hands—the snow fell fast,
But little recked we of the weather
The while her gentle lips avowed
What now has bound our lives together.

Changed, yet more dear, for those soft eyes
Have oft been dimmed with care and weeping;
Yet in their depths enmirrored dwells
A pure soul given to God's keeping.

Changed, yet more dear, in trusting love,
Our long-deferred vows are plighted;
Ah! blest those lives, come weal, come woe,
In one sure Hope that are united!

L. Crow.

THE CHURCH AND HUMAN SOCIETY.

I.—THE BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.

BY THE REV. ALFRED BARRY, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, AND CANON OF WORCESTER.

"Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?"—Acts vii. 26.

THIS is the question which rises in every thoughtful and earnest heart, when it contemplates human life as it ought to be and as it is. It is the question which Christians, above all others, must ask, in proportion as they understand what is meant by their Christianity. In fact, the whole operation of the Church of Christ may be said to consist in the preaching by word and realising by grace of two main truths—the great truth of the Brotherhood of men, and the greater truth of the Fatherhood of God. Not that these truths ought to be for a moment separated from each other in theory, as indeed they never have been separated in practice. The knowledge of the lesser truth is an education for the understanding of the greater; the greater truth is the Diviner principle which gives solidity and perfection to the lesser. But still they may be distinguished. In teaching the Fatherhood of God, religion ascends to that heavenly region to which all other knowledge can but look up more or less successfully. In teaching the Brotherhood of men, the practical knowledge of which is the secret of all true civilisation, she still remains in this visible world; she only assumes the leadership of many associated forces, which all work together for one common end. And accordingly for a thorough consideration of the whole subject, it is better first to dwell on the realisation of the brotherhood of men, as one great reason for the very existence of the Church; and then to pass from this to that direct revelation of the heavenly Father, without which the brotherhood of men, as history has shown, cannot be realised; and if it were realised, could not satisfy the highest aspirations, or meet the profoundest needs of the soul.

The brotherhood of men—it is a truth which, in theory, every man admits; and which, in fact, it is impossible for any one who looks at human nature to deny. It means not only that men are bound together by a network of mutual needs, so that, especially in our advanced and complicated civilisation, it is absolutely impossible for any man "to live and die to himself," without at every moment receiving influence from others, and at every moment giving out influence upon others, either for evil or for good. Nor does it only mean that men are united by mutual affections and sympathies, so that in an undisturbed and unpolluted nature it is as natural to love as it is to breathe, and that, even in the midst of weakness and of sin, self-sacrifice is as true to our higher, as selfishness to our lower nature. It expresses an ultimate truth which underlies both these, of which the existence of mutual needs is a sign, and the existence of mutual affections a recognition. That ultimate truth is the fact, that there is a real substantial unity through what we call "ties" in human nature—that the community of blood in

the family, community of race in the nation, the community of nature in humanity at large, imply an inherent and effective power, more subtle indeed, but not less real, than the force of attraction, or the forces of electricity or light. This unity, so profoundly natural, expresses itself in moral and spiritual energies; and the remonstrance, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" is no sentimental appeal, but one based on solid grounds of reason and of duty. This is the truth, which men have sought to embody in that "Fraternity," without which the celebrated formula of "Liberty and Equality" would not only be imperfect, but actually uncivilised and barbarian, as regarding each man only as a separate unit. It is a commonplace in all philosophies and religions; there is probably no educated or thoughtful man, certainly there is no Christian, who will dare to deny it.

But yet the state of society as we actually see it, is such that the very term of brotherhood sounds almost like a satire. I do not speak only of the breaches and wounds of unity caused by actual crime, as it breaks out in sensuality and dishonesty, in violence and robbery and murder. These things, although they are too frequent, we all know to be monstrous and exceptional; and if they ever cease to be exceptional, society itself must come to an end. Nor do I even speak of wars—whether those which embroil different nations, or those more wretched wars which divide a people against itself. These again are, like individual crimes, terrible exceptions. Like the eruption, the earthquake, the hurricane in Nature, they may be overruled to good—to clear the air, to give a needful outlet for pent-up spiritual forces; but in themselves they are anomalies, and their prevalence would be destruction. I speak rather of the tendency to division, inequality, antagonism, which seems inherent in the very progress of civilisation itself. The existence in London, above all other cities, of these fatal divisions, these terrible inequalities, at once scares us, and urges us to struggle against them for the very life of society. There are quarters of our great wealthy city so poor, so destitute, so neglected, that before them all thoughtful men, who care for their country and their kind, stand absolutely aghast. When we turn from the spectacle of wealth and brilliancy and culture at one end of London, to the squalor and misery and almost savage degradation at the other, it seems a mockery to say to our people, "Ye are brethren; why care ye not one for the other?"

Now it is clear to us that in some sense this growth of inequalities is natural and inevitable, if the personal inequality, which exists, quite as truly as equality, among men by nature, is allowed freely to develop itself, and be perpetuated by free inheritance of its accumulated results from generation to generation. If an artificial equality be produced, and if all institutions which seem to interfere with it are taken away, still, provided that individual liberty be left, the natural inequality will speedily assert itself, between the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, the industrious and the idle, the iron will and the soft, yielding nature. Each generation as it succeeds must increase the inequality. One class inherits all advantages of circumstance, of education, of opportunity, so that it starts on a high level to attain one higher still. Another seems, as we say, to have no chance; the circumstances of their homes, their education, their work in life, all combine to depress them. Thus there is a double increase of the inequality of which we have spoken. All the characteristics of modern life—the all but unlimited freedom given to each man—the rapid growth of material civilisation and the means of wealth—the process which is accumulating our people in the great towns, while the country is gradually drained of its inhabitants—all these tend to stimulate the upheaval of one stratum of society and the subsidence of the other, till great gulfs of separation seem to open under our very feet, and grow wider and deeper with a terrible rapidity.

But what must we do? Are we to stand by in mere wonder and despondency while this evil grows upon us, and wait helplessly for the day when some awful convulsion shall restore all to a level—the dead level of destruction? Shall we still go on listening to those who tell us that unchecked individualism, or free trade in everything—material, political, and moral—is too sacred to be touched, and perhaps quote the old proverb which declares that, if "every man is for himself," "God will be for us all;" that is, that His laws will work themselves out for good, although the agents under them see not, and care not to see, anything beyond what profits themselves? It seems to me that all our deeper thinking and deeper feeling men are more and more inclined to shrink from this course of timidity and indolence. They are beginning to see that mere individualism recognises only that side of human nature in which each man is alone, and neglects the other side, in which the unity of humankind is represented. They feel that, at the risk of being, like Moses, denounced as presumptuous, and hated as disturbers of peace, they must still throw themselves between those who should be brethren, but who are gradually stiffening into estrangement, or hardening into antagonism, and cry out, "Sirs, ye are brethren after all, will ye not do something to preserve or restore your brotherhood?"

There are those who, impatient of that balance of powers which seems to be the rule alike of the physical and moral world, would cut the Gordian knot at once by actual law; they would virtually crush individual liberty and energy, and thus arrest the progress of our race; they would insist that all men should not only be made equal, but be kept equal; they would take away, or limit, all certain tenure of property for a man himself, or for those whom he loves better than himself; they would eventually invade even the shrine of home, and deny the sacredness of the family, and the marriage-tie which is its bond. Such socialistic dreams have floated before the eyes of philosophers and theorists from the days of Plato downwards. Vain we know them to be, as all those sweeping and logical systems are vain, which ignore one side of the constitution of human nature. Vain—worse than vain—have been the attempts to realise them on any great scale as a basis of society. But who that looks on the present state of English or European society, can wonder that those who are poor enough to feel poverty, and yet not so poor as to be crushed by it—educated enough to see the evil, and not so educated as to understand that it cannot be destroyed by a simple process of eradication—that such men should cry out that these theories offer the only hope and happiness for the mass of men, and that accordingly the few must give way to the many, and the individual be bound and sacrificed on the altar of society? Certainly these eager and painful cravings, these visionary but not ignoble theories, must be met by some other method than mere denunciation and repression. It will not be enough to silence their voices; there must be some greater and nobler voice, in the presence of which they will be hushed, because they will be needless.

But leaving individual liberty unchained, and recognising accordingly the fact that there will be inequalities in wealth, privilege, and power, what can we do?

There is one form of brotherhood among us, which belongs to the nation as a nation, expressing itself through law. It can do much, it might perhaps do more, for its weaker members. It can take away all oppressive laws, which stereotype inequalities of class, and so it can give each man a fair chance of showing the power that is in him, and following the vocation which corresponds to it. It can put within the reach of the very poorest the means of education; it can provide for the people the opportunities of recreation and cultivation; it can in some degree, though with much cautious hesitation, attempt to protect the uneducated against themselves—against their own selfishness or their own folly. Besides all this, the State steps in, by the action of its poor laws, to save men from the extremes of suffering and starvation. It might step in, we sometimes think, to cure those wretched circumstances of the dwellings of the poor, sinning against health of mind and body alike, which are at the bottom of much of the intemperance, much of the pauperism, much of the crime, which disgrace our civilisation.

All this the nation, as a nation, can do; this in some measure it has done; this in greater measure it must do. Certainly it is true, as has been lately said, that social questions, even more than political, press upon us now. Certainly it is beginning to be felt that those who make the laws should consider whether the existence of unchecked and undirected freedom may not be too dearly purchased; whether it may not be necessary, to a degree from which hitherto we have shrunk, to limit in some measure its action, and to claim for it some sacrifice for the good of the whole. Freedom, after all, is not an end, but a means, as for the true culture of the individual, so for the true civilisation of the race. Are there not times when direction is needed for the right harmony of the two objects? when the fierce jostle of competition, and the short-sighted eagerness of the individual, must be curbed by the iron voice of the Law, crying out, though it be sternly and coldly, "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?"

But there is a brotherhood of heart and soul, which no national tie can wholly represent, and which must express itself in something freer, larger, more spiritual, than the iron stiffness of law. It rests on what we term the sense of humanity—the recognition of a certain unity of men as men, not only as regards action, but as regards the inmost thought and feeling. Such brotherhood will not show itself only in the bond of duty, in which each feels his own individuality and rights, even while he gives their due to others, and which, therefore, is like a great cincture, keeping together a number of atoms, each perfectly distinct, even though it touch and press upon the others. It will express itself even more fully in the spirit of love, which is an actual sinking, ignoring, denying of self; which is not like an external cincture, but rather like the network of an organism, binding all absolutely together, so that one blood throbs and one feeling thrills through all.

Such a brotherhood as this is essentially spiritual; and where is it to be found? Where, as a matter of fact, has it ever been found through all human history in any living and energetic form, except in the sense of a religious unity, in which men are bound to each other, because they are bound to God? The Church of Christ, so far as it has been true to its calling, has proclaimed and realised this brotherhood. If it had fulfilled

that calling perfectly, I am bold to say that there would be at this moment no fatal breaches of unity, no great yawning gulfs of division in our society. Order, degrees, inequalities there would be, but shading off into each other, and having a deep unity underlying them all. And one thing appears certain, that, if the Church does not do this work of unity, there is no other power that can do it—that, if society is to be saved from utter disruption, the Church must rise more adequately to the exceeding greatness of the time, and to the yet more exceeding greatness of her high calling.

She needs no new truth or rite; she needs but more fully and vitally to realise the old. What can be needed to teach the brotherhood of men beyond the knowledge of Christ as coming down from heaven to live, to die, to rise again, for all humanity alike? as pleading at the right hand of God now for every child of man? as coming hereafter to judge all, and in that judgment to declare Himself so perfectly one with us, that all done and left undone, to the poorest and simplest, is done or left undone to Him? The "enthusiasm for humanity," of which we hear so much as the religion of the future, if it be directed to an abstraction, is vague and ineffective; if it be turned to the living men, who form society, is either narrow and capricious, or shallow and diluted. There is but one enthusiasm, which is deeply personal and yet absolutely universal, and that is the enthusiasm for humanity as embodied in the Christian. And again, what can be more effectual in realising that brotherhood, than the simple and universal organisation of the Church, knowing no distinction of class or age, of race or nation, calling all alike to its baptism, gathering all to one common worship, inviting all to join as equals at one holy table? No! we need to invent nothing new; we need simply to awake to the meaning of that which is old. Even as the Church is, we find in it the only brotherhood that we can trust to; but if it were what it should be, we should need no other voice to stay the conflict between brethren. For the voice of Christ, heard through His Church, is not the stern voice of law, but it is the deep and gentle voice of the Spirit, penetrating the soul and reaching to the very depths of its being.

It is, then, the mission of the Church to teach true fraternity, even as it teaches the true liberty of each individual soul, and true equality of all before the face of God. It has indeed a higher mission (of which we must speak hereafter), but how wonderfully it is fitted for this! I do not speak only of its inherent principles, but also of its actual ministrations, as we see them in every Christian country. In every quarter of the land it plants men, whose whole object and calling in life is to promote the spiritual good of their brethren; who cannot help recognising and proclaiming a spiritual brotherhood; who can foster that which is wanted above all things, and without which mere almsgiving alone can do little good, and may do much harm—mutual knowledge and sympathy between the rich and poor, the educated and uneducated; who can stimulate all kinds of good work in self-help and mutual help; who can show the ignorant and the vicious and the neglected, that there is the possibility of a higher life for them, and that there is a higher Power who cares for them. All this it does, and, as subsidiary to this spiritual work, it raises churches to be the common homes of the people of God, and schools on Sunday and on weekday to be the places of a true education of the little ones. Who can doubt that, even from this human point of view, it is a noble and a glorious work? And in spite of the imperfections which must attach both to any system and to those who work it, who, that knows the facts, will deny that there is in that action a marvellous vitality, and a true blessing of God? and that again and again, when law fails because it is too rigid, and public opinion and philanthropy because they are too vague, it has not only taught but realised the truth, that all men are brethren because all men are Christ's?

But, still, that glorious office is but imperfectly discharged; still, therefore, it is a duty pressing urgently on all who have power to think and act, and especially on those who have still the unexhausted treasure of youth, and to whom this generation belongs—to strive and pray for better things. We gaze almost in terror on the critical nature of these times, in respect of the strongly-marked divisions, the mutual ignorance, the growing antagonism of class and class. We know that the one truth which can remedy this—the truth of the brotherhood of men—is one which can be taught and realised in many ways, and that whatever light we have on this great subject is a call to be up and doing in the cause, even if it costs us something, even if it costs us much. But if we believe—as being Christians we cannot but believe—that only by spreading the Gospel and giving new energy to the Church of Christ can the work be done thoroughly and perfectly, as it has been done in ages past, it is for us to strive and pray that we may live up to our Christian profession, and follow the mind of Christ*—first, in the spirit of humility, which always gives up self that it may bless others; and, next, in the spirit, which, wherever it is needful, bears the cross, in order that it may redeem and save!

* See Phil. ii. 5–8.

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. HUGH M'SORLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, TOTTENHAM.

IT is well known that the prophets of the Old Testament are divided into two classes, the greater and the less; and it is curious to notice that the name of *Jehovah* forms one of the constituent parts of *Isaiah* and *Jeremiah*, while the name of *El*, or God, forms one of the constituent parts of *Ezekiel* and *Daniel*. This incorporation of the names of the Great Being who was adored by the Jewish nation with the highest worship is well worthy of notice. *Jah*, the "Eternal One," and *El*, the "Covenant-Keeper," were thus made elements of some of the proper names of the people of that favoured nation, who thereby bore upon their souls marks, as it were, of holiness to the Lord, proofs of the eternity of their Great Father. What results should have followed from this hallowed dedication may readily be imagined. And yet the awful sentence was pronounced, that the people so highly favoured, and so greatly blessed, after all, had only a name to live, while they were really dead!

We are not to regard the names of the prophets in the Old Testament as we should the blocks and fragments of an unfinished edifice, or the débris of some mighty tempest, scattered up and down on the sea-shore. I candidly confess I have often been puzzled at the names; I could make nothing whatever out of them. Now, however, I look upon them quite differently. I think I see order, I think I see arrangement, I think I see beauty in the whole, for, if I be not much mistaken, I can trace the finger of God in every one of them. There is not a word that I write which lies beyond the comprehension of an English scholar. A good concordance will supply all that is necessary to follow me in these observations. And here I would remark, that a rich reward is stored up for all real students of the Word of God. I can imagine a man's heart swelling with excitement as he succeeds in some enterprise which he had undertaken, and as success crowned his efforts, his cup of joy began to overflow. But of all the mental pleasures with which we can possibly be blessed, I regard those as the sweetest and the holiest which have their origin in the garden of the Lord, the only paradise left to us now on earth. In this Eden of ours we still can find the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon. Here we can behold the Olive which when pressed in the olive-mill, the spiritual Gethsemane, produces a balm for every wound, and a cordial for our fears. Here is the Shrub which, when bruised, sent forth a perfume redolent with sweetness, and intended to render our whole race acceptable to Heaven. To the man who desires recreation for his soul, to the man who desires instruction for his mind, to the man who longs to become wise unto salvation, I would recommend the study of the Word of God, not running over it by chapters and by books, but by taking a single word at a time, and examining well that word, and sure I am that the study will be both profitable and pleasant.

I purpose now glancing at the writings of the prophets from Isaiah to Malachi, and going through them all. And I will endeavour to ascertain the meanings of the names, and unless I be much mistaken, we shall find that, even in the name, "the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy." This question has nothing to do with the interpretation of prophecy. I do not attempt to fix chronology. All that I intend here is to ascertain the meaning of the names, and to apply such meanings to Him about whom the prophets wrote.

ISAIAH — *The Salvation of Jehovah*, is a title sufficient for its purpose; for what book in the whole of the Old Testament points out more than this the salvation of Jehovah? The very first chapter shows the great need of salvation, pointing out the existence, even in God's own people, of a universal corruption: the Saviour by whose stripes we are healed is described in the fifty-third chapter: the freeness and fulness of His mercy may be seen in the fifty-fifth chapter: the nullity of rites and ceremonies in the sixty-sixth chapter. Thus, "the salvation of Jehovah" is the subject-matter of the whole book, and He who effects salvation for His people is "Jesus," essentially the "Saviour."

JEREMIAH — *The Exaltation of Jehovah*, or *the one* raised *up by Jehovah*. His appointment to the office in the first chapter indicates the suitability of the name. But Moses foretold of Christ (Deut. xviii. 15). "The Lord thy God will *raise up* unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto Him ye shall hearken." And we find reference to this same prophecy of Moses in St. Matthew's Gospel (xvi. 14): "Some say that Thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, *Jeremias*, or one of the prophets." And then, when we remember that it was on account of His sufferings and degradation that the man Christ Jesus was *exalted* to the right hand of God, far above all principality and power, and that He had a name given to Him which is above every name, and that having been put to death, He was *raised* up from the dead, and by His resurrection was proved to be the Son of God, we may see a little more clearly the appro-

priateness of the name *Jeremiah* to the finished work of Christ.

EZEKIEL—*The Strength or Might of God.* And, we would ask, is not this an accurate description of Christ? In the great prophecy of Isaiah (ix. 6) regarding Christ, among the titles enumerated is this, "the Mighty God," and in the Epistle to the Romans (ix. 5) He is described as being "God *over all*" (therefore strong and mighty), "blessed for ever." He, the Captain of our salvation, surely must have had "strength," else how could He have coped with the enemies of our salvation? He must have "might," now, seeing that "by Him all things consist" (Col. i. 17). Well, then, does the work of Jesus seem appropriately described by Ezekiel, "the strength" or "might of God."

DANIEL—*God of Judgment*, or *God-judge*. How appropriate this to Him who will yet judge the world in righteousness! before whose judgment-seat all must appear! If there be anything more clearly revealed than another in the writings of the New Testament, it is this, that Jesus is to be our "Judge."

HOSEA — *Causing to save*, or *Saviour;* almost identical with "Jesus, only it wants the first letter J; for "Jesus," although commonly regarded as "Salvator, or Saviour," is not properly rendered by either of these words. Indeed, "Jesus" cannot be rendered by any one equivalent word in English, as it signifies "Jehovah-Saviour." However, *Hosea*, or "Saviour," sufficiently indicates the deliverance from bondage of God's people. They had been delivered from Egypt, and from Babylon, and although ten of the tribes may seem lost, yet lost they are not; they will appear again. *Hosea* was sent to God's people, and his own name indicated God's intention towards them; but that intention will be fully shown when *Jesus*, the true *Hosea*, shall have brought up His people, not merely from the bondage of Egypt, or Babylon, but from the still greater and more degrading bondage of sin and Satan, the prison and the grave.

JOEL — *A Beginner*. Who does not here, on observing the meaning of this name, revert instantly to the first verse of St. John's Gospel? "In the *beginning* was the Word;" or to St. Paul's declaration about Christ, that "He is *before* all things?" (Col. i. 17.) How appropriate, then, for Jesus is the name of Joel, "the Beginner!"

AMOS—*Burdened*. Who ever, before or since, was so burdened as Jesus? Who ever bore such a load as He did? Was it not on Him that the Lord laid the burden of our sins? Who was so oppressed as He? And while He endured a load of grief and shame, and bore the pains of death and hell, He did all this—*i.e.*, He tasted death for every man *by the grace of God* (Heb. ii. 9).

OBADIAH — *Servant of Jehovah*, instantly recalls to our mind, "Behold *my Servant*, whom I uphold; mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth: I have put my Spirit upon Him: He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles" (Isa. xlii. 1). We cannot fail to think of our (the true) Obadiah, "who made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a *servant*" (Phil. ii. 7), and who did the drudgery of a servant. Truly Jesus is our "Obadiah!"

JONAH—*A Dove*, the very emblem of innocence. Cruden, in his Concordance, says, "The Holy Spirit appeared at the baptism of our Saviour in the form of a dove (Matt. iii. 16), to signify what Christ is to His people, (1) In His own nature to them that come to Him, meek, harmless, loving. (2) In the execution of His office, even He by whom the Father is pacified, and who brings the good tidings of the assuaging the deluge of wrath, as the dove did on the retiring of the waters to Noah. (3) What He is in the operations of His Spirit upon His people, that they are made meek, harmless, and lowly as doves."

MICAH—*Who is this?* This is very significant of Him, who, when He came unto His own, His own received Him not. They knew not who He was! and when He appeared among them, riding on an ass, all Jerusalem was moved, saying, "Who is this?" (Matt. xxi. 10.) Perhaps there is something connected with this name wrapped up in the prophecy of Isaiah (lxiii. 1) commencing thus:—"*Who is this* that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."

NAHUM—*Comforter*, is surely applicable in an especial manner to Him whose name is

> "A balm for every wound,
> A cordial for our fears;"

and whose chief delight it is to *comfort* His people, and whose desire is to hear their cry, and to answer them. When He unrolled in the synagogue of Nazareth the great prophecy of Isaiah, in which He was foretold as the Messiah, among the various offices which He was to fulfil, was this: "To *comfort* all that mourn" (Isa. lxi. 2).

HABAKKUK—*An Embracer*. And what is Jesus to the lost and the wretched? Who stretches out His arms ready to receive the outcast? who embraces with purest love the fallen and unfortunate — the miserable and forlorn? How appropriate therefore is the name *Habakkuk* to Him who seeks and saves the lost, and whose cry is, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ZEPHANIAH — *Concealed of Jehovah*, points directly to the "great mystery of godliness," which had been hidden from the foundation of

the world. Was not the incarnate God *concealed* from the eye of man? Was not Jesus when born *concealed* in Egypt? Was He not *concealed* for thirty years? and even when He publicly appeared among men, His nature and mission were *concealed* from many. And they were peculiarly blessed whose eyes saw, and whose minds understood what then was revealed to them. We are only happy when our life is *hid* with Christ in God.

HAGGAI—*My Solemn Feast.* And is Jesus not such to every true believer? Does not every true believer feast on Him, appropriate Him to his own soul's comfort and life? This feast is not carnal; it is purely and essentially spiritual. It is to be enjoyed daily, not merely in sacramental moments, but in spiritual power. Hence the true believer prays that Christ may dwell in his heart by faith—the only way in which He can dwell in the heart. Hence, further, the believer prays that Christ may dwell in him, and he in Christ; and as the only way in which he could possibly hope to dwell in Christ is spiritually, therefore the only way in which he hopes and prays for Christ's indwelling in his own heart is *spiritually*. At the contemplation of this, Haggai, "my Solemn Feast," becomes a prophet doubly dear to every true believer.

ZECHARIAH—*Remembrance of Jehovah.* When Jehovah looks upon Jesus, He is put in remembrance of all His suffering; just as the blood of sprinkling on the Passover-night put the destroying angel in remembrance of the act of saving faith on the part of the inmates of such houses as were so sprinkled. "Put me in remembrance" by no means supposes forgetfulness on the part of God. It is a means to an appointed end; and if we be saved, it must be by means of our *Zechariah*.

MALACHI—*My Messenger*, is the name of a book pointing out John the Baptist as *the Messenger* who was to go before the Lord, making His paths straight. Still, I think, we shall lose much of the beauty and teaching of the book if we overlook the truth enunciated by St. Paul, that Jesus is the *Apostle* (the Sent One, the Messenger of God), as well as the *High Priest* of our profession. He is to us a Messenger *for* good, and *from* God, and therefore the true "Malachi."

We may thus see how a deep meaning underlies the word of prophecy. Jesus seems to be the great theme of prophecy. Although the prophets frequently spoke of present things, yet there was a pregnancy of meaning in their words which they themselves at the time did not in every instance understand. We should bless God for their writings, and should read them carefully and endeavour, by the aid of the Spirit who first inspired these writings, to comprehend them in all their fulness; and if the attempt now made to introduce more readers to the sacred oracles of God should be successful, the pleasure which I have already felt will be increased tenfold. Without God's blessing on His own Word, vain will be the teaching of man. May God, for Jesus's sake, bless His own Word to our endless joy!

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HARD LIFE.

MRS. AUSTIN received Philip with her usual gracious calm, but he was not to be soothed by it; and it was not long before she noticed his irritability, restlessness, and gloom. They set to work as usual, but Philip's gloom and restlessness increased, and affected Mrs. Austin, in spite of herself.

Their joint labours were drawing to a close. The box whose contents they were engaged upon was the last save one. At the bottom of it Philip came upon a legal-looking document tied with red tape, and looking at the endorsement found it to be the draft of a marriage settlement, sketched out by Mr. Austin on behalf of his wife. "This you had better keep with your other papers," he said, handing it over to his companion.

She looked at it. "I do not suppose it is of any use," she replied, after glancing over it. This was afterwards altered; her voice was agitated. "Will you tear it up?" she added.

He proceeded to do so, when a letter fell out of the folds of the paper and fluttered to the floor.

Mrs. Austin caught it. "A letter of my father's," she said, looking at it. "Poor father!" she murmured, with a look of profound pity.

"Was he unfortunate?" said Philip, "for if so we have this too in common."

"Very," she answered. "He became bankrupt; not a splendid bankrupt, like those who led him into speculation, whose wives had handsome settlements,



"'I am so sorry,' she murmured"—*p.* 123.

and never dropped their carriages, or put a stop to their engagements, because their husbands could not pay a tithe of what they owed. He was a broken man, and died a clerk in the office of a tradesman."

"Which was a great deal more honourable, Mrs. Austin," said Philip, "than if he had done as those you mention, and secured himself at the expense of his creditors. The easy release from debt which dishonest men may obtain is a public scandal. It is lowering the whole tone of public morality. Peers take the lead in insolvency nowadays. Every peer who enters the Bankruptcy Court should come out of it stripped of his titles and honours at the least. It is the honest man who loses everything, and to him bankruptcy can hardly be embittered."

"It was very bitter to us, Mr. Tenterden. We were an exceedingly attached family, and felt keenly for each other, and especially for our father, who broke down completely. He had not the kind of power which resists pressure."

"Did he die before your marriage?" asked Philip.

"No," she answered; "it bought him a year or two of repose."

Philip looked the question he did not ask.

"My marriage secured to my parents a hundred a year," she said quickly. "My mother has it still."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Philip.

Mrs. Austin looked distressed. "There was no undue pressure put upon me," she explained. "I did it quite willingly—nay, gladly; but I did it in utter ignorance of all that it involved. Oh, Mr. Tenterden! good men must despise a woman who sells herself for so much money—that was what I did."

"The woman is despicable enough," said Philip, "who does it to obtain for herself the things that money will buy—meats, drinks, dresses, houses, fine company, servants, &c.; but that is not your case, Mrs. Austin. No one has a right to despise you, and it would be impossible to any one who knows you. But perhaps there was some one you cared for which made the sacrifice harder."

"No," she answered, sadly; "but when he brought me here, away from home, I drooped and pined; I could not help it. I became home-sick. He resented it. He was a man of harsh and despotic temper, and he made little effort to win me. He settled into sternness and gloomy reserve, aggravated latterly by severe suffering."

"Yes, your life must have been a hard one," said Philip.

"It would have made me wicked," she said, "if I had not learnt to love him after a fashion. And oh! how I missed him—miss him still! He made the duty of my life; and a life without a duty is drearier than a life without a pleasure."

"That I can imagine," he replied; "and that you at least would shape your life to any duty, however hard; but with a man it is different. A duty which binds him down, and leaves him no room to shape his life for himself, becomes intolerable. My father was not a bankrupt," he said, "but he died wholly insolvent, leaving me a legacy of debt which it will take the best part of my life to clear myself from. I am glad that you should know this, though no one else does; it will explain some things which may seem strange to you, I believe;" and he laughed a little bitterly. "I have already acquired a character for miserliness, but that is a small matter; it is hard, however, that the only happiness I could have cared for, the happiness of making a home for the girl I loved, should be beyond my reach; that I have nothing to offer any woman, and may never have."

Ellen's heart beat fast, and a hot flush went up over her face, as she tried to answer steadily, "She whom you love might think it enough if you offered only yourself."

"You forget," he said bitterly, "I have not even myself to offer."

There was a pause, during which Ellen suffered the choking sensation like something drowning in the heart, which comes with the sudden extinction of a hope which has never seen the light. She sat still, and made no sign till it was gone. Then she said, gently, pleading for that other, "She might wait till you were free."

"She—she is gone from me already," he answered abruptly.

What hindered her then to comfort him? She had the impulse—the impulse to lavish herself and all that was most precious to her in the effort, but the words would not come. It was impossible for her to break through the fence of her womanly reserve. She sat before him dumb and restrained, and never had he been so distant and so cold. Absorbed in his own feelings, he had not thought of hers.

A loud knock at the outer door broke the silence. Mrs. Austin started. "I wonder if that is my mother!" she exclaimed; "I expected her home in a day or two, but she must have returned earlier."

It was Fanny, who, with a shawl thrown over her head, and followed by Ada in similar costume, had come in from next door to speak to Philip.

CHAPTER XV.

PERPETUAL FRIENDSHIP.

ARTHUR WILDISH had dashed up to Hampton as fast as a hansome could carry him. Lucy was at home, and alone. She had been lying on the hearthrug, a great white fleecy one, reading, with Muff, a black, silky terrier, keeping her company. Arthur and she were great friends, yet she hoped she had jumped up in time to avoid discovery, and she hastened to say, "Mamma is out," with a pretty little blush born of a consciousness that Muff and she were a little dishevelled in aspect, as she had been intending to run away and dress for dinner, only her book was too entrancing to be left.

Arthur was rash enough not to have considered what he would say. To have had something to say would have been useful, even if he hadn't said it, closing a few of the many possible approaches to a great subject.

"Have you seen my father?" asked Lucy, innocently.

"Yes, I left him in his room. He will be up at the usual hour," said Arthur.

"And why are you so early?" she asked; "have you got nothing to do?"

"I have come to see you," he answered gaily, and smiling at her fondly; but the gaiety and the fondness being mixed up together, left Lucy quite unconscious still.

"May I run away from you for a few minutes?" she said. "Muff has a fancy for pulling out my pins," and she stooped and picked up a pin with a silver star at the end of it, the neighbour of which was fastened in the plaits of her brown hair.

"No, I can't spare you just now," said Arthur, the audacious, "I have something particular to say to you."

She stood in front of him with clear questioning eyes and laughing lips, and said, "What is it? have you got a brief? or are you going to the bush to be a squatter?"

Nothing daunted, Arthur answered, "Neither the one nor the other, Lucy. I love you——"

"Oh, why——" she exclaimed, moving backwards, not knowing in the least what she said, and looking in her movement like a startled fawn.

"Why!" he answered gaily; "was there ever such a question? because I love you, and have a hundred other becauses all summed up in that; because you are what you are, so sweet and good; because you are like music that I want to set my life to—must, for it will go to no other; because I think we would be so happy that we must make the whole old world a bit happier and better for us. Eh, Lucy," and his blue eyes kindled and suffused as he moved nearer and held out both hands to her, saying, "Lucy, will you be my wife?"

She shrank away still further, crying, "Oh, Mr. Wildish, I cannot—I cannot!"

"Don't you like me, Lucy?" he asked, sorely dismayed.

"Like you—oh yes, I like you a great deal," she answered; "but that is different."

"But if you like me a great deal, you may love me in time," he said, with reviving hope. "I will wait, Lucy; I will make you love me."

"Oh no—no!" she answered, as if she feared the very possibility.

Her little work-table stood there, and she had slid behind it. He sat down on the chair before it, and covered his face with his hands. Was he crying? she thought so, and trembled in the silence. He was suffering, she could see that, and she could not bear to see suffering, far less to inflict it. She drew near to him, and laid a timid hand on his arm. "I am so sorry," she murmured, close at his ear.

He raised his head, and the tears came when she saw his face. It was pale and fixed; she had never seen a face so changed, for she had never seen sudden disappointment and heart-suffering, and Arthur Wildish was suffering keenly according to his nature. Lucy could not restrain her tears, nor stand by refusing to comfort him. "It was enough to drive a fellow mad, though," he said to himself, for she slipped a slender hand into his, and whispered, her face all one vivid crimson, "If I had not loved some one else long ago, I am sure I could have loved you."

Long ago! She had loved long ago, this bright, child-like girl. What was the meaning of it? Her parents could know nothing about it. Was she engaged? he asked.

"Oh no! please do not speak of it," she answered, in the deepest agitation; "no one knows. I hardly knew myself till now; he does not care for me."

"My poor darling!" and Arthur Wildish heaped passionate kisses on the trembling hand he held.

"We may still be friends, may we not?" she asked, withdrawing her hand gently, and with a deprecating look.

"Friends!" he replied; and was going to say, "I will never be anything but your lover, Lucy," only that look of hers checked him, and he vowed everlasting friendship instead. Both were acting in perfect good faith, and a blessed unconsciousness of what the wisdom of the world would rate their proceeding at, and they once more clasped hands over their compact. Then Lucy fled; she had heard her mother coming, and could not meet her for once in her life.

Mrs. Tabor found Arthur alone in the drawing-room, and was not a little puzzled at hearing that he had just parted from Lucy, and was not going to stay the evening as usual. It seemed to her that something must have happened, and she made a very shrewd guess as to what that something was; but she could argue little from the gentleman's appearance, which was certainly graver, but not much more dejected than usual.

On his arrival at home, Mr. Tabor was still more astonished to find Mr. Wildish gone, a fact from which, with his superior knowledge, he could draw only one conclusion—namely, that Lucy had rejected him. The young lady in question delayed her appearance till dinner was on the table, and not a word could be said. She had a suspiciously heightened colour, and a dilation of the eyes which told of some excitement, but nothing more. Late in the evening she got behind her papa's chair, and prefacing her speech with a kiss on the top of his head, told him, what he knew already, that Mr. Wildish had been there, and dashing into the subject with

trembling haste, said simply, "Papa, he wanted me to marry him."

"And you wouldn't?" said her father, helping her out.

"No; but we are friends," she replied.

"Oh!" said her father, with some significance. "Well, I am glad you are not ready to leave me for the first jackanapes who holds up a finger to you, though Wildish is an excellent young fellow."

Another kiss from Lucy, and she tripped away from her father to encounter a far more trying tête-à-tête with her mother in the drawing-room, out of which she came forth triumphantly, by reason of her mother's pressing exclusively on the advantages of the match, which Lucy, who really loved her home, and was not discontented with her lot, was honestly incapable of feeling.

Meantime Arthur Wildish, rattling homeward, made up his mind in the midst of his defeat to win in the end. But who could he be—the insensate mortal who had gained such a hidden treasure as the heart of Lucy Tabor, and neither knew nor cared? He cast about in his mind who it could be. He conjured up all the young men whom he had seen at the hospitable house of the Tabors, a house of old-fashioned, solid hospitalities—not of flimsy modern ones, and he could think of no one. Philip Tenterden crossed his mind, but was rejected as too old and too grave. At length he remembered Mr. Huntingdon. "Of course, it's the clergyman," he said to himself, and he proceeded to depreciate clergymen in general, and this clergyman in particular. But this tangible rival gave birth to the pangs of jealousy. He did not know what to do with himself. He dined at a restaurant, and then dropped into the streets, a unit in the vast London crowds, ever hurrying to and fro, driven by all sorts of strange necessities. Life assumed a new aspect to the spirit of the enthusiastic, idealistic young man—an aspect terrible and hopeless. He began to drink the cup of youthful misery, and to perceive the attraction of recklessness and despair.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BITTER NIGHT.

Once more Albert Lovejoy failed to appear at home at the usual hour; and as time went on and he did not come, a dumb anguish, which seemed to dry up her tears, took possession of his poor little wife. About ten o'clock, when the children had been asleep for hours, there came a knock at the door, and she hastened down to see if it concerned her husband.

Geraldine had already opened the door, and was answering some one as well as she could for coughing. When she had shut the door again Emily came forward. "I thought it might be about Albert," she said; "I feel as if something must have happened to him this time."

"So it is about Albert," replied Geraldine; "that man was asking for him, and he has been walking up and down and looking up at the windows for I don't know how long. He looks just like a thief or housebreaker, Emily," she added.

"Nonsense, Jerry," said her sister-in-law; "we're too poor for thieves to be looking after us. But what did he want with Albert?"

"I don't know," replied Geraldine; "he only asked if he was at home, and I told him no, but that we expected him every minute."

"Is he coming back then?" said Emily.

"I don't know. Let's see if he is there still," said Geraldine. "We are all in the kitchen to-night, and I went into the parlour in the dark, that was how I saw him."

They went into the room together, and stole to the window. "Yes, there he is," said Geraldine, in an eager whisper.

A man passed close to the window, and looked up at the house just as Geraldine had said. Emily leant against the shutter and trembled like an aspen.

In a very little time he passed again. Emily did not think he was a robber, but what did he want with Albert? A nameless horror crept over her, and she pressed her hand against her heart to keep it from beating so fast. Then her baby woke and cried, and she ran up-stairs, and Geraldine went and brought her father and mother to look out also. But they saw nothing particular in the fact of a man's asking for Albert, or walking up and down waiting for him. Jerry ought to have asked him in, they said. While they stood he did not return, and they concluded therefore that, as it was getting late, he had gone away. Beatrice had eaten her supper, and would not even stir to look out; but Emily, as soon as she had got her baby off to sleep again, went and stood in the dark at the front room window and watched—watched alone, in spite of her fears, for the rest of the family had gone to bed. How long she stood there she did not know; it must have been more than an hour before she heard Albert come in. She cried a little with relief from anxiety when she heard him, but dried her tears to meet him.

The kettle was singing on the hob, and she asked if he would take a cup of tea. He answered yes, and she set about making it, without noticing anything unusual in his appearance; indeed, he had been looking so haggard and wretched lately that there was nothing unusual to notice.

In her thankfulness for his return, and her anxiety to make him comfortable, she had not yet told him about the visitor, and she nearly let the teapot fall from her hands when that knock (quite a subdued knock, too, it was) sounded once more through the silent house.

"It's the man," she said, trembling.

"What man?" asked her husband, crossly, drawing off his boot.

"A man who has been here asking for you," she answered, not daring to say more.

He did not offer to go, as Emily would fain have desired, so she took the candle and went herself down-stairs to open the door.

The man (for it was he) desired civilly enough to see Mr. Albert Lovejoy.

"He has just come in," answered Emily.

The man actually walked into the passage and shut the door, saying, "I'll follow you, if you please."

She led the way up-stairs, and the stranger followed, passed, and entered before her. "You must come with me," he said, addressing Albert; "I've been waiting some time for you."

Ghastly with terror, Albert sat without uttering a word.

"What do you want him for?" asked Emily.

"He's wanted about a little matter of money that's missing," answered the man. "Don't take on so," he added, for Emily gave a scream as if some one had stabbed her. "He may be all right for anything I know, only I must do my dooty, and he must come alon' with me."

Still Albert answered nothing, but began with haste to pull on the boot he had taken off.

"Say it is n't true, Albert—O Albert! say it is not true. You never took any man's money. Say you never took it, and let him go away," pleaded Emily.

"His saying it aint true won't make any difference, he must prove it," said the man.

"You can prove it, Albert?" she implored. "You are not going away with him."

"Don't be a fool," he answered. "I must go, I suppose?" and he looked at the man.

"No mistake about it," said the functionary, in answer to the look.

"I am lucky!" ejaculated Albert. "Mind," he said, turning to the man, "this is all a mistake."

"It's all a mistake," repeated poor Emily. "I am sure you could be punished for taking up an innocent man."

"I'm only doin' my dooty," said the officer patiently, used to such ineffectual wrath.

"Emily, be quiet, I tell you!" shouted Albert; and looking in his face, white as the tablecloth, his wife read, with a sure instinct, not innocence, but guilt.

Her heart died within her; but her manner, after the manner of women driven by weakness to deceit, became lighter. "Will you take your tea, Albert?" she asked; and turning to the man, added, "will you take a cup of tea, sir?"

"I don't mind if I do," answered the man.

So they stood and drank each a cup of tea, the man pouring it into the saucer and drinking leisurely, eating a slice of bread-and-butter as well; Albert pouring it down his throat at the risk of a scalding, and biting the cup to steady it.

"Where are you going to take him?" asked Emily.

"To the lock up for to-night," answered the man, his mouth full of bread-and-butter.

"Good-bye," said Albert, without looking at Emily.

She went over to him and kissed him. He kissed her again mechanically.

"When will he come back?" asked Emily.

"It depends," said the man, swallowing a last mouthful.

Emily held the door open, and they went down-stairs. "Will you go in and tell them?" she cried, and Albert answered, "No," and was gone.

Then Emily sat down alone; but not to cry—no tears would come, only her poor little heart kept sinking, sinking, sinking, till she could bear it no longer, and she crept up-stairs to the room where Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy slept, and stole in beside them. In the dark, and kneeling on the floor beside their bed, she told what had happened—it eased her heart to tell it; and then she went away, and crept in beside her baby and cried herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. New Series. No. 6. Elisha.

Chapters to be read—2 Kings, ii., iv., vi., parts of.

INTRODUCTION.—Ask the children to name some of the prophets upon whose lives they have already had lessons, and to mention for what they were noted—Aaron, prophet and priest; Samuel, called while young; Jonah, the disobedient; and Elijah, the bold. Ask where Elisha is first heard of when Elijah was at Mount Horeb, showing how men are all known to God, and their fitness for any work, as was Nathanael to Christ (John i. 46).

I. Elisha's call. (Read 1 Kings xix. 16, 19—21.) Ask of whom Elijah was a type, and show how he resembled Christ in his choice of his disciples. (See Matt. iv. 18—22.) Elijah of course was well known, and this casting mantle on Elisha a well-understood symbol. Now ask what Elisha's conduct showed. (1) *Faith.* He believed in this call of Elijah as one from God, and therefore was willing to follow him. (2) *Obedience.* Many are called, but few chosen. Some say they will obey afterwards, like the son in the parable; others, like the apostles,

obey at once. (3) *Self-denial.* He must forsake all —father and mother, home, &c. Ask what Elisha asked to do. Whether he was allowed. Why not? Probably because the work pressed, Elijah was soon going to be taken away; besides, ready compliance would be a sign of earnestness. So he just made a farewell feast to the servants in the field, making a fire out of the plough-handles and cooking two oxen hastily, and went after Elijah without saying "good-bye" to his parents. Draw from the children the natural practical lesson, that we must give up at God's call all that might hinder us in serving Him; that though we are not often called to give up home and friends, still we are to give up anything which might interfere with our religion. Ask what God says in second commandment, and what Christ says about our love to God. Press home to the children the thought whether any sin, any bad companions any fondness for novels, &c., hinder spiritual life or usefulness. Must be given up, or cannot be Christ's disciples.

II. ELISHA'S WORK. (1) *Educational.* Ask the children how prophets had been appointed hitherto—by direct call of God. Refer to Eli, who was punished for not correcting his sons, and Samuel, whose sons "took bribes, and walked not in his ways." What would be the remedy when a parent is too busy or forgetful to bring up his sons aright? A further advantage of schools would be that others would be educated too. Now read 2 Kings ii. 5, 15; iv. 1, and it will be seen that the "sons of the prophets" lived in a community or college with their families, and in vi. 1 required a larger abode or college. Here they were trained for their work, and by degrees took a share in the prophet's work of anointing and proclaiming Divine messages: thus, Elisha sent one to anoint Jehu (2 Kings ix. 1, 6). This is the first intimation of schools. The advantages of such a body of well-taught men may be pointed out, especially at a time when the nation as a whole had turned from God. (2) *Domestic.* Picture Elisha living at the head of the college, instructing out of God's law, holding classes, &c., but also acting as a sort of judge or adviser. Read 2 Kings iv. 1—7, and show how God was with him, and blessed other people for his sake; then read 8—17, and picture his quiet life of study during vacations, or at other times. Show the children how this great man, who did so many miracles—far more than Elijah—was studious, prayerful, sympathetic in feeling for the Shunamite woman, in asking God to grant her a son, and subsequently raising that son to life. (See 2 Kings iv. 32—37.) The account of any of his numerous miracles may be read, and it may be seen generally how like his miracles were to those of Christ—viz., in providing food, helping those in distress, and (as above) in raising the dead. Ask with what feelings this great prophet should have been regarded, and read or tell the story of the children and bears (2 Kings ii. 23, 24). Ask the double sin of which the children were guilty, in mocking at bodily infirmities and want of respect to a venerable prophet. From the fifth commandment, and Prov. v. 20, &c., draw the duty of children to those above them—viz., love, honour, and respect; while from the punishment draw the lesson of the sorer punishment which awaits those who despise God (Heb. x. 29).

III. ELISHA'S PROTECTION. (Read 2 Kings vi. 13—23.) Question the children on this beautiful story. Describe Elisha's life sought by the King of Syria; his peaceful life at Dothan; the city surrounded in the night by an army; the fear of the villagers; the alarm of Elisha's servant; his running to tell his master; Elisha's prayer; the sight of the angels around Elisha; the enemy struck with blindness; led to Samaria; their lives spared by Elisha. Draw out two special lessons. (1) *God's protection of His people by means of angels.* See Ps. xxxiv. 7—this shows how it is fulfilled. So angel closed mouths of lions for Daniel, delivered Lot from Sodom, Peter from prison, Paul from danger (Acts xxvii. 23), and though invisible are always near us. (2) *The blessing of generous conduct.* Elisha was hated by the Syrians, and his life sought; he spared his enemies when in his power, gave them food, &c., and the effect was that they came no more (ver. 23). From Matt. v. 44 and Rom. xii. 20 show the way to treat enemies, and the effect—that they will be won over to be friends. Press this upon the children with examples, such as Joseph, Stephen, and Christ, of forgiving injuries, and remind that unless this is done we shall not be forgiven.

Questions to be answered.

1. By whom and when was Elisha called to be a prophet?
2. What three things did his conduct show in obeying the call?
3. How was much of his future life spent, and what benefit was it to the nation?
4. Name any incidents in his life connected with children.
5. What lessons may children learn for themselves?
6. What lessons may be learned from his deliverance at Dothan?

LOTTIE.

A TALE FOR THE QUARRELSOME. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"LOTTIE! Lottie! wherever are you, Lottie?"

No answer.

"I say, Lottie, I've such splendid news!"

At this announcement a head and shoulders appeared from behind a barricade of chairs with a green tablecloth thrown over them, and gradually a vista of white pinafore became visible, an arm, a hand, and a book. A mouth yawned, two arms stretched themselves to their utmost limits, and a voice said lazily, "Well, Bertie, what's the matter now? what a bother you are!"

"Hulloa, Lottie!" exclaimed Bertie, "I'd no idea you were tucked down in that corner. I thought that tablecloth was just thrown down there. I've been hunting everywhere for you, and I've looked in this room three times."

"What's up?" inquired Lottie, laconically.

"Just this: we're to start to-morrow morning. Jane and Anne are as busy packing as ever they can be."

"Start to-morrow!" exclaimed Lottie, somewhat roused. "How do you know? I don't believe it."

"You needn't then, but it's true. I heard papa tell mamma that he found he could go as well this Wednesday as next, if she could get everything ready, and mamma said she could easily manage that; so it's settled, and if you don't believe me you can go and ask Jane."

Lottie's doubts were speedily removed, for her mamma coming into the nursery at this moment, the news was officially confirmed, and the two children being so delighted that they did not know what to do with themselves, they flew off to Lottie's bedroom to worry the busy servants out of their lives.

They were to start very early the next morning, and long before their parents were awake Lottie and Bertie were up and dressed. They were to breakfast with their parents this morning, and although the meal was fixed for seven o'clock, it seemed as if it were never coming. At length, however, they were seated before a delicious repast of fried ham and eggs, coffee out of cups—delicious breakfast-cakes and fresh butter. When breakfast was over there was a great cutting of sandwiches, afterwards packed into a leather bag with biscuits, wine-and-water, and a charmingly small green glass. What would a holiday be without these delightful preliminaries?

Presently the children were whisked off to don their travelling attire. This was speedily accomplished, and when completed made them look so seaside that you almost imagined you heard the plash of the waves as they curled over and burst in foam upon the beach, or smelt the briny odour of the sea-weed.

Lottie wore a pretty little light print dress, nearly white, made in such a fashion as to dispense with the additional heat and burden of tippet or cloak, devoid, moreover, of the fashionable varieties of polonaise or pannier, Lottie's mamma being of opinion that the more neatly and simply her children were dressed, the more comfortable they were, and the better they looked. Her large straw hat was covered with white muslin, in the pretty and appropriate style now in vogue. Bertie wore a sailor suit of brown holland, and announced to the world by the printed ribbon on his hat that he was a member of the crew of the *Galatea*.

Off at last in a cab, covered outside with boxes and packages, the first stage of the journey quickly comes to an end. They are at the station. Papa pushes his way through a crowd to get the tickets. Engines are screeching, people running hither and thither as fast as they can go, talking, shouting, screaming, half distracted apparently. In the midst of this hubbub, Bertie beholds with dismay a man run up to their luggage, haul it swiftly on to something like a barrow, and wheel it rapidly away. He is just about to tell mamma when papa comes towards them, catches hold of his hand and hurries him along. In another minute they are in the train, and soon the platform with its throngs of people begins to move slowly away. It is gone, houses follow, then trees, telegraph-wires, more houses rushing by, ever quicker and quicker, till at length they fly by in a mad scamper, chasing each other at a frantic speed. This bewildering pursuit goes on for about an hour, and then gradually ceases. The long train is emptied on to the platform; there is a general move onwards; Lottie and Bertie are hemmed in on every side by an eager throng; down an endless flight of stairs on to a wooden pier, with a glimpse of water running underneath, across a movable bridge, and at last safely on board.

The little party stand watching the luggage being shot down into the boat. Presently there comes a box that Bertie would think must be theirs, only that man had run away with it, and how could it be here? Ah! but there is a carpet bag he knows; a leather hat-box; a bath. It is very perplexing. "Is that our luggage?" he asks his mamma. She answers, "Yes," and he heaves a sigh of relief. "We shall have some clean things to put on then," he thinks; and leaves the mystery to solve itself.

When will the delights of this day end? for it is delightful to be tearing through the water and leaving a white track behind; it is delightful to be munching biscuits all over the boat; it is delightful to be having

dinner in that pretty gilded cabin; and it is delightful too, when, hours later on, a rumour goes round that land is visible. Every one crowds to the end of the boat, and telescopes are to be seen in abundance. "Can you see it, papa?" asks Bertie, excitedly. Papa answers, "Yes," and Bertie begs to be allowed a look. Papa arranges the glass for him, and after many vain attempts, Bertie at length catches a glimpse of something very indistinct; but papa is tired of waiting for him, and tells him that he may have the glass a few minutes longer, but to be very careful not to drop it overboard.

"Stay, though," his papa added the next moment; "the glass is too valuable to leave in such hands; give it me, Bertie."

"Oh, papa!" Bertie replied wistfully, "I will be very careful of it, and I have only just begun to hold it right."

"Well, you may have it for a minute or two;" and Bertie is left in possession of his treasure.

"Let me have a peep, Bertie," said Lottie, as soon as her papa was gone.

"In a moment, Lottie." But Lottie was impatient, and snatched at the telescope.

"Do be quiet, Lottie, how can I see if you wobble the glass about like that?" Bertie said, a little quickly.

At this moment Bertie fancied he could discern houses and trees, and in the excitement of the discovery he leaned over the edge of the boat. Lottie, always impatient, determined not to wait any longer, and made another grab at the glass. A little scuffle ensued, and the next moment the telescope had gone into the water. "Oh, Lottie!" he exclaimed, "whatever shall I do?"

"Won't papa be cross!" was Lottie's consolatory remark.

"It was your fault, Lottie—you know it was; do tell me what I'm to do—papa will be so dreadfully cross."

Lottie ought to have said, "Go and tell papa at once," for she knew their papa was much more angry if they hid anything from him, than if they told him of their own free will; but she was apt to be "nasty," as Bertie termed it, and in this case she certainly behaved unkindly. "Don't say anything about it unless papa asks you," she said; "perhaps he'll forget it till after we've landed, and then you can say you don't know where it is, but that you had it in your hand a little while ago, and he'll think that some one has taken it away from you in the crowd."

"Ah! but I do know where it is," replied Bertie.

"Do you? I don't then," said Lottie; "we've got ever so far past it now, and it may be down at the bottom of the sea, perhaps."

"So it may," replied Bertie; but he was very disconsolate, nevertheless, and sat quietly down on a coil of rope at the end of the vessel. Lottie scampered away, full of her important secret.

It soon cropped out. She had not meant to tell her papa when she advised Bertie what to do, but she could not keep it in, and as she quite ignored her own part of the accident, she had contrived altogether to put Bertie in as bad a light as possible.

Bertie's father was very angry indeed—angry at the loss of the telescope, but more angry that he had not been told, and his forgiveness asked.

Bertie never guessed at Lottie's treachery, for she told her tale so hesitatingly that her papa thought she was sorry to have to tell him, but that Bertie had refused to do so himself, and on this account, wishing to spare her any reproaches from her brother, he appeared to find out the accident himself. "I am sorry to be obliged to punish you this holiday-time," he said to Bertie, after he had talked to him, "but you have very much vexed me. You will forfeit your pocket-money for the next three weeks."

"Was that all?" Bertie thought, with a feeling of relief, he had expected something much worse than this; but his father knew that it would be a punishment to him to see windows full of cakes or toys, and be unable to purchase one.

Much as they had enjoyed their trip, none of the little party were sorry when landing-time came, nor when they found themselves comfortably settled in a pretty white house facing the sea.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

41. Give the only instance of a prophet being slain with the sword in Judah.

42. In St. Luke's account of the transfiguration he records one circumstance not mentioned by the other Evangelists.

43. "Thou wilt not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." This passage is quoted by two of the apostles. Name them, and give the passages.

44. Quote verbatim the passage in Jeremiah referring to the covenant between God and His people.

45. A passage in Ps. ii. referring to the Messiah is quoted on two occasions in the New Testament. Give the passages.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 96.

27. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord" (Gen. iv. 26).

28. 2 Cor. xi. 3.

29. Twice (Isa. xii. 2; xxvi. 4).

30. Ezekiel. In the lamentation for Tyrus (Ezek. xxvii. 10).

31. "With men of other tongues and other lips will I speak unto this people" (1 Cor. xiv. 21).

32. Jer. xvii. 8.

33. The signs given by Christ were prophesied of Him. (See Isa. xxxv. 5, 6.)

34. At the healing of the centurion's servant (Matt. viii. 12).

35. Rom. xvi. 20.



SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

LYDIA.

"Whose heart the Lord opened."—Acts xvi. 14.

GOD oped the heart: and straight she oped the door
To those who came so strangely on the scene,
Apostles of the martyred Nazarene,
Who to her home the Gospel-message bore.
And "she attended." O all gifts before
God's own grace-given gift, the attentive mind,
Forgetting all the by-past things behind,

And pressing on to the eternal shore.
Not only on that ancient battle-field
World-famed Philippi, soars the shameful cross,
Triumphant over worldly gain and loss.
Not only there do saints their choicest yield,
E'en hearts once "unanointed, unancaled,"
Up to the Saviour, but where two or three
Lift in the "place of prayer" their hearts to Thee,
There, blessed Jesus, are Thy saints yet sealed,
There thoughts of hearts long veiled by Thee are still revealed.

MAURICE DAVIES.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

"RUTH, Ruth! when will you learn to pay attention, Ruth?" said Miss Windham, knocking on her desk with a ruler. "I have spoken I don't know how many times."

Ruth turned her head from the window where she had been looking out, but did not answer, except by applying herself to a French exercise with despairing diligence.

"It is nearly twelve, and you mustn't leave the school-room till that is completed," continued Miss Windham. "It is really terrible, your carelessness and inattention."

A busy hum of voices filled the room, and Ruth was far behind all the other girls in her lessons. The clock struck twelve, and immediately there was a rush from the room, which was left empty, except for Miss Windham, Ruth, and two or three of the elder girls.

"Please, Miss Windham, will you let Ruth off to-day? She has got a headache, and I don't think she meant to be careless."

"I don't suspect Ruth of intended carelessness, Mary—indeed, I should be very sorry to think any of my pupils tried to do badly; but why did you not tell me," said Miss Windham, turning to Ruth, "that you were not well? Is it because you think I don't regard your health and comfort?"

"I thought you would suppose I was making excuses, and I hate that," answered the child, raising her eyes.

"Mary dear, take your sister out with you, I don't think she looks very well. I wish you could persuade her not to regard a school-mistress as a persecutor, and as always ready to construe every word into something wrong."

Mary held out her hand to Ruth, and they walked into the play-ground, where Mary was immediately joined by two more girls.

"Oh! Mary," exclaimed one of them, "Dr. Rae is coming to see Miss Windham, and Ada is to have the bliss of seeing him; while I suppose the utmost I can hope for is a glimpse of his dear back, or the top of his honoured hat."

"What a ridiculous girl you are, Letty!" said Ada, laughing. "If I could give you my cough I should be most happy, I am sure."

"Ah! I am so painfully healthy—that's the difficulty; I don't suppose I shall ever need a doctor."

"It is very wrong to wish to be ill," said Mary, "even for such a pleasure as seeing Dr. Rae."

"Everybody can't be expected to be as good as you," rejoined Letty, good humouredly.

At that moment the sound of wheels was heard, and a great commotion prevailed in the play-ground as the carriage stopped before Miss Windham's house. The garden gate opened, and Dr. Rae entered. His appearance formed a sufficient excuse for Letty's adoration. He was a tall man, and well made, with a handsome face, where lay the greatest beauty of his person. A broad, white forehead and dark eyebrows, with deep-set grey eyes, and a mouth that told (if you read it) of a life full of noble determination and purpose, might have charmed wiser heads than any among his admirers in the school. It was one of his first visits to the school; his father having attended there until his death, when the present Dr. Rae succeeded to his practice, and appeared likely to become very popular with all his patients.

Ruth betook herself to a sequestered nook and soon became absorbed in reading, freed from the restraint she so often suffered after school-time was over. She was not to remain in peace, however, for Ada came to her, and said, "Run in, Ruth, you are to see the doctor."

"Oh! how dreadful!" exclaimed Ruth. "I can't bear strangers; what shall I do?"

"There is nothing to do but to go, dear, so I advise you to make haste."

Ruth shyly entered the room where the doctor was, with Miss Windham, and looked up at him from beneath her shaggy hair with a scrutinising and rather a wistful look.

"Good morning, missy," said the doctor kindly, as he shook hands. "Come, tell me what is the matter with you."

"I have only got a headache," answered Ruth, "but I often have that, and I am quite well."

"So you think you have no need of me," said Dr. Rae, smiling. "However, you must allow me to differ from you." He then turned to Miss Windham

to make some inquiries about the arrangements of the school, and noticed Ruth's shy manner change to a look of dreamy unconsciousness, as her eyes sought the waving tree-tops and pillowy clouds. It was a look with which a bird, that longed to soar in the clear warm air, might gaze at the sky, but without a hope of flying from its cage.

"I think, Miss Windham, we will forego the afternoon school, for I do not wish Miss Ruth to be overfatigued. What do you think of that?" asked Dr. Rae, as he took Ruth's hand.

"I don't know; but, Dr. Rae, there are only four days in the week when we have afternoon school, so perhaps it would not matter——"

"Why, Ruth, I don't think I ever heard you express a wish to study before," said Miss Windham.

Ruth flushed angrily, and suddenly burst out with, "I don't like school, but I don't see that that is any reason why I should do less than the other girls, on false pretences."

"What false pretences?" asked Dr. Rae.

"I don't think it fatigues me more than the others, so I don't want to be let off for that."

"Don't worry yourself about the reasons of your release; all you have to do is to obey me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Ruth, hanging her head, and feeling sorry she had said what she knew must have hurt Miss Windham's feelings.

"One thing I must debar you from, and that is reading," continued Dr. Rae.

"Mayn't I read at all?" asked Ruth, in dismay.

"Not at present. I know it is hard to give up a pleasure; but if you do exactly what I tell you, I hope the sacrifice will not be for long."

"I will see that your orders are attended to," said Miss Windham.

"Thank you; I believe I can trust my little patient," answered Dr. Rae.

Ruth raised her eyes to his face with such a look of gratitude and truth as to make the doctor feel that he was not mistaken; and he took his leave, speculating on the vicissitudes of school life.

CHAPTER II.

In a few days Dr. Rae came again, and Ruth made no objection to seeing him this time. He received her very kindly, but did not seem satisfied with the state of her health.

"Ruth gets tired very quickly when we are out for a walk, and yesterday I had to send her home long before the others," said Miss Windham.

"The air is good for her; but, as she cannot walk, she had better ride. If you will allow me I will take her with me now."

"Thank you, Dr. Rae. Run and put on your things, dear, and be quick."

Ruth obeyed with alacrity, and soon appeared ready equipped for the drive. Dr. Rae took her by the hand and walked briskly down the garden. Ruth was perfectly aware that a group of her school-fellows were standing at the school-room window, and she was glad when they arrived outside the garden gate. The doctor lifted her into his trap and drove off.

"I did not ask you whether you wished to come, because I think it will do you good whether you like it or not," said Dr. Rae.

Ruth looked up and smiled very brightly with the colour mounting to her cheeks. "I like to come very much, I didn't feel as if I had been forced into it."

"Should you have objected to come if you had regarded it as a duty?"

"Oh, no! because a duty may be a pleasure too, but still——"

"What? you need not be afraid of me."

"I don't like people to think I ought to obey blindly, and for the sake of obedience," answered Ruth; "because I think it a very poor authority that is obeyed without a sense of its justice."

"I quite agree with you, but you will find a great deal of that kind of authority which can only flourish with ignorance. The other day I went to a patient of mine, a little boy, and I found him in a state of anguish about taking his medicine, and his mother very vexed with his naughtiness. She had not attempted to explain that it was for his good." Ruth's eyes were fixed on the doctor's face while he was speaking, and when he ceased she still looked at him with a puzzled expression. "I can't answer a question with my eyes as well as you can ask one, Ruth," said the doctor.

"I think you can answer very well," replied Ruth, blushing, as her eyes fell beneath Dr. Rae's steadfast look. "I was wondering why I seem to know you so well," she added, reluctantly, after a pause, as Dr. Rae seemed to expect an explanation. Ruth felt that the doctor knew how it was, but had only half solved the problem herself, and that half was the easy one—namely, that she liked him; "but still," she thought, "I don't feel to know everybody I like so well in a short time."

"How old are you, little one?"

"Twelve and a half," and Ruth looked up anxiously to meet a very amused smile.

"I began to feel doubts of your being only ten when you talked to me."

"Oh, Dr. Rae! do you think I look so young as that?"

"There is no harm in it," said the doctor, looking as if it pleased him. "Why do you object?"

"Because the girls tease me about being so little," answered Ruth. "I wish they would not when they see how I hate it. Don't you think it is unkind and silly too?"

"I should have thought that, if you were conscious of its silliness, you would scorn to mind it. The Easter holidays will give you time to grow a little,

and when you all come back to school you will have become quite a fine woman."

Ruth silently looked out over the country for a few minutes, and then she said, "I don't like the holidays, because we stay at school, Mary and I."

"How is that?"

"Papa is in India." There was a great deal conveyed in those four words, and when he looked down at the little figure beside him with her black dress, Dr. Rae felt very keen pity for her loneliness.

"But Miss Windham is kind to you, is she not?"

"Yes. I like her very much after school-time, but I am always getting angry about things—little things—I suppose because I have got such a bad temper. Perhaps I ought not to feel discontented; but, Dr. Rae, I can't help it," said Ruth, tearfully. "Do you think it very wrong to feel so when all the other girls are so happy?"

"No, dear, I do not. It is not a thing to be expected that a life which is suited to one would be good for another."

"Oh! I always felt wrong in wishing for anything else. I don't know what it is I want, but I always feel to long for something."

"I dare say when you are stronger you will have less of those feelings. They are hard to bear, but be a brave little woman and fight against them. Look at all this beautiful scenery, and the clouds, and feel how pure the air is. Can you believe in anything but good in such beauty?"

Ruth looked up with a bright, hopeful face. She did not, perhaps, think all of the thought which Dr. Rae expressed; but she felt strongly enough for it to develop to a perfect thought by-and-by.

Dr. Rae stopped before a house and left Ruth for a short time. After seeing some patients in that neighbourhood, some distance from the village, he turned towards home.

"How about the reading, Ruth?"

"I have not opened a book after school-time."

"There's a dear child. Why, I do believe I shan't have any trouble with you in spite of your dislike to control," said Dr. Rae, laughing. "Are you fond of reading?"

"Yes, very. Miss Windham is often displeased with me for reading when she thinks I should be doing something else; but I hate needlework, and every Tuesday we have a Dorcas meeting to work for the poor. Then Miss Windham is always pleased if we make any little thing at odd times; and I do believe I am the only girl who has shirked doing that, because, you see, I want to read."

"So Tuesday is not your favourite day in the week?"

"No; I am always glad when the afternoon is over."

They now arrived at the school, and Dr. Rae got out, then taking Ruth by both hands, he jumped her to the ground. He held her so for a minute or two, looking at her, and said, "I think you do me justice now, you have quite a colour in your cheeks."

"Thank you so much for taking me. I have enjoyed it tremendously."

"Will you come to-morrow afternoon?"

"That is Tuesday. No, I can't," answered Ruth, shaking her head; then seeing that the doctor was going to press her, she said, "Please don't ask me to come, it will tempt me too much."

"Very well; then I will fetch you in the morning to fortify you for your afternoon imprisonment. Good-bye, little woman," said Dr. Rae, as he got into his carriage and raised his hat, leaving Ruth at the garden gate, looking happier than she had done for many a long day.

Dinner had just begun when Ruth appeared at the table. All the girls looked up as she entered the room. Letty was making as many signs expressive of envy and ecstasy as the restraint of a school dinner would allow. Ruth slipped into her place, and wished most heartily that they would all leave off looking at her.

"Well, dear, how have you enjoyed your drive?" asked Miss Windham.

"Very much, thank you, Miss Windham."

"Did Dr. Rae say he should take you again?"

"Yes, to-morrow, Miss Windham, if I may go."

Ruth saw Letty nudge another girl as she made this announcement, and got very red in consequence.

"Well, Mary, Ruth looks all the better. I am sure it is very kind of Dr. Rae, and I hope you thanked him."

"Of course I did," said Ruth, in rather a low voice.

"That is not a very lady-like answer. I don't like to hear you speak crossly without any possible reason, Ruth."

Ruth was especially disgusted at this rebuke, as she felt that she ought to be in Miss Windham's good graces, when she had not yielded to the temptation of evading the Dorcas meeting. This, however, was unreasonable, as of course Miss Windham knew nothing of Ruth's self-denial.

When the girls were left to themselves after school, Ruth was immediately surrounded by a number of them, all plying her with questions about her drive.

"Now, little savage, tell us from beginning to end all about it. You mustn't be selfish, and keep all his sayings to yourself," said Bella Carden, seating herself by Ruth, and bobbing her face in front of hers to enforce an answer.

"Don't!" said Ruth, pushing her face away; "I don't care to talk."

"Ah, she won't tell because he paid her too many compliments!" cried Bella; "she will become too proud to speak to us at all soon."

"I would not ask her any more if I were you, Bella, or she will think too much of his admiration. Perhaps he doesn't know what a temper she has," put in Lydia.

"How dare you say that?" exclaimed Ruth; "you are not worthy to live in the same world with Dr. Rae."

A roar of laughter succeeded this speech, and Ruth immediately felt that she had given her tormentors scope for far more teasing than she had suffered yet. With difficulty she kept from crying.

"Lydia, you ought not to tease her so," said Letty, suddenly.

"Miss Letitia Heath, I believe I have had the honour of hearing some words pass those lips which might be called teasing, before now," retorted Lydia, curtseying.

"Never mind, I am sorry now," answered Letty, with a glance at Ruth, who was dismally looking out of window. "How can the poor little thing enjoy her drives if she knows she must be teased after them?"

"Well, if the little savage appreciated her position, she could not help talking about it, that's a fact," said Bella. "As for Miss Letty, she's a hypocrite—eh, Lydia?" and the two girls giggled a little together, and then Bella went to practise on the piano, playing light drawing-room pieces with a great many flourishes and some disregard to harmony, as her hands scrambled over the keys.

"Ruthie dear, do you hate me?" asked Letty, quietly.

"No," and Ruth held up her face and kissed Letty in a very friendly way; "you don't tease me unkindly."

The next morning Ruth had her drive, and several others after it, all of which she enjoyed thoroughly, and they did her a great deal of good. Mary was very pleased to see how Ruth's manner changed from one of listlessness to brightness, though she still frequently got into hot water with Miss Windham, and seemed no more likely to enjoy her school life. Mary did not quite understand Ruth's behaviour, and never encouraged her to open her heart about her troubles, as she entirely disapproved of Ruth's rebelliousness. Mary was very kind in screening Ruth, when she could, from the consequences of her faults, though Ruth felt that Mary all the time was as distant from excusing any misconduct as Miss Windham herself.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH AND HUMAN SOCIETY.

II.—THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

BY THE REV. ALFRED BARRY, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, AND CANON OF WORCESTER.

"I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—Eph. iii. 14, 15.

WE have already considered the lower aspect of the teaching of the Gospel, and the lower element in the constitution of the Church of Christ. We have dwelt, first, on the reality of a natural brotherhood, binding all men together; next, on the terrible divisions and hostilities of our actual society, so breaking the bonds of that brotherhood, that it seemed almost a dream; then, on the vain attempts to heal these divisions by the stern remedies of law, or even by a merely national sense of public spirit and duty; lastly, on the true and only remedy—to be found in the religious sense of brotherhood, which is the lower part of the mission of the Church, and which the Church must bring home more powerfully and more fervently, if she is to do her high duty to society—nay, if that society itself is to endure.

It is a great and intricate problem. If you take the celebrated triple formula of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," the proclamation of which once shook Europe to its very base, you will see that no one of its terms exists simply and without balance. If there is sacred liberty, there is also a sacred authority; if there is equality of rights, there is also universal inequality of gifts and of merits; if there is fraternity, yet that fraternity must allow for a perfect freedom and individuality, which is to be harmonised with it and not drowned in a bare startling unison. How shall we find the true key to these apparently conflicting requirements, and so untie the knot, which to cut were ruin and disaster?

The truth is that, if we try to set up this brotherhood of men alone and in itself, it will never be thoroughly realised; partly because it has no sufficient vitality within to throw off the poison of moral evil and human folly; partly because it does not satisfy the whole of man's needs, or go down to the very depths of his nature. There must (to use the old, well-worn metaphor) be a fulcrum outside the world, if this world is to be moved.

But the Church never does regard this human brotherhood alone and in itself. There is a far higher truth on which it depends. In the last discourse of our Lord to His disciples, on the eve of the Passion, we read His command to the Church, couched in this simple language—"Be ye witnesses of me," by the power of the Holy Spirit, who shall Himself "bear witness," first to you, and then, through your life and lips, to others. To be "witnesses of Christ"—what is that but to say, "Our Father," to tell of a real

Fatherhood of God, revealed and manifested in Christ to every child of man? Why did He come down from heaven to take our flesh upon Him, if not to show us that man, weak and sinful as he is, was yet made in the image of God, and born to the Sonship of God; and that this birthright, forfeited by sin, His mercy was to restore in Christ? Why did He suffer on the cross, after His earthly life of trial and witness was over, except to complete the work of the Incarnation, by this second act of the "great humility"—to take away the sin, which destroys all sonship, and makes us flee from the face of the Father? Why did He rise from the grave and ascend to the glory of the unknown region which we call "heaven," but to show that this work of the Incarnation and the Atonement had been accomplished, and that men were made once more the children of God? "I ascend," He said, "to my Father, who is your Father; to my God, who is your God." Through all His teaching we observe, indeed, how boldly He preaches Himself, as no human teacher could bear or dare to do, but it is always as the Mediator to bring men to God, to restore the prodigal and wandering children to the home of their still loving Father. As if with a prophetic and loving jealousy, He disclaims all worship and faith that would rest on Himself only, and not pass onward to ultimate repose on the Fatherhood of God. If, as in our "comfortable words," an apostle —a St. Paul, or a St. John—is telling of the hope of salvation, he is content to dwell on the atonement and intercession of Christ, but Christ Himself speaks not so. He calls, indeed, "Come unto me, all ye who travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" but He adds, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son;" or, as He elsewhere says, "I say not, that I will pray the Father for you: for the Father loveth you Himself." Accordingly, St. Paul in the text does but take up the line of witness of his Master. The whole Ephesian Epistle deals with the unity of all men in Christ, the doctrine of the Church of Christ; but in Eph. iii. 14, 15, after the apostle had sought to teach this truth, he feels that all is but half done, and he takes refuge in prayer for fuller teaching to the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, as to Him of "whom every family" (or, possibly, "all fatherhood") "in heaven and earth is named," in whom alone (that is) mankind really is one family, and understands accordingly what true brotherhood means. It is curious that Comte, the preacher of the worship of humanity, delighted in the old "Imitatio Christi" as a text-book. He was right; for it will be long before any modern philosophy of religion can produce anything like the spirit of self-sacrifice, which comes, in Christians as in Christ, from the living personal sense of a Father in heaven and earth.

It is hardly necessary to say that it is this preaching of God, as the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore of all men in Him, which is the one supreme doctrine for the Church of Christ to proclaim everywhere. It is necessary to keep it in undisturbed supremacy; it were almost better to forget all others, than to allow them for a moment to obscure it or to rival it. The Church of Christ is a great organisation for the individual education and culture of the soul; it is her office to give all the gifts which secure and promote that culture, and to take away the suffering and the other external hindrances which impede it. She is, by the confession of all, the greatest organisation which the world has yet seen for the civilisation of men; that is, for making all men realise, feel, act upon, their brotherhood to each other. But neither of these is her true mission; and from the attempt to make them so, many a failure, many an error, many a fraud mis-called "pious," many a corruption deadly to Christianity, have sprung. The work of the Church is to bear witness of God. The "Word of God" and "the Spirit of God" are the two portions of her message. So, indeed, it was with every prophet of old; but she can preach these in Christ. The "Word of God" with her is Christ Himself—the Revealer and Manifester of the Godhead with us. The "Spirit of God" is the Divine Personal Comforter, of whom only the Gospel can tell us plainly, whose manifold gifts are the spiritual life of the Church. If the truth of God be preached and believed, then under it all other good things will grow, both for the individual and for the race; but God forbid that by the Church as a whole, or by any of those who now or hereafter shall speak in her name, anything else should be put on the supreme throne of this truth of God! Even for the sake of man—of the human soul and of human society—it were fatal. It is no professed minister of the Church, but a great writer, perhaps hardly claiming the name of Christian, who has declared: "After all, the true evil of our society is that we have too much forgotten God."

It is here that at last we touch ground to which the teaching of mere brotherhood can never reach. That lower Gospel, glorious as it is, cannot grapple triumphantly with the evils under which men groan, for those two reasons at which I have glanced above, and which I now would ask you briefly but thoughtfully to ponder.

No mere philanthropy and fraternity can in any perfect sense struggle against the individual folly and personal sin, which destroy the unity and break up the brotherhood of men. It is in this that we see the weakness of what is called "sentimental" teaching, appealing simply to the affections, which draw men to each other. The real teaching must go deeper—into the lonely and in-

alienable responsibility of each soul. Look out on the misery of the world, as we see it now under the highest cultivation, and more especially on those terrible extremes of culture and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of wealth and poverty, which so grieve and horrify us at this moment. Where is the source of nine-tenths of this at least? There can be no question that we must answer, "In the sin, which no human system of law, and no power of merely human duty and love, can root out." There is no question at this moment, that—whatever is due to the selfishness of society, at the exaggerated fear of curtailing a misused and death-bringing freedom—the true fountain of all the bitterest of those bitter waters is in the sin of those who suffer under them. Think what society would be—even with all the burden of sickness and bodily pain and death—even with all the divisions and mutual ignorance which inequality of natural character must bring with it—if only the sins of drunkenness, impurity, and falsehood, or if only the minor faults of thoughtlessness, self-indulgence, childishness, could be rooted out. It is not too much to say that it would be changed into a peacefulness, a progress, a happiness, which would seem like a foretaste of heaven. And it is only too certain that while these remain, all human efforts to raise men up, by the action of duty or charity to them, will not only fail, but will often, instead of doing good, do positive harm. "The things which should have been for their wealth will be to them an occasion of falling." No deep enduring good can be done, unless we can bring some power to bear upon this central evil, can bid men arise and shake off the spell of its attraction, and break the chains of its deadly power.

Now it is exactly this which the word and grace of the Gospel can do. I do not know that its revelation is needed either to show men the existence of evil, or to tell them that it does yield here, and that it will yield hereafter, the bitter fruits of misery. Observation tells of the one, conscience of the other. How any man who uses his eyes and his brains can doubt these truths, I cannot even guess. But while Christianity undoubtedly sets its seal on this terrible roll of Nature's witness, there are two things which we want it to do, and which it does. It tells us that evil is "sin." It is not only "vice," as against a man's own nature and happiness; it is not only "crime," as against his fellow-men, as individuals or in society, but it is "sin."—that is, it is resistance to a real will and law of God, a rebellion by men's own free will against Him who gave it. When we know this, then, and perhaps then only, we feel at once the horror of sin, and the hope that it will be conquered, as being against the Almighty will. But Christianity leaves us not to speculation and hope; it goes on to declare that God has not left men in hopelessness to present sin and future destruction. It strikes in with a clear sound, as of an angel's voice, through the conflicts of human consciousness and what men call "natural religion." It speaks of God as really our Father, because the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. It tells us that through His atonement the guilt of sin is taken away, and "there is no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus." It tells us that in His present grace there is power to conquer sin in ourselves, and that no one of us, if he will but "walk in the Spirit," need "fulfil the lusts of the flesh."

And as yet we know nothing but this truth, which can at once stir us and encourage us to the struggle against evil. True, it seems strange to us that the struggle should still go on, and that the spiritual power of Christianity should still be so weak. But it is strange to us only because we have forgotten the warnings of Christ Himself. He told us that it would be so; He bade us not faint when His words came to pass. We feel the sadness of their fulfilment; He sighed and wept over it Himself: but we can leave all in His hand. We know that the power of the Gospel in its word and grace is real. We have seen hundreds and thousands of souls rise by it out of sin and go to the Father, because Christ leads them by the hand, and they know the Father's love in Him. Knowing it to be real, we can look onward in trust to the future, and believe that the chains of bondage will one day be entirely broken, and all rise to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If we would strive against the evils of our time, save men from themselves, and save society from confusion and ruin, we must not preach a new Gospel, but the old one which we had from the beginning. When we feel its infinite preciousness, we can well understand how St. Paul declared that if "even an angel from heaven preached another, he should be accursed." It is our fault, if the old Gospel of Christ be so overlaid and corrupted, that its life-giving power is choked. We have but to take away all hindrances, and go back to the fountain-head in Him, and we shall find the truth of St. John's declaration—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God," and that we are sons of God in Him?

And this leads us on to the second reason why no other than this preaching of the Fatherhood of God can overcome evil and save humanity. It is this, that all lower teaching fails to answer all the aspirations and needs of the soul. It seems to be a law of our being that no man can ever fill any sphere properly, unless he knows how to go beyond it. No man, for example, can teach all he knows; he must have some untouched reservoir of know-

ledge beyond his teaching, if that teaching is to be masterly and simple. No man can do perfectly the work of his handicraft or trade or profession, if he lives entirely in its groove, and knows nothing of wider culture and deeper humanity beyond it. And so it seems that no man can live up to his full humanity in this world, and his relations to his fellow-men, if he never goes beyond these. There is much, we know, in the secrets of our own soul which these earthly things do not satisfy, for which no work in this world gives full scope, and with which no human companionship or tie has anything to do. Man may deny himself for the sake of others, in the sense of sacrificing himself; but he cannot deny himself in the sense of ignoring himself for them; for there is a region, and that the most wonderful region of his consciousness, in which he is alone. And this loneliness of soul is most especially felt by the choicest spirits of mankind, those in whom humanity is most perfect, and who feel most deeply and intensely the reality of the bonds which bind all men together. They need a higher truth than the brotherhood of men to satisfy the wants of their inmost consciousness.

Nor is this all. It is a matter of historical fact that man can never be contented with the brief present; he must ask—he will ask—the great question, of what shall be his future? It is vain to meet this question with the promise that his being is to be absorbed into a Straussian *universum*, or that he shall live in the collective life of humanity: for man is conscious of a self, an individual self, which is sacred and indestructible; and even with but little light, in spite of all the powers of darkness, he will believe in some immortality, for which it was made. If we are to make men true men, it is certain that we must enter into the shrine of this inner consciousness; we must speak to this sense of a living above and beyond this world.

Need any one go about to prove that these two conceptions are precisely the features of a Christian faith in God? If we are really His children—that is, if we have His image in us, and if we have His constant communion with us—evidently in this we learn the sacredness of every individual soul, and we find that on which it can rest now, on which it can depend for the hereafter. It is by no accident that the belief in our own spiritual and immortal nature has always varied directly as the knowledge of God. It was the want of that knowledge which made the noblest Greek speculations on immortality so vague and shadowy; it was its presence which gave such solidity of conviction to the less keen-sighted and subtle mind of the Jew. "Sons of God," "heirs of heaven," are terms which always go together. "God is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living," is the ultimate truth, on which our Lord Himself bases our hope of immortality.

But is it too much to say that in Christ alone this knowledge becomes clear and steadfast? If we are "taught by Christ," and believe Him, when He speaks of the heavenly things which He alone knows—if we "learn Christ," seeing who and what He is, and entering into the mystery of mysteries, God and man made one—then we have a teaching which fills the whole soul and pervades the whole life. When we "know God as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," then are we "strengthened by His Spirit in the inner man."

Again, I say that this is the message which the Church of Christ has to proclaim. Do not fancy that it is too high except for the choice spirits of humanity—too high for the toiling and suffering thousands of the ordinary type. You will find that there is no wretched abode of ignorance and sin, into which the minister of Christ penetrates, where it is not welcomed. There is no soul, however sinful, ignorant, and degraded, with whom he has to deal, who will be content with learning what are his relations to his fellow-men and to this passing world, and will not ask, "What am I?" "Why was I made?" "Whither am I going?" How vain it is in such a case to seek to fill that hunger with the husks of social and political gospels, or of any mere human moral teaching! The soul will arise and go to the Father. It is our business only to point the way, by telling of Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life," and who was Himself compelled to say, "No man cometh to the Father, but by Me."

This is the higher truth which is the complement of the lower doctrine of the brotherhood of men. It is the one Gospel of Humanity, because, in the first place, it is the only complete truth; and, in the next, it is the only truth which can be universally realised by man.

It is the only complete truth, which regards man in his whole nature, at once preserving the living individuality of every soul, in which it is and must be alone, and yet giving new life to the sense of unity, in which a man loses himself in the thought of others. Under it alone the two conflicting forces of individualism and socialism can be harmonised. Each man feels the consciousness of his own rights, powers, responsibilities, and knows that he cannot give them up himself or take them from others. But he knows that they are not a possession, but a trust from God, to be used for Him, and therefore for his fellow-men. And we who are Christians have this true life of humanity brought out of the cloudland of abstraction in a living personal form. We have the life of Christ to show us that He only is the true Son of man who is the Son of God; we have the Word of Christ to teach us the real secret of unity—



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"She flung herself down on the hearthrug at Fanny's feet '—*p.* 142.

"I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one." We see how the teaching of fraternity alone leads to the crushing of individuality and the extinction of freedom. We see how the preaching of individuality alone leads to selfishness and mutual repulsion, and, while it pampers our material prosperity, starves out true humanity in us. But in the known presence of the Father of all each is drawn to Him in the fulness of his individual being, and yet all meeting in Him are brothers one to another. So it should be in theory: so, in spite of imperfections and sin, it has been in fact.

Yet, on the other hand, while this truth is so profound, it is yet the one simple and living truth which all alike can recognise. The sense of unity and fraternity among men is one which it is very hard for a simple mind so to realise, that it shall be a practical guide and an inspiring consciousness. When it is grasped at all, we see painfully how it is narrowed, so as to make it intelligible and effective, sometimes within the limits of family and relationship, sometimes within the social circle of class, sometimes within the wider area of an exclusive and arrogant patriotism; or, if this narrowness be avoided, it is the favourite theme of satire to show, how in the attempt to become universal, it is diluted to weakness, and, in the desire to reach those who are far off, neglects those who are near home. But the idea of the Fatherhood of God is one which comes home to the youngest child, and to the simple knowledge and affection of those who are children; and when it is grasped, it at once suggests the brotherhood of men as an inevitable inference, keeping it from shallow vagueness on the one hand, from cruel narrowness on the other. Wherever real fraternity has been recognised, it has been among those who cry, "Abba, Father."

Therefore, thinking of the strifes and divisions of these present days, we would say, "Fight any way and every way against them." God bless those who cast out the devils of individual sin and mutual jealousy in Christ's name, even if, following not with His disciples, they know that name but imperfectly! But God grant us to fight as His soldiers indeed! God grant us in ourselves to know what it is to be children of God in Christ, and then what it is to look on all our fellow-men as His children, and realise the brotherhood of men in Christ, because in Christ we know the Fatherhood of God!

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

TROUBLE.

VALENTINE LOVEJOY had a nature as innocent as it was light and gay. He could suffer privation with a cheerfulness which, to his very differently constituted wife, seemed perfectly insane. He would go without dinner, and make a late meal of tea and bread and herring, with absolute graciousness; a man who for himself feared poverty not at all. Its shifts, to others so painful, and even disgraceful, were to him only little difficulties to be triumphed over by patient endurance, and smiled at when they were past. He had persisted in being a gentleman in the midst of them. Disgrace in the true sense he had never experienced. When he heard Emily's account of his son's capture, lying there in the dark, he uttered not a word. Mrs. Lovejoy said but little. She, too, had a conviction that the charge was true. But as soon as her daughter-in-law left she rose. She could not lie there, she said, and Albert in prison. Still her husband did not speak. She lighted a candle and dressed, preparing to leave the room, when he murmured, "I'm very sick, Susan; give me a drop of water."

There was none in the room, and, with his usual habit of sparing her trouble, he said, "Never mind, "I'll rise too."

He rose, and they went down-stairs together and lighted a fire, over which they sat shivering. All at once Mr. Lovejoy moaned, and his wife looking at him, saw him grow deadly pale, and he would have fallen had she not held him. He had fainted. With some difficulty his wife managed to restore him, and prop him up in his chair, and the spreading warmth of the little fire revived him still more. As he became better, and Mrs. Lovejoy was relieved from the anxiety she had felt while he was unconscious, she began to feel a bitter contempt that he should take it thus, fall down before this trouble as it were, while she maintained herself erect, in spite of the raging pain at her heart. She was not a woman who could be tender in her sorrow, and she was anything but that now; she felt savage with her misery. She would have liked, only she knew it was useless, to go after her son that very night. She chafed at having to sit still there; it was only one degree more bearable than lying in her bed. So the

two sat over the fire, neither attempting to comfort the other; Mr. Lovejoy drooping his head, and at length laying it down on the wooden table.

"I can't think what I've done to deserve this," said his wife, breaking a long silence. "He was as pretty a child as ever was born, and I tried hard to do my duty by him; he never wanted for anything that I could give him."

Her husband lifted a woebegone face. "And what have I done, Susan?" he said. With sure instinct he picked up the clue to her tangled thoughts, and found it was reproach to himself. Thus we often know what people think, more from what they don't say than from what they do. "I've been honest and honourable," he went on; "through all our poverty I've never touched a farthing of other men's money, though I've had my pockets full of it, and been like to drop with hunger. God knows he has not learnt dishonesty from me."

"If we had been comfortably off, if things hadn't been so hard, he might never have been what he is. He never could bear to be mean and shabby," said Mrs. Lovejoy, bitterly. (By "mean and shabby' Mrs. Lovejoy meant in the outer man: that her husband had never been mean and shabby, in his most threadbare garments and with his empty purse, she had no comprehension.)

"I don't think he has had a very hard life," said Albert's father. "Some people might think my life had been a hard one, Susan, for I was brought up in luxury; but it hasn't; you've never heard me murmur: it has been very happy till now. When the children were young, Susan, do you remember how happy we were, if we could only make ends meet and get bread and cheese? When we went to Greenwich Park on a summer Sunday, and ate our dinners under the old tree, and fetched water from the well to drink, we were happy enough, and there wasn't a prettier set of children on the ground than ours. Yes, we were happy then."

Accustomed as she was to his ideas, Mrs. Lovejoy stared at him; she could not remember the happiness. She could remember her husband proposing the park and bread and cheese, and no need to cook a dinner, because there was none to cook. She had never been happy, she thought, and truly; for to her happiness consisted of purchasable commodities, and she had never been able to purchase them in sufficient quantities. Even her stomach, temperate though she was, rose at cold water with chalk in it, and preferred London stout. She wanted to see her children well clad and well shod, rather than down at the heel, and dancing in the sunshine. It was the same life she and her husband were looking at, and yet how different! the one saw all its squalor and dinginess, all the manifold unpleasantnesses of its poverty; the other dwelt upon its glimpses of sunshine and radiance, the beauty of his little children, and all the unpurchasable pleasures.

Mrs. Lovejoy was by no means a bad woman; she was not even a coarse woman, but she had not a spark of imagination. He, weak as he was, had abundance of that Divine gift; it was this that had redeemed him, and not as his wife thought befooled him. Without it he would have been equally weak and far more worthless; and as men cannot live without pleasure of some sort, he might have been such another as his son Albert.

The haggard couple sat and talked at intervals throughout the bitter night; they talked of him, and of their other children, whom the mother alternately defended and abused. They were of very mixed characteristics, from hard, cold, selfish Beatrice, to Ada, whose affections centred in her father, and were of passionate intensity. The mother's favourite was Geraldine, who had a strong sense of duty, quickened by imagination—a sense of duty which was always triumphing over her inclinations.

"I don't know what's come to Beatrice," her mother murmured on; "I think there is some young man in the case, and that she wants to get married. God forgive me, but I wish almost that her child may give her as sore a heart as she has given me."

"Hush, Susan!" said her husband, "don't wish ill to your own child."

"There's Jerry," she replied, "the best of the lot; she's got a cough like to split, through wearing a thin jacket, and Beatrice might have given us the money to get her a thick one, and wouldn't."

Mr. Lovejoy could only moan his grief: these children were breaking his heart.

Towards morning Mrs. Lovejoy made a cup of tea, cheerfully informing her husband that the coals would not last the day, and there was no money in the house to get more. They did not wake the girls till their usual hour; but they were thankful when that hour came and the house was again astir, and the voices of Albert's children were heard up-stairs. Emily brought them down and came herself to see what was to be done for Albert. The first thing was to see him if possible, for Emily did not even know at whose instance he had been imprisoned. On this mission Mr. Lovejoy went forth as soon as it was thought advisable. He wasted several hours among a miserable little crowd, chiefly women, waiting to see his son, which he at length accomplished, and learnt what he chiefly wanted to know—the name of his accuser, and the extent of his guilt.

The story which Albert told his father was substantially true, with the exception of the way in which the money had been spent, and which he persisted in saying he had lost. He was full of the injury which Mr. Tenterden had done him in refusing to lend him his cousin's money. Indeed, according to him, the entire calamity rested on Philip's shoulders. Mr. Lovejoy next went to his son's late employer and explained the circumstances. He did it in perfect good faith, for he had taken to himself

immense comfort from his son's statement, that he had not the slightest intention of keeping the money; but the man was inexorable, and swore that, unless the ten pounds were paid down, the law must take its course. It was a case of embezzlement, and he had had too much of it lately, and was determined to make an example. At that very hour he was sending out a short tale of goods to a great company, whose manager and storekeeper he had bribed.

Mr. Lovejoy came away as miserable as he had been hopeful in going to this man. He was faint, for he had traversed dreary miles on foot, and he returned to the penniless little household utterly exhausted. Emily got him some food; but he was unable to eat it. He seemed completely broken down, and his daughter-in-law took him up-stairs and made him lie down.

Ada's coming on that afternoon was hailed with joy by all the family. Ada was soft and almost supine on ordinary occasions, but she had a way of rising to emergencies. She went and sat beside her father, and made herself mistress of the whole story. Then she proceeded to act. She took up a burning hatred against Philip Tenterden as the cause of all this suffering, and seeing that the immediate issue was the getting of this ten pounds, she set off, determined that he should be made to disburse it, with every possible ignominy. She was but a child, without notion of complicated motives, and with a pure and passionate will, which on occasion could carry all before it.

She had no sooner got home than she poured her story into Fanny's ears, and Fanny, knowing where Philip was to be found, permitted herself to be dragged at once into his presence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEGATIVES AND POSITIVES.

"I CAME in to speak to you, Philip," gasped Fanny; "I knew you were here.

"You could have sent for me," he replied, not very graciously.

"It's about Albert," she returned.

"Had you not better wait, and I will come in when I leave Mrs. Austin? It was my intention to do so," he said.

Fanny looked at Ada, as if for inspiration; but she had been smitten on entering the room with her usual childish shyness, and shrank behind her cousin.

"Go into the dining-room, Fanny, if you want to consult Mr. Tenterden," said Mrs. Austin. She was aware of Fanny's difficulties already.

Philip said, "Thank you," and led the way into the opposite room, and Ada was left behind—a proceeding which she did not at all approve.

Mrs. Austin tried to find something to say to her, but failed. Nothing but a faint monosyllable could be got out of her. Happily she could still be treated as a child, and left in silence if she did not choose to talk.

The interview in the next room was, however, prolonged, and Ada's pent-up feelings found relief in an angry sob.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Austin, going over to her. "What has distressed you? Are you ill? Can I do anything for you?" She asked her questions out of simple tenderness, not at all anticipating the embarrassing answer.

"He has all my cousin's money, and he will not let her have any of it," burst from the girl's pale lips.

"Who?" said Mrs. Austin, mechanically; "Mr. Tenterden?"

"Yes, Mr. Tenterden."

"You do not understand matters of business," said Mrs. Austin, soothingly. "Mr. Tenterden will do what is right."

"My brother is in prison, all through his fault!" said Ada.

Mrs. Austin was aghast at the girl's unexpected revelations. She would have kept them back if she could; and she hastened at once to put a stop to them. "I think you must be mistaken," she said; "but at any rate you must not speak in this way: it might do more harm than you are aware of."

Just then Fanny returned with Philip, the latter looking deeply annoyed, the former very subdued. She called to Ada to follow her at once, and went off as she had come; and Philip only stayed to explain that he had some unpleasant business before him, and left also. His manner was constrained and unnatural, and went far to deepen the impression which Ada's words had made on the mind of Mrs. Austin. Had she been standing on the brink of a precipice? Was Philip guilty of some secret wrong, and unworthy to be loved or trusted? She had caught glimpses of his mind which revealed a higher and purer standard of right than most. If he was not to be trusted, there was no one worthy to be trusted. All life was a lie—nothing was true, nothing was pure, nothing was holy. Ellen passed through hours of deepening anguish, tormented by thoughts like these. Hour after hour she sat in her lonely room, like a woman turning to stone, and at length there breathed through her pale lips the prayer—"Give me something to love, or let me die."

Ellen Austin was more to be pitied than blamed for the distrust which had so readily taken possession of her spirit, for she had seen too much of the untrustworthy side of human character; but in the daylight, she reproached herself severely for entertaining such thoughts. She was, however, so depressed and unhappy that she sat down and wrote to her mother, begging her to return as soon as possible; and knowing that she was already heartily tired of "dear Julia's," that might mean as soon as the earliest train could bring her.

Philip immediately set about obtaining the release

of Albert Lovejoy, which he accomplished without much difficulty on the payment of the ten pounds and the legal expenses incurred. The virtuously indignant employer considered this a much more satisfactory process than that involving the trouble and worry of prosecution, and the loss of his money besides, and willingly agreed to stop proceedings.

Though glad enough to be set at liberty, Albert Lovejoy was by no means grateful to the instrument of his liberation. Of course, he would never have been imprisoned at all if Philip had given him the money, as he ought to have done, therefore the effects of that stain upon his character were to be laid at Philip's door. That was Albert's way of looking at it, and more or less the way in which the whole family looked at it; for though they knew him well enough to be able to give him a full share of private disapprobation, still he was one of them, and it was not in human nature to approve of any one who had injured him, Philip was henceforth to be regarded as the enemy of the house; and he was thus regarded by none more than by Ada, whose antagonism to him was more marked than that of any other member of the family.

Fanny had come to be very fond of her young cousin, though the girl at first made not the slightest pretence of affection for her. Indeed she showed plainly that her only care was for those she had left, and she acted as a perfect conduit through which Fanny's money and Fanny's goods might find their way to them. But she gave very little other intimation of what was passing in her mind; questioning endlessly, but very seldom volunteering any opinion. Fanny was never tired of admiring the girl's dexterity in everything that could be accomplished by hand; the multitudinous pieces of fancywork, strewed up and down the house, grew and flourished. There was nothing she couldn't do with needle and thread and scissors, and other like implements, picking up the most elaborate patterns in a moment. And Ada's mind was as dexterous as her fingers; it gave her not the slightest trouble to adapt herself to all her surroundings, to fall in with the minutest requirements of a new code of manners. If she had been suddenly transformed into a princess, it would have been impossible to tell that Ada had not been born to the purple, she took everything about her in the world so simply and grandly.

Fanny took her with her everywhere; she had been several times in at Mrs. Tabor's, and Lucy, who had been attracted by the pale, perfect face and great grey eyes, carried her off one day into her own room, where she entertained her particular friends. It was a pretty little room, lined with books and pictures, and filled with every conceivable variety of nicknack; a case of ferns in one window, a tank of gold fish in the other; a lovely azalea blossoming here, and a pot of tulips there.

Ada looked round her with interest, and Lucy seated her in a rocking-chair, and began to talk to her. Ada was two or three years younger than Lucy, but incalculably older in her knowledge of life.

"Are you fond of music?" said Lucy, making a beginning.

"Yes," replied Ada, simply.

"Perhaps you only like it when it is very good. I like playing and singing to myself, but I am not a first-rate musician. Do you like reading?

To this came the unexpected answer, "No," given quite unhesitatingly.

"I don't mean hard reading," said Lucy, smiling, "but tales and novels. Perhaps there are some of mine you have not read."

"I don't care for tales at all," said Ada. "What is the use of reading what is not true?"

Lucy could not know that Ada's experience of tales was confined to those of a rather low kind, patronised by Beatrice. The answer gave Lucy a great respect for her young companion, for reading novels was a weakness which she had to guard against by restricting the enjoyment to the least useful portion of her day.

"I like to read useful books," added Ada, still further increasing Lucy's respect.

"History?" suggested Lucy.

"Yes, if I could be sure it was true."

Lucy broke into a merry laugh.

Ada smiled gravely. "I like best to know how people live," she said.

Lucy regarded her with smiling astonishment.

"Have you lived all your life here?" said Ada.

"No, not all my life; I remember living in Finsbury Square."

Ada knew where that was. "Do you like this better?" said Ada.

"Oh yes, we have a garden here, and lovely walks all round."

"That is like the little church on the hill," said Ada, pointing to a picture.

"It is a drawing of mine," said Lucy.

"I should like to learn to draw," said Ada.

"I might help you a little," said Lucy; "and here is a little book," (and she took down Mr. Ruskin's "Elements,") "which would help you a great deal."

"Thank you," said Ada, quietly, and standing up to examine a statuette.

"That is Florence Nightingale with her lamp, and this is a reduced copy of the Venus of Milo."

"I like that best," said Ada, pointing to the latter.

On the mantelshelf were several photographs on small stand-frames.

"Do you know this gentleman?" said Ada, quickly pointing to one of Philip—certainly a very flattering one, for a bright smile illumined the whole face.

"Yes; he is my father's partner," said Lucy.

"I hate him," said Ada, coolly.

Lucy looked shocked and pained.

"He has all my cousin's money, and he will not let her have it," she repeated." There was no sort of compromise with Ada.

"You ought not to hate any one," said Lucy, looking with pained reproof at the girl, and then pointing to a print of the Saviour which hung in the recess by the fire-place.

"Are you very good?" said Ada.

"You queer child—no," said Lucy.

"I am sure you are," said Ada, taking Lucy's hand and kissing it.

Half attracted, half repelled, Lucy drew her close to her and kissed her forehead. She wondered if this strange girl put every one through as close a cross-examination. She ought to have heard the question Fanny had to answer.

Ada was looking at the azalea.

"Do you like flowers?" asked Lucy.

"No, but my father and Geraldine do," said Ada.

"Will you take this one for Geraldine?" said Lucy. "Come with me and see the conservatory first."

Ada followed. They passed through the dining-room, and Ada examined everything. Mr. Tabor would have been abundantly satisfied with her interest in his pictures. When Fanny went away, Ada carried off her azalea wrapped in a newspaper, and she was impatient to be allowed to carry it to Geraldine without delay.

Of course Ada had her way, and she and her carefully-guarded treasure arrived at home that same afternoon. But she was doomed to disappointment. She unveiled its glories to eyes which were too dull and weary to rejoice in them. Her father sat in the chimney-corner, drooping and despondent. He had never recovered the blow he had received on that miserable night of Alfred's capture. It seemed to have struck the very colour out of his eyes. His beard was untrimmed, his whole aspect dishevelled. Her mother hardly raised her eyes from her work. Geraldine was working, too, but fitfully. Ada came in, looking fresh as the white blossoms in her hands, and set the pot on the table by her sister's side. She kissed her father first, then her mother, and then she went and hung over Geraldine's chair.

"How pretty it is," said the latter, leaning back with a sigh, and adding, "oh, Ada! I am so tired."

"I wish I could help you, dear," said Ada. "Let me do a bit while I stay;" and she took up the work dropped by her sister's hands. "How hot your hands are—and your cheeks—and your breath!" she exclaimed, as she touched her lovingly.

"Oh, Ada! I am so ill," moaned the girl; "I can't eat, and I can't sleep, and I can't work, and nothing but cough, cough, cough all night long."

Ada's great eyes took a startled look, and her mouth drew to a close line as she looked at her sister's altered face.

Geraldine shivered.

"What has made you ill, Jerry?" said Ada.

"It's easy enough to tell what has made her ill," said Mrs. Lovejoy, while she worked on faster than ever; "it's the poor living and the cold nights. She'll never get well if things go on as they're doing."

"Mother, she shall get well!" said Ada, in a voice which startled them. "She shall go to Cousin Fanny's instead of me—this very night."

"What nonsense!" said her mother, sharply.

"No, it isn't nonsense, the same things fit us both, and Jerry shall put on mine. She won't feel the cold through this thick jacket. Jerry!" she cried eagerly, addressing her sister, "couldn't you eat nice things, and sleep in a nice warm bed, and get well if you had nothing to do?"

An eager, wistful assent came from poor Geraldine's parched lips, but she said, "No—no, Ada, I can't take your place. I'm glad you're so well off, dear."

"But you must—you shall!" said Ada, at white heat; "I won't stay there, if you don't. I won't go back again."

"I'm sure we don't want you here," said her mother, bitterly; "and don't go and add to our troubles by offending your cousin. You know very well that Jerry can't go without being asked."

Ada subsided; but the look on her face was one of triumph still. She laid on the table the silver Fanny had given her to pay her fare by omnibus and cab, and said, "Good-bye," speedily setting out to walk the whole immense distance as she had done once or twice before. Nor had she slackened in her purpose by the time she had reached what was now her home. She flung herself down on the hearthrug at Fanny's feet, and begged that Geraldine might come to live there instead of herself.

"Don't you like living with me, Ada?" asked her cousin, not a little hurt at the request; "don't you love me a little?"

"Yes, I like you a little; but I will love you all my life, if you will only take Jerry instead. She will die there."

"Dear me!" said Fanny; "is she ill then?"

"If she stays there, with the work and the cold, and not being able to eat the things we have at home, she will die." Ada fell to weeping bitterly.

"Hush!" said Fanny; "don't cry, Geraldine shall come."

"To-morrow?" said Ada, with a sob.

"To-morrow," repeated Fanny. "Come and have some supper now."

(To be continued.)

LOTTIE.

A TALE FOR THE QUARRELSOME. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

POOR Bertie very soon began to feel the loss of his pocket-money. There never were so many pretty things crowded together in one place as here, and he could have none of them. During the long mornings on the beach or sands, he had to see Lottie munching away at biscuit or bun, while he went without, or had to be content with the smallest morsel which Lottie grudgingly spared him. I dare say you will think this was a very small hardship; so it was, yet to a boy of Bertie's keen appetite and small years it was a hardship. Spade, pail, ship, or fishing-tackle, all these things were forbidden, for it was for such purposes that he was supplied with pocket-money.

One beautiful day their papa promised to take them for a row. Bertie and Lottie were sent down to the beach, and told to amuse themselves there until their parent came to them. As they passed a fruiterer's shop Lottie's attention was attracted by some lovely-looking cherries. She went in and bought some, and walked along eating them out of the bag, but without offering Bertie any. "You might give me a few, Lottie," he said, after he had spent a minute or two in watching with anxious eyes how fast they diminished.

Lottie handed him one, ungraciously enough.

"Is that all I'm to have?" asked Bertie.

"Yes," returned Lottie; "they're not yours, they're mine."

"You are a nasty greedy girl!" exclaimed Bertie.

"And you're a horrid boy!" rejoined Lottie.

"Well, if you don't give me any you shan't eat them yourself in peace," said Bertie, "for I'll keep on dancing round you like this," and he began a war-dance round Lottie, which effectually prevented her from moving in any direction.

As Bertie had anticipated, she made a dash to get away, and bounded off at full speed, Bertie following close behind. In the midst of the scamper the bag burst, and the fruit lay scattered on the ground. Lottie, when she perceived the disaster, began to cry, while Bertie, who was really not an unkind boy, but was driven into teasing his sister sometimes by her selfishness, hastened to pick up the cherries, and rub the dirt off on his handkerchief, before giving them back to Lottie. There were very few spoilt, but Lottie bewailed them as if they had been worth their weight in gold; but there was a worse misfortune in store for her than the loss of the fruit, for Bertie, on looking up, perceived the front of her dress covered with crimson stains. "Oh, Lottie! look at your dress!" he exclaimed, in dismay.

Lottie did look, and her ready tears began to flow faster than ever. "Mamma *will* be cross," she sobbed.

"Let us get some water and try to take them out," Bertie advised, and accordingly Lottie's pail was filled, and the stains dipped in; but, alas! they only turned to a deep purple, and spread more and more as Bertie rubbed away.

There was no help for it, mamma must be told; indeed, at this moment they saw her coming along towards them. Bertie knew he had been the cause of the accident, and he determined to take the full credit of it, so when his mamma asked Lottie about her spoilt dress, Bertie at once acknowledged that he had run after her, and made her spill the fruit; although he was too generous to say anything about Lottie's unkindness to him.

Bertie was deprived of his row, for his papa said he was always up to some mischief, and he must be checked. Neither his mamma nor papa had yet discovered how much Lottie had to do with Bertie's scrapes. I wonder whether Lottie felt that she deserved her pleasant trip any more than poor Bertie, whom she could see standing on the beach looking so wistfully after them.

Bertie's three weeks of forfeiture came to an end, and he was again allowed his pocket-money. Lottie was glad enough to borrow of him now, and she took good care to get a share of any eatables that Bertie bought.

Another three weeks passed swiftly and pleasantly away, and the weather, that had hitherto continued so beautiful, broke up, and threatened them with a continuance of wind and rain. Our little friends heard with regret that at last they must bid good-bye to sea and sands, the pretty white house, and holiday-time.

The day on which they were to return home turned out to be a very windy one indeed. Bertie's delight knew no bounds when he got on board and felt the vessel heaving and rocking on the wind-lashed sea. Lottie did not enjoy it quite so much; she found walking rather a difficult process, and sitting quietly down did not suit her at all.

Poor Lottie; before the journey was half over she was in all the horrors of sea-sickness. Any one who has been a victim to that dreadful malady can understand the frightened little girl's notion that she was going to die. Bertie, who was a brave little sailor, and only enjoyed the motion of the boat, could scarcely understand Lottie's illness, and was dreadfully concerned about her, thinking it a much more serious matter than it really was. He stood by her side, holding her hand, and anxiously inquiring every now and then if she did not feel a little better, only too glad to be of use in running to the cabin for

water or anything else that might be wanted. Lottie could not help being touched by his devotion, when she remembered how differently she had always behaved to him—she, the elder of the two; but for the present she was far too unwell to think much or to talk at all.

Lottie was carried ashore, looking as white as a ghost, and performed the rest of the journey home in her papa's arms. Very glad she was to find herself once more in her own little bed, with Bertie holding a cup of tea, and tempting her to eat a morsel of wafer-like bread-and-butter. She felt much better now, and could thank Bertie for his kindness, although she had not courage enough to acknowledge how little she deserved it.

But Bertie's affection and unselfishness was put to a still further test before long. About a fortnight after their return the two children were invited to a little party at their aunt's. Bertie and his cousins had been getting up some wonderful charades, and the day of the party was looked forward to with the most pleasurable excitement.

But when it arrived Lottie was found to be suffering from a bad sore throat, which grew worse rather than better as the hour approached. When she knew for certain that she must stay at home, she became quite angry, and raged and stormed till she made her throat ten times worse. "If I can't go, I don't see why Bertie should go," she exclaimed, selfishly; but her mamma told her that she could not expect to keep her brother at home.

Presently Bertie came in from his aunt's, where he had been going through a final rehearsal of his part before the evening's performance. He found Lottie crying because she could not go. He debated with himself a little while, and at last determined to stay at home with his sister, for he knew how she had been looking forward to this party, and what a disappointment it would be to her to be left behind. "I shall stay at home with you, Lottie dear," he said gaily; "I'm not going by myself, I know."

Lottie looked at him in surprise. She, poor little selfish girl, could hardly realise that any one should of his own free will give up so great a pleasure.

Bertie did his best to make the evening pass agreeably; he gave her an account of the charade, quoting the different parts as far as he could remember them.

But Lottie could not altogether enter into Bertie's efforts at amusement. Her brother perceived this, and thinking she was still fretting about the party, tried to rally her spirits. "Come, Lottie," he said, cheerfully, "it won't be anything so wonderful after all, only just like all other parties."

"It wasn't the party I was thinking of at all," replied Lottie, gently; "I was thinking how kind it is of you to stay at home with me, Bertie, especially after the way I have so often served you."

"How have you served me, Lottie?" he asked, in some surprise. Bertie's was one of those guileless natures that never retain or even dwell upon little injuries, and at this moment he scarcely remembered how unkind Lottie had often been to him.

His question was a greater reproach to Lottie than any angry recrimination could have been. It showed her the great contrast between Bertie and herself. "Oh, Bertie!" she exclaimed tearfully, "I am a nasty, disagreeable girl, and you've always been such a nice kind boy; but I don't mean to be nasty any more—you see if I do."

"All right, Lottie," replied Bertie, with more feeling than elegance; "but I never thought you were nasty—except, perhaps, sometimes," he added truthfully.

I think Bertie realised the fact that he had gained a great deal by staying away from that party, though he was too young a child to tell himself so in words. Lottie was certainly altered, not noticeably to an ordinary observer, but in the many small actions which it is so easy to keep from all eyes except those belonging to the person to whom they are directed. And this change in a little girl habitually selfish and inconsiderate had been achieved, not by argument, protestation, or punishment, but by the untiring example of a child younger than herself.

My little friends, is not this an encouragement for you?

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

46. Three of the children of Amram and Jochebed are mentioned by name in one verse of the prophecy of Micah.

47. "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee are fallen upon me." With reference to what fact does St. Paul quote this passage?

48. Before His crucifixion our Lord sent Peter and John together on one occasion to execute a commission. What was it?

49. The name of the place at which Solomon was anointed king by Zadok and Nathan corresponds with that of one of the rivers that flowed out of Eden.

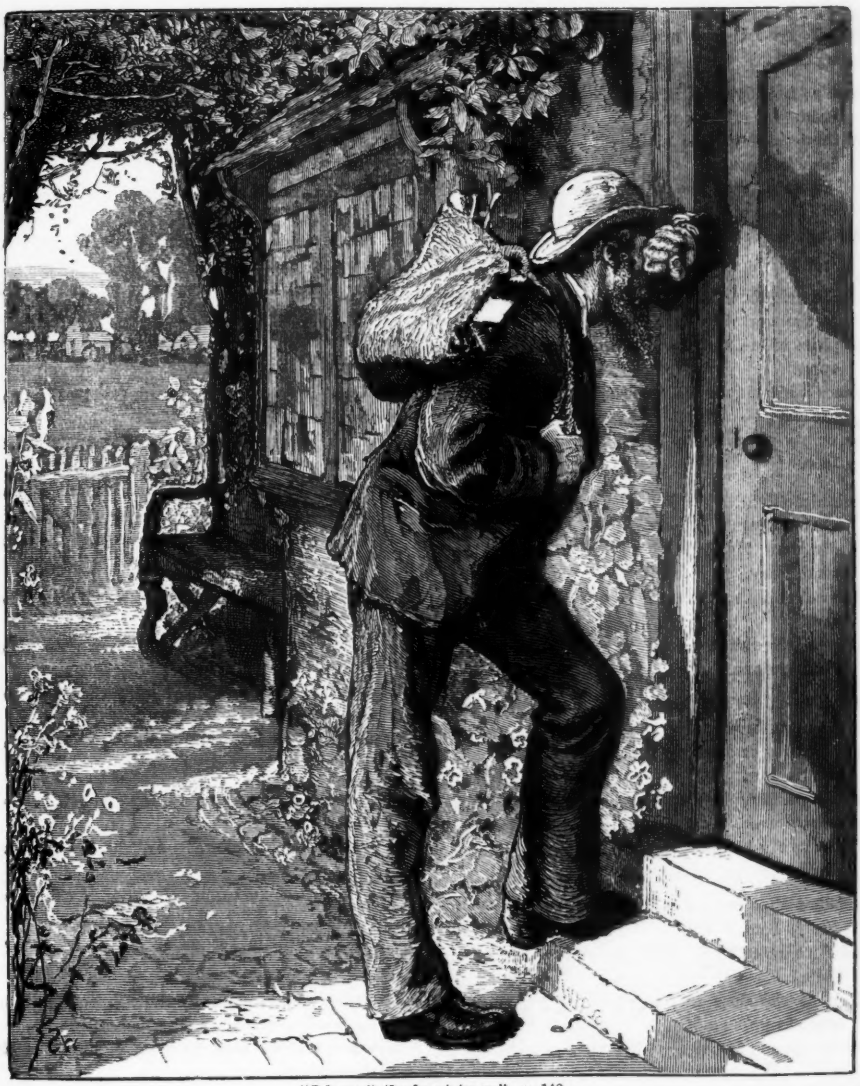
50. The sect of the Epicureans is mentioned once in the Bible. Quote the passage.

51. Though the Scriptures name but three of Adam's sons, they yet teach us that he had many more children.

52. From what passage in his writings may we fairly infer that Hosea was contemporary with Isaiah?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 112.

36. Isa. xxxii. 22.
37. Isa. lxvi. 24; Mark ix. 44, 46, 48.
38. Isa. lix. 17.
39. Hab. i. 5.
40. 2 Kings xxiii. 29.



"I haven't the heart to go"—*p.* 146.

AT WORK.

"PLANE an' chisel an' hammer! gaily they flash in the sun!
An' somebody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done.
Somebody's hands are workin' for bread for the babes t' eat,
Somebody's eyes are lookin' for me comin' up street.

Plane an' chisel an' hammer! gaily they flash in the sun!"
That's how I used to sing at my work; but that song's done.
Here 'n the lonely workshop I chisel an' hammer an' plane,
Not wi' the old good heart—I shall never ha' that again.

There's nobody waiting at home for me; the cottage is all so lone,
An' the babes—God bless 'em—it breaks my heart to hear 'em moan.
There's nobody at the window lookin' out up the village street.
An' work do seem so hard now; she used to make it sweet.

An' the neighbours, kind hearts! they come an' stop at the workshop door,
An' pities an' talks an' talks—they mean all well for sure.
Calmer a bit maybe I'll grow; but there'll still be the place—
The empty place in my heart, 'spite o' the cheeriest face.

Somethin' 'll fill it? What! . . . Now that she's gone away,
I don't want it filled by nothin'. Never! that's what I say.
Plane an' chisel an' hammer! gaily they flash in the sun!
An' nobody's waitin' to welcome me home when my work is done.

An' when th' ev'nin' comes, an' I wipe the sweat from my brow,
I stop wi' my coat on my arm, an' think how lonely all 'tis now.
I think of her place at the table an' fire, an' her empty chair,
An' the lonely supper a-waitin' for me, an' she not there!

The babes that crowed 'n her arms, an' held to her dress's hem,
Comin' to meet me! How proud I was of her an' them!
I stop at the door as I mind it, an' I haven't the heart to go
Back to the empty cottage; it makes me miss her so.

I see the shadows a-gatherin', an' the last o' the settin' sun,
An' I wish the day weren't over an' my day's work done;
The shadows over the church an' her grave an' the fields below,
An' there on the lonely cottage! an' I haven't the heart to go.

* * * * *

An' sometimes after the noon when the village is all so still,
An' there's scarce a breeze a-blowin' the arms o' the old white mill,
Here 'n the quiet workshop a voice I seem to hear,
Just like her voice, dear heart! I count her spirit's near.

An' it whispers o' heaven an' hope, an' says I mayn't despond,
An' minds me I got my work to do, an' tells me to look beyond.
An' the shavin's an' chips fall roun' me: they soun' like angels' wings.
It must be her spirit near me, or I shouldn't ha' thought such things.

Yes! I got my work to do, thank God! Hammer an' chisel an' plane!
'Tis work, work, work, as steadies one's heart an' brain.
Just the same for all on us, maiden an' man an'—wife!
Life wi'out work, I reckon, aint worthy the name o' life.

An' life wi'out hope to hold to!—why . . . better die a'most!
'Tis a ship wi'out an anchor, I say; a gate wi' ne'er a post.
Plane an' chisel an' hammer! gaily they flash in the sun!
Thank God I've hope and work; 'tis that as helps me on.

That's what the passun 'ud say; but 'tis hard to stick to 't, though;
'Tis hard to be left alone! An' the babes! An' to want her so.
Plane an' chisel an hammer! gaily they flash in the sun!
An' nobody's waitin' for me at home when my work is done.

There's her empty chair by the fire, an' the seat by the window-pane;
She'll never come back to them or sit an' work in them again.
But the empty place in my heart, there's somethin' as seems to say
She'll come to *that* for ever maybe, in heaven, some day.

F. E. Weatherly, B.A.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was a great deal of bustle on the day the pupils left the school for the Easter holidays. Some of the girls departed in the morning, and the others in the afternoon. Letty lived at Woodingham, a town about two miles off, and said she should walk home, so Mary went with her part of the way. After a good deal of fuss the school suddenly became intensely quiet, so much so that the unusual silence oppressed Ruth with a feeling of loneliness. She strolled into the garden, and fell into a deep reverie. Her thoughts naturally turned upon the Easter holidays, and she recalled the high spirits of all her school-fellows as they joyfully anticipated their treats and merrymakings at home. Letty looked radiant as she started off, and Ruth then felt what a happy home her friend had, and how her own could never be like that of most girls, because her mamma was dead. Never had Ruth realised her loss as fully as she did now, and in the solitary garden she cried bitterly for her mother, whom she remembered with an ardent love, and yearned for so much.

Suddenly she was roused by the sound of a carriage stopping before the house, and started to her feet with the intention of escaping from the garden, but before she had time to carry out her design, Dr. Rae entered and stood before her, while she was doubting whether to run away or not.

"What is the matter with my little friend?" asked he, seating himself, and holding Ruth in front of him.

Ruth looked at him with tearful eyes, and answered, "I am so miserable when I think all the girls are so happy, and that Mary and I have no home to go to. It seems so cruel, and sometimes I wonder why I was born, to be so different from other people."

"Do you mean that you should not feel so unhappy if your school-fellows were companions in misfortune? I don't think it is only because you feel the contrast between their lives and your own that you grieve so. Tell me," said Dr. Rae, stroking her hair; "a trouble shared is only half a trouble, you know, Ruth."

"Oh, Dr. Rae! I shall never see mamma again; how can I bear it?" sobbed Ruth. "When she was alive I had a time I could look forward to, even if it were far off, but now I have nothing."

"My darling child, don't cry so much; try to bear this as your mamma herself would wish, and think that death is not so great a separation as ceasing to love. At least you cherish the past." Dr. Rae paused, and then seeing Ruth still unable to control her tears, he said, "Many children who have lost their parents are for a while in great trouble, but they are happy after a time, and there is no reason to suppose your life nothing but a blank for the future any more than theirs."

"I think I must be very wicked," said Ruth, "to be so miserable."

"Why? It is not unnatural, therefore that cannot be."

"I think that mamma must be happier than anybody in the world, so I ought not to wish for her; but it is very hard to feel that always, when I want her most." Ruth looked up at the trees, and almost seemed to forget her trouble in some dream that the whispering leaves were telling her, and then her eyes sought the doctor's face, and she said earnestly, "I don't feel as if death were so bad now; I have never spoken of mamma before, and now she seems nearer me."

"When I was a little boy, Ruth, I had a sister of whom I was very fond, and an old friend of ours used to talk to us about preparing for death, and made us feel it an awful thing in place of a happy one. My little sister died, and I was nearly heart-broken, but from that time death to me was not a thing to dread, for I argued then that my sister could have no harm happen to her. So you see how out of that sorrow sprang a real good, and you will always find that, wherever you may look in the world."

"And does sorrow spring out of joy?" asked Ruth.

"The sorrow will not last, but the joy is eternal."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and then Ruth said, "I suppose the little sister you spoke of came between you and Christina?"

"Yes; Tina was a little thing just able to walk when Amy died."

"And did you live at the same house then that you do now?"

"Yes, I have lived there all my life, and it would not please me to go away; there is some association with every part of the house. You must come and see us during these holidays, Ruth."

"Oh, I shall like that!" said Ruth, flushing with pleasure.

"Well, we must see about it. I must run away now," and Dr. Rae went, and drove down the village to his house. He drew up at the garden gate, and walked up to one of the windows which opened to the ground. He tapped, and it was opened by a young lady in the room, who kissed him, and then settled herself on a footstool by an elderly lady in an arm-chair. Dr. Rae seated himself opposite his mother.

"What are you looking at me so for, Stephen?" asked Mrs. Rae, laughing; "is my cap crooked?"

"Now, mamma, how dare you suppose such a thing, when I put it on with my own hands? I am very angry with you," said Tina; and she jumped up and kissed her, adding, "Doesn't she look pretty, Stephen, when I scold her?"

"I don't think she can help that under any circumstances," replied the doctor.

"What silly children I have to be sure!" said Mrs. Rae, looking very pleased; "I really am ashamed of them."

"I don't think it is very difficult to trace how we have inherited our silliness—if, indeed, we are silly," Tina said playfully.

"Only see what an ill-used mother I am; all this time my question remains unanswered."

"I have a favour to ask you, dear," said Stephen; "and I was looking to see if I thought you would grant it."

"You speak as if mamma were a demon. Oh! fancy her with a bad temper!" exclaimed Tina, and the idea seemed to tickle her very much, for she laughed heartily, and caused another delay in the disclosure of the request.

"I want to bring my little friend Ruth here to stay during the holidays, and her sister too. Have you any objection?"

"Not the least in the world, Stephen dear," said Mrs. Rae. "They can have the spare room, and I am really quite anxious to see them. When would you like them to come?"

"As soon as it is convenient to you, mother. I want you to go and arrange with Miss Windham, and see Miss Leighton and Ruth; it would be better than my going."

"I will go to-morrow morning. Have you seen Miss Windham?"

"No. I hope she will not raise any objection to their coming, or to Ruth's doing so at least. If she does you must make use of your woman's wit to overrule her," said Stephen, smiling.

"How nice it will be! I long to see your little friend."

Here another tap came at the window, and when Tina opened it a young man entered the room, carrying a number of things, of which he disburthened himself, and then he threw his hat on the table. He was tall, and in figure very much resembling the doctor, but fairer. He had an immense quantity of tawny yellow hair that looked very splendid against his black velveteen coat. His eyes were grey—all the Raes had grey eyes—and his tanned and ruddy face showed that he was out in the sun a great deal. Scarcely more than a boy in years, he had a manly bearing, partly due to a sincere and natural manner, and partly to a well-developed and graceful figure.

"What a lovely day you have had, Maurice," said his mother. "Is the result of your expedition satisfactory?"

"You shall judge for yourself," replied he, and taking his sketching frame from his satchel, he gave a water-colour sketch into his mother's hand.

"This is capital, Maurice!" exclaimed Mrs. Rae; "and is it not a picturesque old spot?"

"That tomb so mossy! doesn't it look beautiful?" said Tina, "How well you have done the cool shade by the church."

"I am very glad you like it, Tina. Will you stand to me for the weeping beauty to-morrow?"

"That is too bad of you, Maurice, to ask me a favour with an insult wrapped up in it."

"I mean well," answered Maurice, laughing. "Nobody can complain of such modest self-praise as that."

At this moment dinner was announced, and they all adjourned to the dining-room. The conversation turned upon the doctor's visitors, and everything was arranged in prospect of their arrival.

The following day, quite early in the morning, Stephen started on his rounds and drove his mother to the school. Miss Windham was rather surprised when the servant announced Mrs. Rae, but went immediately to the parlour where her visitor was waiting. After a few words of greeting, Mrs. Rae told Miss Windham the object of her visit, adding, "Of course it is no actual gain, for change of air, but I dare say the change of scene alone will do the young people good."

"You are very kind, and I have no doubt whatever that they will be delighted to come. I will bring them to you, if you will wait one moment."

In a short time Mary and Ruth appeared, and Mrs. Rae, shaking hands very cordially, asked them to come, almost as if it were a favour that they would confer upon her.

"We shall be so glad to have you, and I hope you will give us such a pleasure," she said, smiling.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Rae," said Mary, smiling too in answer, and her face becoming suffused with a rosy blush. "It is very good of you to think of us, and I am sure we shall always be very grateful to you."

"And the sooner you come the better we shall be pleased. Can you come this afternoon? the doctor will fetch you, and he told me to say he hoped you would be ready at half-past four."

Ruth looked anxiously at Mary for fear she might say it was impossible, but was greatly relieved that she accepted; and Mrs. Rae then rose to go as she did not wish to hinder them. She kissed Mary; and Ruth, who had not spoken all the time, put her arms round her neck, and won Mrs. Rae's heart by her impulsive gratitude, which seemed too strong for her shyness to overcome.

Ruth continued in a state of restlessness the whole morning, and the only thing she could do, as Mary

would not allow her to help pack up their clothes, was to spend most of her time at the piano. There Ruth could forget herself, and her whole soul seemed filled with music as she sang and played alone, when she felt free, but not solitary. It was a lovely sight, to see the little girl, seated in the bright sunlight, her bushy, waving hair falling on her shoulders, with her face upturned, singing in a pathetic and perfectly self-abandoned manner, "Savourneen Deelish." Her voice was powerful and tender, and thrilled as it rose and fell in the quaint old Irish air.

At last the doctor's carriage arrived, and Ruth, in quite a tremor of excitement, said good-bye to Miss Windham and ran down the garden from the house.

"I think we can make room for such a little lady as this between us, Miss Leighton," said Dr. Rae, as he lifted Ruth into the trap, laughing a little mischievously. Ruth did not mind, however, and they were soon going at a very brisk pace through the village to the other end of it, where the Raes' house stood.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—III.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

THE SEA AND THE SANCTUARY.—Ps. lxxvii. 19, 13.

IT is very difficult for an insular and maritime people, such as we are, so much as to conceive the dread in which the sea was held by the ancient Hebrews. To *us* the sea, though it has its terrors, though its tempests often strew our coasts with wrecks, is nevertheless our pleasant companion, our willing and most helpful servant. It is a main source of our wealth; it is the channel of our commerce and intercourse with the world: it is a wall of defence round our coasts. We love to inhale the keen pungent airs it brings, to plunge into its waves, or to ride over them in sport. It has a large and honourable place in our literature, in our ballads and songs, in our national history and drama. The sailor is our special pet and hero. His bronzed complexion and rolling gait, his open hand, his frankness and simplicity of speech, and even the quaint pranks he plays when ashore, have a certain attraction for us. If we laugh at him, our laugh is a very kindly one, and we are not slow to blaze up in his defence. But to the ancient Israelites —as, indeed, to all the Oriental races of antiquity except the Phœnicians—the sea was a hostile and terrible mystery. To them, it was "that great and wide sea," in which men might so soon be lost or overwhelmed. Although the Mediterranean sweeps along the whole of one side of Palestine, yet the coast has no indentations, no winding creeks, no deep havens, no ample and secure ports, such as are common on the European seaboard. The two harbours, Joppa and Acre, which were its only ports in ancient times, and are still the chief (if not the only) means of access from the sea, are very dangerous; no vessel will ride in them save on compulsion, lest it should be dashed on the frowning, inhospitable rocks. It was natural, therefore, that the Jews should hate the sea as much as we love it; that to them it should seem full of mystery and terror, a cruel ravenous monster, lying in wait to destroy those who might be won to it by its fatal beauty, or its treacherous calms. The Old Testament Scriptures express this conception of the sea, and only this. It is, I believe, invariably used as an image of mysterious danger and terror, or spoken of as a wily and deadly foe. And though *we* can hardly refrain from smiling at the threat of Moses, that if the children of Israel did not keep all the words of the law, they should be carried back "into Egypt again *in ships*" (Deut. xxviii. 68), no doubt, *to them*, the "ships" were well-nigh as terrible as Egypt itself, and the thought of that dismal voyage as intolerable as the prospect of cruel bondage.*

But if we find it difficult to realise their feeling for the sea, their feeling for *the sanctuary* is almost as much beyond us. In our complex modern life the centres of interest are many and various. We seek amusement, instruction, holiday festivity, health, vigour, comfort, in many different places, at many different sources. But almost all that *we* get from concerts and spectacles, from story and poem, from courts of justice and

* Many of the modern Oriental races have the ancient terror of the sea. Thus, for example, the natives of Central India call it *kala pance*, "the *black* water;" and Sir John Malcolm relates that when Cheetoo, the terrible Pindaree chief, was flying in hopeless misery from the English, he was often advised by his followers to surrender to their mercy; but he was possessed with the idea that he would be transported, and that would have been more terrible to him than death. His followers, who all, one after another, came in and obtained pardon, said, that during their chief's short and disturbed slumbers, he used continually to murmur, "*Kala pance! kala pance!*" Thus haunted, he never would yield, till at length all his people, one by one, had forsaken him in the jungle, and a mangled body was found in a tiger's lair, which the sword, the ornamented saddle, and a letter-case containing official documents, proved to have been that of Cheetoo. (See Heber's India, ii., 550-1.)

legislation and royal splendour, from lectures and sermons, from worship and communion, was found by the Hebrew in one sacred centre—in the Temple and its precincts. Thither he went up to make holiday. There he listened to the sweetest and grandest music of his time. There he first heard any new poem written by the inspired singers of Israel. There he beheld the king with his splendid court, and gazed on long stately processions in which priest and Levite, statesman and prophet, defiled before him in their rich costly robes, while clouds of sweet incense floated through the air, and choir and antichoir lifted his heart to heaven on the concord of their triumphant hallelujahs. There his lawsuits were investigated and decided. There he met his brethren from every province of the Holy Land, and strangers, Jews or proselytes, out of every nation under heaven. There his conscience was cleansed from its defilements, the solemn priestly benediction carrying the sense of forgiveness to his penitent soul. There he listened to the law of the Lord, to the stirring recitations of the brave deeds and national deliverances wrought of old, to persuasive exhortations to loyalty and obedience. There, too, he might chance to meet a prophet, the fire of inspiration burning in his eye, and hear some message straight from heaven, or be summoned to enter into a national compact for unseating a usurping tyrant, or for destroying the idols out of the land.

We need to think of all this—of the strange terror with which the Hebrew was inspired by the mighty restless sea—of the holidays and feasts, the dramatic spectacles and ravishing choirs, the glimpses of foreign men and garbs and manners, the excitements of political news and endeavours; the celebration of national victories and deliverances, which the Hebrew naturally associated with the Temple, no less than the joys of worship and communion with Heaven. We need, I say, to think of all this, if we would enter into the meaning of the words, "Thy way, O God, is *in the sea;* Thy way is *in the sanctuary.*"

One of these phrases, too—nay, both contain historical allusions which add to their significance. In the closing verses of the psalm, Asaph celebrates the exodus from Egypt. His thoughts revert to the time when Jehovah "led His people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron;" when, as they trod the margin of the Red Sea, "the waters saw" God, "and were afraid," trembling, and parting to their utmost depths, and the Hebrew pilgrims passed dryshod through the abyss in which the Egyptians were drowned. God's way was *in the sea then,* His path on the great waters, and His footsteps, washed out by the recoiling waves, are not known. As the Hebrews thought of that dreadful night and the mysterious issue of it, the sea grew still more mysterious and terrible to them, as did also the ways of God. Probably, too, in the other verse, there is an allusion to the fact that God went before them, through all their wanderings, in the tabernacle over which "the pillar of fire and of cloud" rested, and moved, and was their glory in the midst of them. His way was then *in the sanctuary*—the sanctuary in which Moses spake with Him face to face, and from the sacred "doors" of which the prophet had so often to vindicate the ways of God to man.

These historical allusions, then, at once confirm and define the general significance of Asaph's phrases. They lend them new force. The mystery of the Sea deepens as we recall that mysterious passage through its waters, and the revelations of the Sanctuary grow more distinct as we remember how often God met Moses in the tabernacle, that He might explain to him the secret and purpose of His dealings with the people.

But what have *we* to do with these local allusions, or even with the broad general significance of Asaph's words, we, to whom the sea is a friend, not a foe, and in whose sanctuary no Shekinah burns? We have much to do with them, but chiefly this, *that they at once set forth the mystery of the Divine Providence, and teach us where we may find the key to it.* For us, God's way is still in a mysterious Sea, and still we learn the secret of the mystery only as we behold Him in the Sanctuary. His providence is still wrapped in clouds that are often very terrible to us; and still the light shines through the clouds on the worshipping heart.

How many, how inscrutable, how terrible are the mysteries which encompass the ways of God! How often are our hearts torn and perplexed as we consider them! On how large a scale is evil at work in His good world! With what a subtle and penetrating force it pierces even into the purest spirits! How many a modest and fair exterior hides a life incredibly corrupt? If we could but see each other's hearts, and read all the guilty desires, all the mean ambitions, all the petty jealousies and enmities which have left their defiling traces there, who could endure the sight? Nay, who could endure to read so much as his own heart as God reads it, and in His light?

Why, oh, why did God make us thus? Why make evil so easy and alluring to us, and good so hard, so uninviting? Why are we so weak that even when, after much discipline and many endeavours, the will to do good is present with us, even then the power to perform we find not, and in our very attempts to do good we often slip into fresh evils? Why are there so many incurable evils in the world around us—broken hearts that we cannot heal even with our blood, hopeless lives that we cannot brighten, degraded natures that

we cannot raise, lost souls that we cannot save, do what we will? Why should men be born with an hereditary bias to vice and crime, and never have, as far as we can see, a single chance of goodness and peace? There are thousands and myriads such among us. They live untaught amid their ignorance, unsolaced amid their woes, with no healing and inviting light of truth shining near them; nurtured in filth, trained to crime, their highest act the worship of fraud or force or lust, their whole condition so dreadful and unfriended, that one sometimes thinks the sins and sorrows of a single court or alley enough to silence all the songs of heaven. And, beyond our borders, in China, in Hindostan, in Africa, in all the habitable parts of the globe, there are whole races whose morality is an outrage on the sacred name of Virtue, or whose worship is a mere riot of the senses.

Why are there so many miseries—miseries past all telling, in the world? Why do the young and fair and hopeful die? Why do the good suffer? Why are our virtues well-nigh as fatal as our vices? Why do the wicked prosper? Why is brute force allowed to trample bright intelligence under foot? Why should vast armies of men be withdrawn from the productive arts and toils of life, to support a tyrant on his throne, or to resist the lust of conquest? Why should the millions tremble on the verge of ignorance and want, while only the thousands taste the sweets of culture and opulence? Why should almost every family have its secret of sorrow or guilt, and almost every heart a wound which no tender hand can stanch?

As we ponder and multiply such questions as these (and in some moods we are very apt to multiply them), are we not, at least for the time, shaken from our customary blindness or indifference? Do we not stand as on the margin of that dark ocean, in whose unfathomed depths there lie mysteries of terror before which even the bravest heart may well recoil? Are we not driven to the conclusion?—"*Thy way*, O God, *is in the sea;* Thy judgments are a great deep. We cannot trace Thy footsteps in this dark mystery. We only hear them as from afar, and with a secret foreboding and dread."

We are not the first who have stood on the margin of this mysterious sea, and who have been thus miserably perplexed. Asaph, for one, stood here before us; and he confesses that, as he gazed out on the dark and darkening sea, "his feet were almost gone, his steps had well-nigh slipped." When he sought to penetrate the mystery of Providence, it was "too painful" for him. With dizzy head and fainting heart he crept away from this cruel, insatiable sea, leaving the problems that perplexed him unsolved. He found no relief until he "went into the sanctuary of God." And even then *he* found a relief which is, I trust, no relief to us. To his stern Hebrew temper it was a sufficient solace to learn that the wicked prosper but for a time; that they are set on high "slippery places" only that they may fall, and that their fall may be the more profound. But, if we have the *Christian* temper, that, so far from being a solace to us, will only be an aggravation of our sorrow and perplexity. For what chiefly troubles *us* is not that *we* are called to suffer, but that humanity at large groans under evils so many and so intolerable; that which we most deeply crave is not exemption from suffering for ourselves, nor even for our immediate kinsfolk and neighbours, but a firm conviction that all the evils and pains which afflict the world have a wise meaning and a merciful end, that there is a final goal of good to which all things will round at last.

And such a conviction, God be praised, is well within our reach. It may be proved, even to the sceptical reason, and often has been proved, that good preponderates over evil even in this present world, and that the evils which for a time vex and depress our life are designed to lead us to a higher and more stable good.

But the troubled heart is often impatient of logic. It craves a solution which appeals more directly to itself. It demands, not a demonstration, but an experience. And even this demand may be met. There is an experience to be had which lends instant comfort and strength to the heart, and makes it independent of the tardier processes of the intellect. If we go into the sanctuary of God, we shall no longer be vexed with the troublous beat of the mysterious sea. In the worship of God, in the blessedness of communion with Him, in the deepening sense of His love and goodwill to us and to all men which worship quickens within us, we reach a tranquil haven of repose that no storm can disturb.

Do you doubt it? Take, then, an extreme case, a decisive test. The patriarch Job not only stood on the margin of this sea, but was tossed on its waves for many months, during which "neither sun nor stars appeared," and "all hope that he should be saved was taken away." "Ye have heard of the patience of Job," and of the terrible strain to which it was exposed. You know how at length its strands parted, and he was driven out on the tempestuous waters of doubt, calling on heaven and earth for succour, but winning no response. Have you not also, at least in his case, "seen *the end* of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of a most tender mercy?" And yet, when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," He did not answer one of the objections which the tortured patriarch had charged against His justice. He solved none of the problems Job had discussed, replied to none of the questions

he had asked, vouchsafed no vindication of His ways. He simply passed before Job, proclaiming His greatness, revealing His glory. Job "*saw*" God, and that was enough. The view of that perfect beauty and holiness silenced every doubt, healed every wound. While as yet his losses were uncompensated, his pains not removed, his reasonable doubts not met, he was nevertheless persuaded of the perfect righteousness of his Judge, the perfect goodness of his Friend. He bowed in worship and self-abhorrence; he retracted all his doubts and aspersions; he was filled with an inward strength and peace. In short, so soon as he "saw with his eyes," the God of whom he had before only "heard with the hearing of the ear," he passed at once from the wild Sea of doubt into the Sanctuary of a perfect and assured trust.

And have we not all, in our several measures entered into this most happy experience? If we have ever worshipped Him who is a spirit in spirit and in truth, if we have ever had our hearts lifted into a genuine communion with Heaven, if we have ever beheld the King in His beauty and grace, have we not been forthwith strengthened and tranquillised? Have not spiritual intuitions and instincts, which go deeper than any logic, assured us that the Lord is good, that He is very pitiful and of a most tender mercy? Have not the perplexing and insoluble questions which haunted and afflicted us receded to an infinite distance, and dwarfed into petty proportions in that great flood of peaceful light? Have not the waves on which we were tossed sunk into a great calm? Have we not felt the strongest conviction that God's ways must be just and good, and confessed, if we could not demonstrate, or even intellectually comprehend their goodness, *that* was simply because His goodness was too large for us to grasp? Has not "the great deep" of His judgments thus become a source of health to us, an incitement to intercourse with Him, a new wall of defence round us, nay, round the whole world, instead of a dark fathomless mystery, haunted by threatening terrors before which we quailed? Has not the very "sea" of His providence been transformed into a "sanctuary," in which we were secure and at peace?

But we may raise our thoughts to a still loftier pitch, to a height from which the questions of the perplexed intellect and the demands of the troubled heart are both met in one triumphant solution of the mystery of Providence. "He who is higher than the highest" once took flesh and dwelt among us. As though to show how inevitable it is that men should rise through evil to a completer good, the Son of man endured the assault of all the evil that is in the world. He was innocent, upright, free from guile; yet He was bruised and put to grief. "He was oppressed, and He was afflicted." "He was despised and rejected of men." "He was stricken, smitten of God," abandoned in the hour of His supreme agony. Reproach broke His heart, and He was full of heaviness. He looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but He found none. The one perfect Man, the only Man in whom was no sin, He could yet appeal to all that passed by, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger."

Was not *He* tossed on that dark mysterious "sea" from which we shrink? Did not all its waves and billows pass over Him? As we consider the story of His life, the *wonder* of His life, is not the dark problem of the Divine Providence at its very darkest? What are our sufferings compared with His? If *we* can think ourselves wronged, afflicted with unprovoked stripes, what are our wrongs, or our deserts, to His? Yet out of all that darkness there rose the great light; out of all that evil there broke the supreme good. By His obedience unto death the whole world is redeemed unto God; nay, He Himself, in some ineffable way, makes increase to Himself of wisdom, of authority, of glory. "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered." "Because He humbled Himself, God hath highly exalted Him."

Here, then, we have the crucial test applied to the Providence of God. We are taught, and taught in a method which appeals both to our reason and our heart, that evil *is* to be overcome of good, that all the sorrows and wrongs of time are intended to conduct men to a good, larger and more complete than that of untempted innocence, or untried obedience, or unafflicted virtue. We see the Perfect Man pass through the deepest waters of the great dark "sea" of evil, into the "sanctuary" of an everlasting glory and peace. Shall *we* murmur and complain, then, if we are called to tread in His steps, to follow Him through the great waters in which His footsteps *are* known? Shall we not rather rejoice that we are counted worthy to enter into His affliction, and rest in the assurance that we shall pass through His affliction into His rest and joy? Shall we lose hope for the world because it is smitten with evils so innumerable and profound? Why should we, when, for "creatures such as we are, in such a world as this," the path to the highest and most enduring good runs right through those very evils? Let us rather "rejoice in hope," and in this hope,—that, like the Captain of its salvation, and in virtue of His redemption, the world will also rise, through evil, into larger good, and pass across this troubled and tempestuous "sea" into the "sanctuary" of God, the house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"'Who is he?' she asked sternly"—*p.* 158.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROPOSAL UNPROPOSED.

PHILIP had taken the success of Arthur Wildish for granted, seeing that there was no interruption to the friendly relations between him and Mr. Tabor. Philip did not see Wildish quite so often at the office, but then he had gone up to him in the neighbourhood of Park Villas, averring that the air of Kensington did not agree with him. And Philip was not more miserable than he had been before. It may seem paradoxical, but he would have been more unhappy if he had been in happier circumstances. He had long ago made up his mind to the result. He had made up his mind that he could not marry for years to come, and that he could not ask Lucy in her first bloom and freshness to waste those years in waiting for him, already a jaded man, even if the result of such asking had been sure, which to him it did not by any means appear. He felt doubtful whether she had ever cared for him at all in the way he would have desired; whether she did not look upon him—kindly, it is true, but as a friend—almost on a footing with her father. Besides which he could not approach her on the subject at all, without a preliminary explanation of circumstances which he had hitherto concealed.

Then, as to Wildish, if he had had a favourite sister, was he not just such a husband as he would have desired for her—pure, affectionate, generous, highminded? Still it was hard for him, a man of superlative energy, to stand by and make no effort to win the prize he most coveted; to see another step out of the ranks and claim it. The motive that held him back must have been strong indeed.

There were times when Philip, who had in him a distinct fighting propensity, and had been an enthusiastic rifle volunteer (it was one of the things it had cost him most to give up, this volunteering), longed to throw up everything and lead the life of an adventurer in foreign lands. He allowed himself to indulge in dreams of such a life, generally ending in the thought, "When I am free—bah! when I am free, it will be too late for anything."

His last evening with Mrs. Austin to be devoted to the papers had arrived. Their task was almost finished, and he was in the mood to derive a melancholy pleasure from the fact. He was fond of Ellen's ready sympathy; but he felt that he would make no effort to keep hold on it. He would probably part from her that very night, and allow her to drift away from him beyond recall. He was completely undecided, or rather, for it better expresses Philip's mind, the only thing he had decided upon was indecision. He would let circumstances decide for him, and the decision was forthcoming.

There, in her seat in the chimney-corner, sat Fate, in the shape of Mrs. Torrance, knotting her threads as vigorously as ever, with the ball at her feet, and the bag containing her web more distended than ever. Mrs. Torrance had an air of extreme satisfaction. It arose from the consciousness of having performed every maternal duty to "dearest Julia," while "dearest Ellen" had found it necessary to recall her just when those duties were becoming unnecessary and therefore irksome.

Mrs. Torrance sat and watched from her corner the progress of the almost finished task. She watched also, with jealous eyes, the progress of something else, and that was the friendship between Mr. Tenterden and Ellen, which had evidently been making rapid strides during her unavoidable absence. Ellen had not said much about Mr. Tenterden, and now he was not the only trouble looming in the distance. Mrs. Torrance had been at home but six days, and in that short space of time Mr. Huntingdon had called twice. On the last occasion she had found him sitting suspiciously close to Ellen, with an expression on his face as if he was engaged in some personal confidences. Nor was her penetration at fault, though from Ellen's manner she could gather nothing, and the latter offered no explanation, and had only mentioned that in her absence Mr. Huntingdon had been a frequent visitor. Now Mrs. Torrance had as much objection to her daughter marrying the clergyman as the layman. In the first place, Ellen by a second marriage lost a considerable part of her income—that which was derived from the profits of the firm, which she shared to the extent of one-third, and which in that event reverted to the partners. In the second, she had not found husbands at all conducive to generosity or gratitude on the part of her daughters; not that she was a merely mercenary woman, far from it. Thanks to Ellen, she had quite enough to live upon, and would have been delighted to spend her little income on these very ingrates; but she wanted to manage for them; she coveted a first place in their consideration and affection; she desired to deal with refractory servants, refractory babies, and even refractory husbands after her own fashion. Ellen allowed her to rule to her heart's content, but if she married again it would be quite different. Ellen would no longer

be her own mistress. Ellen's house would no longer be a haven of refuge when the husbands of dearest Bessie and dearest Julia proved refractory. Ellen might have a refractory husband of her own, and as Ellen was never known to manage anybody, of course he would have it all his own way. Mrs. Torrance conscientiously considered that it was better for Ellen to remain as she was.

In reality Ellen was in much greater danger than Mrs. Torrance supposed. On the occasion when she had interrupted Mr. Huntingdon's confidences, they were indeed leading up to a declaration. These confidences suddenly made were rather startling to Ellen, who had no idea of their drift till it was too late to stop them. Mr. Huntingdon had hitherto had some pretext or other for his calls, and he had pitched his intended declaration in the lowest possible key, which was certainly in his favour as far as obtaining a hearing went. He was very poor, he said, poorer even than he seemed, for he was paying back to his parents, now in reduced circumstances, the money they had spent on his education. It was most likely he would have to support them entirely in the end, as well as a deformed sister, who, though very clever and accomplished, and willing to teach, found the utmost difficulty in getting a situation as a governess or companion. He was very straightforward and manly in his bearing as he told her he could only marry a lady who had money, and that both the lady and her money must lend themselves to further his usefulness in the ministry to which he had devoted himself. He acknowledged that there was nothing very tempting in the offer he had to make. Did Mrs. Austin think it was one that was worth listening to by any good and loving woman for whom he could have the necessary affection and esteem? At this point Mrs. Torrance had broken in upon them and rather disconcerted Mr. Huntingdon, and he took his leave, holding Mrs. Austin's hand, which trembled in his, while he begged her to think over what he had been saying, which might have had reference to anything, from mothers' meetings to matters of faith and doctrine. But Ellen had no alternative save silence, for up to the last moment it would have been impossible for her to make a personal application of his words.

And now with Philip there was a grave constraint in her manner, which he set down to the presence of her mother. Almost in silence they went on with their task, drawing quickly to a close, but it was not destined to be uninterrupted as heretofore. At an early period Mr. Huntingdon presented himself, dropping in of an evening being the habit of an intimate in the little circle, a habit never before practised by him, and therefore all the more marked. The servant had shown him into the drawing-room, and came and announced to her mistress his presence there. Mrs. Torrance knotted furiously, and her daughter suffered an embarrassment she could not wholly conceal, and which was increased by the servant saying that she had shown him into the drawing-room, because he particularly desired to see Mrs. Austin alone, and would retire if she was engaged.

"Mamma," said Ellen, "I wish you would go to Mr. Huntingdon, and I will come to him in a little."

Mrs. Torrance went with alacrity. Mr. Huntingdon was certainly the most dangerous of the two. This was something like an emergency, and Mrs. Torrance's spirit rose to meet emergencies. But her going left Ellen embarrassed as before; nay, her embarrassment increased rather than diminished.

It was apparent to her companion, who rose and said, "We have very nearly finished our task, Mrs. Austin; another short sitting will do it, and I had better leave you now."

Ellen hesitated. "No, stay," she answered; "I dare say Mr. Huntingdon will not detain me long. I should be sorry to give you more trouble."

"Make your mind easy upon that score," he said; "it will only be lengthening out a pleasure. I will say good-bye, to-night;" and he did say good-bye, putting on his hat and rushing out of the house in the strangest manner possible; while Ellen lingered beside the writing-table, unable to make up her mind to encounter Mr. Huntingdon.

Meantime Mrs. Torrance had been entertaining the clergyman, who was seated in an arm-chair looking absent and answering at random. Mrs. Torrance mentioned that her daughter was engaged in some business with Mr. Tenterden, assuming at the same time that Mr. Huntingdon knew him well.

Mr. Huntingdon murmured that he had met the gentleman in question, but that they were not likely to be friends, as they differed very widely in opinion.

"Indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Torrance, point blank; "what opinions, may I ask?"

"I think his are rather dangerous, to say the truth," said Mr. Huntingdon, rousing himself.

"You surprise me," said Mrs. Torrance; "my daughter and he are great friends. He is partner in the firm of which Mr. Austin was the head, and Mrs. Austin has still her share in the business you know, as long as she remains unmarried. If she marries again," she added, hitting her nail on the head and driving it home, "she loses everything."

She justified the statement to her conscience by taking it to mean everything from that source, and went on smoothly to other topics, presently wondering that her daughter had not appeared, and leaving him with the hope that he would not be detained much longer.

How much longer he was detained, poor Mr. Huntingdon never knew, for in that time he went through an agony of humiliation and shame enough for a whole lifetime. He had come there to ask the sweetest and noblest woman he had ever met to be his wife, and he must go away, not only without accomplishing his object, but relinquishing it for

ever, and relinquishing it for a motive which at that moment he could not but feel to be an utterly ignoble and ungenerous one. Money, money, more and more money, was the pitiful craving created by an age of luxury and false refinement. Why could he not marry Ellen? the idea flashed wildly across his brain. He felt that he had never known his own heart till now, so disguised had it been in the swathings of conventionality. Now he seemed to see it throbbing nakedly. Why could he not marry Ellen on a hundred and fifty pounds a year, while his parents and sister lived on the other moiety of his income? Why must he have a costly house and costly furniture and several servants? Why could he not live differently to the people of his class, and be an example of plain living and high thinking. No, he felt he could not. A great genius might do it, or a great Christian. He was neither, but a common man among common men. If he did any such thing the bland men and sugared women of the villas round him, even those who had still some trouble with their h's and final r's would look down upon him, turn their backs to him, hide their faces from him in spite of his superior education. His last chance of usefulness among them would be gone. He would be in the position of their own or their fathers' clerks. They would look upon him, the servant of God, as their servant, and that not in the sense in which he truly was theirs and every man's. No, the man to do such a thing must be one who was not under the necessity of doing it. So difficult is it to live on a higher level than the people about one. All this flashed through his mind in far less time than it takes to write. And what should he say for himself? She must know what he had intended by coming there that night, and he must give her an explanation. Should he get out of it as easily as possible, invent some excuse for the occasion, and let the thing die a natural death? Alas! feigning and falsehood! had he come to that? His anguish was unspeakable. It paled his ruddy face, as if with deadly sickness. His head sunk down till it was almost bent upon his knees as he sat.

At length Ellen came in, and he rose to meet her and held out his hand. She took it, and it was cold and clammy. He stood looking at her face for a moment, for his lips were too dry for rapid speech, while she met his eyes calmly and feelingly; but the words he uttered, strange as they were, gave her immense relief.

"Forgive me, I have offered you an insult. You must know what I came here to say, I cannot say it. My circumstances will not allow me; but I never knew how much I cared for you till I was forced to give you up."

She could almost have smiled, so different was it from what she had expected and dreaded; but she saw that he was in deadly earnest, his face, his voice, his manner, all betokening an overpowering agitation, and instead of telling him that his suit would have been in vain, she spoke the kindest words she could think of. "You have honoured me with your confidence, Mr. Huntingdon. I cannot look on your withdrawal as an insult, and I would fain retain your friendship under any circumstances."

"God bless you!" he said, and left her somehow with tears in her eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

PHILIP'S INTERFERENCE.

Fanny's money was melting like snow. Instead of sending Ada home and taking her sister in her stead, she went next day along with Ada, and brought both girls back in her cab—a piece of native generosity, which really won for her the prize she coveted. Ada took her into the circle of her close affections from the hour. But that did not mean that she was not going to make use of her. The more she loved her, the less compunction she had about spending her money, just as she would have spent her own if she had had any. She negotiated loans for her father and for Albert and his wife, who would otherwise have been under the neccessity of parting with the last relics of comfort and respectability—in short, she was the channel through which the whole family had begun to draw their support, with the exception of Mrs. Lovejoy and Beatrice, who stood aloof and independent. Nor did this state of affairs seem likely to come to an end at any very early date. A fortnight passed, and Albert had not found another situation. During the first week two had offered; but his applications had been rejected, and he was beginning to be hopeless. Geraldine was no better, and the doctor whom Fanny called in looked grave over her case—far more grave, it seemed, than her illness warranted, for she was often quite cheerful and free from suffering. Still the fact remained that she did not gain strength, and the little cough could not be removed, so that under the circumstances she could not be sent home again.

The constant drain on Fanny's purse at length necessitated another application to Philip, and Fanny was weak enough to let Ada see the reluctance with which she made it.

"It's your own money, Cousin Fanny, is it not?" asked the girl.

"Yes, of course it's my own," replied Fanny; "but Mr. Tenterden keeps it for me, and he doesn't like me to spend too much of it."

"I wouldn't let him keep my money," said Ada, indignantly; and the idea took roothold in the girl's determined mind, that Philip ought to be made to give it up, and, like other ideas that take root thus, it was destined to bear its fruit.

This time Fanny determined to see Philip at the office, and she took Ada with her as a kind of protectress. It was curious, the ascendency which the

girl had already obtained over the woman's mind. Ada herself was quite unconscious of it, had neither schemed for it, nor worked for it in any way; but Fanny's ideas, being always in a state of fluidity, required a channel to flow in, and Ada had the power of making channels. The girl's mind was intensely practical, and though free from meanness, even in the midst of mean surroundings, always went straight at the nearest object, removed the nearest obstacle, did the nearest duty, however small. And it was this directness and fixity of purpose that enslaved Fanny. In the small affairs of the household Ada's faculty brought order out of confusion, and good out of evil, and Fanny's trust in her was therefore unbounded.

Fanny took Ada with her, and she acted as a check on Philip to such an extent, that at length he begged her to go into the outer office for a few minutes. He could not warn Fanny against Ada's family in Ada's presence; but as soon as she was gone he did remonstrate warmly. And Fanny was uncomfortable under the remonstrance, and wished, for the first time, that her money was in other hands. Philip evidently exaggerated her incapacity to manage her own affairs. She was only lending, which was not the same as giving, and yet he spoke as if it was. In the end he gave Fanny a cheque for the sum she wanted; but he made it as difficult as possible for her to apply to him again.

When the interview was over he bade her good-bye severely, and led her into the outer office to Ada, of whom he took the slightest possible notice.

But though Ada had been excluded from the interview, she managed by judicious cross-examination to obtain from Fanny a particular account of it.

"Why do you let him keep your money?" she repeated indignantly.

"He has always had it," replied Fanny, limply.

"Always—I don't understand," said Ada the practical.

"His father managed for me when I was a girl like you," Fanny explained.

Ada was silent for a while. Then she spoke suddenly, her thoughts having been busy enough the while. "What if he has spent the money himself, Cousin Fanny?" she said.

"Oh, no fear of that," answered Fanny.

Nevertheless she felt uneasy when Ada answered with preternatural assurance, "I do believe he has;" a view of matters which Ada was not at all likely to keep to herself.

Once more in his room, with the best of the day before him, for Fanny had paid him a very early visit, Philip thought over Fanny's affairs with his usual concentration. He greatly exaggerated her incapacity, and did not give her credit for sense enough to stop short of absolute ruin, and concluded that it was necessary to keep a tighter hand on her than ever. He also painted the Lovejoy family in blacker colours than they deserved, and determined to put a stop, as far as possible, to their exactions, and also to interfere more decidedly in their affairs.

And, in the first place, what was to be done with that young man? Fanny had not said too much about his difficulties in obtaining employment. Who would employ him without a character? It occurred to Philip that there was a vacancy in the office at that very moment, a vacancy which any lad could fill. Should he place Albert in it for a time? The salary was a mere pittance; but the situation might be a passport to something better, might reinstate him among honest men. He disliked the idea of bringing him there—disliked it intensely; but that was no reason with him for not doing it, rather the reverse. He could do no harm, for there would be nothing in his power. He would be removed from the influence of bad associates. In short, having entertained the suggestion, Philip determined that it was the right thing to do, and he sat down and wrote to Fanny at once, asking her to send the young man to him, and telling her, not too graciously, his intentions toward him.

Albert's qualifications were found quite equal to the office, a faultless style of penmanship running in the family, and he was only too glad to accept the eighteen shillings a week attached to it.

Fanny was quite delighted with Philip for his interference in the young man's behalf. Even Ada was coming round to a belief in Philip's goodness, until she went home one day and heard Albert's opinion concerning the benefit conferred on him. In his estimation it was neither more nor less than a shabby dodge, which, taking advantage of his unfortunate circumstances, secured his invaluable services on utterly inadequate terms. The shock of this discovery Ada lost no time in communicating to Fanny; and it ought to be borne in mind that it is only robust minds which throw off successive shocks of this kind. Fanny's was not a robust mind. She began to be uncomfortable about her money.

Ada had received her account of Albert's way of taking Philip's kindness from her mother, who believed it with that kind of impatient half-belief which people give to the most untrustworthy when they happen to be closely connected with them, because, as some one has said, even the most untruthful necessarily speak more truth than falsehood. Besides, as everything seemed to be going against Mrs. Lovejoy, the worst interpretation seemed the most natural at the time. Her daughter Beatrice was troubling her sorely. Letters had lately been coming for her nearly every day, and an expensive valentine had reached her on the morning of the fourteenth of February. Also her mother had caught the glitter of jewels in her ears one night, and she had gone up to her room and taken them off and hid them away. She was often late, too, in returning home, and had been remonstrated with in vain.

At last Mrs. Lovejoy, on the watch continually, had seen her parting with a young man of gentlemanly appearance at the end of the road, which led to the better-class streets of the district. The mother's heart beat fast as the young man stooped and kissed the girl, who held up her face as if accustomed to the salute.

Mrs. Lovejoy was not the woman to be passive under the circumstances. She went up to her daughter, in her shabby bonnet and with her basket on her arm, and laid hold of her, putting the young gentleman to instant flight.

"Who is he?" she asked sternly.

"A friend of mine," answered the girl, defiantly.

"A friend of yours!" replied her mother; "and how came you to know him, pray?"

"I met him in the train."

"And on the street," said her mother. "Do you think that is the way respectable girls meet their lovers? In my time girls saw their friends under their parents' roof. If he won't come to see you there, he means no good to you."

"I haven't a home fit to bring him to," said Beatrice, scornfully.

"Has he a home fit to take you to then?"

"Yes, he has, and a mother and sisters?"

"And have you seen them?" asked Mrs. Lovejoy, more calmly.

"No," faltered Beatrice, "not yet."

"Then the sooner you give him up the better," said her mother. "He's only some selfish fellow who wants to make a fool of you."

"I can take care of myself," answered Beatrice, with a hard, unpleasant laugh.

And indeed, whatever the young man was, it would have been very difficult for him to be more selfish than Beatrice Lovejoy.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 7. HEZEKIAH. PART I.

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. xxix., xxx.

INTRODUCTION. Lessons have already been given on David and Solomon. Refer to the latter, and ask a few questions on his great sin in committing idolatry—the cause and the result. Tell the children how the kingdom was divided, and how *all* the kings of Israel and most of those of Judah were idolators. Hezekiah a bright exception. His father Ahaz, a most wicked man, had made Hezekiah when a child "pass through the fire," as an offering to false gods (2 Kings xvi. 3). How the remembrance would haunt the boy all his life! Perhaps this made him see the awfulness of idolatry: and he may have learned right from his mother (2 Chron. xxix. 1). This lesson will show how Hezekiah brought about a reformation of religion.

I. THE NEW DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE. (1) *The priests summoned.* (Read 2 Chron. xxix. 1—11.) Make the children see his anxiety to reform the abuses of the Temple and restore the services and sacrifices—it was the first thing he set about (ver. 3), notwithstanding all the weighty things demanding the attention of a new king. Ask who had the charge of the Temple and sacrifices. Picture the king assembling the priests and Levites in the east street and making them a speech: ask what were bound to be kept up continually—the lamp with its seven branches, the perpetual incense, the daily sacrifices, and the regular feasts. Notice how Hezekiah traces all their troubles to neglect of these, and now proposes to make a fresh covenant with God and restore them all (ver. 10.) (2) *The priests at work.* (Read 15—19.) Now show a plan of the Temple, explaining the different parts; the priests, alone allowed to enter the building, cleansed the interior, with its vessels—the lamp, the altar of incense, and the table of shew-bread; while the Levites cleansed the outer court with the altar of burnt offering: the whole work taking sixteen days (ver. 17). (3) *The Temple sanctified.* (Read ver. 20—36.) Ask when the Temple was built, and remind of its glorious opening by Solomon 278 years before: what a contrast!—still never too late to repent. Remind of Solomon's prayer, asking that God would accept repentant prayers in this house. Now notice the following points about this fresh dedication of the Temple: (*a*) *All classes joined*—the rulers (ver. 20), the king and princes (ver. 30), the priests and Levites (ver. 26), the whole people (ver. 28), and show that as all had joined in the sin of idolatry, it was only right that all should join in deploring it. (*b*) *The burnt offerings for sin.* Ask from former lessons the need for shedding of blood. Refer to Heb. ix. 22, and ask to whom the sacrifices pointed. Remind how public confession of sin always accompanied the sacrifices, and show how the sacrifices were now offered for all classes of the people—a sin offering for the kingdom (ver. 21), another for the king and congregation (ver. 23). (*c*) *The thanksgiving.* Notice how the service, begun with confession and humiliation, must end with thanksgiving: what would they praise for? God had been merciful in sparing them, and also in raising up this godly king to teach them to serve Him. What words would they use? Remind how David's Psalms were written for use in the Temple-worship—(see Psalms lxxxiv., cxxii., and others)—so they used these (ver. 30). (*d*) *The offerings.* Having confessed, made atonement, praised, they must now

give a thank offering to God (ver. 32): these would be used for the future service of the Temple. See to what a low state religion must have come that the Levites were more ready than the priests, who were the appointed ministers of God: so the Levites (the servants of the Temple) were allowed to help the priests in their office.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *The importance of national religion.* The king and priests having forsaken God, led the whole nation astray. Now the king leading the people back to God, the whole nation turns again. How important, then, to pray earnestly for kings and all in authority (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2). (2) *The duty of national humiliation.* Read Joel ii. 16—18, to see how God enjoins and promises blessing to such. Ask what kingdom did so mourn and repent, and have the punishment revoked (Jonah iii. 10). Remind the children of national fast-day for the Irish famine, Crimean war, &c.; but also remind how a nation is composed of individuals, and therefore each is responsible for himself.

II. THE RENEWAL OF THE PASSOVER. (Read 2 Chron. xxx. 1—12.) Ask how many yearly feasts there were, and which was the most important: why was the Passover kept, and when? (Exod. xii. 2.) Ask why it could not be kept in the right month (ver. 3), and remind how all the people were to assemble at Jerusalem, and not merely the two tribes of Judah. Show what pains Hezekiah took to summon them, and what effect his letters had (ver. 6, 10—12). Now picture the gathering at Jerusalem. If possible show a plan of the city—Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, raised above the city—the people "going up" to the house of the Lord—the great court of the Temple gradually filling—the vast congregation—the king's prayer for those not duly prepared (ver. 18)—the feast of unleavened bread duly kept for seven days—the rejoicing and feasting: and also the time profitably spent in learning and taking counsel for the future (ver. 22, 23), the result being peace and good-will between Judah and Israel (ver. 25).

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *The importance of keeping appointed religious observances.* The national declension was accompanied by neglect of national festivals. Remind how Christ always kept the feasts of Passover, &c.; and (2) *The importance of preparation for the worship of God.* Remind of the solemn consecration of the people required at Mount Sinai (Exod. xx. 10): how the people, having neglected the feast so long, had forgotten the due preparation. The same principle applies now: preparation of heart needed for right approach to God in prayer and in His house: then may expect a blessing.

Questions to be answered.

1. What was the state of Judah when Hezekiah came to the throne?
2. What immediate steps did Hezekiah take for the reformation of religion?
3. Show to what a very low condition the priests had sunk, even compared with the Levites.
4. What four points may be observed in the rededication of the Temple?
5. What practical lessons may be learned?
6. Describe the renewal of the Passover. What good effects did it have, and what lessons does it teach us?

"ONLY A FLOWER."

"HOW I wish I had something to bring Hetta! I'm almost sorry she asked me to her birthday party, for I'll be the only one there who cannot give her a present;" and Herbert thought over all his possessions, in the hope of finding something amongst them that his little cousin would like. He had bats, balls, tops, many toys which he valued much, but would willingly have parted with for Hetta's sake; the difficulty was that none of them were suitable for a little girl, and he had no money to buy anything else. At length the idea occurred to his mind, that he had seen one beautiful bud, the first of the season, on his own moss-rose bush. "But will she care for that," he thought, "amongst so many valuable presents? It is only a flower. Still I have nothing else, and it will just show I remembered her."

The day came, and Herbert ran to the garden before setting off. The rosebud was opening into bloom. He cut it quickly from the bush, leaving one fresh green leaf attached, rolled the stalk in a little damp moss, and carefully packed it in a card box, to present to his cousin on his arrival. It was true she had received many pretty gifts that morning, but amongst them all, not one which could compare in beauty for a moment with that simple moss-rose, formed and tinted as it was by the hand of a Divine Creator. The boy was gratified to his heart's content by the look of admiration and exclamation of delight with which Hetta removed the rose from its box and placed it in water.

"Oh, Herbert! how lovely! Did this really grow in your own garden? and did you cut it for me? I have not seen a rose this year till now, and a fresh country flower is such a treat in town."

The day passed merrily, and Herbert enjoyed himself extremely. He returned home in the evening much pleased that the flower had gratified his cousin and had helped to make her birthday happier. Next morning the moss-rosebud had expanded its petals into a still more perfect stage of loveliness, and

Hetta, who had a holiday and was going out to pay visits to some of her young friends, was tempted to take it from the water and fasten it in front of her dress. "My rose does look so beautiful," she said, "I should like to show it off, and an hour or two out of water won't wither it much."

At some distance from home her attention was attracted by a little girl of about her own age, who stood leaning wearily against a wall, crying as if her heart would break. Catching Hetta's eye, she slowly dried her tears, and coming timidly forward, sobbed out: "Please, miss, my brother's sick, and mother sent me out to look for something for him. I never asked any one before, and I don't know rightly what to say, only he's ill and weak, and we have nothing to give him."

Hetta felt very sorry for this little girl, and wished greatly to send some help to her poor sick brother, but all her money had been spent on the treat of the day before. She thought of returning home to ask her mother's assistance, but remembered that she had gone out for several hours. "How grieved I am that I did not keep some of my money. What can I do now? let me think if I have anything which could be of use to the sick boy." Then, as she looked down, her eye lighted upon the rose, and taking it from her belt, "I might send him this," she said; "it is only a flower, but when I was ill last spring I liked the violets so much that mamma brought me. It is all I have, and I remember the Lord Jesus said that even a cup of cold water given in His name to one of these little ones will be accepted. Here, my poor girl," she continued aloud, "I have nothing to send your brother but this rose. I wish I had something more useful, but, perhaps, it will comfort him."

* * * * *

"Well, Mary," said a pale, careworn woman who was bending over the pallet where the sick boy lay, when Mary reached her home, "your foot sounds as if you had had good success. What have you brought?"

"This, mother," answered the child, holding up the rose in triumph.

"Is that all?" said the woman, in a disappointed tone; "why, it's only a flower."

But poor sick Willy's eye had caught sight of it by this time, and raising himself as well as he was able, "Oh, Mary!" he cried, "do bring that beautiful thing here and let me smell it." Then, holding the bud in his thin white hand, he gazed till tears filled his eyes—tears of pleasure—lighting up his hollow eyes and pallid face with an expression of hope and joy, and banishing the remembrance of all the pains and hardships which he had endured. "Oh, Mary! where did you get this? I thought such flowers only grew in heaven. God must have sent one of His angels to bring it here."

"No, Willy; a young lady I met in the street gave me the rose for you."

"God put it into her heart then, just to cheer me before I go, and to show me how good He is; for if He makes such beautiful things in this world, what must the place be where He lives Himself!—all full of flowers, and light, and joy; no pain, no hunger, no cold. Mother, don't cry, for it's better to be there with Jesus than here;" and he looked round the dreary room, where a ray of sunshine seldom found its way and a flower had never bloomed before. "Mother—Mary, you'll come too." His voice grew weak, for the temporary excitement was over, and the dying boy sank back on his wretched bed; but the light of hope and joy still remained in his eyes as he continued gazing at the rose in his hand. Presently the eyes closed, but the smile was yet there, for the impression of that lovely flower was stamped in vivid colours on his fading memory; and, as the dull light of earth passed away, the glories of heaven opened before his soul's gaze—glories "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."

The mother and sister stood watching, but the eyes were closed for ever to the things of earth. His breath came and went fitfully for a few moments, then ceased entirely; and while the rose still remained clasped in his hand, Willy's spirit left the dingy room, and the dark and flowerless life which had been his from his birth, for the realms of light and joy, for the presence of the Saviour he had loved. How happy Herbert would have been had he known that his rose was used as a messenger from heaven! And Hetta, little did she think how she had revived the faith and hope of that poor boy, cheered his dying hour, and comforted his mother's heart by her simple offering of "only a flower." S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

53. Quote a passage from Ezekiel which seems to point to the coming of Christ, and in which reference is made to a prophecy in the Book of Genesis.

54. Two of the prophets describe God as "gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness." Name them.

55. To what tribes did the prophets Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel respectively belong?

56. From whom, in a special manner, was the life of the prophet Jeremiah principally in danger?

57. What name is applied to Christ in the book of Malachi?

58. A prophet who figures in the early history of the Israelites is mentioned by name in the prophecy of Micah.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

41. Jer. xxvi. 23.
42. Luke ix. 31.
43. Peter (Acts ii. 27); Paul (Acts xiii. 35).
44. Jer. xxxi. 31, &c. &c.
45. Acts xiii. 33; Heb. i. 5.



SNOWDROPS.

1 Cor. xv.

I LAID them, in their beautiful perfection
White-robed, more pure than snow,
Within the chapter of the resurrection,
Only a year ago!

The hours wore on, and swift they withered—dying
Among the words of hope.
I look upon their pale, still beauty, sighing—
But Faith has found her scope.

My flower droop'd on earth, yet gave me gladness,
Only a year ago.
Why for its glorious bloom do I feel sadness—
The bloom beyond the snow?

O for that rest, awaiting spring's perfection,
Robed in the garments white!
And hushed to sleep in hope of resurrection,
By those dear words of might!

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER IV.

IT seemed to Ruth as if the gates of an earthly paradise were opened when she was ushered into the garden. At the door stood Mrs. Rae, and Tina ran to meet them.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said. "Do you know it is nearly six, and I have been expecting you for ever so long? I have not the heart to scold, though I had composed quite a long lecture for you."

"Please don't lecture us, for we were quite ready when Dr. Rae came—weren't we, Ruthie?" answered Mary.

"Then I can scold him, as he is my brother, without any hesitation."

"You may rest assured I tried hard to be with you at the appointed time, Miss Leighton. I hope you will not allow Tina to take away my character too mercilessly."

Tina then took the girls up-stairs to their bedroom, which was at the back of the house overlooking a broad stream that ran along beside the garden, with the trees drooping into it and the sunlight sparkling on the rippling water.

"How lovely this is!" exclaimed Ruth; "how beautiful to live here!"

"Yes, I think it is very nice; and I am always so glad when people appreciate it thoroughly, as you seem to do," said Tina, watching Ruth with admiration as she stood entranced. "Come and look, Miss Leighton—at least, may I call you Mary? I—I feel as if I knew you; and you must call me Tina, you know."

"I should like it much better," answered Mary; "it seems so strange to be called 'miss.'"

"And, besides, as the Easter holidays are not very long, we must make the best of our time, and not remain on merely *polite* terms."

"I wish people were always like you," said Ruth. "I don't feel as if I had never been here before. Where does this stream go to?" she asked, turning again to the window.

"A long way, and we have got a boat; so I hope you like going on the water, because Maurice will often take us, I know, if you would like it."

"Oh, Mary! isn't it splendid! I feel as if I were in fairyland," cried Ruth; and she danced down the room and clapped her hands in an ecstasy of joy. Mary was quite taken by surprise at this exhibition of delight, it was so different from the little weary and rebellious school-girl of a week ago.

Ruth became very demure and quiet again when she went down-stairs with Tina and Mary, and she hardly spoke all dinner-time. In listening to all the conversation her happiness was too complete for any wish to take part in it herself; and it seemed too much like a momentary glimpse into an enchanted world for her to feel that she was one of the actors.

After dinner they all went into the drawing-room, which, to Ruth's great delight, looked on to the stream, and here they remained talking for some time. At last Tina was asked to play, and accordingly she did so. Ruth listened most attentively and evidently with keen enjoyment, for Tina played well; and as soon as she had done Dr. Rae said, "Will you play or sing something now, little one?"

"How did you know I could?" asked Ruth.

"I did not know, but now you have told me so I repeat my request."

"Oh, Dr. Rae! how wrong of you to entrap me like that," said Ruth. "Please don't ask me."

"Indeed, you must, dear, I should so like to hear you; and if you are too angry with Stephen to do it for him, do so for mamma and me. Won't you?"

"Mary, help me; say something for me," said Ruth.

"There is not any excuse you can possibly find," answered Mary; "what is there so dreadful in it?"

"Come, Ruth," said Dr. Rae, taking her hand and leading her to the piano, "what a silly little thing to work yourself into such a state about it. Will you forgive me?" Stephen bent down and smiled as he saw Ruth's downcast eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Yes; at least if there is anything to forgive," said Ruth, in a low voice, playing a few chords in an absent way.

The room became very quiet when Ruth began to play, and her wonderful talent struck her auditors with surprise and delight; so Ruth played one thing after another, and lost her nervousness as she grew excited with the music. After a time she sang "Auld Robin Gray," and then the room was so profoundly silent that the gentle opening of the outer door was heard by Tina, who looked round and saw Maurice at the drawing-room door, standing perfectly still, listening to the song with the greatest attention, his eyes fastened on Ruth. Fortunately, she herself was

unconscious of his presence, for she would at once have been in a panic if brought back to herself by the sight of a stranger. The song ceased, and for a minute the silence remained unbroken, then Maurice entered. Ruth started from her reverie at the sound of a strange voice saying, "How do you do?" to Mary.

"Ruth," said the doctor, "this is my brother Maurice."

"I hope you will not punish me for coming in so late by leaving off singing," said Maurice, as he shook hands, looking with an artist's pleasure at her small but graceful figure and picturesque hair; and when she raised her eyes he felt an interest awaken beyond that mere professional feeling with which he had looked till then.

"I can't sing any more," Ruth answered, with an imploring look.

"I think we must be kind enough to let you off now," said Mrs. Rae. "You have been a dear good little thing." Ruth walked up to her and took her hand affectionately. "Feel how cold this child's hands are, Stephen."

"They always get cold when I play, especially if I am nervous."

"You must get over your nervousness here, darling, for I think we shall often want you to play and sing too," said Stephen.

"Isn't it bad for me to be nervous, Dr. Rae?" asked Ruth, coaxingly, with a sidelong look into his eyes.

The doctor laughed. "I don't think it is, but sitting up so late is bad for you. I do not wish to lose your company, but you had better go to bed now."

"Oh, dear! how the evening has flown away! I wanted to see Mr. Rae's sketches," whispered Ruth to Mrs. Rae.

"Maurice, do you hear? Through your lateness you have lost the honour of showing your sketches to Ruth. She has expressed a wish to see them."

"I am very sorry, but I hope you will let me have the pleasure to-morrow—will you?"

"I hope you will let *me* have the pleasure," said Ruth; "it is you who will grant the favour."

"I wish all favours were as easy to grant, then," answered Maurice, smiling; "but since you consider it one, I will trade with it. Will you sing to me if I do that?"

"Yes," replied Ruth, giving the promise from a sudden shyness at Maurice's earnest look, and turning to Mrs. Rae she embraced her affectionately.

"Good night, dear, I am so glad to have you with me. Indeed, I feel very grateful to Stephen."

"So do I, and I don't think he can know how grateful, because I don't know how to thank him for all he has done; I wish I did."

"I don't need to be thanked, my child," said Stephen, who had overheard her earnest little speech; "but do you think I deserve a kiss?"

Ruth raised her face and kissed him, blushing as she did so; then she ran up-stairs as quickly as she could. For a few minutes Ruth looked out on the moonlight shining on the water, and felt so happy that it was almost like enchantment; and the lovely garden appeared to her more beautiful than any other place she had ever seen. The very wind which rustled in the trees and made the water dance and sparkle, seemed as if it loved the little nook and would like to linger there for ever.

Ruth waked early, and dressing as quickly as possible she ran down-stairs into the garden. The sun shone brilliantly and the birds were singing. As she walked towards the stream she saw Maurice seated under a tree, reading; but he looked up as she approached and rose to meet her. "You are up early," he said; "do you like the early morning air?"

"Yes, I think it is beautiful; and at school I used generally to go into the garden and read before the other girls came down."

"It is very pleasant to have peace and quiet," answered Maurice—"especially for reading."

"Mr. Rae, what book is that?" asked Ruth.

"'The Magic Ring.' I am going to illustrate it. Do you know the book?"

"Oh yes! I do love it so!" exclaimed Ruth, clasping her hands. "Tell me what parts you are going to do."

"Do you remember where Hugur kills his wife by accident when she is carrying the Avenger's helmet, and how they sing a love-song together before she dies?"

"Yes, I think that story is lovely, and it will make a splendid picture."

"I have made a sketch for it; if you will come to my studio I will show it you."

Ruth accordingly went in with him, and saw on the easel the sketch which Maurice had spoken of. Ruth stood before it for some minutes in silence, and Maurice watched her thoughtful little face, thinking he should like to paint her portrait with that unconscious, dreamy expression. It was a look which made him wish to know what thoughts were busy in her head, and yet he refrained from asking, that he might watch her still.

At last she roused herself and said, "I like that very much. Will you show me all your pictures?"

One after another Maurice showed them to her, and Ruth spent a long time over each, asking a great many questions indicative of the pleasure and interest that she felt. "What is this?" asked Ruth, as Maurice placed a fresh picture before her.

"It is from 'Christabel.'"

"I have not read that; I am so sorry! Will you tell me about it?"

"I think the author can tell it best for himself," said Maurice, taking a book from a table close by. "I will show you the passage."

"Oh no! I forgot I mustn't look at it," said Ruth, suddenly shutting the book.

"Why not?"

"Because Dr. Rae said I was not to read."

"It is only a short passage which the picture illustrates, and to look at it could hardly be called reading."

"Ah, but it is! and I couldn't look at it unless he said I might," answered Ruth, looking full into Maurice's face with her truthful eyes.

"I admire your scrupulousness, and should not wish you to act differently, even while I think it unnecessary; but do you think yourself that the doctor meant you to obey his orders so literally?"

"I don't know, but where could I draw the line if I once began to read? at what point could I say, 'Here it begins to do me harm?'"

"You have the best of the argument," said Maurice, smiling.

Ruth turned again to the pictures, and continued to look at one after another most perseveringly. Presently she stopped for some time before a painting of Sir Lancelot.

"What do you think of it?" inquired Maurice.

"I think," said Ruth, slowly, wrinkling her forehead and looking intently at it, "I think Sir Lancelot looks almost as if he were in love with Elaine. His expression ought to be more pitying and sorrowing than that."

"I see what you mean. I have only caught the affectionate look," answered Maurice. "It is quite true, what you say."

"You have some of the expression I mean, but I feel as if it were not enough. Somehow I can picture his face so vividly. Mr. Rae, don't you pity them?"

"I pity Elaine, but I had not thought of him so much in that light."

"He suffered very much—as much as she did, I should think," said Ruth.

"Her heart was broken and she died, but he still lived; do you not think that showed his feelings to be less deeply engrafted into his life?"

"No; because he was in love and was loved in return, so it would have been hard for him to die. And his life was hard, too; but to Elaine death was a happy thing."

At this moment the door of the studio was thrown open, and Tina made her appearance. "Here you are! The breakfast bell has rung some time ago, and I have been looking for you," she said, laughing.

"I had no idea it was so late. The time has seemed too short, Ruth, to me. I must thank you for your criticism, it will be very useful to me."

Ruth stood like a culprit, her head bent down and her hair falling over her face, to hide her burning cheeks from Maurice and Tina; and she felt as if she should like the ground to swallow her up. They must go in to breakfast, however; it was an ordeal through which Ruth knew she must pass, and Tina seemed very unmerciful as she led the way to the breakfast room.

"Here you are at last! Why, Maurice; we had begun to think you had run away with Ruth."

"I hope I have taken good care of her, mother," answered Maurice, laughing; "I don't think you ought to be astonished that I forgot how time passed when I was with her." This he said looking at Ruth who was now seated opposite him.

Presently Tina said, "Have you to be busy to-day, Maurice?"

"No, I am at your service; what can I do?"

"I wish you would take us for a row this morning. Mary and Ruth, don't you think it would be nice, as it is so mild?"

"Oh yes!" they answered in one breath.

"You are quite deserting *me*, Ruth," said Dr. Rae. "I am sorry you don't care to go for a drive with me."

"Dr. Rae," exclaimed Ruth, "how can you say that?"

"Why, with your own lips you said that you preferred to be with Maurice. You cannot deny that," replied Stephen, significantly.

"Yes, I do deny it!" said Ruth, vehemently; "you know it is not true."

"I should not think of going with the doctor now until he has begged your pardon. If you come with me," added Maurice, "you shall be treated with proper respect."

"Now, Ruthie, choose between them," cried Tina, laughing; "don't keep them long in suspense, for I assure you it is a very serious affair."

"I know," said the doctor, "you will choose Maurice from all that has passed this morning; but, perhaps, some day, when you learn that his fascinating manners are empty and vain, you will return to your true knight."

"I am not quite so sure, Stephen," replied Maurice. "Lady Ruth may be a little fickle in the bestowal of her favours, and though I have every reason to hope from her conduct this morning——"

Ruth sprang from her chair and rushed out into the garden, perfectly overcome with shyness and unable to listen to any more. Presently Stephen came to her, and seating himself, drew Ruth on to his knee. "What did you run away for, little woman?" he asked.

"Oh! you shouldn't tease me so, I can't bear it. Why do people always like teasing so much? It seems as if they did it just because it is horrid for the person who is teased."

"You ought to be proud of the honour, for I think it is a proof of affection," said Stephen.

"But you can be very fond of some people without teasing them," expostulated Ruth; "and I should think they must be very happy."

"Are you not happy now?"

"Yes, I can't help being happy here; but it is in spite of the teasing," said Ruth, decidedly.

"Well, as what you have told me will in any case have no salutary effect upon the others, suppose you make a speech to an assembly of your persecutors, and see what impression it will make."

"Oh! Dr. Rae," said Ruth, half laughing, "I do believe you also want to tease me now."

"I am not aware of having said anything very bad; in fact, I really don't know what harm there has been in this morning's conversation. Will you tell me the words that carried the poison?"

"I can't remember words exactly, but it was—that—you looked at me—and your manners were so dreadful!" and Ruth hid her face on Stephen's shoulder. He laughed affectionately.

"Dr. Rae," began Ruth, timidly, "you don't really think that I don't care to go with you, do you?"

"No, darling; don't worry yourself about that. Will you come for a drive to-morrow, and have a long talk with me?"

"Yes, that will be lovely!"

"This morning," continued Stephen, "you will go with the others, and I am sure you will enjoy it. You must run and get ready now, or you will keep them waiting." Stephen kissed Ruth in a very fatherly way, and then started on his rounds.

Ruth went up-stairs, and found Tina and Mary nearly ready, and when they came down Maurice was waiting. Ruth had on a large Tuscan hat, and kept her head down so that Maurice could not see her face as he handed her into the boat. Amused glances passed among the others, and then, waving adieu to Mrs. Rae, they soon glided out of sight of the house, among the trees that trailed their branches in the water, or sometimes formed a cool green canopy over their heads. Ruth leaned down, looking at the clear stream through which the bright stones gleamed, and she saw the reflection of the trees in the rippling mirror, while she listened to the conversation of the other three.

"I always feels so blissfully free from care when I am out on the water," said Tina, after a long silence, as the boat glided swiftly along. "It seems to have such a soothing influence, and I feel as happy as a child."

"That is a very poor standard of happiness," said Maurice. "Do you think it a higher one than that which an adult possesses?"

"Certainly; I think there is no doubt that a child is happier than a grown person."

"How do you account, otherwise, for a child's quickness to forget trouble, and be perfectly merry after a short time of grief?" asked Mary.

"From a smaller capacity for sorrow," replied Maurice; "but then I think that children have a smaller capacity for joy too. A child enjoys the present moment, and has no care for the next; but a grown-up person has a greater insight into the future, and if care is in that future, happiness is beyond. What do you think, Ruth?" asked Maurice, turning towards her, and resting on his oars as he looked at her.

"I agree with you," she answered.

"I should hardly think you could form an opinion, Ruth; as you have had no experience, except of a child's life."

"Oh, Mary! do you think we know nothing but what we learn from experience? How ignorant we should all be if that were the case!" exclaimed Ruth.

"There are some things that must wait for experience to teach, and that is one, I think. In what other way do you learn this?"

"I wonder what life is meant for, and think it is meant for good; so I don't believe that happiness is given for a few years, only to be taken away again."

"Bravo, Ruth!" said Maurice; "I could not have a better partner to vanquish the opponents."

"We are not vanquished, are we, Mary?" said Tina; "our belief remains unshaken by the attacks of the enemy."

"Perfectly; we end as we began——"

"Perfect friends, I hope?" said Maurice, smiling.

"Well, yes; it would be of no use trying to regard any of you as enemies, where I am so happy," answered Mary, laughing.

(To be continued.)

"APOSTLE AND HIGH PRIEST."

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—Heb. iii. 1.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews was written with one very special purpose, to exalt and extol the privileges of Christians; and this by setting forth the superiority of the dispensation of the Gospel ("our profession"), over and above that of any preceding dispensation, and especially over that of Moses and the Law. And this is accomplished throughout the Epistle by the strongly-defined contrasts by which the argument is set forth. That argument had already proceeded thus far (chapters i. and ii.)—that Christ was "above angels;" and yet that "He was made a little lower than the angels." Thus Jesus was proved to be God and man—God, to save, and

man, to sympathise. This Saviour is brought near to the comprehension of the Jews by the significant and familiar illustration of their High Priest, "Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people" (Heb. ii. 17). This is the ground of the argument of the Epistle: a High Priest so Divine, and yet so human; so gloriously great, and yet so humanly near, and so bountifully good; one who is brought so close to us, in His nature, and work, and love—thus constituting the privilege of Christians as very great, and one greatly to be prized, as it is one that they shall be held responsible for. Hence the words of the exhortation which we have prefixed to this paper —"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."

I. We shall first briefly notice the name by which we are called—"holy brethren." The followers of Christ were called by various titles in the New Testament—*e.g.*, "brethren," "disciples," "them that believed," and "Christians," as also "saints." Here the term "holy" is the same as in Rom. i. 7, "called to be *saints*," and similarly in 2 Cor. i. 1; Eph. i. 1, &c. &c. It is very likely it meant then, as it means now, rather what Christian men ought to be, than what they really are. Nevertheless, we are here addressed in all the significance of the term "holy brethren," indicating the holy faith we are called to profess, and the holy character by which we are to be known.

II. We are reminded of the privileges we are called to possess and enjoy—"partakers of the heavenly calling." We are partakers of something "heavenly," and therefore of something "holy." All holiness is from heaven, and our calling is heavenly. It was a voice from heaven that gave the Law of God to Israel. It was a voice from heaven that designated Jesus as the "beloved Son." It was a voice from heaven that summoned Saul of Tarsus to the feet of Jesus; and very likely it was this that suggested the apostle's injunction that we "press toward the mark for the prize of the *high calling*" (Phil. iii. 14). From whatever place a voice proceeds, calling us, thither the eye is turned. To be called by a voice from heaven is heavenly in its source, and heavenward in its purpose—from the holy place, calling us to a holy character.

III. Then there is the great duty consequent on this calling, and resulting from these privileges—"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession." That is, being "holy brethren," consider the Source of that holiness; being "partakers of the heavenly calling," consider Him that hath called you—"I have set the Lord always before me" (Ps. xvi. 8).

This Person is specified by name—"Christ Jesus." He that was "above angels," and was "made a little lower than the angels;" He that was greater than Moses; He that was the "end of the commandment;" He of whom this Epistle was written, to exalt His character, to establish His claims, and to show how He can stand comparison and contrast—"Consider Him," saith the Scripture.

He is also set forth in the offices He holds; two of which are mentioned here—"Apostle" and "High Priest." One of these would be familiar to Christians, the other to Jews; although both of these were of Jewish significance. (1) "The Apostle" An "apostle" is one "sent;" hence the Messiah was spoken of in the prophets as the '*Messenger* of the covenant" (Mal. iii. 1), and as the Shiloh—*i.e.*, "Sent." There is, indeed, an intentional contrast even in this: He is above and beyond the dignity of apostles (the highest title and dignity of the Christian ministry). At the first they were called "disciples," learning of their great Master; afterwards they were called "apostles," because they were "sent forth" to teach what they had learnt of Him. Yet there were *twelve* apostles; but He is "*the* Apostle;" so that in this, as in all other things, He might have the pre-eminence. And (2) "the High Priest." There was no office more illustrative to the Jewish mind than that of his "high priest." The Jewish high priest was everything to the Jew—the centre, source, and end of all. If the Jew needed counsel, advice, or any aid, he sought it at the hands of his priest; if he had a woe at his heart or a sorrow on his mind, he referred it to his priest; his sin offering and his thank offering he laid at the feet of the priest; and he doubtless felt the safer the closer he clung to the skirts of the priest's garment. And above all these priests was the high priest, the greatest and chiefest of them all, to whom it belonged even to make atonement (of course, only typical atonement), and on the basis of that atonement to offer intercession for the sins of the people. And now all this has passed into the hands of "*the* High Priest of our profession;" yea, more than ever belonged to earthly priests, and much more than can ever be entrusted to human hands again. Our "High Priest" is Jesus. He is the Source of all counsel, advice, assistance; to Him all our sins and sorrows must be borne; His atonement (not a *typical*, but a *real* and true atonement) is the ransom of sin; and on the basis of that atonement He "maketh intercession to God for us."

Such is "the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus;" and we are commanded

to "consider" Him. What is the meaning of this word—"consider?"

1. We are to "consider" Him *with a thoughtful and loving consideration.* The same word occurs again in this Epistle (x. 24)—"And let us *consider* one another, to provoke unto love and to good works." It is mutual *consideration,* one for another, that is here enjoined—that generous *thoughtfulness* which, when practised between man and man, brings forth the fruits of joy. Consideration for another means that whatever I know will please or displease my brother, I will, for his sake, do or refrain from doing. If a word or deed is calculated to offend or wound, I will forbear to speak that word or to do that deed; and the more sensitive to wrong any one may be, the more considerate of that person ought we to become. There are many inconsiderate acts and words which might be spared by just a little thoughtfulness. There are more wrongs done for want of thought than for want of heart. Therefore all the greater necessity that we "consider" one another. Now, in the same way we are to "consider" Christ. He is so sensitive, and so easily grieved. It is possible to please Him, or to displease. He will not enter or occupy our hearts against our will. He stands at the door and knocks, but if we do not rise and open to Him, He will not violently or forcibly break in that door; and, after we have opened the door of our hearts, He will not overstay His welcome, not a single moment; but will depart, if He be not welcomed. To "consider" Him, then, is to consult the mind of Christ, and to do His pleasure, with a thoughtful and loving *consideration.*

2. We are to "consider" Him *in the spirit of study and of meditation.* Like the student of art in a picture gallery: see how he studies the masters! He sits down before some great masterpiece, and with studious attention he "considers" it. There are but two directions of that student's eye—first to the model and pattern, and then to his own canvas, to transfer, as nearly as may be, every tinge and tint, and light and shade, from the original to his copy. Thus are we to "consider" Christ: He is perfect, and we must copy Him; He is the Great Master, and we must learn of Him. As Mary, His mother, heard all His sayings, and pondered them (*i.e.,* weighed them, weighed their value, meaning, and significance) in her heart; as another Mary sat at His feet, rapt in loving contemplation; as that same Mary poured the alabaster box of spikenard on His feet; or as another woman of the Gospel did more and better than that—washing His feet with her *tears,* and wiping them with the hairs of her head. Yes, the box of ointment, however costly, could be bought for money; but *tears* are priceless; not from the mart, but from the heart; not for money, but for *love.** Like all these, we must "consider" Him, in the spirit of earnest *study,* and *meditation.*

And this is just what is most needed to advance us, and to perfect us, in the likeness of Christ. How can we become like unto Him, if we never strive to study and imitate Him? It is for lack of this that we are as we are, so far from the likeness of Christ Jesus. We give ourselves no time or opportunity for thus "considering" Him. It is work, work—and sometimes even the Lord's work—that absorbs our attention, and leaves but little time for study and meditation. It is for this reason, too, that some of us take but little interest in Christ; giving up, leaving our first love, growing cold, becoming lukewarm, with the terrible result of God's disfavour and contempt. Let us, then, in the true spirit of earnest *study,* consider Him!

3. We are to "consider" Him *in the spirit of observation and expectancy.* We are in heart and mind to ascend to that place whither Christ has gone; and we are also to be in the earnest expectation of those servants who wait for their Lord's coming. Christ, our High Priest, has gone away, and He is to return again. In His departure, and in His promised return, we are observantly and expectantly to "consider" Him. Thus it was with the Jew in his observation of his High Priest. The Jewish worshipper looked ever toward Jerusalem; entering Jerusalem—in person or in thought—he wended his way to the Temple; and there (and especially on the great day of Atonement) he looked for the coming forth of the high priest. His eye followed him as he entered into the Temple; and when he had passed within the veil, and the eye of the body failed to see him more, then the eye of the mind pursued and followed him in the performance of his office, and the worshippers would say—"And now (within the veil) he is appearing before God for us;" and (after an interval), "And now he is holding up the blood for us;" and yet again, "And now he is making intercession, through that blood, for us!" And as the people waited for Zacharias, so, with greater expectation, we wait for our High Priest—on this the day of our oblation. Our High Priest has entered into heaven for us; let us "consider" Him there—now offering up His own blood, and now making intercession to God for us: and with longing eyes let us look for His appearing, when our High Priest shall return again, to give His people the benediction of peace. As the parents of Jesus earnestly and anxiously sought the Child as He tarried behind at Jerusalem; as the sisters at Bethany had Him in their thoughts and longingly sighed for His presence, and urgently sent to call Him from a far-off distant

* "Lacrymæ aquarum pretiosissimæ."—*Bengel.*

place; as the disciples and the women pressed forward early to the sepulchre—some running, some outrunning, some stooping down, and some entering in; as the Twelve "looked steadfastly toward heaven," as He ascended up; and the angels asked them, "Why stand ye *gazing up* into heaven?" as Peter, when he recounted to his brethren the vision on the housetop, said, "Upon the which when I had *fastened* mine eyes, I *considered*" * (Acts xi. 6). Ah, their hearts were intent upon Him; their eyes were "fastened" fixed, transfixed, on these things. And so must ours be, if we would be Christ's, as they were. They looked with observation and expectancy; and so must we "consider" Him—in heart and mind going after Him to heaven, and, in the earnest expectation of men waiting for their Lord, looking for His appearing.

Go, then, and learn what all this meaneth: "Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus"—thoughtfully and with due consideration as to what will please and what displease Him; studiously, in the earnest imitation of Christ, our great Example; and in the spirit of observation and expectancy, going after Him whither He hath gone, and looking out for His appearing, when He, our great High Priest, shall come through the veil of those riven clouds, and spread forth His hands, and bestow upon all His waiting people the blessing of eternal peace.

* "I considered."—The same verb again as in the Epistle to the Hebrews iii. 1.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

FADING.

THE winter had been a mild one. The spring came early. All about the neighbourhood of Park Villas the hedges were greening. Primroses were gleaming in the gardens, and would have been gleaming on the banks, but that it was too near London for the least flower to live in freedom. There was that indescribable sweetness in the air which is felt in spring-time only, though it is no longer the season of the poets. The birds felt it, and sang; the earth felt it, and blossomed. Alas! for those who did not or could not feel it—for the pent-up city children; or the youth cankered and blighted; for the manhood, conscious that a glory has passed away alike from earth without and spirit within.

Lucy Tabor came out of the house and into the high-walled garden, in the sweet March morning, and stood on the steps for a moment listening to the birds, the sunshine bending down her eyelids. Muff jumped about her, and wriggled his fat little body with delight, and started away as if he was saying, "Now for a run." He made more than one start and came back again, wriggling and whining, for his mistress did not move. She used to try races with him down the garden walk, and that was what he wanted now. He looked up in her face and said so—plain as dog could speak.

She understood him perfectly. "No—no, doggie," she said, and shook her head at him sadly. A sparrow lighted on the path and Muff was after him as fast as his little legs would carry him. The bird hopped on to a branch of lilac, and chirped at him, chaffing him unmercifully. He felt it, and came back to his mistress a miserable dog.

Lucy's eyes ran along the ground. On the brown earth the bright spring flowers shone radiantly. Here a cluster of crocuses shot up their tiny flame-spires; there a knot of primroses lay like drops of sunshine, and a solitary snowdrop hung its head between. With a sigh Lucy stooped and gathered it. Then she went down the walk, from spot to spot of blossom, and gathered all she could find. She brought in quite a posy—the firstlings of her flock. Her mamma was in the dining-room still. Mr. Tabor had been gone an hour or more. "See," said Lucy, holding the flowers towards her mother; "and, oh, mamma! to think that they are blooming and that she is fading."

The flowers she had gathered were for Geraldine Lovejoy. As the spring had advanced she had become weaker and weaker, and now the doctor had given it as his private opinion that she could not recover.

Lucy had been deeply interested in Geraldine from the first. She liked her better than she liked Ada, whom she did not quite understand—indeed, it would have been strange if she had, for Ada did not in the least understand herself. Geraldine, whose qualities lay more on the surface, loved books and flowers and music, which Ada could not satisfy herself with, because other things were so much more necessary, especially money—which, indeed, could procure them all, and the girl brooded, and was dissatisfied, and restless and eager, and, it seemed, worldly in her eagerness. So Lucy brought Geraldine her favourite books and read them to her, and in the



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Lucy Tabor came out of the house"—*p.* 168.

new atmosphere, and her invalid quietude and calm, Geraldine's mind grew like a hot-house plant. Life appeared before her in a totally new aspect; no longer a treadmill round of working to live, and living to work, barren of all nobler result, but a great triumphal progress, leading to all that heart could desire of beauty and good.

Everybody round her, too, was so kind, so good, and indeed it seemed as if the little circle of Park Villas had wanted something on which to expend their more unselfish affections, so great was the flow of tenderness towards the fading girl. Lucy was a daily visitor, and Arthur Wildish found his way there in her train, and furnished an enlivening element, especially delighting in drawing out Ada.

For Mrs. Austin Geraldine had developed a strong attachment. Mrs. Austin would bring her costly delicacies, but there was something in Ellen which was more to the girl than these. She had little enough appetite for earthly food; but she had an undefined craving for all spiritual nourishment, and she had fastened upon Mrs. Austin as the one from whom she desired something that the others had not to give. There was something religious in Ellen's aspect which attracted the girl, though no word of formal piety had been spoken between them.

Geraldine, though she knew it not, was fast fading away from earth. At first she had not assumed invalid habits at all, but had gone about the house, with her slight cough and drooping figure, and had even crept out in the sunshine, and gone once or twice to church. Then the doctor had forbidden her to go abroad, and she had moved freely from room to room, gradually growing weaker and weaker, until she had to be assisted in that. Then the downward progress was more rapid. A day came when she could not leave her room at all; and another followed when she had to remain in her bed; and still her eyes were not opened. The weather was trying, they said, and if she could only eat and drink and take enough of medicine, she might get well when the summer came.

It was to Mrs. Austin that the doctor first spoke his assurance, that all hope was vain; and having broken it to Fanny and the rest, to all indeed with the exception of Ada, even to Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, who came about once a week now, it was she who was selected to tell Geraldine herself. They feared to tell Ada first, lest the scene between the sisters should be too painful, and they trusted to Geraldine to soften Ada's grief. Ellen was left alone with her for the purpose, trembling at the task before her and praying that she might have strength to do it tenderly.

"Are you feeling very ill, dear?" she asked, bending over her.

Geraldine looked up at her with eyes grown unnaturally large and bright, and did not speak, but gave a patient smile and little nod for answer.

Ellen went and poured out a cordial, and saying, "Take this, dear," raised and supported her while she drank it.

"Raise me up a little," said Geraldine, "I feel so faint. Often in the night I seem to be sinking, sinking, sinking down through the bed and the floor and the earth. I was feeling it now. I like your arm round me so."

Ellen's heart beat. If she did not tell her now, it would soon be too late. "Would you like some one to pray with you?" she asked, touching the girl's forehead with her lips.

Ellen will never forget the look of terror that dawned upon Geraldine's face. Her breath failed, and she sank into a momentary swoon. But Ellen stood fast, upholding her, though unable to keep her tears from falling.

At length Geraldine opened her eyes again and looked up at her, whispering, "Am I so ill? am I going to die?"

"We will try and keep you as long as we can, dear; we love you very much," said Ellen; "but God is calling you away from us; you must trust in His love; you must try and say His will be done."

"Oh! I can't—I can't!" came from the parched lips. "I want to get better, and to get up and go home."

"My darling, you are going home to God and to Jesus Christ our Lord. You would not go unwillingly?"

She closed her eyes and did not answer, and Ellen in a low voice repeated the Lord's prayer. Geraldine's face grew calmer, and soon Ellen laid her down like a child asleep. But in a little she woke again with a start and a look of fear, painful to see, and when Ellen would have spoken, she begged her quickly not to speak of that.

They had trusted to her to tell Ada, but she did not. All the day her eyes followed wistfully her sister's every movement; but she spoke little, and not at all of herself.

Mrs. Austin stayed with her that night, and in the night Geraldine's mental suffering increased with the restlessness and exhaustion which generally came on then. Ellen was always by her when she woke from her brief snatches of slumber, always ready to support her in her arms, and to whisper all that she knew of the consoling words of inspiration; but in spite of all, cold dews of terror stood on the girl's forehead. Not only did she cling to life, which had never before seemed so inviting, but she shrank from death, with all the horror of a child who dreads the darkness.

In the morning, after consulting Fanny, Mrs. Austin wrote to Mr. Huntingdon, begging him to come and see Geraldine. The note was sent by a servant who brought back the message that Mr. Huntingdon was not at home.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE HEART.

THE first Sunday after his humiliating proposal—or rather non-proposal—Mr. Huntingdon had dreaded the appearance of Mrs. Austin in her pew near the pulpit; he also dreaded her non-appearance. He had to strive hard on first entering the desk to banish her from his mind, and he never raised his eyes for a moment during the service. He had been thinking what were her feelings toward him, now that in all probability she had drawn the correct conclusion from his conduct. These thoughts seemed to struggle upwards in his mind, but by great effort and determination he kept them away while he was engaged in the services of the Lord's house.

Once or twice he stumbled in his sermon at some remote allusion to the riches of this world. How dared he measure things by the high, unworldly standard of the Gospel? How should he ever be able to denounce that worldliness which now seemed to him the one thing against which he was called to preach, the thing which above all things was closing men's eyes and hardening their hearts.

The next Sunday came, and Mrs. Austin was not present. She was spending the day in rest, and in sitting with Geraldine, who needed constant attendance now. Mr. Huntingdon tortured himself with her absence, as he had done with her presence. She could not listen to him any more, that was evident. It was quite natural, even justifiable, her falling away from him. What could his ministrations be worth to her? Would not every hearer he had fall away from him if he knew this secret of his?

Mr. Huntingdon did not feel this torture sharply; he might have thrown it off in some way more readily if he had; he felt it in a dull, heavy, constant fashion, and was patient under it, as under a hurt deserved. But he was not like men such as Philip, who can bear their burden alone—nay, in some sort take a savage pleasure in its galling them. He longed for solace under it, for help to bear it—human as well as Divine. And failing to find this, he began to feel ill and depressed beyond measure. He was weak and languid; through all his robustness and ruddiness the fact made itself apparent. He was pale about the lips, and had a withered look. He felt an utter want of energy, a prostration of spirit greater than any he had ever known. He told two gentlemen whom he met coming out of church that he was ill. They said he looked ill, and duly commiserated him. Then they told their wives, who communicated to other wives the interesting intelligence, and the commiseration spread. On Monday inquiries were made at his lodgings. On Tuesday an old lady sent him a parcel of lambs'-wool hosiery, with a letter informing him how best to guard himself against the inconstancies of the season, and beseeching him to take care of his throat, in which she had noticed a huskiness. On Wednesday he encountered a bevy of youthful matrons, and was entreated to keep indoors, as the wind was in the east, and he looked really dreadful.

"You are overworking, I am sure," said one, without the faintest notion of what constituted overwork.

"No, not that, at any rate," he answered; "it is possible I may not be working enough."

"Isn't he a dear?" said one to the other when they had bidden him good-bye.

Nevertheless he went home and began to feel "dreadful." He assured himself that he was on the eve of a breakdown, that the energy which had flagged would return no more. Perhaps he might never be allowed to do any more work: he would have to go home, give up his charge, and drag out weary months, or even years in sickness and inaction. And yet when he called in the merry young doctor, who examined him with care, all the satisfaction he got was—"My dear fellow, there's nothing whatever the matter with you. You're sound as a bell—a little out of tone, perhaps, with a slightly relaxed throat, but nothing else."

Privately to himself the doctor remarked, "What cowards those strong, healthy fellows are in the matter of disease; but he certainly does look pulled—something wrong with the heart, I fancy," and he laughed knowingly.

But Mr. Huntingdon felt he could endure it no longer, so he packed some things into a black bag, and early next morning went off by train to Norwich. His father and mother with sister Clara lived there in a quiet and unpretending manner. They did not expect him so soon again, for he had very recently paid them a visit, nevertheless they were glad to welcome him—unusually glad. On the last occasion he had come to confide to them the intention he had formed with regard to Mrs. Austin. It was to them a matter of the deepest moment whom he should marry; perhaps they would have been glad if he had remained single for their sakes; but they had not thought of opposing him—nay more, they had heartily wished him success. They had heard his eulogium on Ellen with perfect confidence in the excellence of his choice, and they had awaited with trembling anxiety the result of his proposal, of which he had modestly told them he was by no means sure.

Then had come a letter to Clara, a letter which ran:—

"DEAR CLARA,—Think no more of what I came down to tell you; it has all ended in smoke. You are not going to lose your big fellow after all. You had best make up your mind to keep him altogether. Some day you shall come and be my little housekeeper, and bully me as much as you please. I leave it to you to tell this piece of news to those whom it concerns as lightly as possible.

"Your affectionate

"CHARLEY."

This Clara naturally interpreted into the fact that

her brother had met with a refusal, and she could have cried, half for sorrow and half for joy, only she never did cry. The emotions struggled together on her pale, upturned face, and she ended in feeling heartily indignant with the unknown object of her brother's choice, whom she could not in the least realise from that brother's description.

And now here he was again: he had come back to them after his defeat, and they felt doubly tender to him for coming then. He was only going to stay a couple of days, and go back on Saturday, taking Clara with him. Clara longed to go; but she shrank a little from what it involved—of mixing with a new set of people, of meeting the eyes of strangers.

He did not speak of his disappointment to father or mother, neither did they to him. They respected his silence with the delicacy which ruled them in all their dealings with their children. But Clara was in his confidence, and thought that he might like to speak more fully if the ice was broken. She was sitting in the room with him, and he was writing, or trying to write rather, for he walked up and down, or sat with his head in his hands, looked out of the window, or spoke to her—in short, exhibited all the distraction of a man who has to write and cannot.

"Shall I leave you, Charles?" said his sister.

"Yes," he replied; "perhaps I had better be alone. I'm a great humbug, Clara."

"You are no such thing, Charles," said Clara, with an indignant flash from her blue-grey eyes. "Did she say anything very unkind to you?"

"She! Mrs. Austin, you mean? No. What put such a thought in your head?"

"You are only vexed by her refusal."

"She did not refuse me," he said; "I never asked her."

"How was it then?" she inquired innocently; "I don't understand."

"Don't say anything more about it," he answered.

"Not if you wish it to be so," she said, leaving him, rather puzzled, but greatly mollified towards Mrs. Austin.

He was ashamed that his sister should know how it had come about, and his shame deepened the humiliation; but at length the sermons were written, and packed in their case into the black bag, and the brother and sister returned together.

The first thing they encountered was Mrs. Austin's note. Clara saw the peculiar paleness, which was the sign of strong emotion, deepen round her brother's lips, and his big hand trembled as he took it up. "You won't mind my going at once, Clara?" he said.

"Won't you stay and take a cup of tea first?" she pleaded.

"Look, dear; you won't wish me so stay when you read that." And she did not. A few brief words told that Geraldine was very ill—dying; would he come to her at once? He did not even take off his hat; he went straight out of the house, leaving the note in his sister's hands. Clara was more puzzled than ever, but she looked almost fondly at the little note, and laid it up carefully in his letter-rack.

Mr. Huntingdon went straight to Fanny's. Mrs. Austin was leaving the house as he entered it. It was their first encounter, but Mrs. Austin met him with a simplicity and welcomed him with an earnestness which reassured him. She hurried back into the house to speak with him.

"I was sorry to have been absent when you sent for me," he said. "How is she?"

"There is no change," said Mrs. Austin; "it is terrible to witness her fear of death. Oh! Mr. Huntingdon, I am so glad you are come; you may be able to do something for her."

"Thank you for sending for me," he said humbly. "What is it she fears?—God or sin, I mean," he added.

"It is the mere fact of death, I think—of going away from all she loves, of separation from the body."

"Can I go to her now?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so. There is another thing I wish to say. There is a younger sister with her, who knows nothing of her danger. We trusted to Geraldine to speak of it herself, but she does not; she will learn it from you perhaps."

"I understand," he said. Then they shook hands and parted; for Fanny, to whom his presence had been made known, came to lead him up-stairs to Geraldine's room.

He sat down by her bed and spoke a few kindly words, which he felt sure she did not hear. She evidently regarded his ministrations as part of the dreadful rite and ceremony of death, and looked at him with dismay. But she was silent. Ada was watching him with wondering eyes. Then he knelt, and Fanny kneeling, signed to Ada to do the same. The attitude and sacred exercise of prayer for a time kept down the girl's rising passion, but at the first direct allusion to her sister's state, she started to her feet, and sobbing her protest against it, flung herself on Geraldine's bed.

Mr. Huntingdon had never witnessed such a scene—such utterly undisciplined moral natures he had never been called to deal with, and never before had the awful responsibilities of his position as a minister of religion been forced upon him. He prayed, he entreated, and he stayed till peace was restored, and Ada was sitting holding her sister's hand. "Shall I come again to-morrow?" he asked at parting; and with one voice they answered, "Yes."

It was necessary to procure a nurse for Geraldine, whose nights were very bad. Mrs. Austin and Fanny had shared the task with the servants for a week or two, and they would not hear of Ada sitting up, though she had pleaded hard to be allowed to do so.

Fanny sent for Mrs. Lovejoy to consult her, and

she proposed at once, as there was no hope for Geraldine, to take her home. But that Fanny could not allow—besides, Geraldine was really too ill to be removed. Then Mrs. Lovejoy proposed that she should come and nurse her daughter where she was. She arranged it all herself. She was to come every night, and be with Geraldine till morning, getting what rest she could on a couch by her side; in the morning she was to go back to see to Beatrice and her husband, promising also to seek rest at home. But this she did not do. The endurance of Mrs. Lovejoy was perfectly marvellous, and was only equalled by her abstemiousness while under Fanny's roof.

Nevertheless, Fanny was keeping open house for the family, and Philip's anticipations were being rapidly fulfilled. Mr. Lovejoy came every other day, and had begun a system of loans, for which Fanny held certain valuable securities in the shape of I.O.U.'s. With Fanny's money he had even made certain small ventures, which promised magnificent returns. And Fanny went on anticipating her income in the wildest way, only restrained by having to go to Philip for everything, which she felt to be an increasing bondage, and by her grand idea, that capital was not to be touched. She desired more than ever to manage her own affairs in her own way; but she had not the courage to say this to Philip, who, however, was gradually losing all influence over her. *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 7. HEZEKIAH. PART II.

Chapters to be read—Parts of 2 Kings xviii., xix.

INTRODUCTION. Ask a few questions on the last lesson, to show how Hezekiah effected a reformation of religion. Ask what qualities of piety and devotedness he showed, and anxiety for the good of his people. Referring to Abraham, David, and other eminently good men, ask whether their lives were altogether without care or temptation, and how their faith was tried. Refer to Heb. xii. 6, to show that all God's children must expect trials of their faith to test their love. In what way was Hezekiah's trial to come? This lesson will speak of the two invasions of the Assyrians.

I. THE FIRST INVASION. (Read 2 Kings xviii. 13—16.) After Hezekiah had been king four years, the tribes of Israel were carried captive to Babylon. How would he feel at hearing this? what preparations would he make in his own kingdom? Ten years went by, and no enemy came. Perhaps the people grew tired of waiting, and became careless about the defences of the cities. At last the enemies came suddenly against all the fenced cities. How could they be driven away, by bribes or by war? Which did Hezekiah do? (Read 2 Chron. xxxii. 3—8.) Show what wise preparations he made. The water supply stopped; the strong towers prepared, and captains of war placed over the people. How glad they would be to help him. Better than all, he encouraged them with brave words, and bade them trust in God; contrasting the enemy's arm of flesh with their help from God. Remind of David's similar words to Goliath; but show how after all Hezekiah's faith failed, and he bribed the enemy to depart. Perhaps he wished to spare shedding of blood; but ask whether bribery was likely to be effectual. Why not? Of course, would come again for more bribes. Show how he even had to strip the Temple of its treasures (ver. 15, 16).

II. THE SECOND INVASION. (Read 17—22.) This time the host came direct to Jerusalem. Picture out the scene. The enemy with banners flying, cavalry and infantry surrounding the city; the inhabitants crowding the walls to gain a view; the gates closed; the three officers coming up with a white flag of truce; the king's three officers going out to them; the parley; the hushed stillness in the city. Now notice Rabshakeh's message: (*a*) *His dissuasions.* Not to trust in Egypt for help (ver. 21). Remind how Solomon was led into sin by alliance with Egypt. Also, not to trust in God on ground that He was displeased because the altars throughout the country were destroyed; showing ignorance on Rabshakeh's part. Ask where God alone allowed altars to be built. Who built elsewhere, and what title was given him for setting up the calves. (*b*) *His persuasions* that Assyria was a good land like their own, and that God could not deliver because the gods of other countries had not helped them. Now see *the end of the invasion.* What could Hezekiah do? Bribes had proved useless, his forces were too weak, human help in vain. Remind of Elisha at Dothan, and our Lord's words (Matt. xxvi. 53). Read 2 Kings xix. 1—7. Picture the king going into Temple, kneeling down, clothes rent in sign of grief, sackcloth about him; while sent messengers to Isaiah the prophet, asking him to pray for the nation (ver. 4). Isaiah's words of comfort, and the return of Rabshakeh to his own land, where he died a violent death. Now king himself sends another insolent message in a letter. Hezekiah does not wait this time for Isaiah to plead for him; takes letter into Temple immediately. (*a*) *The prayer.* Two things to be noticed. He acknow-

ledges God alone as King; and he asks God to save, not for his comfort, but for God's honour, that the world may acknowledge Him as God. (*b*) *The answer.* Hezekiah's prayer in Temple ascended to heaven, and God sent answer to Isaiah His prophet, who sent message to Hezekiah. The answer was in two parts; one part referred to Sennacherib, the other to Hezekiah. Read 21—28, for that relating to Sennacherib. Make the children notice his boast of what he had done, and how it was all owing merely to God's allowing him to do so. Ask why God permitted the cities to be destroyed, referring to Sodom, Jericho, Nineveh, and others. For the answer to Hezekiah, read 29—35, noticing that "thee," in ver. 29, refers to Hezekiah. The *sign*: for two years the land would produce sufficient without cultivation. The *help*: ask how God could destroy the enemy. By defeating them in battle, as by Gideon; by hailstones, as in Josh. x. Neither of these. A new, direct, and awful punishment; 144,000 struck dead in one night.

III. PRACTICAL LESSONS. All this shows how God deals with nations. (1) *National sins followed by national punishment.* Ask for other instances from history of Israelites. Apply to children, by showing how each is part of nation, and influences others. A naughty child infects a whole school, &c.; a deceitful boy in a shop may lead others on, till whole moral tone is lowered. So evil spreads. (2) *Duty of national repentance.* Saw in last lesson how Hezekiah effected reformation of religion. People taught to pray, would now join in king's prayer for deliverance. So the duty of all to pray for the safety of the nation, as well as of themselves. (See Ps. cxxii. 6.) Probably all were called to public prayer, as in Joel ii. 15—17. (3) *God's honour concerned in delivering His people.* Jerusalem, called the city which God loved (Ps. lxxviii. 68); saved it for His own sake to be hereafter His glory. So often in history of England have seen national deliverance—*e.g.*, Spanish Armada, Battle of Waterloo, Indian mutiny. Should teach to honour God as a nation.

The next lesson will speak of Hezekiah's sickness and sin.

Questions to be answered.

1. Give texts and instances to show that God's people must expect to meet with trials.
2. Why did Hezekiah expect an invasion of the Assyrians, and how did he repel the first invasion?
3. Describe the invasion.
4. How did Hezekiah repel the second invasion?
5. Into how many parts was God's answer to Hezekiah's prayer divided, and to whom did they apply? What sign was given?
6. What practical lessons may be learned?

"WHAT GOOD IS IN A GIRL?"

A BOY'S STORY.

"DO try to behave yourself, Harry," said his sister Kate; "you are doing exactly what you have been bidden not to do. You drove the horse twice too fast, you whipped him twice too hard, you ate your lunch an hour too soon, and now you *won't* come home, and you *will* eat those sour crab apples which Uncle Thomas forbade you to touch."

"I'll go home presently," said Harry; "please stop your preaching;" and he went on picking crabs and cutting rough sticks.

Kate was a year and a half older, and it was under her charge that, with a younger brother and sister, he had been allowed to drive to the wood—Ellen's Wood people called it; I don't know why.

They were all spending the holidays with their uncle and aunt, who had justly the greatest confidence in Kate's steadiness and goodness. So when their aunt found that she could not bring them to picnic in the wood upon the promised day, Harry had offered to drive the wagonette, and Kate had been put in command, strict orders being given to the others to obey her.

Unfortunately, Harry's head had been turned by some successes at a large school. He had won a good prize; he was in the first eleven at cricket, and had made the best score in a brilliant match, where a rival school was beaten black and blue; and since that, when the cock of his own school had threatened to box his ears, Harry had turned upon that hero, and beaten *him* also black and blue, in a more literal sense; and the notion of being ordered about by a girl was enough of itself to incline Harry to disobey.

Presently Kate spoke again. "Really, Harry, it's nearly an hour past our time; and I shall have to drive home the little ones without you. If you stay any longer, you shall walk back every step of the six miles to Blanktown." These were courageous words, and the young lady looked very like the girl to make them good; but Harry thought it all an amusing piece of boasting.

"Listen to me, Miss Kate, and don't make such an idiot of yourself. Do you know what you are talking about—driving home six miles in the twilight, with only two children to protect you! Why, you're only a girl: you're not a handsome girl either—not half as pretty as Edith Robinson; and you have no figure. What good is in a girl like you? Why, you couldn't drive the horse; you couldn't even yoke him; and

what's more, you dare not try. Who are you, to threaten me, I'd like to know? Are you my mother, and is Uncle Thomas my father, that a lad of my age should dance attendance upon the pair of you? I'll go in ten minutes."

"Harry," said Kate, "do you think it so very manly to insult a girl? Perhaps I cannot harness Black Prince, but I shall try; and perhaps I cannot drive home, but I give you warning that I shall try that too, if I get him into the wagonette."

"You daren't; don't try to impose on me. You'll break his knees; and what will your dear uncle say then?" retorted the young gentleman, scornfully, and peeling a walking-stick at the same time.

"I know there is risk, and it's a shame to have to run it," said Kate, as quietly; "but there is more danger still in waiting to be driven home in the dark as rashly as you brought us here."

"Well, good-bye, and good fortune to you," cried Harry, who did not in the least believe that she would keep her word.

Soon, however, little George came to say that the horse was yoked, and they would start in a minute. The rebel was surprised and sobered, and almost inclined to yield, but pride forbade him; and he remembered besides that Kate did not know the way. "Tell her I will go in five minutes," was his only answer; and when he did come, he saw the wagonette disappearing from the top of a hill which had to be climbed upon its way.

Kate's patience had given way. She had reined up at this last point of view, hoping that he might yet join them; but his figure was still hidden among the dark trees, when she said, with a sigh, "Well, we can't help him. Get on, Prince; get on, sir!" and away they went. When the road forked, she quietly let the horse choose his own way; and knowing every inch of the country, the animal made straight for his stable, whither he came in a reasonable time, safe and sound.

Harry arrived an hour later, tired, self-condemned, secretly ashamed, and very cross. He complained bitterly of Kate for leaving him; he had only wanted five minutes; he had actually *seen* the wagonette on the top of the long hill.

"Yes," said his Aunt Mary, "but why? Simply because you were startled and hurried by threats which Kate had made and could not break. And as to five minutes, Kate was home an hour and a half later than the time we fixed—not that I blame her, dear girl."

Harry looked at Kate, and then he looked at Uncle Thomas. His sister's eyes were cast down, and she seemed ashamed for him rather than proud of her success; and his uncle's mouth was pressed tightly together, as if in anger; but neither of them spoke a word.

"I say, Harry," sang out little George, at last, "Kate yoked Black Prince quite easily, and she drove home right well. She wasn't afraid either, not a bit. So now you know what a girl is good for."

"Hold your tongue, you young cub!" roared this good boy, delighted in his heart at the chance of scolding somebody.

"Oh, to be sure I'll hold my tongue. Are *you* mother, are *you* father, any more than Katey or Uncle Thomas was?"

But here Kate got up quietly, and taking little George by the hand, led her over-zealous champion softly from the room, and told him how very wrong it is to say provoking words to any one, and especially to one who is in a rage; which advice, I believe, most little boys who have elder brothers stand very sadly in need of.

Presently his Aunt Mary said, rather coldly, he thought, "Henry, are you not hungry?"

"No, thank you; I shall want nothing more to-night."

"But you have had no supper."

"Why, yes; I stopped at a cottage in the village on my way, and got two-pennyworth of milk, which quite satisfied me; and I am tired, and in no spirits to eat." He might have added that he also bought some apples, but this fact he judiciously withheld.

Said his aunt, "I am very sorry you did that, for fever is raging in the village; and it was on that account that I asked you not to stop."

"I did not know that," said Harry; "and we were only bidden not to pull up the horse, so I thought it was a different thing when I was walking and hungry. But everything is wrong to-night." And presently, with a surly good night, he went off to bed.

Through the night Harry was restless, now hot and presently shivering; and if he slept for a while, he was sure to awake with a feeling of some great fright, which he had doubtless suffered in a dream. Nor was it more pleasant to be awake. Then he thought of the day which might have been so delightful, and which he had spoiled for every one.

In the morning his head ached and his knees trembled, so that after rising he was glad to return to bed. The doctor, who was immediately sent for, shook his head, and ordered that the other children should be sent home at once, for it was fever, and fever of a very malignant type.

And now came Kate's opportunity to show "what good is in a girl." Her Aunt Mary was sickly and infirm, and Kate would not hear of her coming near the invalid. She herself watched over him night and day: whenever he was thirsty, she seemed to know it, and the cup was in a moment at his lips; when he was restless, she required no sleep; her hand was always tender, her voice always sweet and low. It was a great comfort to this good girl that he never, in all his delirium, mistook her for any one else. Sometimes, alone with him in the dim room, she would say, "Dear, do you know me?" and he would

say, "Oh yes, you are Katey, my little sister Katey; but who is that dark man beside you, and why is grandfather keeping there in the shade?" Now his grandfather was five years dead. Again he would say, "No, those apples are bad—bad enough to sicken one; and, besides, Kate will be grieved if I do. There she is, beside us." And again, "Yes, Kate, I will come at once: it is a shame to have delayed you so long."

At last there came a blessed, blessed day, when Harry opened his eyes after a long quiet sleep, and said, "Katey, if I get well, how shall I ever thank you enough?"

Kate stooped down and kissed his pale forehead, upon which also a tear dropped and moistened it, and said, "Darling, you are not to excite yourself: everything depends upon your keeping still."

So Harry lay quite still. He liked, from this time on, to watch dreamily her gentle motions; and he noticed that she had chosen an old stuff dress which never rustled as she glided from place to place, taking a little food from the fire, tempting him with a grape—"just one," and then "just one more"—coaxing him to swallow "a little spoonful" of jelly, chanting a panegyric, as it were, upon the chicken-broth, and beguiling him to keep himself alive by all sorts of gentle artifices. He used to eat for the delight of her smile. Her affection gave him so keen a pleasure that it was almost painful—it pierced him, it made him want to cry. Once (but this was when he was a good deal stronger) he actually did cry. It happened that Kate, before she lay down upon the sofa, was fluttering about his bedside, smoothing his pillow, shading down the lamp, and, with gentlest fingers, stealing back the hair which had fallen down upon his forehead. Then, for the first time, he noticed how thin she had grown, how blanched her cheek was, how bony her once plump hand. He caught at the hand as it hovered over him, kissed it passionately again and again, and sobbed and cried at last, and pressed it to his heart.

"Hush! darling—hush!" said his sister; "you will put yourself back if you go on so."

But it was a good while before he could calm himself at all. Presently he said, "Kate, you will always make me grateful, for I owe you my life; yes, and humble, for I don't forget how savage a brute I was in the wood that day; and it goes to my heart to see you so worn out for me."

But Katey said, "Dear, you and I are to go to Torquay together soon, and that will make us both strong. Father cannot come, because the judges are on circuit; nor mother, because you have a new brother just come home; but the doctor says I can be trusted with all the responsibility, and that we must go. Isn't that delightful?"

"Ah, Katey, the doctor would not trust me to your care if he knew how I behaved in Ellen's Wood."

"Hush, sir! you are forbidden ever to mention that again. *I* know all about it, and I can trust you. Shall we read and go to sleep?"

Then she read softly and lovingly a few verses of St. John, and warbled a little hymn; and then she bowed her head silently, and he also closed his eyes, and after some time she rose and lay down, and the room was still. And the heart of Harry was still also, for he had confessed his fault and been forgiven.

And ten years afterwards, when Katey was a merry mother of merry boys, and Harry was rising in his profession with wonderful rapidity, we used to say that if his wife was not jealous of Kate, nor Kate's husband of him, it was only because no person could possibly envy or grudge an affection so beautiful, so tender, so deserved upon both sides.

"Happy is the woman," said Harry's wife, "who can see *such* love and know that none of it is stolen out of her proper share."

"Happy is the man," replied Kate's husband (nor do I mind confessing that this happy and wise man is your very humble servant), "who knows that Kate loves him even more than she loves her brother Harry."

And indeed we *are* very happy, all of us.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

59. Quote any passages which show that the Ephraimites were possessed of a haughty and domineering spirit before the establishment of the kingly form of government over the tribes of Israel.

60. By what two names does St. Paul denominate Epaphras, an eminent teacher in the church of Colosse?

61. We read of a certain individual who on one occasion smote Jeremiah, and whose name on that account was changed.

62. St. Paul's description of his conversion on the road to Damascus finds a parallel somewhat similar in the Old Testament.

63. The book of Exodus brings before the reader's notice many and singular types of Christ. Point out some of them.

64. Quote a verse from one of the historical books from which it appears that a girdle was, amongst the Jews, sometimes bestowed as a mark of honour and merit.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 144.

46. Moses, Aaron, and Miriam (Micah vi. 4).

47. To Christ not pleasing Himself (Rom. xv. 3).

48. To prepare the passover (Luke xxii. 8).

49. Gihon (1 Kings i. 33; Gen. ii. 13).

50. Acts xvii. 18.

51. "Adam lived after he had begotten Seth eight hundred years, and begat sons and daughters" (Gen. v. 4).

52. Hosea i. 1; Isa. i. 1. It is thus seen they both lived in the reigns of the same kings of Judah.



SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

MAGDALENE.

"She loved much."—Luke vii. 47.

AND she a heroine! O the power of grace
To trample down the harsh decrees of man
And cancel quite society's deep ban!
She with the golden hair, and pale, wan face,
Who entered into Simon's dwelling-place,
A guest of all most unexpected there,
Bathing with tears and wiping with her hair
The wayworn feet of Jesus! None so base

But in His boundless mercy may find room.
They scouted her. *They* shrunk beneath her touch.
His gentle verdict was—"She lovèd much."
And wheresoever, to the day of doom,
The Gospel shall be preached forth there shall loom
Her shadowed history. All else forgot,
There stands her record, free from stain or blot,
Her legend thus evolved from Time's deep womb,
"Last at the Sufferer's cross: first at the Saviour's tomb!"

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER V.

DURING the evening there was a fire in the drawing-room, although the weather was mild, and the cosy, idle twilight was very much appreciated by Ruth, who sat on the rug at Stephen's feet, looking into the fire.

"Do you remember your promise, Ruth?" asked Maurice, after a short silence that had reigned in the room. "The nightingale sings in the evening;" and he rose and opened the piano.

Ruth followed him without making any objection, but felt very like a martyr as she seated herself. For a minute she remained quite silent, and then began "Oh, rest in the Lord." The pause that ensued when she ceased singing was a far better proof of appreciation than any chorus of thanks would have been; and Ruth, quite conscious of sympathy, soon lost her nervousness with the Raes, and sang and played as she was bidden. At last she rose, and returning to the doctor, knelt down at his side.

"My child, you are very tired," he said, stroking her hair; "I must send you away again."

"Not yet; it is so early. Mayn't I stay a little while?"

"No, not even for a little while. I know better than you what is good for you, and I must take care of my little friend."

"It seems such a pity to go to sleep, and lose all the beautiful night," said Ruth, looking out of the window at the moonlit garden.

"And would it not be a pity to spoil those beautiful eyes?" asked Stephen, smiling, as he drew her to him and kissed her. "The beauty of the night is not wasted even if Ruth sleeps. Good night, little one."

"What a dear child that is," said Mrs. Rae, as Ruth closed the door behind her. "It seems to me, Mary, as if I had two more children given to me."

"And we have a mamma," answered Mary in a low voice, taking Mrs. Rae's hand in both hers. "You don't know how much good this visit has done Ruth already. I don't think I have ever seen her so happy. It is a great trouble to me that she seems so dissatisfied when she is at school, and I can't account for it."

"Ruth is not like most children; and naturally, therefore, the treatment which would suit others is entirely unfit for her in many respects," said Stephen.

"But I am sure Miss Windham is extremely kind to all the girls, and Ruth often behaves very badly, because she is so passionate; though I am sure she is always sorry when she has been in a temper."

"A nature to suffer and to enjoy most keenly," said Stephen aloud, but musingly, as if speaking to himself.

The following afternoon Maurice was busy in his studio when a gentle knock came at the door.

"Come in," he called out, and Ruth entered, dressed in her outdoor things.

"I came to ask for 'Christabel,'" she said, in explanation of her visit. "Dr. Rae has given me leave to read it."

"You need not take it away, need you?" said Maurice; "you are always welcome here." He closed the door as he spoke.

Ruth threw off her hat and cloak, seated herself on the floor with her arm on a chair, her head resting on her hand, and, becoming perfectly oblivious to everything except the book which she was reading, did not see that Maurice was sketching her.

Some time passed, and then Ruth said with a sigh of pleasure, "How lovely it is! I am so sorry it is not finished. Will you show me the picture again, now that I know all about it?" Another pause, and then Ruth said enthusiastically, looking straight into Maurice's eyes, and thinking only of him, "What a splendid artist you are!"

An irresistible impulse seized him, and he caught the child in his arms, and kissed her fervently. She broke away, and stood for one moment looking at him, then darted from the room. Maurice stood quite still, almost startled at the quick change in her. It seemed as if she had been suddenly awakened from some dream to find herself in the arms of a demon—at least so Maurice felt, and hardly could believe that it was a child who had given him the fiery, resentful look that thrilled him to the very soul.

Ruth ran to the bedroom and knelt on the window-seat, flushed and trembling with anger and excitement.

"How could he do it?" she repeated to herself, half tearfully and half passionately. "I will never go into that room again—never!" And then the

thought of meeting him at dinner filled her with dread. As she looked out of the window she saw a boat coming up the stream with a young man in it. Every now and then she lost sight of the boat among the trees, but finally it appeared by the garden, when the young man sprang out and walked straight to the window of Maurice's room. Ruth heard the greeting, and after a little talk, Maurice and his friend came out into the garden, and getting into the boat, glided away, talking and laughing as they went. Ruth cowered out of sight as Maurice appeared.

"Can he be going out to stay?" she thought.

Her conjecture proved true, and that evening was spent without him. Just before Ruth went to bed a letter came from Maurice to his mother, saying that he was going to remain with his friend till the following evening.

"I suppose Jack will return with him very likely," said Tina. "To-morrow is our open evening, Mary, and I believe the Heaths will be here. Do you know any of them besides Letty?"

"No. Is she coming?"

"I think so. She will be glad to meet you, especially as she is rather strange here. I don't know her so well as any of the others."

"Will a great many people be here?" asked Ruth.

"No, dear, I don't think so; in any case, not a very alarming number," answered Tina, laughing at Ruth's aghast face.

It was, however, very alarming to Ruth when the time arrived that the visitors were expected. At about seven o'clock a carriage drove up to the garden gate, and Lady and Sir Lionel Ashleigh were announced. Then there was a great buzz of greetings, for besides these two came their son and daughter. Then came the Heaths—Philip, Julia, and Letty—and one or two other visitors. Ruth became very interested in watching Tina, who looked very handsome and graceful as she talked to the guests, entirely free from any shyness, and with a dignified cordiality that was very charming. Robert Ashleigh apparently found it as interesting as Ruth did, to watch Tina, and still more so when she talked to him. Half hidden by the window-curtain, Ruth could observe the scene unnoticed. Presently there was some music, and in the interval that followed, Maurice returned with Jack Forster. Near Ruth was a group consisting of Maude Ashleigh, Julia Heath, Mrs. Rae, and Stephen. This group was immediately joined by Maurice, who then turned to Ruth and held out his hand. She gave hers with a reluctance that was only half anger. Maurice placed a chair for Ruth, thus preventing a retreat into her retired corner, saying to Julia, "I am afraid I interrupted your discussion. May I ask what was the subject of it?"

"No—no, Miss Heath, don't renew it, please," said Maude. "I am sure argument is worse than useless; it excites the temper without convincing the wrong person. Don't you think it is injurious to the health, Dr. Rae?"

"If I regarded argument in the same light as quarrelling, I should say yes, but there is really no connection whatever," replied Stephen. "As soon as the temper is roused, you will find that argument in the proper sense of the word, ceases to exist."

Here Ruth, having been pressed to sing, sat down to the piano, and the noisy room was suddenly hushed, except for her own voice.

Tina was seated near the piano, and by her side Ruth sought refuge when the song was completed, as she felt quite overwhelmed by the thanks and unconcealed admiration of her audience.

"Oh, Tina! why don't they leave off?" she asked in a low voice, putting her head on Tina's shoulder.

"You cannot expect that they should hear you and say nothing," answered Tina. "They are electrified."

"Yes, indeed, and I don't think it is really a hardship," said Sir Lionel, smiling. "Remember what Waller says—

> 'Tell her that's young
> And shuns to have her graces spied,
> That hadst thou sprung
> In deserts where no men abide,
> Thou must have uncommended died.'"

Tina laughed. "That is a very charming lesson, Ruthie, and I hope you will profit by it."

"I shall profit by your silence, Tina," she answered, laughing shyly.

"Sir Lionel, I am forbidden to speak; I hope you will gain by my loss, and improve the acquaintance you have begun," said Tina, rising to join in a glee that was about to be sung.

Sir Lionel did as Tina wished, and before long Ruth was quite at home with him, looking very bright as she listened to a description of his travels on the Continent. Letty came too, and they formed a merry trio; Sir Lionel very much enjoying the way in which his amusing anecdotes were received, and pleased at the intelligently quaint questions Ruth put to him.

At last the evening came to a close, and Ruth was as sorry as any when the guests departed. As soon as Jack Forster had gone, he being the last of all, Ruth suddenly remembered the scene that had taken place in the studio on the previous day, and without waiting till Maurice came in from the garden, she hastily said good night and darted up-stairs to bed.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON. (*Continued.*)

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."—Song of Solomon i. 8.

THE question proposed by the Church, at the close of the last verse we were considering, was conceived in a spirit of impassioned earnestness—of indignant repudiation of the very thought of disloyalty to her Lord. She had been fervent in her prayers that she might realise more of the near presence of Christ, more of the rich discoveries of His grace, more of close fellowship with His saints, more of the refreshing joy and gladness of ordinances,—more of that heavenly calm which souls, reposing under the banner of a Saviour's love, feel as they rest with His flock at noon. And the thought of possible unfaithfulness occurs,—of temptation to turn aside, of getting out of the trodden sheep-walk, to feed in unwholesome pastures, and to lie down in a dangerous rest. But the suggestion is put away with resolved and instant peremptoriness. "Go away! draw back! turn aside! I who have sunned myself in the bright beams of a Saviour's smile, and have known what it is to feel underneath me the support of an everlasting arm! why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?"

Full well does He whom her soul loveth understand this trembling solicitude of the Church that nothing might draw her from Him,—from His truth, from His people, and from His side. And the portion of the Song we now enter upon contains His practical directions to her how she may keep herself in the good and the right way: "If thou know not, O thou fairest among women," how to keep thyself from danger, "go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents."

Here we are to notice, in the first place, the honourable and endearing title by which, notwithstanding her deficiencies, the Church is addressed by Christ—"O thou fairest among women." The language strikes us the more because of the character, which, as we have seen, the Church had just before given of herself. With humility and deep shame she had acknowledged that she was "black." In the spiritual glory of her Lord, in the comeliness which He had put upon her, she ought to have been as richly adorned as the tapestry in kings' chambers. But she has hardly been loyal to Christ. She had fainted in the day of adversity. She had become a scorched and shrivelled thing on account of the hot and fierce beams of persecution that had lighted upon her—the withering and blighting frowns of her "mother's children." Add to this, she had not to herself been true. A faithful and diligent keeper of the vineyards, it may be, she had not looked narrowly to the culture of her own spirit—the growth of her own soul in grace and godliness; there were spots and blemishes and dark lines there, causing her once fair complexion to appear black and stained as the sun-burnt roof of a shepherd's hut. What lesson do we learn from this self-depreciatory estimate of the Church in regard to her spiritual condition? Why, that Christ looks at believers as they are in Himself, in His own righteousness, in all that mirrored glory and perfectness, in which they appear when seen in the glass of His heavenly Father's purposes, and in which He knows they will finally be clothed. Hence it is that saints are most fair and comely in the eyes of Christ, when they are most unsightly and odious in their own. Hear how the apostle speaks of himself in that seventh chapter to the Romans. One might almost think he was one of the worst of humankind—in very deed, "less than the least of all saints." His ingrained love of evil, his base vassalage to the powers of his lower nature, his fierce conflicts with a rebellious will—all these things cause his whole inner man to be on fire, law with law, mind with members, raging and battling together in inextricable confusion, until, like one possessed, he can only exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And yet what was he in the estimation of Christ all this time? A chosen vessel unto the Lord—the bearer of His name to the uttermost parts of the earth—a pattern to them that should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting—one designated to highest visions and revelations of the Lord; in a word, apostle, evangelist, martyr, saint, fairest among those born of women. Or take another example: that humbled publican in the outer court of the Temple, his head bowed like a bulrush, his heart bleeding like a stricken deer, his breast smitten with holy revenges, as if he had sins, corruptions, enmities—ay, a legion of devils there. And he cries aloud, "God be merciful to me a sinner." A sinner—that and nothing else; a sinner through and through; stained, defiled, "black as the tents of Kedar." But in what light is Christ regarding him at this very moment? Why, as a justified,

pardoned, acquitted soul; the harps of angels are rejoicing for him then; the heavenly Jerusalem is welcoming a newly-enfranchised citizen then; in that instant his filthy garments are taken from him, and he is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. It is no paradox of the spiritual life to say with the apostle, "When I am weak, then am I strong," for it is only saying that there will always be given to us the most of that which we feel to need the most. Our soul thrives on the very sense of its privations. Our best strength is in our conscious weakness; our greatest beauty is in bewailed uncomeliness. We have no righteousness, but in the convictions of awakened sin; and no hope of life, but in the sense of our deserved exposure to spiritual and eternal death. The Church's clothing is of wrought gold, when she is clothed with humility; and when she puts on the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, praying to be guided, desiring to be taught, leaning on the arm of her Beloved, she appears in Christ's eyes as the "fairest among women."

But note, secondly, the directions which Christ gives to the Church for attaining to the knowledge she had desired of Him. The first is a keeping close to the old paths, a steadfast adherence to the well-worn track, marked by the footprints of the saints of God in all ages. The Church is anxious to have some certain way-marks; and she is told how she may find them—signs, clear as the scarlet thread which directed the Israelites to the house of Rahab, certain as the star which led wise men to where the Saviour lay: "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock;" "Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." "Walk in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham." "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

Let us accept with all thankfulness this ancient protest of Solomon against all religious novelties, all theological developments, all attempts to loosen our faith in time-honoured creeds, all divergences from those principles of our pure apostolic faith, which, whether on the side of an exaggerated sacramentalism on the one hand, or of a comprehensive and elastic scheme of doctrine on the other, cast slights on those grand old paths marked out by the pilgrims of old time—paths which they hallowed by their footsteps, watered by their tears, brightened by their walk of blameless, consistent piety, and made immortal by their dying testimony concerning it: "This is the gate of the Lord; the righteous shall enter into it." The Bridegroom here takes it for granted that the lessons of experience will be welcome to the Church, and echoes that language of Jeremiah: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Find rest as they who have gone before found rest. Surely, compassed about as the believer's path is by a great cloud of witnesses—a cloud which is adding to its mantled glory by new accessions of saints every day—all witnesses for the truth, all rejoicing in their hope, all testifying to the power, whether in life or in death, of a simple looking unto Jesus—he will not, in this old age of the world, be looking for new discoveries, new revelations, new doors to be opened into heaven, which our fathers knew not of. Be we well assured we have had all the light from heaven we ever shall have. All we require further is a cultivated faculty of spiritual discernment—the opened eyes which David prayed for, the revealing Spirit which Saul looked up for, the anointing eye-salve which John spoke of, the new understanding of Scripture vouchsafed to the disciples journeying to Emmaus. The Word and the Spirit—this twofold light it was by which our fathers walked, and we must "walk by the same rule." There is but one way, one truth, and one life for the whole redeemed flock of God. We must keep to the beaten track: "Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock."

TRY SAN MARCELLO.

"TRY Lapland," was the tempting piece of advice that caught our ears when sweltering beneath the heat of a July sun in Florence. We were on the look out for some cool retreat in Italy. But though the proverb tells that, "as snow in summer, so is news from a far country," Lapland was decidedly too far off. Snow in summer is a good thing, but even gold may be bought too dear. Since, then, we could not go to Lapland, the next question was, whether we could bring Lapland to us—in plain words, was there any temperate region within easy reach of Florence where we could lie by during the fierce heat of summer, ready to return there when the autumn rains had cooled the valley of the Arno? We were as hard to please as the model husband who confides to his wife the choice of a sea-side place, with these five limitations, that it must not be distant, or dear, or dull, or vulgar and last, not least, there must be no

nigger minstrels. In San Marcello, we found what we were in search of. It is within two hours of Florence by rail and road; it is cheap, but not vulgar; cool and sequestered, but not cut off from the outside world by a journey like that which makes the advice to try Lapland sound like irony. To San Marcello, accordingly, we repaired; and it is with the view of making this retreat in the Apennines better known that we have put together the following brief notes of a short visit made there during the last summer.

Leaving the railroad which crosses the Apennines between Bologna and Florence, at the small station of Pracchia, I learned that San Marcello lay eight miles distant, to the west, in the direction of the baths of Lucca. It was early morning. The sun, though risen, had not yet acquired strength, so declining the offer of a *legno* (or trap), which my host at Pracchia wished to press on me, I set out on my ascent up the slope of the Apennines, and reached the summit, where the road descends into the valley of San Marcello, after a walk of about an hour and a half. How shall I describe the view which burst on me from the summit? I can only compare it with some of the finest Scotch scenery minus the mist, and minus that look of stony barrenness which takes from the effect of Scotch scenery. The hill country of Central Italy is almost a *terra incognita* to the ordinary tourist. He catches glimpses of it on the railway above Pistoia or if he takes the line from Perugia to Florence, there are peeps to be had of the Lake of Thrasymene and the grand old woods of Vallombrosa, as he enters the valley of the Arno; but as for the beauties of the Apennines, he is as insensible of them as the tourist bound for Switzerland is of the beauties of the Jura, or the traveller in the Scotch express is of the Cheviots. It is an old saying, that the best is the enemy of the good. In mountaineering we must have all or nothing. Now there is an obvious fallacy in this. We rush past the approaches of the Alps, either the Jura in the north, or the Apennines in the south, impatient to cast our homage at the feet of Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn; and we experience, we do not know why, a secret sense of disappointment. Our first feeling may be one of surprise; our second is certainly summed up in the exclamation, "Is this all?" The truth is that our eye has not been educated, and our sense of sublimity been allowed to grow by easy and natural stages. If it were not treason to Mont Blanc to say so, many a tourist plants himself at Chamonix for the first time, and looks up at the mountain, as he might at the Monument from London Bridge. Alas! like London's column pointing to the skies, even Mont Blanc seems only like Pope's tall bully—it lifts its head and lies. Dr. Arnold remarked long ago that travellers, in their impatience to get into the heart of the grand scenery of Switzerland, rush through such places as Zurich, and lose much that is most characteristic of the country. The view, indeed, of the high Alps is finer from the Lake of Zurich than from other points nearer their base. The mistake arises from forgetting that mountains spring from mountains—the *plateau* of the Bernese Oberland is itself a mountain plain—and unless we give ourselves leisure to rise from point to point, and familiarise ourselves with one mountain level before we spring forward to another, we shall miss much of the way, and in the end feel ourselves disappointed.

But it is time that we reached San Marcello, the goal of our pilgrimage.

Looking down from the height on the long and winding valley closed in by mountains on all sides, the first impression which it produced on us was that we had come at last on the scene of the Sabine farm of Horace. So unchanging is Nature that the general description of one valley in the Apennines answers well enough for that of another.

"Continui montes, nisi dissocientur opacâ valle."

To use the words of Horace to his friend Quinctius.—"Imagine to thyself a continued range of mountains, divided only by a shady vale, so situated, however, that the approaching sun views its right side, and warms its left when departing in its rapid car." Now a reader who has not seen the scenery of Central Italy, would scarcely give Horace credit for the accuracy of the description. It is only in poetry, as we should say, that a vale could be shady, and at the same time receive the rays of the rising and setting sun. The objection is very true, if we judge by the Swiss valleys, which usually lie north and south, and thus only get the midday sun, the axis of the Alps being on a line running nearly due south-west by north-east, and the valleys, in consequence, which spring as vertebræ at right angles to these mountains, running up in nearly every case north and south. As a rule, there are no basins in the Alps—valleys, that is, enclosed apparently on all sides by mountains, and where, unless for their winding character, there could certainly be no morning and evening sunbeams. As I stood on the heights above San Marcello, I saw that the valley lay exactly as Horace describes the site of his Sabine farm. It had the first and the last of the sun's rays, how it fared during the middle of the day, and whether it was shady then, when other places less favoured are sun-baked, I must wait till noon to see.

San Marcello is the centre of a little region in the Apennines, marked out by the following distinct boundaries. It is the district between the Œmilia and Tuscany, of which Buscolongo is the highest peak and San Marcello the chief town. It lies about twelve miles to the north of Pistoia, and

about the same distance to the east of the baths of Lucca. The river which waters the valley is known by the name of the Reno, a Celtic word for a river, which under the various forms of the Rhone and the Rhine is evidently as common as the Avon or the Dee is with us. The district is celebrated as the scene of one or two great battles. Here the Boii and Ligurians were defeated by the Romans, and a few miles further up the valley there is a place still called *Malconsiglio*, or the plain of evil counsel, from the fact that in all probability it was the site of the battle where Catiline was defeated and slain. The site of the battle corresponds to the description of Sallust:—"Planities erat inter sinistros montes et ab dextera rupes aspera." There are the hills on the left and rugged rocks on the right, with a barren plain between. Human remains have here been dug up, and mixed with them were found Roman coins, thus confirming the tradition which gave this place its name of ill-omen, as *il campo di Malconsiglio*. Catiline being at the end of his resources, and finding that he had no course open but to retreat into Cisalpine Gaul, broke up his camp at Fiesole, and ascended the mountains above Pistoia. He was here overtaken by Metellus, who was sent from Rome to join his forces with those of Antonius, the other consul, and after fighting bravely, was defeated and slain.

On the other side of San Marcello lies the village of Cavatina, also celebrated as the scene of a battle which decided the fate of the Florentine Republic. It may be described as the Pharsalia of Italian liberties, the last struggle of the Republics of Italy against their foreign oppressors and tyrants. In 1529 the Emperor Charles, in conjunction with the Medicean Pope, Clement VII., decided on an armed intervention, to restore the Medici family, and to suppress the liberties of Florence. Ferrucci, whom the Piagnoni (the weepers, or Puritan party, as we should describe them) of Florence had named as the Gideon of the Republic, was then in command of the militia, and lay with his little army of 3,000 foot and 600 horse, with 20 pieces of cannon, at Volterra. Deceived by the guides, he fell into a trap, was met by superior forces, led by the Count of Orange, the commander-in-chief of Charles's army. The battle was long and severe, and cost the life of the commanders on both sides. Orange was killed early in the engagement, but the knowledge of his loss was concealed from his troops, which consisted of a mixed force of Spaniards and Calabrians. Ferrucci fought on bravely, though surrounded by superior forces, till he was at last struck to the ground, covered with wounds, and died the same evening in the Castle of Cavatina, which he had defended all day. He was buried in Cavatina, where, in the right aisle of the church there is a short inscription which records the fact:—

"Qui combattendo per la patria morì
Francesco Ferrucci
a dì 3 Agosto, 1530."

In the punning style of that day there is a reference to this iron captain, Ferrucci:

"Ferreus hic ager in quo Ferruccius olim
Sive hostem statuit vincere sive mori.

Florence in modern times has not been forgetful of the memory of the last of her commanders who fell fighting for her liberties three centuries ago. The little church of Cavatina has been a place of pilgrimage of Italian patriots; and here are inscribed the names of Manzoni, Giusti, Mamiani, and many others, who have distinguished themselves in the struggle of modern Italy to assert her independence and unity. The pretty ceremony called the *processo dei crocifissi*, the procession to the confines of the two parishes of San Marcello and Cavatina, where the leaders of the rival factions, headed by the crucifix on both sides, exchanged the kiss of peace, and which corresponded somewhat to our old custom of beating the bounds, is no longer kept up, because the rivalries between city and city, village and village, which so long held Italy a prey to the foreign conqueror, have died out. San Marcello is now the centre of a peaceful and prosperous agricultural district, with a cloth mill at one end of the valley, a paper mill at the other, and a trade which, if not important from an English point of view, is still respectable, and a source of employment to all the spare hands in the valley. As to the general air of prosperity and content, I can speak from experience. I did not meet with a single beggar during the whole of my three days' sojourn in this happy valley. I am no Rasselas, and I do not wish to paint a scene which exists nowhere out of the Abyssinia of Johnson's tale, but I certainly can say that for the average air of content and comfort commend me to the inhabitants of this valley of the Apennines.

San Marcello is the tiniest little *città* it was ever my good fortune to see. The whole of it might easily be stowed away within the railings of Russell Square, and as to one of our London parks it would cover not only the town with its suburbs, including the Palazzo Cini, its pleasure grounds, and the Infirmary, but there would be room enough to throw in some of the chestnut woods which overhang the town, and answer the same end that our parks do as the lungs of London. All day long during the warm summer days, women and children take their work out and sit under the shade, enjoying the delicious breeze and the grand view of Buscolongo in the distance, closing the valley with its jagged peak, and Abetone, and San Pietro, and the other villages dotting its steep sides, and looking like the stones which Deucalion cast behind him after the deluge, and which turned into men. There was something strangely spectacular in

the beauty of that outlook up the valley. I have seldom looked on a scene filled in with details such as these, which the eye ranges over up the valley from San Marcello to Abetone. Never out of a picture have I seen that dreamy and almost graceful grouping of foreground and background. The grass was as green almost as in England, and the cultivation not unlike that of our Northern regions. The vine and olive have disappeared at this high level, and are replaced by the oak and chestnut. Further up the mountain-side are the pines, while the summit itself is a bare rock, swept by the storms, or basking in the full blaze of an Italian sun. It is not, as in Switzerland, where the sublime and the beautiful are all tumbled of a heap before you, and the gradations between Alp and avalanche, glacier above and grass land below, are imperceptible, or only marked by a border-land of broken pine-stumps, mixed with stones swept from the bed of a torrent. Here it is different; the Apennines swell from the vale, but they do not midway leave the storm; they steal up to a certain height, carrying cultivation with them, and then end in an abrupt peak, like a kind of sugar-loaf, or cone of mountain set on a ridge of table-land. The effect of this blending of the savage and the gentle in scenery is inexpressibly charming. It is a tract of country which only has to be known to be enjoyed by the tourist, and to those who prefer, as I do, the soft Tuscan tongue and manners to the rude guttural of Norway, or the broad Doric of Scotland, I can only repeat the advice with which I began this paper, Try San Marcello. When you have explored the Apennines, it may be time enough to try Lapland; but on this subject tastes differ. To some stomachs train oil may be more palatable than olive oil; I have nothing to say against such persons trying Lapland. To others, again, six weeks' perpetual sunshine, varied only with a plague of flies by day and of fleas by night, may be a pleasant variety from that of sunrise and sunset—the fireflies and cicalas of Italy. To such I should say, "Try Lapland." But for me, and the vast majority who prefer a bed to a reindeer-skin, and bread and beccaficos, washed down with thin soup and sour wine, to the dried fish and detestable brantuin of the Polar regions, the advice, I repeat, is to come South. It is little more than a three days' journey from London, and a ten-pound note will do the best part of the travelling. *Pensions* in this happy valley are still at the primitive rate of five francs a day, which I remember was once the tariff in Switzerland—alas! it is so no longer. But I must not add more, or the friends I left behind me there would think it an ungrateful return for a warm and hospitable greeting, to raise prices on them in this way. San Marcello is as yet unsophisticated, does not give herself the airs of a Swiss, not to say an English watering-place. She does not even go in for fashion, like her neighbour the *Bagni di Lucca*. In any other country but Italy such scenery would be opened up to tourists. A monster hotel would spring up in the valley, and all the way up to Abetone would be dotted with châlets doing duty as *pensions* during the summer season. But the Italians have little enterprise as yet, and have imperfectly explored their own country. It is the English, indeed, at Florence who have made San Marcello the summer resort that it is, and they, like wise people, seem to wish to keep their knowledge to themselves. They have made a "find," as we should say at the diggings, and are anxious to keep it as quiet as possible.

But as there is room yet for a few more of my countrymen, I think I cannot better repay the debt which I owe for a few days of perfect enjoyment spent amid lovely scenery than by giving the advice—Try San Marcello. As a centre for excursions to Florence, Bologna, and other cities of Central Italy, the situation is unrivalled. There are numbers who for want of some such retreat in the hills are unable to visit Italy at all, as their only holiday comes with long weather, when the heat in the plains is unbearable. To such, and to all, in fine, who desire to enjoy Italian scenery, and at the same time to escape the summer heats of Italy, we can only repeat the advice—Try San Marcello.

J. B. Heard.

WORDS.

WORDS too lightly spoken
Come not back again,
And sweet buds are broken
By the softest rain.

Words may strike as arrows
With too cruel smart;
He who heeds the sparrows,
Heeds the wounded heart.

Words may be good angels,
Winged with love and light;
Bearing God's evangels
To the homes of night.

Words may be as devils,
Slaying where they fall:
Oh, the bitter evils
Coming at their call!

Guard the might thus given,
Sowing weed or flowers;
Spreading hell or heaven
With these words of ours!

Alsager Hay Hill.



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"The long hours which she spent in Geraldine's room were turned to account"—*p.* 189.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUMOUR.

ALBERT LOVEJOY had hitherto conducted himself with tolerable propriety. He stood in salutary awe of the head clerk, Mr. Sollinger, who addressed him with such extreme politeness—a politeness which lost its value when Albert found that the same grave urbanity of manner was bestowed upon the messenger, the charwoman, the smallest boy who entered the office on the smallest errand. But it overawed him, perhaps, by the impossibility of accounting for it. On the copying clerk, Mr. Cator, he looked down actually and metaphorically. He was an exceedingly small man, with a large family, and most parsimonious in his personal habits, often contenting himself at midday with a piece of bread-and-butter, which he brought in his pocket wrapped in an old newspaper, and going home to an exceedingly mythical dinner in the evening. Mr. Cator had only thirty shillings a week, and he had eight delicate children, so that each person in the family had to exist on an average of three shillings. But Mrs. Cator kept lodgers, which paid her house rent, and she made and mended every stitch of her family clothing, which, as far as the boys were concerned, descended and redescended from Mr. Cator and the elder ones to the smallest animal that ever wore knickerbockers. No one would have guessed that the family which kept up such "an appearance" had less by half than the grimy, ragged, disreputable lot belonging to the skilled artisan in the court behind. Mr. Cator, however, never indulged in a visit to the public-house over the way, of which Albert speedily became a daily frequenter. There, though he met no one from the office of Tabor and Tenterden, he met other clerks from other offices, and entered into friendly relations with them, or with such of them as were kindred spirits. Saturday evening now found him lingering there over beer, billiards, and bets—the three B's of an education in ruin and profligacy. It is true he did not spend much, though he boasted freely of former spendings; he was, as he chose to express it, "confusedly hard up" just then.

Emily and the children fared hardly enough, certainly—indeed, they could not have lived at all but for the help which Emily received from her friends, and which she had hitherto concealed from his knowledge. One Saturday, however, a letter, which ought to have arrived by an earlier post when Albert was not at home, came too late and fell into his hands. It contained a remittance, and mentioned former remittances, of which poor Emily had rendered no account.

"So you've been having lots of money all the time, and never told me," said the husband, with ill-omened glee.

"No, I haven't had lots," sobbed Emily; "and we've eaten it all, every farthing of it."

"Well, that's good," laughed Albert.

It was quite a pleasure to him to think that Emily had deceived him, or tried to deceive him; it absolved him, too, from the self-denial for which he gave himself credit. He resolved to have an evening of enjoyment on the strength of Emily's resources, present and to come; she, poor creature, being quite relieved to find that he had not made a greater grievance of her concealment.

That evening was inaugurated at the Lemon Tree Tavern by a toss up between Albert and a young man of the name of Jones for a shilling's worth of brandy and cigars. Albert lost, but took his loss with satisfaction, remarking that "somebody must make a beginning," which showed that the end was not yet at hand, or in sight. When they had disposed of the shilling's worth they were joined by others, for Albert and Jones had been early, and the long evening passed in lounging, playing, and drinking. As the drink—now beer, now brandy—got into Albert's weak head, he became more and more boastful and mendacious. Mr. Jones wanted to know what position he held in the office.

"Position!" said Albert; "blest if I know. But I'll tell you in confidence it isn't the right one. I've a cousin, a lady of property, it's through her I'm there. One of the partners has got her money in his hands—don't like to part with it either," and he winked at Jones.

"No!" said Jones. "Respectable old cove the governor," he added.

"It's the young one, I mean," said Albert.

"Tenterden?" said Jones.

Albert nodded. "I've got my eye on him," he said, "and I'll come down on him pretty sharp, I warrant."

"You don't mean it!" said Jones.

"Don't I, though! He'll be kicked out of there some day, if I'm not mistaken. He'll have to give an account of himself, and I don't think he'll like it. I want to know what he does with the money," cried Albert, with a tipsy stare of defiance; "and I will know, that's more! Think of a lady that has thousands and tens of thousands, and can't lay her hands on a ten pounder."

"Do you think he makes away with it?" asked one

Albert indulged in a pantomime of assent.

"I've heard queerish things about Tenterden," said another.

"He's a regular screw," said a third; "but that wouldn't account for the money."

"Perhaps he intends to get all he can and bolt with it."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Albert.

"Shall you stay? It's a snug concern," said Jones; "you might be partner some day."

"Dare say I might," said Albert; "but I don't think I will. It's not much in my line, the law isn't." There Mr. Albert broke off abruptly, having remembrance by no means pleasant of his late encounter with the law.

Now his companions did not believe one word of it, but that did not hinder them from repeating it. Mr. Jones had a friend who knew Mr. Cator in the privacy of domestic life, and who repeated the conversation as to a person interested. Mr. Cator heard it with indignation, and repeated it to Mr. Sollinger, who listened with incredulous politeness, but considered it his duty to repeat it to Mr. Tabor.

Mr. Tabor was evidently annoyed at what Albert had said, and sent at once for Philip to put the matter into his hands, suggesting an investigation and the dismissal of the culprit. But Philip declined to investigate; it was not worth investigating so idle a story. He knew what Albert Lovejoy was, and did not, he concluded decisively, desire to take any steps in the matter.

Mr. Tabor, however, was far from satisfied. Happening to look in upon Fanny that same evening, she asked how Albert was getting on. "He is not particularly satisfactory, I understand," said the cautious lawyer—"out of the office, I mean. He has been talking about you in a rather objectionable manner, which it would be well to put a stop to. You may be able, by the way, to give him a hint to that effect."

"Talking about me in an objectionable manner, dear me!" said Fanny, open-mouthed with astonishment.

"Yes; the truth is he has been complaining of Mr. Tenterden's management of your affairs, talking as if you were distrustful or dissatisfied. Mr. Tenterden will take no notice of it, but I do not like it, and I wish you could give the young man a hint that it is not to be tolerated."

A sudden inspiration seized Fanny. "Don't you think I could manage for myself, Mr. Tabor, and save Philip the trouble?" she said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Tabor, looking curiously at her. "There is nothing to hinder you. Have you been expressing a wish to do this?"

"No," said Fanny; "but I think I would like it better—better than going to somebody else for everything."

"Then perhaps you are dissatisfied. That explains the matter—only it has been twisted, as things do get twisted."

"I am not dissatisfied," Fanny hastened to say, "only I would like to spend my money in my own way. Sometimes I want to spend very little, and sometimes I want to spend a great deal."

"And Philip won't let you?" said Mr. Tabor. Fanny acquiesced. "But that is for your good, you know," said Mr. Tabor.

"I wouldn't spend more than I had to spend," she answered. "I know I must not touch the capital. I may do with my income as I like, and I would not always spend as much as I am doing now. Could I not borrow and pay it back again?"

"Certainly, on your securities," said Mr. Tabor.

"I haven't got any," said Fanny, whose money might have dropped from the moon for anything she knew about it.

"Of course you have them. They are in Tenterden's hands; but you ought to know a little more about them. Without them you would have nothing."

"Do you think they are safe?" asked Fanny uneasily, allowing her distrust of Philip to appear.

Mr. Tabor was in consternation. "Perfectly," he replied (thinking to himself, "This comes of the ignorance of women.") "But if you would really like to relieve Mr. Tenterden of the responsibility which he has so kindly taken, why not place your affairs in the hands of the firm? though I don't know that my being conjoined with him would render it any easier for you."

"Oh, but it would," said Fanny. "I should like it very much, and I want to make a will too."

"Very proper, very proper," said Mr. Tabor. "I will speak to Tenterden, and it shall be as you wish."

Mr. Tabor did not contemplate finding any difficulty in making this arrangement. Miss Lovejoy's affairs had been managed by Philip as a matter of friendship, and he would doubtless feel thankful to be relieved of a responsibility which Fanny's ignorance must have rendered troublesome, and had now made disagreeable. If he had wanted any further proof of the necessity for relieving his partner at once from his self—or rather circumstance-imposed position of Fanny's guardian, it was forthcoming. The unpleasant rumour reached Mr. Tabor next day from another and higher quarter. It was only a word in confidence from a friend who could venture to take so great a liberty. "What's this about Tenterden keeping back some old lady's money?"

"Very provoking, a pure invention," said Mr. Tabor.

"Coming out of his quixotic love of prevention rather than cure?"

"Just so," said Mr. Tabor.

"He would force people to do the right thing, rather than see them do the wrong thing and suffer for it, and they naturally resent being forced," remarked the gentleman, laughing.

Mr. Tabor took the first opportunity of speaking to his partner after this. It was with a hesitation for which he could hardly account, however, that he entered on the subject. Something had arisen to put a certain distance and restraint between them lately. "I have had a little more of this absurd rumour about Miss Lovejoy," he said.

Philip's brow darkened, but he stood more erect by the mantelshelf.

"Would it not be better for you to place Miss Lovejoy's affairs in the hands of the firm, and rid yourself of the responsibility?" continued Mr. Tabor.

Philip was driven into a corner. "I do not see any necessity for doing so," he said, "so long as Miss Lovejoy is satisfied."

"That is the point," said Mr. Tabor; "but I think she would prefer it."

"Has she spoken to you on the subject?" asked Philip, stiffly.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Tabor; "she has—but—"

Philip broke in indignantly: "It seems ungrateful, after all——" he was going to say, the kindness she had received from his family. Mr. Tabor knew that, but he could not account for Philip's stoppage in the midst of so natural a speech, nor for his evident and strange perturbation.

There was an awkward pause, broken by Mr. Tabor saying, "I suggested the arrangement I have mentioned as probably the best for you."

"I think she ought to have consulted me, and that I had better wait till she does so before I take any step in the matter."

"As you please," said Mr. Tabor, a little hurt. This want of frankness was so unlike the Philip of former days. "Miss Lovejoy's wish is to manage for herself, it appears," said Mr. Tabor.

"And lose everything she has," said Philip.

"How is the money invested?" asked Mr. Tabor, looking innocently at him.

Philip hesitated. Mr. Tabor, always calm and penetrating, could not help feeling that something was wrong, but he awaited the answer.

"A portion of it is invested in the public funds," answered Philip, speaking the strict truth, "and the rest is lent on personal security, and for the safety of it I alone am responsible." Philip moved to the table and took up some papers and asked a question concerning them. He had evidently done with the subject, leaving his partner very ill at ease; and the more he reflected on what Philip had said, and on his manner of saying it, the more ill at ease he became. This unpleasant rumour was no light thing if it had a background of unpleasant fact.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ART IS LONG.

It so happened that the office of Messrs. Tabor and Tenterden had never been so full of business, so that Philip could have enough, and more than enough, of the grand solace—work. He literally plunged into it. No amount of it seemed to overwhelm him. When Mr. Tabor suggested additional help, he scouted the idea. The more he did the more he seemed able to do. Every evening saw the black bag carried home to his lodgings fuller and fuller of work, and every morning saw the work accomplished, like the tasks of the good people in the fairy tales. He excused himself to Mrs. Austin; he became more of a recluse than ever. What was his object? Mr. Tabor asked himself this question again and again. Was he making himself so absolutely necessary to the business that whatever might come out (and Mr. Tabor felt sure that there was something to come), his position would be secure? It was a thought which poisoned Mr. Tabor's peace, for above all things he hated suspicion, but it had been forced upon him by Philip's refusal to explain the evident anomalies of his position.

And Philip felt that there had risen up between him and Mr. Tabor the cold shadow of distrust. Even the solace of work would have failed him if he had known that it followed him into that. It was painful enough as it was. His feeling towards Mr. Tabor was almost filial in its affectionateness. He had the sincerest respect for his judgment, and even when his own did not bow to it, he was ready to yield his will, and Philip was a self-willed man. Mr. Tabor on his side had exhibited all the kindness towards Philip which might have been the portion of a son, and a son after his own heart. To have this kind and happy relation marred was an unspeakable pain to both. Of itself it was enough to cloud the happiness of both.

At this time Philip felt that he had two minds—one on the surface, sane, orderly, and calm, and one down in the depths, full of dire and dark disorder. He forced himself to eat and drink and walk and work, and never go below the surface at all, for he saw no way out of his embarrassments which did not involve others, or which did not also involve a confession that he had taken upon himself a burden which he was unable to bear, and he shrank with sensitive pride from either. Besides, no explanation would explain them away. The best of all explanations, the truth, would only, perhaps, relieve him from one aspersion to place him under another.

He came at length to the conclusion that he must speak to Fanny. She had every reason to have faith in him; she was weak and illogical, and he might at once alarm and reassure her. It was rather late one evening when she was called down to the drawing-room; she and Ada had been sitting with Geraldine, and she left Ada at her post. She was not a little fluttered to find Philip there, having a presentiment of the business he had come upon, and she kept talking hurriedly on the outside of it.

Then he began. He had been greatly annoyed by what had taken place between her and Mr. Tabor.

Fanny felt very guilty, and said she did not mean to offend him.

"It is not a question of offending me," he said; "it is a question of saving yourself. You must leave your affairs in my hands for the present; they came into my hands ruined. I have worked hard to retrieve them, and you will lose nothing if I can help it. In the event of my death you are perfectly safe. Your money was lost, and has had to be replaced by me. I am replacing it, and you must not hinder me, and set people talking; you must trust me, and show that you do. If I had bribed you with your own, you would have been perfectly satisfied," he added bitterly.

Now all this was to Fanny a perfect enigma, and she may be pardoned for not in the least understanding its bearings. He had said too much and not enough; he could acknowledge this to himself, for, cool and practical as he was in other men's matters, he was not so in his own affairs. He proceeded to dictate to her a policy of silence and confidence which fell on almost unheeding ears. All that Fanny clearly comprehended was that she had been ruined—and ruin, past, present, and to come, was the one idea which took possession of her mind.

Mrs. Lovejoy had come in and gone up-stairs, and Ada, released, burst in. Philip nodded to her, wishing her out of the way, and almost resolving to ask her to leave the room. But he reflected that Fanny had probably enough for the present, and so he left her to absorb what he had said.

As soon as he was gone she began to tremble and to cry. Ada had never seen her cry before. Her round, cheerful face was distorted, and she shook all over.

"What's the matter, Cousin Fan?" cried Ada; "it's all that Mr. Tenterden," she added resentfully. "What has he been doing to you?"

"Nothing," moaned Fanny with a burst of sobs.

"Oh, but he has," said Ada, sternly; "he has been saying something nasty, and you must tell me."

"It is nothing, I am better now," said Fanny.

"It is the money!" cried Ada, with inspiration.

This was not to tell. Ada had guessed; Ada was wonderful at guessing. It relieved Fanny's heart to cry out that she was ruined.

"Never mind, dear," said Ada, patronisingly; "never mind; you shall come and live with us." There did not seem to be much comfort in that for Fanny. "Since I have been with you I have learnt a great deal," continued Ada, thoughtfully, "about the ways of making money, and I mean to try myself. Players and singers make a great deal, and so do painters, and I mean to be one of the three."

"Don't tell your father or Geraldine or any of them about this," said Fanny; "let none of them know," she besought helplessly. "He says he will pay me back."

"He is a wicked, man," said Ada, "and I always knew he was," which of course settled the question.

Ada had been very busy lately in a new direction. She had taken to art, under Mr. Ruskin theoretically and Lucy Tabor practically; and Ada was not a girl who did things by halves. She was one of those who will have or do all or nothing. She gave herself no rest from her labours. Fanny had made over to her her old paint-box full of unused materials, of which Lucy supplied the deficiencies, and she drew and painted everything that could be drawn or painted; and when she was not drawing or painting she looked at everything as an object for art, and was astonished to find out how much more clearly she saw, and how much more there was to see in everything. The long hours which she spent in Geraldine's room were turned to account. There she sat on a low stool, her sketch-book on her knee, copying anything and everything—taking the water-jug, the candlestick, the flower-glass, the medicine-bottle, and trying again and again to fix the features of her sister's fading face. Nothing was too small for her, nothing was too great. Of course the more she worked, and the more she learnt, the more did the difficulties of art appear, the more did she realise how much there was to be learnt and laboured at; and Ada began to sigh over it, not that the mere labour discouraged her. Her sigh contained the thought of the poet, though she did not put it into words—

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."

Meantime her work was furnishing to Geraldine a fresh interest and a daily pleasure.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS, FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 7. HEZEKIAH. PART III.

Chapter to be read—2 Kings xx.

INTRODUCTION. We have seen in the previous two lessons Hezekiah's reformation of religion and his conduct under two Assyrian invasions; we have now to speak of his sickness and his sin. Begin by asking a few questions on the invasions and God's deliverance of the people;—how the king's prayer in the Temple and the destruction of Sennacherib's army would be talked about; how much confidence the people would have in the king, and their faith in God would be increased. How eagerly would they desire the life of such a pious and successful king to be prolonged.

I. HEZEKIAH'S SICKNESS. (Read 2 Kings xx. 1—11.) (1) *The sickness.* All children know what ill-

ness is. Sad enough when a father or mother of a family ill, upon whom all depend; much sadder when a good and prosperous king. Refer to illness of Prince of Wales, and ask what people could do; who had set them an example of prayer in trouble? Hezekiah not too ill to pray for himself. Why did he wish to live? Love of life natural to all; and Hezekiah would feel besides that his work in the kingdom was incomplete. Notice his plea for longer life, that he had done right in God's sight with perfect heart. Was this so? Show by reference to Ps. xiv. 2, Gen. vi. 5, that there are none perfect; and Hezekiah's boast may be contrasted with David's words when in sickness, in Ps. vi., where he asks God to save him, not for his goodness—though called "man after God's heart"—but for His mercy's sake. (2) *The prophet's messages.* Ask the names of any prophets the children have heard of, and what their duties were. Have heard of Isaiah before in the Assyrian invasion bringing message of deliverance. How would king watch for his coming now; how eagerly have him brought into his sick-room. Describe the scene: the high bed, the tapestries, curtains, &c., carved ceiling; contrasted with doctors and attendants moving silently about, and the king with pale face lying on his bed. Ask the prophet's first message. Why set house in order? Leave all his affairs straight, so that all might go on well after his death. Had Hezekiah put off his own preparation till death? Still would wish for special time for prayer before passing on to great account. Picture Hezekiah's disappointment at hearing he must die; then his joy when, after his prayer, the servant told him the prophet was *returning.* How far had he gone (ver. 4)? How quickly the prayer was heard and answered, as God has promised (Isa. lxv. 24). (3) *The answer.* Why did God hear his prayer? Not because of king's goodness, but because of covenant with David his father. Perhaps, also, God wished Hezekiah to feel his weakness, as the only sin recorded of him is directly after this. That Hezekiah's feelings were changed by his illness, may be seen from the whole tone of his song of praise (Isa. xxxviii. 9—20), which might be read by an advanced class. He was to be well in three days, and go up to the Temple. What for? (See Ps. cxvi. 17—19.) Refer to Noah's sacrifice after leaving ark, Hannah's song, and many others. On other hand, by reference to the ten lepers, show how often men forgot to thank. Show from the lump of figs (ver. 7) that means were to be used. (4) *The sign.* Ask what evidence of God's mercy Hezekiah had already had; yet as regards himself faith seemed weak. Ask for other instances in which God had granted signs, such as to Moses, Gideon, and others. Ask what this sign was. Had a similar event ever taken place before? (Josh. xiv.) Show that God, who made the sun, could alter its course, just as He made the sea to stand still, the water become blood, &c.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *To set our house in order.* We know we must die one day, though we don't know the day. Remind of parable of Rich Fool who put off preparing; or of the Foolish Virgins. (2) *The duty of prayer in sickness.* Special promise, James v. 14. Remind of four friends who took sick of palsy to Christ. All can pray. (3) *The use of means.* Children don't like medicine—must be taken with thankfulness. Ask the cause of sickness. Man's sin: hence medicine is bitter, as a small part of punishment. (4) *The duty of thanksgiving* after sickness. Least can do is to thank. How else can show thankfulness? By giving some offering, and best of all by devoted lives.

II. HEZEKIAH'S SIN. (Read 2 Kings xx. 12—21.) Describe the king's recovery. First the visit to the Temple (recall the Queen's returning thanks last year); then gradually resuming his duties; then receiving congratulations from friends; at last ambassadors from Babylon. King much flattered by this. How could he honour them? Remind of visit of Queen of Sheba to Solomon; and point out difference between showing, and *showing off* our things. Which did Hezekiah do, and what did it show? How was his vanity and pride to be punished? Who had given and preserved this rich city and its treasures for him? The same God would allow it to be delivered up for its sins. How did Hezekiah take the message? Remind of similar message to Eli (1 Sam. iii. 18), and show from 1 Peter ii. 20, that correction for faults should be taken patiently.

How can we sum up Hezekiah's character? He was *pious,* seeking to serve God himself, and lead his people to do the same. He was *prayerful,* as seen in his visits to the Temple; *patient* under provocation by Sennacherib's messengers, and in bearing his punishment; *trustful* in the power and mercy of God to help him in his trouble; *zealous* for his country's good, and *active* in reforming evils—a wise king and a prudent ruler; yet from the fact of his son Manasseh turning out so badly, he probably neglected his children, and in that respect was remiss.

Questions to be answered.

1. On what ground did Hezekiah ask God to spare his life?
2. What means were used, and what sign given for his recovery? Name any similar sign.
3. What lessons does Hezekiah's sickness teach us?
4. Describe his recovery.
5. What weakness was he guilty of?
6. Sum up the points in his character.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

ONCE again our village bells are ringing
Their tuneful echoes of the heavenly shore;
Once again the minstrel bands are singing
The songs we loved of yore.

Once again, from hut and hall and palace,
Come Christ's glad worshippers, with anthems loud
To chant His praise—drink of His sacred chalice,
Low in His temple bowed.

Once again the fireside groups are meeting,
And homesteads glow with light and ring with mirth,
And every heart is to heaven's music beating,
"Goodwill and peace on earth."

"Goodwill to men, and unto God be glory,"
This creed sublime, O bells of nations, ring,
Till earth's remotest realms have learnt the story
Of Bethlehem's infant King.

O linger with us, Yule-tide glad and holy,
The best bright jewel of the golden year;
Pour from your plenteous horn to high and lowly
Your gifts of joy and cheer.

Shine o'er us, angel-light, from heaven descending,
That told the shepherds of their Saviour's birth;
And let us feel that we too have been spending
A day with Christ on earth. J. C. TILDESLEY.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER I.

TOM'S father was the village blacksmith. Big, strong, red-haired, fond of the public-house, but not an habitual drunkard, fairly dutiful to his wife and son, and honest in his dealings, there was little to distinguish him from the ordinary type of his class.

Tom's mother was the village slut. In a neighbourhood not remarkable for its cleanliness, dirt was her distinguishing characteristic. No one ever saw her hands and face even fairly clean. Every bit of furniture, every dish, every bit of clothing in her cottage, seemed not only dirty in an ordinary way, but greasy and begrimed with long-continued uncleanness. The secondary quality about Mrs. Robinson was her talk. She would sit in her dirty kitchen on her dirty chair, hastily wiped with a dirtier cloth, and talk to you by the hour, hardly allowing you to put in a word. Her troubles about her cripple son, her past troubles about her other children, all of whom had died, her ill-health, the dearness of food, the general unhappiness of her lot, supplied her with an endless and unvarying theme. Mr. Burton, the rector, had years ago given her up in despair. She would neither go to church, nor send her children to school, nor clean her cottage; so the rector made up his mind that there was no good in her. This was Tom's home.

Mr. Burton's orphan niece had just arrived from America, and it was arranged that she should spend some time, perhaps years, with her uncle. As she was driven slowly up the long, tiresome, shadeless lane that led to Stonyfield, she saw a boy standing at the side of the lane, doing nothing, as if he had not strength enough or sense enough either to sit down and rest, or to walk out of the glare of the sunlight. Miss Burton bethought her of a bag of sandwiches provided for the journey, but untouched, and fancied that they might be acceptable to the lad. So when she came up to him she stopped the pony-carriage, and leaning over the side, she said in a kindly tone, "I have some sandwiches here that I don't want; perhaps you would like to have them."

The lad said nothing, simply stared at her, and allowed her to place the paper of sandwiches in his hands. He seemed about fourteen or fifteen years of age, dressed in coarse and dirty clothes, and one of his legs was much shorter than the other, with a club-foot. The lady thought she had never before seen a human face so empty of all intelligence. The face was very broad, the nose flat, and the eyes prominent; but the entire absence of any trace of thought or feeling, and the absence of even an animal-like pleasure at receiving food, not to speak of a boy-like pleasure at getting something nice to eat, made it painful to look at him.

"You have hurt one of your feet; does it pain you?" said Miss Burton.

No answer.

"Does your foot hurt you?" repeated she, pointing to his foot.

The dawn of intelligence seemed to break over the lad's face as, after glancing at his foot and seeing a little blood, he replied, in a rough coarse voice, "Noa; I didna knowa it wur hurt."

"So much the better then. What is your name?"

"Whaat?"

"I asked what your name is."

"Cripple Tom."

"Do you live at Stonyfield?"

"Yes."

"Good-bye, Tom," said Miss Burton with a parting nod. Tom made no reply whatever. He was looking at the sandwiches; and a doubt crossed the

lady's mind as to whether he understood what they were meant for. Leaving him to solve the problem, she told the groom to go on, and soon arrived at the rectory gate.

"I met a lad in the lane this morning," said Miss Burton to her uncle at tea-time, "the most intensely stupid boy who was not an idiot, that I ever saw. He called himself Cripple Tom. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes, of course. His father is Tom Robinson, the blacksmith—not a bad sort of man, but he never comes to church, only earns enough to keep a house over his head. They are one of the most careless and hopeless families we have. You can do nothing with them. You might ask Tom to Sunday-school, but he will only come as long as he hopes to get something out of you."

Next day Miss Burton chose the time when she knew dinner would just be over, and the blacksmith still in his cottage, to call at the Robinsons'. As she knocked at the door a powerful odour, as of questionable pork, met her, and she feared that she might be too soon. But she had come just at the proper time; dinner was over, and the plates would have been removed, but that Mrs. Robinson never did that until five minutes before the next meal. Miss Burton shook hands with the father, mother, and son (for she always made a point of doing that), mentally blessing her gloves, and getting a glance of recognition from Tom. After a few ordinary remarks she said, "I came to ask you whether you would let Tom come to my class in the Sunday-school. I shall have a class of boys, and I think some of them are just about Tom's age."

"Well, ma'am," began Mrs. Robinson, "larnin's a very good thing. I'm no scholar myself, but it's a great thing to be able to read and write, and such like. But, you see, ma'am, Tom——"

"Tom's a cripple, ma'am," Joe Robinson broke in upon his wife, rising to go out to his work; "Tom's been a useless cripple sin' he was born, and he's kind o' stupid like, and he'll never be o' no use for nothin' to nobody."

Miss Burton felt hurt by the blacksmith's open contempt for a son who would never be able to wield a hammer, and looked round with a sympathising glance at Tom. But he listened to this summary declaration as to his condition and destiny perfectly stolid and unmoved. What else had he heard, poor boy, from his cradle?

"But many a worse cripple than Tom has learned a good trade, and earned his living well; and many a stupider boy, I am sure, has learned to read," said the lady.

A faint grin overspread Tom's features as he heard this, not of hopefulness, nor of thankfulness to the one who took his part, but of a feeble amusement that any one should have such strange notions with regard to him.

But at last she got an unwilling agreement that Tom should go if he liked; and she settled the matter for Tom, who could not be persuaded to open his mouth on the subject, by saying that she would call for him a quarter of an hour before school-time next Sunday.

To her surprise, on Sunday, Tom was ready to go, with a semi-washed-and-combed appearance. He was pleased at being noticed by the lady, and somewhat curious as to what Sunday-school might be like. In school he seemed too stupid to observe the glances and smiles of amusement which greeted his arrival; but he evidently enjoyed the harmonium and singing. His teacher found him absolutely without a notion of God, of a spirit, or another world—at least she could elicit no answers whatever to any questions on the subject. But Miss Burton had a habit of trying to say something specially to each boy in her class, and she contented herself with trying to get into Tom's head some notion of a great and strong Being, whom he could not see, who had made the world and all men, and who cared for and loved all men, and Tom among the rest. Telling him that she would be sure to ask him about that next Sunday, Miss Burton was forced to leave off at that point, thinking that for a mind so long neglected the first lesson could hardly be too simple or too short.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

65. Two names, closely resembling his own, are given to Jeremiah in the New Testament.

66. Give our Lord's reply to the apostles on the only occasion on which they ever asked Him for a spiritual blessing.

67. A grain of mustard seed is referred to on three different occasions. Give them.

68. In what manner, and by whom, was Benhadad put to death?

69. What was the object of the punishment inflicted on Hymenæus and Alexander for maintaining that "the resurrection was past already?"

70. The Israelites were expressly forbidden by God from procuring horses from Egypt. Where do we find the reason for this stated?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 160.

53. Ezek. xxi. 27. (See Gen. xlix. 10.)

54. Joel (ii. 13); Jonah (iv. 2).

55. Jeremiah, to the tribe of Benjamin (Jer. i. 1); Ezekiel, to the tribe of Levi (Ezek. i. 3, where we read that he was a "priest"); Daniel, to the tribe of Judah (Dan. i. 6).

56. From the men of Anathoth (Jer. xi. 21—23).

57. "The Sun of Righteousness" (Mal. iv. 2).

58. Balaam (Micah vi. 5).



(*Drawn by* W. Cave Thomas.)

"RACHEL WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN."

WHERE some weak innocent in sickness lying,
Feverishly sleeps
Upon its wee cot, agonised and dying,
There Rachel weeps.

Though by the pallet-side bright guardian angels
Their still watch keep,
Even whilst poring o'er God's great evangels,
Rachel must weep.

Anon, within the churchyard's silent mazes,
Where wild flowers creep
Over a tiny mound, 'mid grass and daisies,
She goes to weep.

Weeps till her mother's yearning heart is broken,
With grief so deep
That never can in human words be spoken:
She can but weep.

"A little while," and grief is turned to pleasure.
Up life's rough steeps
She goes to join her long-since buried treasure.
No Rachel weeps

In the enjoyment of the Father's mansion—
On heaven's bright shore,
Where earth-born love at last finds full expansion,
She weeps no more!

MAURICE DAVIES.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning Maurice was in the garden as usual before breakfast, but Ruth did not appear, as she had done every day since her arrival. The idea dawned upon Maurice, while he was waiting, that she was avoiding him, and that what he had taken for merely an outburst of childish temper, was not such a light affair as he had thought. There was something amusing in the idea that she was seriously offended at his behaviour, but at the same time he regarded her with too much friendliness to desire any breach in their intercourse. He resolved not to let her elude him, and to have an understanding the first opportunity. This opportunity soon occurred, for Ruth left the breakfast-room directly she could, and went into the garden with a book for her companion, not suspecting that Maurice would follow her. The two or three minutes of quiet were quite forgotten when she looked up from her book to see him standing in front of her, and she jumped up from her seat with a wild thought of running away, but was detained by Maurice taking her hand, and saying gently, "Don't be frightened, Ruth; I have come to make my peace, and not to offend you again."

Trembling and blushing, Ruth stood before him, but did not utter a word when he stopped, and after a pause he spoke again.

"Have you not punished me enough yet, by your avoidance of me; and am I to remain in your disfavour still longer? Tell me that I am forgiven, Ruth."

All Ruth's anger vanished as Maurice spoke, except what she felt for herself, and Maurice's words seemed like a reproach. How could she stay there to hear him speak like that, when really she should ask *his* pardon? and she made another attempt to escape, but Maurice still held her hand.

"You are unkind," he said; "I don't deserve that you should hate me quite."

"Don't say that, Mr. Rae," said Ruth, covering her face with her hands; "I did not mean to be unkind."

"Then why did you avoid me and try to escape just now, unless you still felt angry?" asked Maurice, drawing her hands from her face with gentle force. "If I am culpable, I had temptation, and you should consider that, even if it is more difficult for you to do so than for anybody else." He smiled as if at the recollection of the scene which caused Ruth's anger.

"Mr. Rae, I would rather have you do anything than laugh at me. You don't understand me a bit, and I don't believe you are sorry."

Maurice was quite grave now. He saw Ruth could not bear any teasing, and he would not hurt her feelings for the world.

"It isn't right for you to ask my pardon," she said, blushing; "I was wrong to be so very angry."

"At least you will tell me whether we are friends again, though I really need forgiveness. Tell me, you are not angry now?"

"I am not, really; but oh! I do wish I had never come here!" and Ruth flung herself upon the seat, and cried as if her heart would break.

"My darling child, you make me think I have behaved very brutally, to see you cry like this. What have I said to make you so unhappy?"

"I have been in a passion here, where you are all so kind. It proves that I must be even more bad-tempered than I thought I was. Everybody ought to hate me."

"That is not true, and there is no reason for you to be in such a state of mind about so small a thing as this."

"It is not a small thing," said Ruth, looking up wistfully; "and I wish you wouldn't say that, because it shows you don't know me.

"It is a bad compliment to my perception if you don't think I judge your conduct rightly, and I like you all the better for it, even though I have suffered," said Maurice, with a grave smile that showed his compliment to be really true, and spoken without wishing to make Ruth feel anything but its sincerity.

When Tina and Mary came out into the garden with their work, a little later, Maurice and Ruth were still talking to one another, but the new comer did

not detect any traces of Ruth's agitation, and they joined in the conversation. Maurice soon went away to work in his studio, and the three girls were left alone.

That day passed, and the following days, too, like flashes of lightning, as Ruth said, and the visit drew to a close. None of the schoolgirls coming from their own homes, and from among friends whom they had known all their lives, felt returning to school more keenly than Ruth did—perhaps not so much; but be that as it may, it was a very hard struggle to her, and the first night after she went back she cried herself to sleep, after lying awake for some time, drearily contemplating the length of the summer term. There were two things which comforted her, however, in the midst of her trouble, and they were, that as often as she could she was to spend the evenings with the Raes, and that Mary and she were again invited for the summer holidays.

Ruth found it extremely difficult to concentrate her attention upon her lessons the next morning, since, in spite of her efforts to avoid thinking of the Raes, she could hardly do anything else.

"I wonder what I should have been doing now," she thought, scribbling a face absently on a scrap of paper.

"That is a portrait of Dr. Rae, I suppose," whispered Bella, pointing to a grotesque face. "You've made him look so melancholy because he misses you so much, I see. Did his brother teach you to draw?"

"Don't, Bella," said Ruth, taking the paper out of her hand, and speaking rather louder than was prudent.

"I wonder whether you ever said 'don't' to Dr. Rae, or to what's-his-name, the brother. What do you call him? You should answer a civil question with a civil answer. But as you won't tell me his name, I shall call him the ardent admirer. Which do you like best?"

"I wish you would leave off, Bella; I can't learn my lessons," said Ruth, tremulously, and trying to keep calm.

"Oh yes! I dare say; I should like to know whether you were learning them when I spoke to you. But I wish you would tell me which you like best; or, to put the same question in a new form, which admires you most?"

All Bella's speeches were conducted in a soft whisper, with a book held in front of her face.

"No, I shouldn't think of speaking about them to you," Ruth cried out, angrily. "You have no right to speak so, and I *hate* and *detest* you!"

"Ruth, I am astonished at you," said Miss Windham. "I cannot have such extremely unladylike language, to say nothing about your speaking entirely out of rule. Go and sit down there," she continued, pointing to a chair near the window, "and don't let me hear you speak again."

Ruth did as she was bid, and Bella bent over her book, reddening a little with shame; but she made no remonstrance at Ruth's punishment. Twelve o'clock came, and with it the very ordinary occurrence of Ruth's detention in the schoolroom.

"I am sorry to see your visit has done your manners no good, Ruth. Your conduct is without any excuse," said Miss Windham; "for nothing can excuse such words as you used."

"I don't wish to make any excuses," said Ruth.

"I am glad you see it is impossible; but it is not so much the fact of your speaking out of rule, which you know I object to, but the unchristian spirit you are so quick to feel, which pains me most. I am quite aware that Bella was talking, to make you speak, and I don't intend to let that pass unnoticed; but I beg you will apologise to Bella for saying what cannot but have hurt her feelings."

"I can't do that, Miss Windham."

"Why not, Ruth? Certainly an apology is due to her, and I must insist upon it, indeed," said Miss Windham, firmly.

"It is no good, for I never can apologise, and never mean to," answered Ruth, with equal decision.

"It is very wrong to behave as you are now doing; both to be so unwilling to own yourself in the wrong, and to rebel against my authority. I shall find some means to bring you to reason, and you must remember that I mean to be obeyed. It shocks me beyond measure to know that such evil feelings are cherished by any of the young ladies in my school. You will remain here until you consent to do as I have bidden you:" with these words Miss Windham left the room.

When the door closed upon her Ruth burst into a passionate fit of crying, and all the good influence of her visit seemed entirely to vanish. The one distinct idea that came back to Ruth again and again, was the resolution to win the battle. For a time all other feelings were unheeded. Her resolve was made all the stronger by the fact that, even if she had wished to please Miss Windham, she would not have felt justified in asking Bella's pardon, as she could not do so from her heart. Her dinner was brought to the schoolroom, and when the afternoon school was over, she still remained a prisoner. Night came as a dull relief, and Ruth went to bed willingly to forget her troubles in sleep.

The next day Ruth's spirits were very depressed, but she showed no more signs of yielding to Miss Windham than she had done on the previous day. The girls were in the playground after school, and Bella was idly swinging, and talking to some of her friends, when Letty called her from a little distance.

"Will you come here a minute, Bella? I want to speak to you."

Bella came readily, for she was anxious to know what made Letty wish to speak privately with her; and leading Letty away confidentially, she asked her what she wished to say.

"Bella, I want to ask you to act more generously," said Letty. "One word from you would clear up all this horrid storm, and you know well enough that you are in the wrong." Letty's face was flushed with excitement.

Bella laughed scornfully.

"Be a little more coherent, Letty. I don't know what you want me to do."

"Why, you know you ought to beg Ruth's pardon far more than she should beg yours, and yet you can let Miss Windham believe Ruth to be entirely in the wrong. I heard all you said to Ruth yesterday morning, and if Miss Windham knew, I am sure she would not think of wishing Ruth to beg your pardon. If you would go and tell Miss Windham that you provoked Ruth——"

"Her, indeed! I shouldn't think of troubling myself about that volcanic little piece of absurdity. You may say what you like, but *your* generosity is not very great, miss, if you wish to get me into hot water with Miss Windham."

"You are very unkind," said Letty, "to let Ruth be punished for your fault; but as you won't go and tell Miss Windham, I shall."

"I wouldn't be a tell-tale if I were you," said Bella, getting very red, however; "and I don't think you had better talk about generosity any more."

Letty made no reply; but quitting Bella, ran to the house, and gained the parlour door. She knocked, and on being invited to enter, she stood before Miss Windham, her heart beating, and with the sound of the epithet "tell-tale" still ringing in her ears. Convinced, however, that her cause was right, she spoke boldly, and did not spare Bella in her excited defence of Ruth.

"Miss Windham," said Letty, in conclusion, "I don't like to seem like a tell-tale, but I hope you see that I only speak because I know Ruth will never excuse herself by telling all that Bella is so often teasing her about."

"You are a good girl, Letty, and I know you would not speak for yourself as you are now doing for Ruth. I wish I could be as satisfied with every one as I have always had reason to be with you. This affair is very unpleasant, but I am glad you have told me all."

Miss Windham then dismissed Letty, and Bella was called in. Ruth soon came to Letty in the playground, and putting her arms round her neck kissed her earnestly, and then said, "I did not know you properly before, and I think I have often been cross to you, but I know you will forgive me, dear, dear Letty." Ruth looked up at her gratefully.

"We will always be friends," answered Letty, smiling brightly as she returned Ruth's caresses. "We shan't be able to help it, shall we?"

So by degrees the storm blew over, but it was only the precursor of many others. Some of them were very small, but the constant recurrence of these petty annoyances did more harm than any real outbreak could have done. A cloud seemed to gather round Ruth, and her discontent grew more strong than it had been before the Easter holidays. Day after day passed with a monotony which seemed to her almost unendurable, and the only differences were that sometimes she was annoyed at one thing, and sometimes at another. Dissatisfied with the school, she sought to be alone; yet dissatisfaction with herself made her dislike solitude too. Letty had so many friends that she was hardly able to attend to Ruth, and so the little girl would listlessly pass away her leisure time. Reading had been again prohibited by the doctor as soon as she returned to school; so one pleasure which she had formerly enjoyed, was now unattainable.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE SACRED HEART."

THE adoration of the human heart of our Lord is the last phase of development in the doctrine and practice of the Roman Catholic Church. While one of its ablest advocates states that "devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is as old as the mystery of the Incarnation," he candidly admits that it was not until "within the last two hundred years that this devotion took a thoroughly popular, precise, and definite form." It may be interesting to some to learn what this devotion to the Sacred Heart really means, and what were the circumstances under which it assumed that "popular and definite" form which led to a large number of otherwise sensible and rational English men and women going upon a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford informs his people, in a letter addressed to them on this subject, that two hundred years ago our Blessed Redeemer, "in His exhaustless condescension of charity, was pleased to address Himself, by special manifestations and revelations of His love, to a simple nun, named Margaret Mary, living in a little convent at Paray-le-Monial, an obscure town of the province of Burgundy, in France." The bishop then approvingly quotes the following passage from the nun's writings, descriptive of her experiences.

"On St. John the Evangelist's Day, He (our Lord) bestowed on me a favour which seemed to me to be of the same nature as that received by the beloved disciple on the evening of the

last supper. The Heart of Jesus was represented to me as on a throne formed of fire and flames, surrounded by rays more brilliant than the sun, and transparent as crystal. The wound which He received on the cross was clearly seen there. Around this Sacred Heart was a crown of thorns, and above it a cross which was planted in it." Then follows an account of a long conversation which ensued between the Saviour and the nun.

Does Bishop Vaughan really think that between such a vision as this woman's imagination pictured to her, and St. John sitting at a meal, and leaning on his Master's bosom, and speaking to Him in the presence of eleven others, there is the remotest resemblance as regards their reality? In the records of the frenzied imagination of hypochondriacal women is there to be found any more utterly incongruous description of a possible vision than that which Margaret Mary has written in the above words? The human heart of Christ, placed upon a throne surrounded with a crown of thorns, and pierced with a cross, is a mixture of historical facts and of poetic imagery than which it is almost impossible to conceive anything more shocking, more materialistic, more repugnant to our holiest feelings, or more desecrating to the sacred theme with which the crown of thorns and the cross are associated in the Divine Record and in the traditions of Christendom. And it is because of this vision the Church of Rome proposes to do special homage to the human heart of Christ. It is important to remember that whenever we speak of the human heart as the seat of affection we do so in a purely figurative sense. The heart performs in the human frame the simple function of a pump to send the blood throughout the body. But in a poetic or figurative sense we commonly speak of "loving with the whole heart." Altogether ignoring this, and with a thorough contempt for physiology, the Church of Rome in her new doctrine of devotion to the Sacred Heart proposes that Divine worship should be offered to the physical heart of our Saviour, as "the most perfect interpreter to man of the infinite charity and compassion of the Divine Nature," God having "revealed to us the mystery of His love through the action and sympathy of a loving human heart." Of course, such language if used in a poetical sense is intelligible enough; but the whole theory and principle of this new phase of Roman Catholic doctrine is that to the physical human heart the adoration is to be offered and the consecration made, as *it* is the actual source of the Redeemer's tenderness and love. It would be scarcely necessary to treat such teaching as serious, were it not that as a matter of fact thousands in England, Ireland, and France are carried away by this novel frenzy, and are consecrating themselves to this new phase of materialistic theology.

The bishop informs us that "the French regiments which most distinguished themselves during the late lamentable period of war and anarchy were those which were marshalled under the banner of the Sacred Heart." The bishop does not mention what regiments these were, but we must express some doubt that the discipline of the French army was so utterly ignored by any officers as to permit of their regiments being "marshalled" under any banner but the tricolour.

To what causes are we to attribute this new phase of enthusiasm in the Roman Catholic Church? I think we may regard it as in some measure a reaction from, or rather a counterbalancing element to, the excessive Mariolatry which the last century has been gradually developing. Any one who is familiar with the religious manuals and the various aids to devotion which have appeared in the Roman Catholic Church during the last quarter of a century, must be aware of the extraordinary—almost in some cases exclusive adoration which is bestowed upon the Virgin Mother of our Lord. It may seem an almost grotesque measure of devotion, to estimate it by the burning of common candles, but it is, nevertheless, worthy of observation, and extremely significant of the direction of religious thought, that the churches of the Continent have more votive offerings of this kind burning to the honour of the Virgin, than to her Divine Son. Indeed, in every way there is more in any Roman Catholic church at present to bring the Virgin present to our thoughts, than there is to remind us of the Redeemer. These are but the external yet sure evidences of the direction in which the thought, the feeling, the devotion of that church has been for ever tending. Not to Him as the loving Saviour, but to her as the influencing mother, have gone up the cries of despair, the agonies of supplication, the prayers of wounded, penitent hearts. The immaculate conception of St. Mary —picturesque ideals of her assumption into heaven—realistic interpretations of the poetic expression that a sword should pierce her heart —these are the subjects connected with the Christian faith which have been dwelt on with analytic minuteness by the divines, and received with the greatest enthusiasm by the people of the Roman Catholic Church. During a century of devotion to these objects—quickened and stimulated by vivid visions, the offspring of hysteria, and by imaginary miracles—the Roman Catholic Church seems (by comparison) almost to have forgotten the sublime purity of the Sermon on the Mount, the lonely agonies of Gethsemane, the Divine sorrow of the cross, the dying words of infinite love which came from those pale, patient, passionless lips, from beneath the awful shadow of the crown of thorns.

A kind of reaction would seem to have set in, or at least the leaders of Roman Catholic opinion seem to think some reaction desirable, and I cannot but regard this adoration of the Sacred Heart as a step in the attempt to accomplish it. The conviction has entered some minds that the Roman Church, if she is to bear the name of Christ at all, and not that alone of Mary, must do something to quicken thought in that direction, and cause the feelings of the faithful to be in some way aroused towards their Lord. Perhaps such a conviction should in itself be a cause of thankfulness, breaking as it does the monotony of Mariolatry; but the form of its expression, the means by which it is attempted to make it operative, are such as should cause unmixed regret to all who believe in the spirituality of the religion of Christ. Devotion to the teaching of Christ is to be increased by a gross materialism that would have disgraced the darkest ages of the mediæval Church. Rome has so long tortured the figurative expressions of Scripture into literal assertions—she has been so long zealous for the letter and indifferent to the spirit of her Master's teaching, and she has so persistently exalted the symbol as gradually to substitute it for what it was meant to typify, that though now as the darkness of eventide is gathering around her, and there appears to be entering her soul a conviction that she hath not gone in the way of truth, she seems capable only of returning in the old ruts of her own theology. She seeks to raise enthusiasm for Christ by dwelling with a literalism which shocks one's holiest feelings on the physical minutia of the body in which He agonised and died for men, by asking for special devotion to the heart of Jesus, separated from His body, and in a condition (pierced by a cross and crowned with thorns) in which that sacred heart never was, never could be, save in the fervid imagination of Margaret Mary. Against this, Christendom, jealous of the honour of her Lord, and loving purely even the veil of flesh in which the Son of man lived and died and rose, should utter her passionate protest. We should all strive the more earnestly, as we see how many are being led captive by this newly-invented doctrine, to deepen, by study of God's written Word and by prayer, the spirituality of our own faith. We see to what length a Church can be carried by the current of events when once she abandons the one only safe foundation for all faith—the deep conviction of the direct, immediate, personal relation between the living soul and the Father of spirits. Not by an ecclesiastical organisation, however complete or however useful—not by any ritual, however gorgeous or entrancing, will the individual life be sustained to subdue the temptations, to crush down the sins, and to bear the myriad sorrows of this earthly life, but only by that personal contact, ever deepening as the spiritual life progresses, between the soul and Christ, which Christ Himself has spoken of as our being in Him, and "He in us." Still, as of old, it is true, that the voice of God is not in the earthquake of national convulsion, not in the fires of an artificial enthusiasm—not in the whirlwind of religious excitements, but in the still small voice speaking to the penitent human heart.

T. T. S.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

I. THE RARITY OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY. A SEASONABLE WARNING.

WOULD it not be useful to ask ourselves the question whether we are forgetting the true meaning of "charity" in the constant endeavour to take advantage of organised benevolent institutions, about the actual working of which we concern ourselves very little? As the years go on, and what we call civilisation advances, are we or are we not losing sight of "our neighbour" in a long vista of vicarious benefactions, bestowed through the medium of a subscription list, or casual contributions at an "anniversary festival?"

At the speeches that are made on such occasions, when the banquet is over, and the reading of the amounts subscribed is accompanied by the cracking of nuts and a crescendo or decrescendo of applause, in proportion to the liberality of the donors, we are so frequently reminded of "the good Samaritan," that we begin to feel that we may claim some kind of relationship to him; and may shake our heads with solemn sorrow at the inexcusable conduct of the priest and the Levite. It would be worth while, however, to ask ourselves whether we quite come up to the mark of him who, finding the man wounded and helpless by the wayside, dismounted that he might convey the sufferer to the nearest inn; poured out oil for his wounds and wine for his cheer; left him with money in hand for the supply of his immediate needs; and did not scruple—with a robust and secure honesty—even to get into debt on his behalf: since the crown of good-will would be the coming again to learn of the patient's welfare. The debt was a pledge of the intention.

That was the Lord Christ's way of looking at charitable responsibility, and at benevolent effort; and even granting that He illustrated the answer

to the question, "Who is my neighbour?" by an extreme case of sudden distress, the longer we look at the peculiar needs of the man who was on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho, the more perhaps we shall be convinced that there are greater, far greater evils, and more terrible accidents, than to fall among thieves, who temporarily rob, strip, and disable their victim.

The present fashion of dealing with such an unfortunate traveller would very much depend on which particular class of philanthropists the modern Samaritan who found him by the roadside happened to belong.

Of course, it would be a scandal to our Christianity to follow either priest or Levite, although our cowardly sympathies might lie between the two; so, in order to make all safe, we hit on a compromise, and, according to our circumstances, try to find a medium line of conduct between Samaritan and Levite, or Samaritan and priest. We are ashamed to pass on without doing something, and so we call at the inn on our way, and leave the twopence there, in case anybody else should think fit to bring on the man who is lying, stunned and bleeding, in the roadway. Or else, having contrived to rouse the poor fellow to a little effort, we borrow an ass and take him back with us, to find some organised institution for the relief of those who fall among thieves, where the wine and oil are contracted for out of the funds. And there we leave him; but without remembering anything whatever about the twopenny contribution which would represent our own share in the benefaction.

It is an awful thought, and one which it may be hoped will soon become intolerable, that, with the mechanical perfection of the means of relieving the necessities of those who are afflicted, there seems to grow upon us a deadly indifference to the very deepest need of all—that personal, human sympathy, without which all our boast of benevolence is but as the sounding of brass and the tinkling of a cymbal. Can it be possible that we are approaching a condition when, refusing to have the poor and the afflicted, the widow and the orphan always with us, we shut them away out of our sight, leaving the whole duty of visiting them, of clothing them, of giving them meat and drink, to be done by an official committee; a charitable board, distributing doles, exactly calculated, on a carefully devised scale, and divided to the ounce or the inch, in supposed proportion to the individual need of each recipient? Will there ever come a time when we shall persuade ourselves that we fulfil the law of Christ by paying so much in the pound for a charity rate, and leaving all the actual "relief" to be effected by an official department, or a series of official committees?

The present aspect of charitable administration would be truly appalling if this were likely to be the result, for there are far too many evidences of that deadly indifference which will get rid of all real personal responsibility by paying a subscription, and will pay handsomely, too, at the same time smiling grimly, and half satirically, at the recollection that there are a number of people who always have on hand "cases," of whom they are anxious to rid themselves by placing them in any institution that will receive them without payment.

Let it not be imagined that these latter words of mine are intended to apply to those workers among the poor, who, with small means of their own, cannot do much more than speak words of advice and comfort, and give their earnest help to better the condition of sordid homes and of neglected children. There are scores of true, tender-hearted women who, spending much time amongst the sick and the afflicted, feel their hearts sink within them as they see how much more might be done, if they had but the wherewithal to appease the actual physical needs of those to whom they try to come spiritually near.

If but the miracle so easy to others were first performed, and the five thousand fed, then indeed might follow that still greater miracle, the earnest listening of the once turbulent multitude to the words of the Bread of Life.

But there are those who pursue what they regard as "charitable work" as an excitement—an amusement—just as children are sometimes set to play with Scripture conversation cards, and puzzles out of the Old Testament, with a kind of feeling that the employment comes nearly to a religious exercise. There is as much danger in these persons missing the true work of charity as there would be in the employment of paid officials—indeed, the latter would have one advantage; they would be less likely to be imposed upon by those who to obtain some special advantage would cringe and flatter.

As it is, the first great difficulty in visiting and temporarily relieving the lower class of destitute poor, is to disabuse their minds of the inveterate notion that the benevolent visitor and distributor is paid for the duty by some occult society, of which the recipients of bounty know nothing, and for which they care very little. Unfortunately, the sharp determined amateur visitor, who "does a district" as other people with leisure do a flower show or a morning concert——but, alas! these very words of mine show how common is that lack of true charity of which I designed to speak. Who am I that I should sum up the disposition and the heart of my brother or my sister? Only I would say that this suspicion on the part of the ignorant poor, which is so often complained of—the notion that their interviewers are paid for the work of charity—can only yield to the

conviction that the work itself is undertaken with warm living human sympathy. Before the true relief shall come to any man, it must come by faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness," and *in* righteousness also.

The two tendencies that are driving us away from charity to a kind of selfish economy, are the habit of "relieving our overcharged susceptibilities by secreting a guinea," and thinking we have thereby fulfilled the claims of religion and humanity; and the practice of going about seeking where we may find candidates for other people's guineas, and so becoming a kind of charitable detectives, with an eye to reputation and advancement in the force.

We are forgetting that heartfelt sympathy, that clasp of the hand and beam of the eye which will make even a cup of cold water a benefaction, if we have no more to give, or if the need goes no further than a refreshing draught, that shall be turned from water into wine by the power of loving fellowship. Or we may be saying, "Be ye clothed, and be ye fed," trusting to some other hand to do the necessary work, without having ourselves first wrought for the means of taking our part in it, either by a deep personal interest in the relieving institution or in the destitute recipient.

"Yet one thing thou lackest,"—even though out of thy great possessions a large proportion is given to the poor; "follow thou me." Go about doing good," do not think to have fulfilled the law without love—that which you call charity; the mere *giving*—is but to offer a stone when bread is required of you, unless it be done with love in your heart—personal, human, and therefore Divine love. And then "if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?" Use the benefits of institutions—even though you use them only for others—as you would use your own property. Recommend only cases that are known to you to be worthy and necessitous, and, should the institution depend on voluntary support, let a contribution accompany your "case," if you can any way afford it, as an act of justice as well as of mercy.

Don't join in the traffic in votes, and never go begging for "proxies," in order to have an exchangeable stock on hand, that you may secure a candidate for any particular institution. This kind of gambling is a cancer that is eating the heart out of genuine, pure, charitable effort, and is making way for the cold impersonal system of distribution, which is now being advocated by those who would make the relief of human wretchedness and distress a mechanical organisation without the soul of love. At the same time, let us not forget that no charitable effort which would be efficacious in affording relief to the widely-spread distress by which we are surrounded, could be even so much as attempted without associations established for the express purpose of relieving particular forms of suffering. This, indeed, is the glory of our country, that humanity is so strong among us as to lead us not only to combine, but to emulate. The absolute concentration and centralisation of charitable effort would be a calamity. The breaking up of the best of our institutions, which have grown from small beginnings in almsgiving into wide and influential centres of benevolent effort, would be destruction.

If anything that shall be written hereafter concerning some representative efforts (large and small, but still truly representative) to do the work that Christianity demands as its first evidence of reality, should lead to a deeper and wider personal interest in their behalf, it will be matter for rejoicing. The larger the number of people who ask what is being done, the greater will be the desire to continue the good work, or to declare it. The attention that might in this way be directed to the mode of affording relief would exercise so keen an influence in the reformation of abuses, and the adoption of improvements, that all our charities would soon become truly "public." With the more earnest conviction of the duty of personal inquiry, and real sympathetic interest in the individual well-being of our poorer brother or sister, would come the satisfaction that we belonged to an association, or to a chain of associations, which would afford to him or to her the very relief which otherwise we should despair of securing.

I purpose in another number to ask you to read the story of an institution that was in its day wonderfully illustrative, and even now serves to take us back for two centuries of history. Only yesterday I was speaking to some of its inmates. One of them had nearly completed her own century of life, most of them had seen far more than the threescore years and ten which we call old age; but they came of a wonderful race, the men of fire and steel; the women of silent suffering—the old Huguenots of France.

THOMAS ARCHER.



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"It was the triumph of a perfect voice"—*p.* 204.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

A WIND from out the golden west
Brought murmurs of the flowing sea;
The primroses awoke from rest,
The daisies shone upon the lea;
The lark sprang up his love to sing—
With sunlit eye and emerald wing,
Borne on the breeze, came smiling Spring.

In living light the land was gay;
And over hill and dale was heard,
Through glens and wild woods far away,
The voice of many a happy bird—
In rich array, with sparkling gem,
And flashing star, and crimson flame
Of bloom, the blushing Summer came.

Red Autumn, with her golden crown,
And fruits that in her lap she bore—
Begirt with yellow leaves and brown,
To strew about her ample store—
Fresh from her fields, with comely face,
With ruddy smile and matron grace,
Sat at the board, her wonted place.

A wind from out the northern skies,
A cloud from off the polar sea,
Swept o'er the land with wailing cries,
And nipped the daisies on the lea—
All night the blast blew loud and shrill,
At morn, in snowy garments chill,
White Winter sat upon the hill. J. HUIE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 8. DANIEL.

Chapters to be read—Dan. i., vi.

INTRODUCTION. Ask the children to name some of the persons upon whose lives they have had lessons, and also their occupations. Some have been kings, prophets, soldiers, priests, &c. In this lesson we shall speak of a statesman.

I. DANIEL A CAPTIVE. (Read Dan. i.) Ask the children the national sin of the Israelites; how it had been already punished, who had tried to reform the people, and with what partial success. Did they continue to serve God after Hezekiah, and point out how the latter kings of Judah were all idolaters. What warning was there in Hezekiah's reign of the destruction of the Temple, &c.? now just a hundred years afterwards the warning fulfilled. Picture the invaders driving the people captive before them; the long weary march of many days to Babylon, the people working as slaves. Remind of similar circumstances in Eli's days—what became of the ark? So now, vessels of Temple—candlestick, altar of incense, &c., placed in house of Nisroch (Isa. xxxvii. 38). Show how captivity would fall heaviest on those unaccustomed to work with hands—princes, lawyers, students alike. See, from ver. 3—5, how the king had pity on them, and chose some of them out to help him. Ask whom he selected—the healthy and well-educated—to be advanced in learning. Now picture the four young men (ver. 6) at the court, living in rooms at the palace, kindly treated, food and education provided. How did they behave? (1) *They were temperate.* Ask what the king provided for them. Why would they not eat it? What would natural temptation be? which would fit them best for study—plain or rich food? Perhaps also they declined it because they knew it had been offered in sacrifice to idols (see Ezek. iv. 13; Hos. ix. 3); if so, they would rather eat plain food than dishonour God (1 Cor. x. 28). Ask the obvious lesson as to moderation in eating and drinking. Remind of St. Paul's rule (1 Cor. ix. 27), and how we may with our bodies as well as spirits glorify God (1 Cor. x. 31). (2) *They were studious.* They were sent for to the palace to study, and did their duty; though captives, did not sulk, but did the best under the circumstances. What was the secret of this? Ask for others in a similar position, and show how Daniel, like Joseph, little maid, and others had learned contentment (Phil iv. 11). (3) *The result.* They increased in knowledge (ver. 17), and were in favour with those over them, till at last "they stood before the king;" *i.e.*, became his advisers. Remind of Moses at Pharaoh's court, and show how useful they might be to their nation in captivity. Also refer to example of Christ (Luke ii. 52).

II. DANIEL A STATESMAN. (Read Dan. vi.) (1) *His position.* Not only a "seer" of future events, but a statesman of the highest rank (ver. 2). He was, like Joseph, "second in the kingdom;" such officer now called "viceroy" in Eastern countries, and "prime minister" in England. He held his office during three reigns, and for nearly seventy years. Show what benefit this would be to Jews during their seventy years' captivity, and how evidently it was God's doing, that the Jews might be preserved for their restoration. (2) *His prophecies* (Read Dan. ix. 2, 3.) Though so busy as a states-

man, found time to keep up studies—ascertained duration of captivity, and interceded with God for its fulfilment. (3) *His piety.* From chap. vi. show that he was a man of prayer. The whole chapter need not be read as the story is familiar, but the following points may be noticed. (*a*) *His regularity* (ver. 10). He prayed three times daily. Though so busy, found time in middle of day, and so was in fear of God all day long. Ps. lv. 17 shows that David did the same. (*b*) *His attitude.* Not lazily sitting, but kneeling, as Christ at Gethsemane, and St. Paul (Acts xx. 36). (*c*) *His earnestness.* Not hurrying over prayers, but using "prayer, supplication (for others), confession, thanksgiving" (vi. 10, ix. 3). All these points for imitation. Then, referring to the well-known story, show what effect his religion had upon him. He was (*a*) *blameless;* his enemies could find no cause of offence except as regards his religion. (*b*) *Calm.* Not in least excited by the writing being signed against him. (*c*) *Trustful.* Picture him in his chamber, with open window, looking towards the Temple at Jerusalem, remembering Solomon's prayer for such (1 Kings viii. 48, 49), and God's deliverance in time of Hezekiah; can fancy his prayer for help, the result being that he was kept (*d*) *safe.* (See Isa. xxvi. 3.) And the king was made to believe in God (ver. 26).

PRACTICAL LESSONS. The whole story may be brought home to busy children, living where God is not feared; though only in shop, office, or factory, the *principle* the same. Quiet, industrious, consistent life, the result of prayerful communion with God, must be both happy and prosperous, and its influence sooner or later must be felt. Our duty to work, pray, trust, leaving results to God.

Questions to be answered.

1. By whom were the Jews taken captive, and in what reign?
2. Describe the position of Daniel and his friends as captives.
3. Name two things about them for our imitation.
4. What was Daniel's position at the court, and how did he fulfil it?
5. What points do you notice in his prayers?
6. What effect did his prayer have upon him?

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

LOVE AND DEATH.



S if the very desire to live gave her a new hold upon life, Geraldine rallied daily after having been made aware of the worst. Those about her were not deceived—at least those who were wise enough—into thinking that she would ever be well again, but were thankful for the temporary respite. But she herself would indulge in hope; she would say, "When I am well," I will do this or that; as she had done when she had first fallen ill. "I should like to go out on Easter Sunday;" and when Easter Sunday came and went, and the improvement had not much advanced, she said. "The warm weather will be in by Whit-Monday, I am sure I shall be well by that time." It was sad to see her cling to life as she did, and tenderly those about her strove to loosen her hold on it. They feared to see her clinging to its last ledge as it were, and torn unwillingly from thence.

Mr. Huntingdon came to see her every day, learning more than he taught perhaps, but earnestly seeking to awaken in her the blessed hope of immortality. Many a searching question he had to answer, as the girl's eyes began to seek his, with more and more of trustful confidence; for what she wanted was a true human experience, the hold of a real hand to walk among the shadows.

Geraldine became the centre of the little circle, and her presence gave a new sense of reality to all their lives. Coming near her was like coming to a touchstone, where all that was unreal suffered detection, all that was worthless collapsed: and this not through any searching quality of intellect which she possessed. Geraldine was not clever as Ada was. Her mind was not dexterous, but slow. She did not receive impressions swiftly; but those which she did receive were indelible. The influence came out of her simplicity and directness—out of her ignorance itself, and also out of the position in which she stood. As a great black cloud in the background of a landscape will give a strange vividness to every object, a quite new distinctness of colour and outline, so did the darkness of death behind her give a new significance to the mortal things in the midst of which she moved, with light and radiance of youth and beauty still upon her.

Mr. Huntingdon coming home to his sister Clara remarked this. "I never knew before what the simplicity of the Gospel was," he said.

"God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," said Clara, looking up with a keen, sweet smile.

Clara as yet had not gone to see any one. She

could not altogether conquer her shrinking from strangers, though it had lost much of the pain it inflicted on her once. But the day after her conversation with her brother, she went to see Geraldine. She had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Austin at the same time—a pleasure which she had longed for, but did not like to ask her brother to give her.

Mrs. Austin, on her part, felt a great attraction to Clara—an attraction which she felt, indeed, for all who were suffering and sorrowful, and which was heightened in this case by the charm of intellect and refinement which predominated in Clara. Ellen begged her to come and see her, and Clara promised to do so.

The improvement in Geraldine's health had been short-lived. April had passed away. The daffodils had come out under the lilac bushes at the bottom of the garden, each like a mimic sun shining its little day. The last were fading under cold inclement skies when May came in; and Geraldine was visibly fading too.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MUSIC CARRIES THE DAY.

Arthur Wildish delighted to draw out Ada after a good-humoured fashion, but he was forced to confess that in the playful encounter he had not always the best of it. Ada, who had got to believe in him as a sort of depositary of universal knowledge, very often puzzled him with her minute and curious questions, and did not spare him when he was at a loss for an answer.

One Saturday afternoon, when he came to inquire for Geraldine and to find Lucy—as, of course, everybody knew perfectly well—he missed the latter and came upon Ada alone. Ada was in one of her moods of excessive concentration, moods in which she appeared deaf and blind to everything but the purpose before her. She was pale, but so she always was, only the small mouth was closer and more colourless, and the grey eyes had a far-off look in them. On this occasion the eyes looked up into Arthur's face, and the mouth said promptly and plainly, "I wanted to see you alone." She showed no excitement and no confusion. She was utterly ignorant of any outrage on propriety, and shutting her prisoner into the drawing-room, she went away and left him in smiling wonderment. Presently she returned with a small portfolio. "I want to show you what I have been doing," she began, with a business-like air. "I have been working steadily, you know; and Lucy thinks my drawings very good considering."

"She has been giving you lessons, I think," said Arthur. "She herself draws exquisitely. She has had every advantage, you know," he added, for fear of giving discouragement. Ada spread her work before him while he was speaking; some of the things on mere scraps of drawing-paper, and he began to look over them. "But these are not all yours," he said quickly.

"Yes, they are," she answered.

"Then they are astonishingly clever. And has Lucy been your only teacher?" he added.

"My father used to give me lessons long ago," she said. "It was my favourite amusement when a child, but I never had any regular teaching."

"Lucy must be a very good teacher then," he said—she had his first thought, you see—"and you are an admirable scholar."

"Well," said Ada, rather impatiently, "I want to know if such drawing is of any value."

"Money value do you mean?"

"There isn't any other," said Ada, with a smile.

"No, I don't think they have," he answered. "You see so many can do things as well as that; and if not so well, still well enough to please themselves; so that the people who would care for them don't want them. Then the people who buy pictures wouldn't care for them."

"Now will you hear me sing?" said Ada, to the still greater astonishment of the unlawfully detained Arthur.

"I didn't know you sang," he said, without expressing any desire for the performance, and thinking it untimely only that Ada was so grave about it.

"I am going to try," said Ada. "Will you play for me the music of that song Lucy sang the other evening? You played it for her."

That was something very different, still he sat down to the piano. "'The Brook,' you mean," he said.

"Yes, I have heard it several times, and tried it," said Ada.

He could not think what she was driving at, but he played, and Ada sung. She sung, as she did everything, without trepidation, without consciousness; and went through the song unfalteringly, triumphantly. It was the triumph of a perfect voice and of a perfect ear.

Arthur Wildish was enthusiastic now. "Why, Ada, you would make a great singer," he said, attracted to the girl as he had never been before, seeing a great gift possessed in such perfect humility.

"Then I will be a great singer," she answered instantly. "I want to make money, and to make it fast. If you had thought I could paint pictures that would sell, I would have been a painter; but the singing seems the easiest."

Arthur laughed. "You have high aims, but a low motive, Ada," he said. "What makes you love money so?"

"Tell me what I must do?" she asked, quite unheeding alike his praise and dispraise, and passing over his question.

"You must study hard, and under the best masters you can get," said Arthur; "and you have talents well worth cultivation. You might be either a painter or singer if you chose."

"Which takes the longest time to learn, singing or painting?" said Ada, hesitating a little.

"I would recommend you to study both," replied Arthur. "I am sure your cousin will be happy to give you the means of doing so. The music will help you in painting and the painting in music, and there is nothing good under the sun that will not help you in both."

"Oh, but there is not time for all that!" said Ada, quickly, perceiving the vagueness of his advice; "I want to be paid for what I do at once."

"In music, I suppose, you might do a little in that way," he answered. "You might teach and work at once; but I don't know much about that."

"It was you who told me how much the great singers could make, hundreds of pounds in a single night," said Ada. "I heard you say you had been at a private concert at the house of a German merchant where Mdlle. Titiens got fifty guineas for singing a couple of songs."

"Well, but you are not Titiens. You may expect to get the same when you have become as accomplished and famous as she," returned Arthur, amused. "But what a mercenary little thing you are, Ada. This, then, is your reason for asking so many questions about art and music, taking such an interest in the fortunes of their followers, and all the rest of it, which puzzled us so."

"Yes, I have thought of it before, but now I must do it," said Ada, quite gravely. "I must make money somehow. Cousin Fanny has lost hers. She has been very kind to us, and I must make it up to her."

"I am very sorry to hear of your cousin's loss," said Arthur; "I hope it is not ruinous."

Ada did not answer, but when Arthur rose to take his leave she thanked him very heartily, opened the door for him, and he went straight into Mr. Tabor's, and found Lucy also alone. "What a strange girl that Ada Lovejoy is," he said to Lucy. "One can hardly tell whether to like or dislike her; at one time she is so matter-of-fact and dull, and at other times all fire and impulse."

"I am beginning to like her better than I did," said Lucy. "Do you know what she puts me in mind of?"

"No."

"A glass of cold water."

"Well, I think she does throw cold water on most things."

"No, it is not that—that was what I disliked her for—only dislike is much too strong. After you have been eating sweets, the first sip of cold water is distasteful; but when you are really thirsty it is more delightful than anything else."

"She is certainly refreshing."

"Yes; and when I have found myself inclined to be angry with her way of putting things, I have found afterwards that it was only that she was putting them in a perfectly direct point of view, while I wanted to look at them in relation to something else more agreeable to my own notions. But what has Ada been saying now?"

Arthur gave an account of his so recent encounter, ending with the loss of Fanny's fortune.

"She must be mistaken—she is surely mistaken," said Lucy, in a tone of such extreme agitation as amazed Arthur Wildish. Lucy was getting further and further out of reach of understanding, it seemed to him. Here she was, with the colour flying from her cheeks at the bare mention of the probable loss of property by a rather uninteresting elderly lady, and quite insensible to all the attractions of love and fortune which were at her service in his single person. She was evidently very much moved by what he had told her, and till he took his leave kept the restless and unhappy look which had come into her face, and the distraction of manner which showed that she was barely listening to his talk, that her mind was, indeed, wandering. She felt that it had, for her look at parting was like a plea for forgiveness; and when he left her she sat down like one who is suddenly set free from some hard task at playing a part, and allowed her face to become a perfect picture of tearless anguish.

She was startled almost immediately by the entrance of Ada. She had rushed in without her hat—her bright hair, child fashion, flying loose behind her—to give Lucy her version of the interview with Arthur.

"You will help me?" she said, when she had ended, and mentioned nothing whatever concerning her cousin.

"Yes, I will help you, Ada; but you have not told me about the loss of your cousin's money," said Lucy. "What is it? Are you not mistaken?"

"No, I am not mistaken," said Ada, indignantly. "Mr. Tenterden told her himself that he had lost it and ruined her. He says he will try and make it up to her, but I don't believe he ever will."

"You must not say this, Ada," said Lucy, quietly but firmly, acting a part once more. "I do not believe it, and if it were true you ought not to say it. Do you know it may seriously injure Mr. Tenterden, and perhaps others also—my father, for instance?"

Ada looked rebuked. "Fanny said I was not to tell," she exclaimed; "at least, that I was not to tell Geraldine and the rest."

"Then why did you tell me?"

"I did not promise to keep it a secret," said Ada.

"Promise now, then," said Lucy.

"Very well, I promise," said Ada lightly, and she sat down before Lucy's piano and ran her fingers over the keys, blindly searching for their music.

The room swam round with Lucy, but she sat patiently till her father and mother came in, and it was close on dinner-time, giving Ada her first lesson in music. *(To be continued.)*

THE PALIMPSEST.

THESE sunlit walls on Athos' heights
The sailor marks with glee,
A holy gem whose radiance lights
The blue Ægean Sea.

No echo from the world's unrest
Within these cells can come;
Peace broods around the Dove's own nest,
This pure and pray'rful home.

Here, long to this one task resigned
A monk with loving zeal,
Some mouldy parchment hopes to find
Which new truths will reveal.

Watch how with eager care he turns
Each scroll and scans each page;
And o'er this timeworn Father yearns,
And dies with that old sage.

The sun sinks, yet he will not leave,
So much remains unread!
Day's last smiles through the casement weave
An aureole for his head.

The cypress on the terrace glooms,
With twilight still he bends,
Still ponders where the ink entombs
The thoughts of well-loved friends.

At length he stops—his bright eye shines,
He carries to his cell
A tattered reed-scroll whose dark lines
Some novel truth may tell.

Searching the large bold strokes with care,
St. Ephraem's hymns he finds;
Then sighs and with a whispered prayer
The roll again unwinds.

He holds it to his lamp, blurred specks
Start forth beneath the hymn:
Like images the soul collects
From dreams all faint and dim.

Spelling, his soul within him stirred,
He now the text can see—
"IF YE CONTINUE IN MY WORD,
THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."

"Ah, blessed sentence! Lord, forgive!"
The humbled brother cries,
"In the old ways I still would live,
The old pure wisdom prize.

"Enough for me Thy will to know,
Enough if Thou uphold
My stumbling footsteps, time can show
No new truths like the old!"

M. G. WATKINS.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER II.

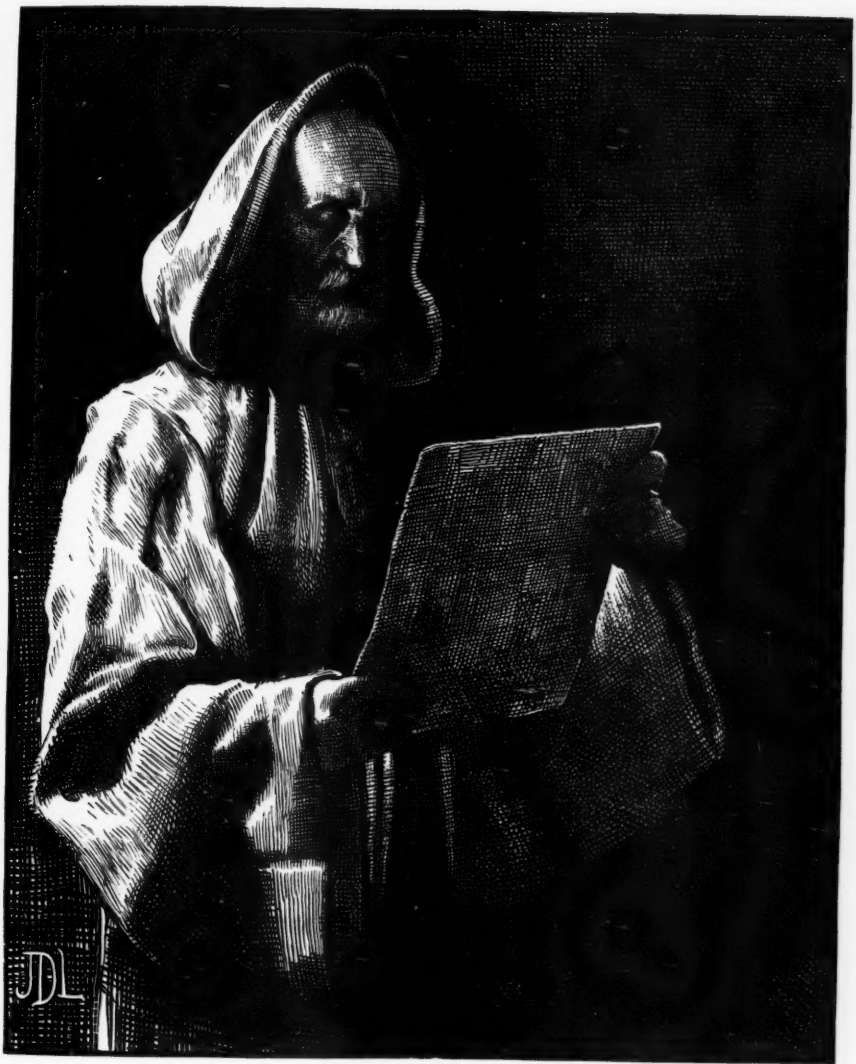
FOR several weeks Tom came to school regularly enough, but he was too shy to open his mouth in answer to a question. At last his shyness wore off, and he would give ordinary formal answers readily enough to commonplace questions about God, heaven and hell, and the main facts of the Gospel history; but he had no real conception whatever of the things of which he spoke. He had no notion whatever of the size of Stonyfield parish as compared with the rest of the country. Such words as "mountain," "sea," "city," "king," had for him either no meaning, or conveyed to his mind only the vaguest and most incongruous ideas. Much less had he any realisation of an unseen, kindly, watching Spirit, or of a disembodied state. When he was told of the sufferings and death of Christ, he was unmoved, for he had never really turned his mind from the present to consider death; when he heard of the resurrection, it was without surprise, for the faculty of wonder was still asleep within him.

On the sixth Sunday after his first appearance at school Tom's place was vacant. On Tuesday Miss Burton met him, and learnt that he felt ashamed to go to school in his moleskin clothes. She called at his mother's cottage and spoke of it to her.

"Well, I'm sure, ma'am," began Mrs. Robinson in a complaining tone, "I'm sure, ma'am, *I* can't provide clothes for him. What with coals at eighteenpence a hundred, and meat at tenpence and elevenpence a pound—but I'm sure it's but seldom a poor person can get a bit o' fresh meat—and potatoes that bad, and dear too, and three and sixpence for rent, for all that Robinson brings home, it's impossible for me to have either him or myself decent, fit for to go to church. I'm sure I never expected to be so long at Stonyfield and never enter the church-door, as me and Robinson have lived in the village this seventeen—no, it's eighteen—eighteen years next spring; but it's a poor life and a hard life for poor people at the best."

The lady saw that nothing could be done with her, and soon left the cottage.

Miss Burton next asked her uncle's advice. "Yes, my dear, it's just what I expected," he answered; "those people give you so many school and church attendances in return for so many old clothes and



(*Drawn by* J. D. LINTON.)

"If ye continue in my word,
The truth shall make you free."

"*THE PALIMPSEST*"—*p.* 206.

half-crowns and bottles of wine when they're sick. What's to hinder Joe Robinson from clothing his son properly? It only pauperises such people to give to them."

Driven thus to rely upon her own resources, Miss Burton held a long conversation with Tom, the result of which was that he hired himself out to do various little services for the farmers in the neighbourhood, and with the help of his teacher, who provided half the money, not many weeks afterwards he appeared at Sunday-school in a full suit of gorgeous blue.

Very shortly after this it became evident that the cripple was becoming vain of his personal appearance—in fact, exceedingly self-conceited. This characteristic, of which not a trace was visible before he got his suit of new clothes, speedily made him the butt of the school and of the village; but to a careful eye it seemed not so much the ugly fruit of a natural and confirmed over-estimate of himself, as the result of the sudden dawn of a conviction that he was capable of better things than he had hitherto dreamed of—nay, that he had taken one step towards a more respectable life—joined to a natural incapacity for estimating himself at his true value. One circumstance that rendered it very difficult for Tom to gratify his new vanity was that, from a failure of the little jobs which he was able to do, he could not provide himself with minor articles of clothing to correspond with the new suit. His mind was absorbed in this passion with that intensity of which only a child's mind is capable. Yet Tom was not a child, but in that border-time between childhood and manhood when the nature is more sensitive than at any earlier or later time, when the wounds of ridicule burn more painfully and rankle longer than they ever do in a child or in a man. He felt keenly, therefore, the incongruity between his brilliant jacket and his dingy blue-and-white cotton shirt, when he went to school and church, although none of his companions dared to rally him upon the subject under their teacher's eyes, and Tom gave them very little opportunity of doing so out of doors. But it was at home that the poor boy suffered most. His father never tired of making coarse jokes at his deformed son and his changed appearance; while the lad shrank as much as possible from his father's sight, and tried to conceal his efforts at finery on Sunday afternoons. Miss Burton was sorry to see this fault in Tom, but she thought that possibly it might be the first step towards a brighter life for him, so she wisely refrained from saying a word to him on the subject.

About this time she was called away to London, to see a sick relative; and the curate, Mr. Brooke, undertook to supply her place in the Sunday-school. One Sunday afternoon shortly afterwards, Mrs. Robinson was preparing dinner in the kitchen, and Tom was dressing for school in the loft overhead which was his bedroom, when his father came in and began to make fun of Tom, as he was specially fond of doing when he was in either a particularly merry or a particularly cross humour: to-day he was in rather a merry humour.

"Nell, where's our gentleman?"

Nell was busy and did not answer him.

"Where's our gentleman, Nell—the great beauty, ye know?"

"Tom's up in the loft, Joe; let him alone; dinner's ready, and it'll be as cold as the floor ye're standin' on afore you begin; then it'll be my fault, of course."

"Tom, come down t' your dinner," called out his father again; "how could we begin without the fine gentleman, when we've got one? But it's no dinner for a gentleman: gentlefolks have somethin' better'n liver an' bacon. Why don't ye buy yerself a fine dinner, Tom? I wonder you'd eat the likes of this; but it's all a poor man like me can get; we're not all born beauties and gentlefolks."

This coarse and stupid ridicule hurt poor Tom inexpressibly. He knew he was earning nothing for his living, and could not find just then any more of the jobs by means of which he had helped to pay for his clothes. All the worse was it, too, that afternoon, for Tom had got a paper collar, and a bit of coloured silk, which he had persuaded his mother to make up into a large scarf for his neck, so as to hide his shirt. The lad was forced to come down-stairs with his flaring black-and-red scarf and white collar fastened together, rather insecurely, to his shirt by means of a large pin at the front of his neck, knowing as he came that his appearance would afford fresh fun to his father.

A roar of laughter greeted him. "Finer nor ever! Are ye goin' a-coortin,' Tom? Ye must be! Who is't, Tom—Maggie Davis?"

Now Maggie was the belle of the village, whom Tom regarded, from afar, as an angel in human shape; so he could not bear it any longer, but started up and hurried from the cottage as fast as his crutch would enable him to go. His father enjoyed the success of the last taunt immensely, and ate his dinner with increased appetite, while his wife put by a piece to be warmed up for Tom after church-time; and Tom himself wandered down the road, feeling that he hated his father and everybody else, till it was time for school.

As soon as Mr. Brooke entered the schoolroom, he was struck by the grotesque appearance which Tom presented, seated at the end of a bench of boys, all of whom were much smaller than himself, half conscious of the amusement he was creating around him, and half-defiant. The opening prayer and hymn over, the lesson began. The room was much too small for the number of classes and scholars which it held, so that in the case of a large class like Miss Burton's, it was often difficult or impossible to make one half of the class hear and attend to what

was being said to the other half. The boys were arranged in a semicircle, and Mr. Brooke stood before them and began to question them on the subject of the lesson, which was "Jonah."

"What was the name of the prophet who was sent to Nineveh to preach?" asked Mr. Brooke of the boy on his right hand. He could not answer, and the question passed to the next boy. Tom thought he could answer it, and held out his arm at full length in token that he was ready to do so; but as he was sitting next to the teacher's left hand, it was evident that Tom's chance of displaying his knowledge was not great. Some one answered the question, and another question was put and answered, but Tom, in the hum of other voices, did not perceive this. Neither did he notice that Mr. Brooke had put a third question,—"What was prepared in the sea to swallow up Jonah?" So Tom thinking that the question about the prophet's name was still unanswered, and still stretching out his arm, and leaning forward in his excitement till he almost fell off the bench, waited till Mr. Brooke's eye, passing over a few more boys, rested upon him, when he at once bawled out, "Moses!"

At this moment the treacherous pin at his neck gave way, the paper collar started out on either side and the red silk scarf fell forward over his waistcoat, laying open to full view his striped blue shirt, which happened to be in a dirtier state than usual. The titter which had broken out at the ridiculous answer swelled into a roar at this exposure; and Mr. Brooke, speaking to himself, and not meaning to utter the words aloud, said in a low tone, "Why, the poor boy must be silly."

These words combined with the laughter, gave the lad more pain than he could bear, so he rose, and without waiting to get his cap, hobbled out of the schoolroom. He walked up the long, dusty road, where he had first met Miss Burton, with his heart smarting with pain and full of bitterness. Bitterest of all was the feeling that he had himself to blame; he had made himself appear a fool in the eyes of what was to him all the world, and his shame would never be forgotten. He went on till he came to a grassy place beside a pool. There he flung himself down, and sobbed out his misery. Several hours passed before he rose from the grass. Then he took the scarf and collar which still hung about his neck, and wrapping them tightly round a stone, he flung them into the middle of the pool; then he went slowly home, through a mist in the autumn evening.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

71. Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer, was entrusted with two fearful commissions from God. To whom?

72. By what act of obedience, according to the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, did Noah show his faith?

73. In what sense do David and St. Paul consider Melchizedek a figure of Jesus Christ?

74. What is the earliest account given in the Bible of making wine?

75. By what signs was Moses ordered to convince the Israelites and Pharaoh that he was sent to them by God?

76. Where is the Sabbath first mentioned in the history of the Israelites? Show that the manner of its introduction proves that it was not as a new institution.

77. What was the difference of the Sabbatical year and year of Jubilee with respect to the emancipation of slaves?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 176.

59. Joshua xvii. 14, 15; Judges viii. 1—3; xii. 1.

60. His "dear fellow-servant (Col. i. 7); "a servant of Christ" (Col. iv. 12.)

61. Jer. xx. 2, 3.

62. Dan. x. 7; Acts xxii. 9.

63. The paschal lamb (Exod. xii. 46; John xix. 36; 1 Cor. v. 7, 8); the manna (Exod. xvi. 15; 1 Cor. x. 3); the Rock in Horeb (Exod. xvii. 6; 1 Cor. x. 4); the mercy seat (Exod. xxxvii. 6; Rom. iii. 25; Heb. iv. 16); the tabernacle (Exod. xl.; John i. 14—in this passage the word "dwelt," literally translated means "tabernacled").

64. 2 Sam. xviii. 11.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dead—its joys and sorrows
Are sweeping swiftly down the tide of *Past*,
Like drift-wood thrown upon the rapid river,
Toward ocean's distant thunder eddying fast.

Another year is dead—its joys and sorrows
Have almost reached *Oblivion's* ruthless sea;
And will they? or will *Memory's* counter-current
Sweep them as swiftly back again to me?

Another year is come—its joys and sorrow
Are graven on *Futurity's* dark scroll,
Which man may scan not yet, but each to-morrow
Time's wizard hand will ever more unroll.

Another year is come—and we are drifting,
Still drifting onward to another sea,
Trackless, untried, unfathomable, endless—
The darkling billows of *Eternity*.



(*Drawn by* C. SLADER.)

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

ALL clothed around by the dew-varnished sheen
Of thy young leaves so delicately green,
That clasp their darling when the winds are keen;
Surely thou art a saint among the flowers,
Sweet lily of the valley, hiding low
In some dim nook, far from this world of ours,

Where only garish things are glad to grow.
How many gentle hearts would emulate
The sweet example of thy life, could they,
Hiding from tardy love and ready hate,
Find some still spot to meditate and pray;
Some little chapel where the wearied soul
Might hear the symphonies of Heaven roll,
And stainless dwell until exhaled away.

A. H.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

"RUTH! you're wanted," cried Letty, one afternoon, as she bounded into the play-ground, looking as if something very exciting had happened.

"Who wants me?" asked Ruth, wonderingly.

"It is Dr. Rae; he has come to fetch you for a drive, and I am so glad!"

Ruth's pale little face lighted up with joy, and she began running towards the house. Suddenly she stopped, and turning round, said, "Letty, what a dear you are to be so glad for me! I wish you were coming too."

"Don't have the pleasure incomplete by wishing anything," replied Letty, kissing Ruth. "Be quick and dress, so as to have a nice long drive."

In a few minutes the carriage was driving away with the doctor and Ruth in it; she leaving her woes behind her, and, looking up into Stephen's face with a grateful smile, she met his kind answering look.

"It is a long time since we have met, little one," he said. "We miss you very much at home. Tina sent her love, and says she doesn't know how to get on without you and Mary."

"Give my love to her, and to the others, will you? It seems so long ago now since we were at your house."

"What was that sigh meant for?" asked Stephen.

"I don't know; I mean I did not know I sighed."

"But you know what was the cause of your sigh," said Stephen. "You must have no secrets from me."

"I have no secret; but I can't tell you, because I don't know that I was thinking anything particular."

"I think I can tell you what made you sigh, though it is unknown to you." Ruth looked inquiringly at Stephen, and remained silent. "It is because you feel as you did the first time you drove out with me. Do you remember you told me then that you were discontented with your life?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, softly.

"You asked me if you were wrong to be so, and I said no; but it is wrong to remain so now."

The time passed very swiftly, till they returned to the school.

"Give my love to your sister, Ruth, and don't forget about next Wednesday. I wish I could fetch you, but you had better go without waiting for me, as I know I shall be late."

"It will seem strange to go without you," said Ruth; "but why did you tell me not to forget, as if I could do such a thing!"

"Perhaps it was for the pleasure of hearing you make that protestation," answered Stephen, laughing.

From that day Ruth began to apply herself with greater interest to her lessons, and soon found it much easier to attend when she had once begun. Study lost a great deal of its tedium, and Ruth's progress caused great satisfaction to Miss Windham, and her sister, Miss Caroline. Delivering a kind lecture to Ruth upon her previous carelessness, Miss Windham expressed much pleasure at her improvement, and Ruth became quite a distinguished member of the school. Time passed away pleasantly, and the visits to the Raes were very frequent, Letty often being one of the guests. Still there were drawbacks to the school life which Ruth felt very strongly, and her thoughts dwelt constantly upon the midsummer holidays, with many wishes that the time would arrive quickly.

One afternoon Ruth was busy writing an essay, a thing at which she showed great ability, when Mary came into the room.

"Oh, Ruth! I thought you were writing to papa; you said you should last week, and if you don't do it now you won't be in time."

"I had quite forgotten, but I must do this now, so I must leave the letter till next mail."

"How can you, Ruth? I do believe it is about two months since you have written to papa, and you seem to think nothing of it," said Mary, reproachfully. "Hadn't you better write the letter now, and finish that in the evening?"

"Oh! Mary, the Raes—I was going there, and I am sure papa won't mind if I write next mail."

"I should think he would mind very much if he thought you preferred the Raes to your own father," answered Mary, with a heightened colour.

"I know you think I am very wicked, but I can't help it," said Ruth, passionately; "I can't be dutiful as you can."

Mary turned away, and left the room without saying another word; leaving Ruth very miserable, and wholly unable to go on with her writing. She remained with her hands covering her face, perfectly motionless, until the clock struck half-past five; she then went in to tea.

"Why, Ruth, I thought you had gone to the Raes," said Miss Caroline, as she appeared.

"I haven't finished my lessons, Miss Caroline," was the scarcely audible reply.

Miss Caroline smiled. "You are generally so energetic on half-holidays, and I don't think you had more to do than usual, had you, dear?"

"No, Miss Caroline." Ruth was not communicative, and relapsing into silence as soon as possible, she was asked no more questions.

When bedtime came, Ruth went up to Mary, and whispered, "Mary, I am so sorry!"

"Never mind, darling," answered Mary, kissing her; "we won't say any more about it, and you will write next week, won't you?"

"Yes." Ruth said good night, and went to bed to lie awake, and think a long time. "I wish Mary wouldn't say we will not speak any more about it. I am sure she still thinks I am wrong, though she forgave me for what I said to her. Oh, dear! I suppose it *is* wrong not to care for papa more than anybody else, as Mary thinks so; but I wish she would tell me why it is." Ruth puzzled her little head upon the subject most perseveringly, but it had a bad effect upon her spirits, and when Mary looked at her, as she lay asleep, the tears were still wet on her eyelashes.

"If mamma could take care of her," thought Mary; "how much better it would be." She sighed, and bent down to kiss the little sleeping figure, and looked at her with deep anxiety. If Ruth had seen her standing by her bed that night, she would have been touched by the entirely self-forgetful and protecting look that her sister's face wore, and she might have awakened to a true estimation of Mary's earnest wish to be as like a mother to her as it was in her power to be.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT is the time, Susan?" asked Tina, as Susan was busy setting the tea in the garden; "I feel as if they were very late."

"I think it is only because you are on thorns like, miss," answered Susan, smiling; "but I expect the doctor will be here soon, for I heard William say he would be early."

"I know Miss Ruth is so fond of wild flowers, see what a lot I have here."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Susan. "Let me help you, Miss Tina, and we'll get them arranged in a trice." She darted away, and soon returned with several vases, and she and Tina became absorbed in their work. Presently Mrs. Rae and Maurice strolled out into the garden, and not long after, the deep barking of a dog caused Tina to rush to the garden door, and flinging it open, she received Ruth and Mary in her arms, and then there was a great bustle of greetings, and Bernard, the large dog, bounced about the garden, looking out for somebody who was disengaged enough to notice him.

"How lovely it is to think we shall have you for such a long time!" said Tina, with her cordial smile. "How long are the midsummer holidays?"

"Seven weeks," answered Mary. "It is glorious, isn't it?"

The three girls seated themselves at the tea-table. Susan tripped about, very smiling, and Bernard watched the scene, seated majestically by Stephen.

"These flowers are especially in honour of you, Ruth," said Stephen. "Maurice and Tina have been gallantly scaling banks and getting wounded with thorns for your sake."

"I am very much obliged," answered Ruth, laughing; "but I wish they had not suffered for their kindness."

"Stephen is croaking, like most doctors," said Maurice, "and the only ground for what he says is, that Tina pricked herself with one thorn, which he was skilful enough to pull out for her."

"Hark! I hear a boat; perhaps it is one of the Forsters," said Tina, running down to the stream. "Yes, it is. Why, Lily, you *are* a late visitor!"

"Yes," answered Lily, jumping out of the boat; "but Jack was home so late, and I wouldn't be baulked by that."

The party remained in the garden, and the rest of the evening passed in conversation.

"I have such a splendid idea!" exclaimed Tina, "do let us get up a picnic. Wouldn't it be nice, now the weather is so lovely, and Mary and Ruth are with us?"

There was no dissension from this opinion, and a grand discussion ensued as to the details of arrangement for the occasion.

"I want to ask a favour of you, Ruth," said Maurice, when Ruth came up to him to say good night, and holding her hand, he continued, "will you grant it?"

"I don't know," answered Ruth, looking up into his face inquiringly.

"Will you sit to me for your portrait?"

"Oh yes. That is not much to ask me."

"I think it troubles some people very much, to sit still and do nothing," said Maurice. "You must allow me to be grateful."

"Then I am not one of those people, for I don't mind how idle I am," replied Ruth, laughing, as she ran away into the house.

After breakfast the next morning, Tina went out of the breakfast room and returned a minute afterwards with her sleeves rolled up and a cooking apron on. "I want you all to see how industrious I am going to be," she said. "You will think of my kindness to-morrow, when you are enjoying the fruits of my exertions."

Maurice then asked Ruth to come to the studio, so in spite of her determination never to go there again, she did so.

"Sit down, Ruth," said Maurice, handing her a chair; "I shall be ready to work in a few minutes."

He then began arranging the light, talking all the while.

"How do you like the idea of the picnic?" he asked.

"Very much," answered Ruth, slowly.

"Rather a doubtful liking, I think. What is the reservation?"

"Well, I like the idea of going to see the abbey; but then there will be some strangers, won't there?"

"A few that you don't know, certainly; but is that fatal to your enjoyment?"

"No, not fatal, because there are so many people going that I like, but I always dread strangers—I wish I didn't, for it isn't nice at all."

"Yes, you are a very shy little thing," said Maurice, smiling. "What do you feel afraid of?"

"I don't know exactly. I can never make out what shyness is, quite. If I could, perhaps I could get over it."

"I think some shyness is caused by a consciousness of inefficiency, but some by the fear of not meeting with sympathy. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, but there must be more than those two kinds, I should think," said Ruth, resting her arm on the table and her head on her hand, while her face became thoughtful.

"Will you keep so? that position is capital, and very characteristic," said Maurice.

The room became quite silent, Maurice becoming very absorbed in his painting, and Ruth being quite content to be left to her own resources. For some time Maurice went on with his work; but at last he leaned back in his chair, and looked at Ruth steadily.

"How capitally you sit, Ruth! You had better rest now."

"I am not tired."

"Still I think you must be, in spite of what you say. Do you find it dull sitting here?"

"No, not in the least," answered Ruth, smiling.

"I can see your mind is quite occupied. Will you tell me what you were thinking of just now?"

"I was thinking of different things; but I don't know that I was thinking at all, part of the time."

"Yes, you were," said Maurice. "When you imagined that you were not thinking, you were deepest in thought."

Ruth opened her eyes wonderingly. "How can you tell that?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know whether it is true, but I believe that your mind was too busy for you to be conscious of the act of thinking."

"Oh! I see. I have never thought of that before. But, then, I have seen people's faces have a vacant expression sometimes, as if they really were not thinking of anything; and I think it is quite possible for people to think of nothing, now and then."

"Yes, that is true; but some people are different from others," said Maurice, with a peculiar smile. Ruth did not understand it, but somehow felt rather abashed, as she very often did with Maurice.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A., RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. xliii. 2.



IT is strange to picture to oneself the feelings of a martyr, a night before he dies. No excitement is in his lonely cell to intoxicate him with any spurious courage. In silence, weary, his mind reverts to the stern tribunal which doomed him, and to the stern doom. He knows nothing of the feelings which other ages may lavish upon him: to him no faces are visible but such as expect his coming sufferings to usher in the sufferings of the damned. He hopes not for escape—he knows that pain will not be an illusion, but real and keen, since his testimony to the power of Christ to uphold in the worst extremity would be a mockery unless that extremity came indeed, unless pangs did really search his frame, unless his soul went forth in genuine anguish.

What sustains him in this frightful prospect? The sure persuasion that the Spirit shall overcome his flesh, and that even when his outward man is perishing, his inward man shall be renewed, because his Father will hold him up; the still small voice, which a clamorous world cannot exclude, saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." This breathes a courage not to be quenched by the frown of tyrants, the scowl of persecutors, the hoarse and pitiless roar of mobs.

The text which heads this paper is a good text for martyrs. And yet, one thinks, why are they not saved out of the fire and water, instead of being helped through these? Why, if indeed God loves and pities men, expose them to such miseries? How much better to divert their path, than to hold them up when their feet are torn and bleeding? An answer is at hand, and

while we must always regard our explanation of such things as being fragmentary and incomplete, in this case the answer will be sufficient. Which reflection best sustains our faith and the faith of thousands, that some Christians have glided comfortably through smooth lives, and died resignedly on beds of down, or that others, hunted out of dens and caves, and burned to ashes, have in all been more than conquerors? One class elicits in modern phrases the devil's ancient sneer, "Doth Job serve God for nought?" The other gives fire to that verse in the *Te Deum*, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,"—martyrs, but an army still. Therefore all worthy followers of Christ, who was contented to die for others, have rejoiced when offered upon the sacrifice and service of our faith.

But when we recognise this truth for the great and famous, the champions, the forlorn-hope of the faith, we are bound also to recognise it for ourselves. Each has to say to his own heart, "When thou passest through the waters, God will be with thee." Not if thou passest, but when. For that time will come, and that hour draw near to every one of us. While he was yet led in green pastures, the psalmist remembered the valley of the shadow; the apostle bade us count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations, and the Master of apostles said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation."

Let us press upon our hearts this old familiar truth. It has no more novelty than Christianity itself has. But practical things are not to be repeated only once, they should be engraven upon the mind by reiterated strokes; and a time is before every man when he shall fare like a storm-beaten ship, the foam and the black darkness visible by the lightning flashes, and nought else visible at all, and either he must be hurled upon the crags and broken, or hold fast by this one anchor, "I am with thee."

1. *For some, there is the time of remorse.* The soul has fallen: the white garment is defiled; something is committed which can never be forgotten, and never, never undone. Perhaps one is loaded in conscience by a crime, a deed which even the world, if it knew, would call dishonourable and mean, which he blushes to think of, and feels that a river of pollution rolls between him and the saints of God. Or even if the world might be indulgent, one shudders to be searched by the keener vision and under the stronger light of the law of God, feels that all is lost, that the depths cover him, and the proud waters come in upon his soul.

Unhappy at such a time the man who knows not that God is near, that his Father is breaking down the pride which would not melt for gentler influences, or who knows it, but will not yield. Yes, twice and three times unhappy, for the twin brother of Remorse is Despair; and there are who lie, dead while they live, fast bound in misery and iron, and the sorrow of the world which worketh death. Even visibly it worketh death—in a soul's drugged, stupefied, hopeless and indolent helplessness, in the sullen performance of a dull round of weary, lifeless tasks, in lunacy, in the premature end, sometimes in the self-inflicted end of mortal life, it is seen how cruelly the sorrow of the world can work death.

Still, still, there is One who sees and pities all our misery, and His heart melts, and His hand is stretched out to help. "Return," He cries, "return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal you." And he who tries His strength, who rises up in the might of God revealed in flesh against the enslaver of souls, he knows whether it is vainly promised that God shall bruise Satan under our feet shortly. The waters are there, but they do not overflow him: upon him the fires do not kindle.

2. *For all, there is the time of temptation.* Some people fancy that if they are accepted of God, temptation should thenceforth be like a tamed snake, its sting and venom extracted. But this is a fatal error, since dark and evil thoughts have but to assail them, and their faith in God is shaken. The servant is not above his Lord, and our Saviour was Himself tempted. If our pilgrimage seem easy just now, and we are like Christian among the Delectable Mountains, let us not presume, nor think our battle to be closed, and our enemy departed from us more than "for a season." A change may come: it will come. Dark misgivings may yet assail the foundations of our faith, thoughts at which we shudder and turn pale, may yet fascinate the soul with a serpentine basilisk power of evil. Things which once seemed innocent, or which were taken on trust, or into which one was overpersuaded and enticed, may become a crushing burden upon the conscience, while yet the tempted one thinks, fears, that now to change would forfeit daily bread or friendships dearer than life. The indulgence may even have passed into the system and become part and parcel of existence. And then Satan will either insist that such a sacrifice cannot be demanded, or else openly defy the snared soul to burst his bands.

Well for him, and only him of all men at such a time, who knows that God is with him, who leans not upon his own strength or resolution or wisdom, but judges what is right, as in sight of the Eternal, and casts himself into his Saviour's arms. The waters may flow around him, but they shall not *over*flow him: the fires may rage against him, but they shall not consume, they shall not kindle upon him.

3. *There is the trial of enjoyment and success.* So says the Litany, "In all time of our wealth," *i.e.*,

weal, well-being, "good Lord, deliver us." And who knows not in some small degree the danger of success, the intoxication, the recklessness, the flush of earthly feeling? "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved," was the experience of David. It was in purple and fine linen, receiving his good things, that Dives laid the weight upon his soul which sank it into utter loss and ruin. God grant that no smallest prosperity may find us afar from Him, or pride and fulness of bread will destroy the fibre of the soul. If we recognise His nearness, if we desire Him above all things, then it will be a source of gratitude and humility when He leads us in green pastures, when He prepares a table before us, when He says to us, "Friend, come up higher." Otherwise even prosperity itself will raise up for us another and a contrary scourge.

4. *There is the time of disappointment, of disillusion.* Every one begins life with the hope of more than life actually yields to even one: for we expect not merely to attain certain objects, but to find in these an ethereal sweetness, a celestial purity and volume of enjoyment which are not found. They accordingly are not the most bitterly disappointed who fail: often the successful are, at least, as miserable as the defeated, perhaps more miserable, because that has vanished entirely for them, which others do but think to have evaded them. In the noon of prosperity men feel the sun to be not cheerful, but overpowering, scorching; they see the gorgeous crimson and purple of morning to be but an illusion, painted upon grey cloud; they have grasped and pinioned Fortune the enchantress, and, lo! her crown is not golden, but pinchbeck, and the jewels on her fingers are but glass. Loneliness in the midst of friends; weariness in the bosom of repose; unsated and insatiable restlessness; disgust of life and death alike; fitful, passionate exertions, which are like the revels of a confirmed drunkard, neither prompted by reason nor hopeful of enjoyment, but the blind result of habit—these are too often the successors in middle life to the golden hopes of youth. Then comes a change. Something inherently hopeless, or hopeless because seen too late, gleams across the eyes with more than the olden splendour; the ardent spirit vows and struggles to grasp its last hope of happiness; the hand touches its prize; the unattainable appears for one wild moment to be attained; but the ponderous machinery of the universe revolves and crushes the intrusive arm; the order of things is vindicated; the heart of a man is broken.

It is not yet a hundred years since a man, still young, attained his dizziest hopes in the chosen path of his ambition. His mouth spoke the thunders of England, and his arm directed her thunderbolts; he stood up, the sole but the dreaded opponent of the conqueror of Europe; and the greatest parliamentary combination which ever threatened any minister lay prone with his foot upon its neck. But no man could look upon his face without seeing there the misery which he was too proud to own, although he died of it. When his friend wished a happy year to Pitt, he answered, "It ought to be happier than the last, for in it I cannot remember one happy day."

They alone are safe against this rust of discontent eating away the soul who remember, when earth begins to fade and lose its lustre, that heaven remains, that God—Christ is by. These fare as the ancient Israel might have done—seas and rivers fail to bar their progress; and when life is desert and barren, they see it illuminated with unearthly light, a celestial guide is with them, and they eat angels' food.

> "When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
> Out of the land of bondage came,
> His fathers' God before him moved,
> An awful guide, in cloud and flame.
> By day along the astonished lands
> The cloudy pillar glided slow,
> By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
> Returned the fiery column's glow."

5. So also when earth is over, and the spirit, weary but sustained so long, is at last about to spread its wings and forsake its dwelling of earth, oh! then some kindling of the dim eyes, some movement of the pallid features, shall tell of the fidelity of Him who said, "I will be with thee," who is pledged to come again to receive His people to Himself.

The Lord is with us in a deeper sense than the prophet ever understood who searched what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in Him did signify. The sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow, have made Him one with His suffering people here; remembering His own pains He sympathises; armed with His glories He delivers. We may be partakers of His sufferings; we may even, strange as the words sound, "fill up that which remains of His afflictions," for it is as if a settled quantity of anguish lay between the present condition of the Church which is His body, and her glorification, and every grief well borne were some of the wine of that mixture drained, some drinking of the cup He drank of, some sharing of the baptism all whose billows went over Him. Not a tear is shed in holy submission but may shine as a gem in an eternal diadem. When the thorny path is trodden to the end, and the frowning cliffs are scaled, and the Sun of Eternity shines upon the climber resting on the summit—when the battle is over, and it is given to him that overcometh to sit down with Christ upon His throne, then the emancipated and rescued one, whom the rivers have not overflowed nor the flames consumed, shall cry, "We went through fire and water, but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 9. JOSIAH.

Chapters to be read—parts of 2 Kings xxii., xxiii.

INTRODUCTION. Ask the children questions about the kings upon whose lives they have already had lessons, reminding of their characteristics—David, the man after God's heart, Solomon, noted for wisdom, and Hezekiah for his reformation. This king, Josiah, noted for two things—viz., the prophecy respecting him, uttered so many years before his birth; and the early age at which he began his reign.

I. JOSIAH PROPHESIED OF. (Read 1 Kings xiii. 1—6.) Ask what were Jeroboam's two sins; why he set up the calves, and show how this first sin led on to sacrilege, in that he, not being a priest, offered incense. Then describe the scene: picture the sudden appearance of a strange prophet while the king was sacrificing—the cry against the altar—the sign foretold, which immediately came to pass—the rending of the altar—the king's wrath—his attempt to seize the prophet—his arm withered up, and then restored at the prophet's intercession. Point out the wonderful prophecy of Josiah by *name*, as well as his work in defiling this improper altar. Tell the children how long elapsed before the fulfilment—viz., 300 years; and ask for other instances of God's delaying—viz., 120 years before flood came; 450 years between promise to Abraham and settlement of Israelites in Canaan; 4,000 years between first promise of Christ and His birth. So now Christ's second coming delayed, but certain.

II. JOSIAH PROPHESIED TO. (Read 2 Kings xxii. 1—3.) Ask how old he was when he acceded to the throne, and how old when he reigned personally; how did he spend his time? yet while he "began to seek after the God of David his father," the people relapsed into a state of general corruption. Now read Zeph. i. 1—12, who prophesied at this time. Point out two classes among the people, the open idolaters (ver. 4, 5) and those indifferent to God (ver. 12). Show how the prophet was bidden to recall the Jews to a sense of God's presence, to warn them that His day was at hand, when the land with its inhabitants should be destroyed (Zeph. i. 7, 14, 18).

III. JOSIAH'S REFORMATION OF RELIGION. (1) *Destruction.* Ask what would be likely to be his first steps; what must always be beginning of all conversion—viz., leaving off sin. Refer to John the Baptist's charge to those he baptised—each man to give up his particular sin (Luke iii. 11, 13). Ask how Gideon had to begin his work, so now Josiah. (Read 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3—7.) Picture the king making a royal progress through the country—not to receive homage, but to inquire into the state of religion, destroying all the idols, cutting down the groves and breaking down the altars. Now refer to the prophecy of his birth, and show how exactly it was fulfilled, though as he had not yet found the copy of the law, he probably did not at this time know of the prophecy. (2) *Restoration.* (Read 2 Kings xxii. 3—7.) The idols destroyed, what would be the next step? who had repaired the Temple last? Even in short time since Hezekiah, his grandfather, it had fallen into partial ruin. (3) *The book found.* (Read 2 Kings xxii. 8—20.) Picture the Temple under repair, places cleaned out, &c. High priest finding "the book (or roll) of the law given by Moses;" perhaps the original—why placed in the ark? The book taken to the king; his reading it; perhaps the first time he had ever seen a copy of the Bible—how different to us with our cheap Bibles!)—the effect upon him—his rending his clothes in grief for the national sins, inquiring of the Lord through Huldah the prophetess; her answer of judgments on the nation, but a peaceful reign and death to the king. (4) *Covenant renewed.* (Read 2 Kings xxiii. 1—3.) Ask the effect produced on the king by the inspired message; what he would want to do. How could he persuade the people to turn from their evil ways? was it enough to break down idols? what more was wanted? who should teach them, and from what book? So, great assembly gathered, all classes, king himself taking lead, reads book; renews his own covenant; and all the people copy his example. What else could he do? What feasts were appointed to be kept? which was most solemn reminder of God's great deliverance? Once more a great passover kept, the greatest since the first. Did the reformation last? Why not? Seems not to have penetrated the *heart* of the people; some turned back (ver. 26, 27); the king died at the age of thirty-eight, fighting against King of Egypt.

IV. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *The blessing of early piety.* How much harder would have been for Josiah if he had not begun early; yet spent ten years learning before he ventured to teach others. All children must learn of God themselves before they can hope to profit others. (2) *The way to amend.* First leave off sin, then confess past sins, then seek to know God and His will, then solemnly renew covenant to serve God. (3) *Repentance must be of the heart,* and not merely of the outward life, or else it will not last. This itself is the gift of God (Acts v. 31).

Questions to be answered.

1. By whom and to whom was Josiah prophesied?
2. When and how was that prophecy fulfilled?
3. Who prophesied *to* Josiah, and what was the nature of their prophesies?
4. Describe the steps in his reformation of religion.
5. How far was the reformation successful?
6. Name any practical lessons to be learned.

XUM

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. TABOR'S TROUBLES.

MR. TABOR had been becoming more and more convinced that there was a background of unpleasant fact behind that unpleasant rumour concerning his junior partner, and the consciousness of that conviction—a conviction on which he was not prepared to act—cost him a great deal of anxiety and unhappiness.

Mr. Tabor was a cautious man, but by no means a suspicious one. Suspicion is a vague thing, and he hated vagueness; he could not rest in it; he had never in his life rested in it; he had never suspected any one without a good and sufficient cause, and then he had used the utmost promptness and directness in either verifying or dispelling his doubts. He could as easily have borne to leave his letters about loose and undocketed, as to leave his opinion about people in suspense. On this therefore, as well as on higher grounds, it was a daily trouble, which soon grew to a daily torture, to meet his partner. He could not put away his suspicion, simply docketing it a mistake, and thrusting it into the furthest mental pigeon-hole, as he would have done if Philip's language and manner had not confirmed instead of dispelling it, and he could not make up his mind to resolve it in one way or other, by simply asking for an explanation. He felt that this was what he ought to do, and that he could not do what he ought to do, was a fresh and quite a new source of pain to him. All his habitual caution, all his habitual delicacy, the very strength of his suspicion itself withheld him. More than once he tried to approach the subject with Philip, and felt that he was foiled; Philip remained impenetrable: Mr. Tabor remembered that he and his brother had parted on bad terms, the circumstances of which Philip had but slightly alluded to at the time, and had ever since manifested the utmost distaste to enter upon. The more Mr. Tabor pondered upon this, the more it told against Philip in his mind; his brother Francis had been a frank, amiable fellow, the universal favourite—too much given to pleasing everybody to please Mr. Tabor, who had liked Philip's more uncompromising temper the best; still he was the least likely of the two to make, or to maintain, a quarrel. He would not have quarrelled without some strenuous cause. If he, Mr. Tabor, could get to the bottom of that, it might throw light on the other matter. He resolved to make another effort. Therefore one day he asked Philip if he had ever heard from his brother yet?

Philip simply answered, "No."

"It is very strange," resumed Mr. Tabor, "you used to be so fond of each other as boys."

Philip's face worked in a way it had of quivering when he was hurt. Mr. Tabor knew he was probing a wound, but he went on: "You must have had a very serious quarrel, for resentment to have lasted all this time; he was the least resentful of the two, I should imagine," he added, with a meaning smile, and the old gentle way in which he had tried to correct Philip's faults when he was a much younger man.

Philip felt it, and answered gently and sadly, "We had a very serious quarrel, Mr. Tabor."

"May I ask what it was about—particularly, I mean?" said Mr. Tabor. "I have known you both all your lives," he added in a voice of emotion, "and I do not like to have this great gap in my knowledge of you."

"It was about our father's affairs," said Philip; "I am very sorry that further than this I cannot answer you."

"One question I may ask," said Mr. Tabor; "I may ask who made the breach, you or he?"

"As far as that is concerned," said Philip, "I may safely answer that it was I who made it."

"Then you can mend it, perhaps," said Mr. Tabor.

"I think not," was Philip's answer.

Mr. Tabor was thus no wiser, but a good deal more unhappy, than he was before, being more than ever convinced that Philip had done something blameworthy. "Do you know where Francis is at present?" he asked.

"I do not," said Philip; "I have never heard from him since we parted."

"At your father's grave," said Mr. Tabor, with more than usual sternness in his voice.

Philip did not speak, and there was an end of the conversation. But not of Mr. Tabor's hard thoughts; they were busier and harder than ever. He reflected that Philip, not Francis, had had the management of their father's affairs during the illness of the latter. If, therefore, there had been mismanagement, it was his; if there had been malversation, it was his. Francis had had nothing to do with them, then nor since. Had Philip for something of this kind incurred the displeasure of his elder brother, and resented it as the transgressor is apt to resent? This would account for a great deal—for his brother's estrangement, for the condition of his father's affairs, so unexpectedly



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"Do you care for him?"—*p.* 218.

insolvent, and for Philip's efforts to retrieve the past by rigid retrenchment.

But all such surmises only left the necessity for a fuller investigation where it was before—nay, made the necessity a great deal clearer to Mr. Tabor's mind, and he tormented himself with the conviction that he ought to take the initiative in clearing up the mystery. And what would be the consequences of doing so? One immediate consequence Mr. Tabor foresaw, and that was the dissolution of the partnership, which meant the giving up of the business into other hands. Mr. Tabor felt that he was too old to organise it afresh, and so confident had he been of Philip's ability to succeed him that he had made no provision by retaining the services of his articled clerks for any failure on his part. Whether Philip was guilty or not, the result would be the same; guilty, his services could not be retained in the firm; not guilty, a man so proud and sensitive could not be expected to remain. The grounds on which he had been suspected of making away with money which was not his own, would be certain to seem insufficient to him. And in the meantime this anxiety was making Mr. Tabor ill. He came home jaded and worn. He lost his appetite. He could not sleep. Mrs. Tabor became anxious in turn; she thought his health was failing, that he was breaking up prematurely. A cloud seemed to settle on the little household, and to deepen instead of dispersing when the cause of the anxiety oozed out.

Of course, Mrs. Tabor had known all along, but Lucy had remained in ignorance. "Don't say anything to Lucy," Mr. Tabor had said; and nothing was said to her, till some words of his own led to the revelation. "May I tell?" Mrs. Tabor's face had said, and Mr. Tabor's had answered, by a species of telegraphy, "You may," and Mrs. Tabor gladly availed herself of the first opportunity to do so, which took place a day or two before Arthur Wildish had brought to Lucy the report of his conversation with Ada, which had so distressed the former. Lucy had always been her mother's confidant, and indeed there existed between them a beautiful friendship. "I am very anxious about your papa," Mrs. Tabor had said; "he is worrying himself to death."

"What is it about, mamma?" asked Lucy; "I can see he is vexed about something."

"He is very unhappy about something he has heard concerning Mr. Tenderden," said Mrs. Tabor.

"What has he heard, mamma?" asked Lucy, turning pale.

"That there has been something wrong—something dishonest in fact—in his management of Fanny's affairs. Your father thinks he ought to have handed them over to the firm when his father died; instead of which he has kept them in his own hands, and refuses to give an account of them."

"I cannot, I do not, believe he has done anything wrong," said Lucy, in a tone which wrung her mother's heart. "It must be some dreadful mistake. He cannot be capable of dishonesty." She brought out the word with a shudder of disgust. "We could not all have loved him as we did," she added.

"People may be lovable without being good, Lucy," said Mrs. Tabor, sadly. "We did love him; but you know we see very little of him now. He may have stayed away because he felt unworthy," she added, speaking the thought that came into her mind at the moment.

It was a new idea to Lucy, and a terrible one. It gave her the first pang of the torture of doubt. Her mother sat watching her transparent face. "My darling, do you care for him?" she said at length in a choking whisper.

Lucy burst into tears and hid her face on her mother's bosom, who, as she bent over her, could hear the murmured words, "Oh, mamma! so much!—so much!"

"But, my darling, you could not love him if he had done this wrong," said Mrs. Tabor; "I mean you would cease to love him," she added, in sorrowful perplexity.

"I cannot tell, I do not know," said Lucy. She was silent for a little, and then she spoke again, out of the very depths of her heart. "I would still care for him, mamma," she said; "I cannot help it," she continued, as if deprecating blame. "I know what papa thinks of money dishonour, and I think the same. It is inexpressibly mean, and wicked; but he is not mean and wicked. If he has done anything dishonourable, it must have been under some great temptation, and oh, mamma! it must have made him so unhappy."

"My darling," said her mother, anxiously, "we cannot distinguish in that way between people and their actions; you will only perplex your mind, and confuse your notions of right and wrong."

"What will happen?" said Lucy, after a pause; "what will happen to him, I mean? Will it ruin him? will he be put in prison?"

"It will ruin his prospects in life if he has made away with Fanny's money," said Mrs. Tabor; "but I do not think, whatever is amiss, either your father or Fanny will bring it to a public trial. Philip has been more like a brother to Fanny, and for that matter, more like a son to your father than anything else."

Lucy was weeping unrestrainedly, and her mother's slower tears fell upon her head. All their love and care had not been able to shield the cherished daughter from the hard fate of loving hopelessly, and unworthily, for that Philip was unworthy was beyond doubt in Mrs. Tabor's mind. Her husband had unwittingly conveyed to her a stronger assurance of his guilt than that which rested in his own mind, an assurance which she in her turn conveyed still more strongly to Lucy. It hardly needed Arthur's report of his conversation with Ada to confirm the latter in

her belief that it was already a thing proven and accepted by others, however she herself might hold out against it.

But till then she did hold out; till then she had felt like the settler who hears that somewhere behind his clearing the woods are on fire, and thinks truly enough the fire is there, but it may take another direction, or it may die out. But soon he breathes the conflagration in the air; he sees the smoke of its advance, and knows that it is coming on, spreading in a fatal circle, scorching and scathing all before it, and that if he escapes with life it will be well.

Lucy at once imparted to her mother the confirmation which she had received, and she in her turn communicated the substance of what Lucy had heard to her husband. The other and more personal confidence she retained, and because of it, still maintained a reticence on the whole subject. But when Mr. Tabor, after a struggle with himself, went to Fanny and forced from her a very confused account of Philip's interview with her, and the admissions he had made, that reticence came to an end. Suspicion had become certainty, and it only remained for Mr. Tabor to act upon it, and he freely consulted his wife and daughter as to the steps to be taken.

After one of these consultations, when they were left alone together, "Lucy," said her mother, "would you rather your father did not know what you told me the other day?"

"No, mamma; I do not seem to care," she answered. "I think I could tell papa myself. Do you know I have been thinking I would like to tell him."

"Philip?"

"Yes, mamma; I think it might help him to know; help to save him—help to keep him from going from bad to worse, as papa said such men do."

"My darling," said her mother, sitting down beside her, "I think it might, for love is the true salvation; but you could not do this. We say and do in our hearts such things, but we fail to translate them into deeds."

"I would not seek to see him again," said Lucy, showing how her thoughts had dwelt upon her sacrifice. "I would not meet him perhaps till the best of our days were over. After that I might, when other people only knew him as a man who had ruined himself long ago I might know that he had redeemed himself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SECOND TIME OF ASKING.

It was a serious addition to Mr. Tabor's troubles just then, to be told of Lucy's attachment to Philip, and to see for himself, in the change which had come upon her, how much she suffered. It was not that she drooped, she bore herself, on the contrary, more bravely, but her careless gaiety was gone; and to see this did not tend to soften Mr. Tabor towards his partner. But his first thought, with his characteristic fear of doing the slightest injustice, was of Arthur Wildish. "He must not be allowed to come about in this way any longer," he said to his wife.

"I do not see that Lucy can help it, since she refused him distinctly," said Mrs. Tabor. She could not bear the shadow of blame to rest on Lucy now.

"No, my dear, I do not blame her in the least," returned her husband; "but you can see how it is, he is counting upon a second time of asking. He thinks he will win her yet; and so he might, but for this unhappy attachment, which will spoil our little girl's life."

"Don't say that, papa; our lives are never spoilt for us, though we may spoil them for ourselves, by taking things in the wrong way," said Mrs. Tabor.

"Our Lucy is so lonely too. We would have been glad to see her with a husband and children of her own. We will leave her almost solitary," Mr. Tabor sighed.

"We're not going to leave her yet a while, please God," said Mrs. Tabor, putting on a cheery smile. "It will never do," she said to herself, "for all three to be melancholy together. Perhaps you had better speak to Mr. Wildish," she added to her husband.

"What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him in the best way you can that he need not come for Lucy, nor yet stay away for her; that is, that if he is coming for her, perhaps he had better stay away, and if he is not, why then he may come and welcome."

Mr. Tabor laughed.

"Make him understand quite clearly that he is only to consider his own feelings in the matter, for I am sure Lucy's will not be in the least affected," Mrs. Tabor, continued; "now don't suspect me of managing, papa, for I hate it mortally."

"That is the last thing I will suspect you of," returned Mr. Tabor, smiling, in spite of himself.

Lucy had kept faithfully to her part of the compact of everlasting friendship, and she honestly returned her lover's attachment in that sterling coin. Having no feeling of her own corresponding to his, she believed that this had settled the matter, and she treated Arthur very much as a girl treats a favourite brother; and it did not mislead either of the parties principally concerned, though it had misled the people about them, who gradually began to look upon them as engaged persons, though nothing of the kind had been formally announced. It did not mislead Arthur; nay, more, it was quite effectual in restraining him, from any lover-like demonstrations. Her perfect cordiality and frank kindness raised no vain hopes, rather, as time went by, dispelled those he had entertained. Reserve or faltering would have been a welcome sign to him, a sign that she was yielding to him something more than friendship. But no such sign appeared, and he was beginning to be rather

restive under the restraints of his position, when Mr. Tabor took him in hand.

A party had been got up to take Ada Lovejoy to one of the evening concerts at St. James's Hall, and Arthur had brought a roomy hired carriage, and was waiting with a bouquet in each hand for Lucy, who was up-stairs dressing, and for Ada, who was coming in to go with them. Mrs. Tabor was also up-stairs, as she too was going to chaperon the girls. It occurred to Mr. Tabor to seize the opportunity. "Wildish," he said, laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, and speaking in as light a tone as he could command, "I hope you don't go on thinking of that ungrateful little girl of mine."

Mr. Wildish could not deny it; he smiled, and said frankly, "I'm afraid I think of her as much as ever I did."

"Then, my dear fellow, you should give it up," said Mr. Tabor, seriously; "you are wasting your time and your affections."

"Is it so hopeless, do you think?"

"Quite hopeless," said Mr. Tabor.

"I would like to give it one more trial," said the young man, eagerly.

"The sooner the better then," returned Mr. Tabor, and Lucy and her mother came in.

Ada followed speedily, dressed in silvery grey and green. She and Geraldine had made the dress between them, Geraldine directing from her bed, and Ada executing her directions. The result was very pretty, and made Ada look more like a tall lily then ever. Arthur held out one of the bouquets to her with a mock heroic bow. It was very pretty, and Lucy held one to match it in her hand. "Let me run in and leave it," said Ada, quite forgetting to thank the giver.

"It is to take with you, child," said Lucy.

"Oh, but it would be such a pity to waste it, and Jerry so fond of flowers," said Ada, and she whisked away to Arthur's intense amusement, returning in a few minutes without the flowers, which she had left in a glass on the little table beside her sister's bed.

Ada was a great source of interest and pleasure to Arthur Wildish, and ever since she had taken him into her confidence about her plans, he had assumed the right of helping and directing her. Ada had lost no time in putting her musical plan into execution. She had dragged Fanny out with her to see the inevitable "Professor of Music," three doors off, and to engage him to give her lessons. Day after day she continued to work with unabated energy. Even when she sat up-stairs with Geraldine it was with a music-book on her knee, accustoming her eyes to the reading and humming low snatches of song, which, instead of disliking, Geraldine found particularly soothing.

Anything like Ada's intense enjoyment of that concert Arthur Wildish had never seen. He sat next her, and saw and felt the slight figure sway and thrill and quiver to the music. Flashes of passion crossed her white face, in which Arthur noticed for the first time the promise of splendid beauty, the great grey eyes dilated, the delicate nostrils quivered. All the way home she never uttered a word, and when Arthur handed her out at her own door, he could see the tears on her eyelashes.

It was a mild, breezy, moonlit night, and letting Mrs. Tabor pass into the house, Arthur detained Lucy with a whispered, "Come into the garden." She went with him, gathering her short white cloak about her, and pulling the hood over her head she held it with one hand under her chin. The promenade before them was not a long one, and they were soon at the bottom of the garden, neither having uttered a word. Then they stopped. Lucy stood under the white blossoming boughs of a cherry-tree that had a weird beauty in the moonlight. She had a feeling of what was coming, and strove to deprecate it; she stretched out her disengaged hand and laid it on her companion's arm, saying, "Don't, Arthur."

"I must," he answered, adding abruptly, "Lucy, can't you love me?"

"Oh, Arthur! do not ask me," said Lucy. Then she added suddenly, for the same thought which had occurred to her father came into her mind, "You must go away and try to forget me. You must not go on giving me all who have nothing to give you in return. Yes, Arthur, you must go away; it was selfish of me not to think of this."

"You selfish!" he repeated indignantly; "I do not care how long it goes on, only, Lucy, give me some hope at the end."

"I cannot—cannot," she answered wistfully.

"No hope at all?"

"None at all."

"Never?"

"No, never," she repeated. The wind shook the tree, and snowed its blossoms over her as she echoed the words.

Then they walked up to the house together, as silent as before. Lucy gave him her hand, which he wrung as if for parting, and then she ran up-stairs, and he went into the house to find her father.

"Well?" was Mr. Tabor's greeting, for he had seen his wife for a moment, and knew that he and Lucy had been together and alone.

Arthur shook his head.

"I was sure of it," said Mr. Tabor; "I am sorry, Wildish—sorry on more accounts than one, but you had better take my advice."

"And never see her again?" he asked dolefully.

"I did not say that, but as seldom as possible," was the answer.

"I had rather waste my life, as you call it, in seeing her, than save it for any other purpose," said Arthur, warmly; then he said good night, and was gone.

(To be continued.)

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC. ETC.

"GOOD morning, sir."

"Good morning, George. I wonder you did not address me as Citizen S., for I understand you have joined the equalising fraternity. 'Not exactly,' you say, but you've been attending their meetings, and 'feel pretty considerably sure that there's a screw loose somewhere in the body politic.' Very likely, George; there always have been several screws loose in all human arrangements since time began, and I suppose we shall always have some of them loose to the end. What's that you say? that 'it's our duty to set things on the square if we can.' Well, that's a different figure of speech, but as it means very much the same thing, I agree with you. 'Better and better'—that's the motto for us all—only we are taxed in this world with the rather hard equation of what *x*, or this better condition of things, is. Oh! you 'don't understand about x's and 'quations and that sort of thing.' No, George, and more's the pity. If you had been born in Germany instead of England, probably you would—and this is certainly one of the things we want in the better line—higher education for all. Lifting one another up, you know, is a better sort of thing than keeping one another down. Not that we shall all be on the same level, you know, for nature won't have it at any price. Brains differ and muscles differ. Some men are born quick-witted and some slow-witted; some are born handsome and some plain; some grow tall and some keep short; so that at the beginning we can't have all things 'on the square' exactly, and in these things we can't trim humanity as we trim quick-set hedges. Plain enough, you think, that is; but we want more equal circumstances, you think! Let us see. Certainly we ought to rejoice that all have better homes, better wages, better provisions than in the old times before us. Never mind, for the moment, the consideration that wages are often wasted; it is certainly better, because it is juster that there should be a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. I quite agree with you there. Improved circumstances are good in themselves, because *then* the blame of want and misery begins to fall on the right shoulders—that is, our own. But circumstances alone cannot make us. Look here, George; I spent the evening yesterday with a doctor—not a quack, but a regular M.D.—in a small country town; he made me very comfortable—but after some years he hadn't married, and could not afford to do so, though, as he said, young workmen indulge in wives a little after twenty years of age, and seldom save enough first to provide a snug little home. So unless we are masters of ourselves and circumstances, and educated enough to know what prudence and self-restraint mean, we may find ourselves as servants indulging at twenty in what the masters can't afford to do till they are thirty. I only instance this as one point of observation, though I could illustrate it by a hundred cases. On the whole, when prudence and forethought have been exercised, I am in favour of pretty early marriages. Yes; but you say, if we had things square, doctors and lawyers, painters and masons, would have all pretty much alike. Indeed, George. But you must first *get* your doctor; and do you think he would trouble himself to walk hospitals, dissect dead bodies, strain his brain for examinations, and deal with fevers and that sort of thing, and then get no special reward, but simply take his franc and a half a day? You can't *make* men equal, you know. You may *wish* them to be, but suppose they declined such strains and such toil? Oh! but, you say, 'I am talking as if men were always to be selfish, and that good Christian men ought to deny themselves for others.' Really, George, you amuse me by that sentence. Christian men, indeed! why the equalising school you talk about have given up Christianity. To them it is superstitious and old-worldish. Let us avoid the ugly word 'infidels,' but they are Secularists—time-present men. And certainly they can't alter humanity; they can't reverse the instincts within us; they can't make water run up hill, nor can they prevent the growth and exercise of the desires for progress, possession, ambition, enterprise, and personal success. Why the very merchandise and commerce of England have their root in that! For Proudhon and Fourier to arrange socialistic systems with mathematical precision, is a very different thing from making men fall into their places in such intricate systems. The answer is, 'Men won't;' and when it is so difficult to prevent mismanagement, craft, disorder, in simplicity of system, how impossible it would be in a vast, subtle, intricate organisation. Why, disorder in one part would be disorder in the whole. Look here, George, you may as well try to keep wind out of a key-hole, as to keep self-love and family-love out of the heart of man. All you can do is to subordinate them to love to God, and to regulate them by self-denial and unselfish care for others.

"'But there is a great deal of injustice in the world still, and the laws are not equal for rich and poor, and the poor can't get on and rise fast

enough.' Concerning inequalities and injustices, George, I believe there is much to be done, considerable evils need removal; but to compare the England of to-day with other great empires of the past, is only to see what immense strides we have made in common prosperity. But look here, George. Suppose you go to Queensland or New Zealand, and get lots of land and liberty, and free space, and no taxes! You have got to *create* a country, to provide a lot of things that civilisation and emulation have got ready to your hand in England. You can't get up in the night and go over the way for a doctor for your wife; you can't turn the gas on in the bush to light you; you can't buy soap, candles, and a hundred other things that we have come to think we have a perfect right to here. The fact is simply this, that we are all debtors to each other, and shall be to the end of time. Civilisation is much more comfortable for the humblest and the poorest, than barbarism, and it simply means carefully restricted personal rights, and large scope for personal energy and ambition. Take away that, and you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. You keep your steam-engine, but you put out the fire and get no steam. The men who prate about the time when men will get all they wish, satisfy all their desires without trouble, and banish care and toil and prudence and personal anxiety, are simply charlatans and nothing more. No country has ever secured such a millenium as that, and no country ever will. When love to God and then to our neighbour rules in every heart, the millenium will come, and not before. As to perfect systems and victorious majorities, and all that sort of thing, why, it is too absurd to think of glory and plenty coming from them alone! What is to prevent Citizen A. from envying Citizen B.'s beard, and insisting on it being cut down to regulation shape? and Citizen B. may think Citizen C.'s garden a great deal trimmer and pleasanter than his own; and Citizen D. may see a finer cut of beef on his neighbour's plate than his own (that is, if any citizens at all can be found to do slaughter-house work), and may whip it off, on the ground that it is not fairly cut, and Citizen E. may dislike the natural eloquence of Citizen F., and knock out his front teeth to spoil the inequalities of pronunciation. This may sound ludicrous, George, but it is only pushing the question to its ultimate issue. You must have inequalities somehow. Civilisation and good government try to render life as free from arbitrariness, wrong, and injustice as they can, and by providing asylums for the insane, and homes for the blind and the deaf, and infirmaries and hospitals and dispensaries for the poor, to do good to the poor and needy. This the proud civilisations of Greece and Rome never did, for in all their ruins there is not one arch of a 'hospital,' or one pillar of a 'home.'

"'You don't know anything much,' you say, 'about what used to be, but you know that it's quite right for working men to get as much as they can for themselves.' Certainly, when they don't wish to infringe on other people's rights, it is; and more than that, George, it is quite certain that by mutual effort there remains much that they can accomplish yet in forms of co-operation and united capital, but they need to learn that extra wage does not mean extra prosperity, they must improve their heads, their hearts, and their homes. I saw a man in prison the other day who said that extra pay had been his ruin. Now that is no argument against extra pay, but it is an argument against the theory that more money means being better off. To drink ourselves out of the Alabama difficulty you must admit to be a greater disgrace than to have incurred the difficulty; and yet to what a monstrous extent the working men so called—though I dislike the term—helped to pay these millions. Depend upon it, George, as a young fellow with good health and good spirits and good prospects, you, who are now twenty, might in England be worth a hundred pounds at eight-and-twenty. You earn thirty shillings a week; well, live on five-and-twenty, and in eight years you have a hundred pounds in hand, without compound interest, which will considerably increase that comfortable amount, let alone extras; and then begin life with a wife if you like and a cottage of your own. The fact is simply this, that self-indulgence, and not bad pay, bad prospects, or bad laws, is the curse of England just now. But what do we see around us? Young men, and young women too, expecting to have plenty of amusements, and to dress showily, and all that sort of thing, as though they had a perfect right to plenty of provision for all these things, and then that the State, or the country, or some other entity, might take care of them when they have cast prudence, providence, and ordinary self-denial to the winds. When you look at matters a little closer, George, you will see that the worst curse that can come among young men is to be deluded by the demagogues who try to make them believe that misery and poverty are the faults of everybody else but themselves. As to religion, George, I shall say little to you about that just now; but depend upon it if a man does not love God he will not care much for his brother. Selfishness can hide behind corduroy as well as behind broadcloth; and if you subvert one order of things, you do not always get a better. If you know human nature, you well know that you cannot cure yourself of selfishness by anything short of true religious motives, and that a working man may be as utterly selfish in his neglect of his own home as the well-to-do may

be of the needs of the poor. It will be a good time, George, when the tastes of men are everywhere cultivated and improved; when the question, What will he do with it? as applied either to money or time, is met by the reply, The best possible for himself and others. Then rich men will give up Hurlingham pigeon-shooting, and gambling, and surfeiting, and loose living; and men who have less to spend will never find pleasure in dog-fights, betting, spirit-drinking, and vulgar songs and dances, and rich and poor will aspire to purer pleasures, broader culture, wider expenditure of their time and money power, and will unite together, not on the plane of an empty equality—which would leave all lazier and lazier, poorer and poorer, with an ever-deepening misery—but in all high and ennobling aims of usefulness and happiness. Quite a lecture, you think, this talk has turned to. Never mind, George, we have all much to learn, I as well as you; and there are many evils for which I confess that I can see no special present remedy, many problems between capital and labour which I cannot solve, and many burdens of injustice which I should like to remove. But I am quite sure that the way out of the difficulty is the way of God. 'Look not every man upon his own things, but every man *also* on the things of another;' and that we shall never attain a nobler social economy than this, 'Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.' A beautiful addition sum this, George, for you, for me, and for all. Coming! George, your mistress calls. Grand old words—'master,' 'mistress,' 'servant.' I am not afraid of the task of showing you the beauty of them at another time. George! George!"

"Coming, ma'am!"

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER III.

ON Monday morning Cripple Tom put on his Sunday clothes. Their sanctity was gone for ever. He had broken with church and school and respectability generally, and was free to bask in the sun all day long, rolling in the dust as he pleased. His mother had, of course, heard of the scene on the preceding afternoon, but she was too kind-hearted—for with all her faults she dearly loved her son—to refer to the matter, or chide Tom for spoiling his new clothes. During the forenoon Mr. Brooke called at the Robinsons'. He did not intend to be harsh,—he would not do anything to wound the boy's feelings unnecessarily,—he would administer a mild rebuke, point out the sin and danger of giving way to passion, and allow the lad to go to school again as usual. But to the surprise and sorrow of the curate, he found his kind counsel rejected with disgust and his offers of forgiveness scorned. Rightly or wrongly, Mrs. Robinson considered that her son had been grossly ill-used. "*Her* son should never go back to be made a laughing-stock for graceless dolts that hadn't half his goodness, nor his sense either, if the truth were known. He was very well as he was before he went there, and she didn't see that going had made him any better. He was a good son, and always had been, and Sunday-school only put ill in his head."

As for Tom, his disgrace was too fresh for him to meet the curate's eye, so he sat sullenly by, without a word. When Mr. Brooke left the cottage he took his cap, and betook himself to his old haunt on the side of the road, his face full of sullenness, and his heart full of bitterness and hatred to all men. He no longer looked simply soulless, as he did when Miss Burton first met him, but as if a spirit had come to dwell in his breast,—a spirit of evil. He hated Miss Burton for getting him to go to Sunday-school; he hated his father for tormenting him about his finery; he hated Mr. Brooke for calling him "silly" and being, as he thought, the occasion of his trouble; he hated the boys for laughing at him; he hated himself for his vanity, because it had only covered him with ridicule,—for his poverty and his stupidity—for the general contempt in which he was held. He hated his beautiful clothes for the shame they had caused him, and he delighted to spoil them, rolling on his back in the dusty road.

Suddenly he became aware of some one being near him. He looked round and saw the smiling face of a poor deaf and dumb boy, about four years younger than himself, who lived in the village. Jimmy Todd had been born deaf, and had been bred up at Stonyfield. He was of a sweet disposition, and seemed quite happy in his isolation from the world. Tom turned from him with a frown, as he would have turned from any one else; and Jimmie, seeing that the cripple was not inclined to notice him, sat quietly beside him, looking into the pool with that pathetic imprisoned look that the blind and the deaf often have, and humming to himself in a quiet, inarticulate way. As Cripple Tom looked at him it struck him that here was one who did not know of his disgrace. The deaf boy had not been at school, and no one could have told him of what had happened. He could look in Jim's eyes, and never fear the ill-hidden smile at the remembrance of his

ludicrous appearance; in Jim's eyes he was not a ridiculous or contemptible object, he was what he had ever been all his life. The thought was very soothing and comforting to poor Tom. He laid his hand on Jim's shoulder and smiled, Jim smiled too, and pointed at a frog that he had noticed in the pool.

"Ay," said Tom, "so it is. This is a hard world, Jim, and you an' me's not of much account in it. They'll laugh at us and scorn us: leastways they do me. I wish I was out on't."

The religion that Tom had learned had not come at all near enough to him to be a comfort to him, and heaven was only a name, not a new world to which he might go, a future refuge from the one at Stonyfield. But Jim was his comforter. The deaf boy moved nearer to his friend and laid his head on his shoulder; and the sense of being a support to any one was new to the cripple lad. He went on talking to Jim. "What right had they to laugh at me? I'm as good as them. Yet maybe I'd have laughed myself."

But the subject was too painful for Tom to talk of, even to his deaf companion, so after a little the two boys rose and went back to the village together.

Next day Tom, of his own accord, sought the companionship of his new friend, who dumbly persuaded him to saunter with him along one of the more retired roads; and thus the cripple and the mute spent that morning together, and many mornings after. From this time Tom Robinson seemed to grow in intelligence; the truth was that he had found that great educator, a friend. To this friend he could tell everything, and it troubled him little that his confidant could not hear him. He was sure of a sympathising look and a friendly smile, and he often felt as if Jim understood, through look and gesture and the power of sympathy, much that was passing in his mind. The poor boy began to wish, now that a few weeks had passed, that he were back at Sunday-school. He avoided the sight of the children marching from school across the village-green to church; and wished that Miss Burton would come back, and ask him again to go, for he could not summon up courage to return of his own accord. His father, finding no longer anything to ridicule, had given over teasing him and relapsed into his old attitude of profound neglect.

At last Miss Burton did come back to Stonyfield, and only a very little persuasion on her part was needed to make Tom promise to return to school. One thing only he stipulated for, that his new friend should be allowed to go with him. He could not face the other boys, who might meet him with whispers and gestures as well as looks of ridicule, unless he might have at his side this friend, with whom he might affect to busy himself, in whose eyes he would see no mocking light, to whom he was even something of a guide and protector. So next Sunday, to his great delight, Jimmie was placed in Tom's old seat at Miss Burton's left hand. The sound of the harmonium and the children's voices seemed to reach him in a confused way, and the consciousness that he was a part of a class, standing or kneeling when they stood or knelt, seemed to afford him a keen pleasure, for his eyes beamed with smiles the whole time. With church he seemed even better pleased; for the chancel, reading-desk, and pulpit, the organ-pipes and the grave clergyman, were objects completely new to him: he felt as if he were in another land. This pleasure was a new link to bind him to Tom, for it was through him that he became admitted to these beautiful sights; but, indeed, no such link was needed; the two lads were bound together by a real liking for each other, and by an unexpressed feeling that each of them had, that he was the other's only friend.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

78. God allowed Moses to elect seventy elders to assist him in the government of the Israelites. Of this number the names of but *two* are specified. Give them.

79. In what two respects does the passage of the river Jordan by the Israelites on their entry into the land of Canaan differ from their passage of the Red Sea on their departure from the land of Egypt?

80. Of the predictions of the prophet Zechariah respecting our Saviour three are of extreme particularity. Point them out.

81. What token did Jeremiah give of the accomplishment of his predictions in respect of Babylon?

82. By what kings of Persia were the three decrees issued in favour of the Jews when engaged in the reconstruction of the Temple on their return from captivity in Babylon?

83. Which of the prophets predicted Cyrus by name, the release of the Jews, and the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem? Quote the prediction.

84. By whom, and on what occasion, was the Babylonish captivity first foretold?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

65. Jeremy (Matt. ii. 17); Jeremias (Matt. xvi. 14).

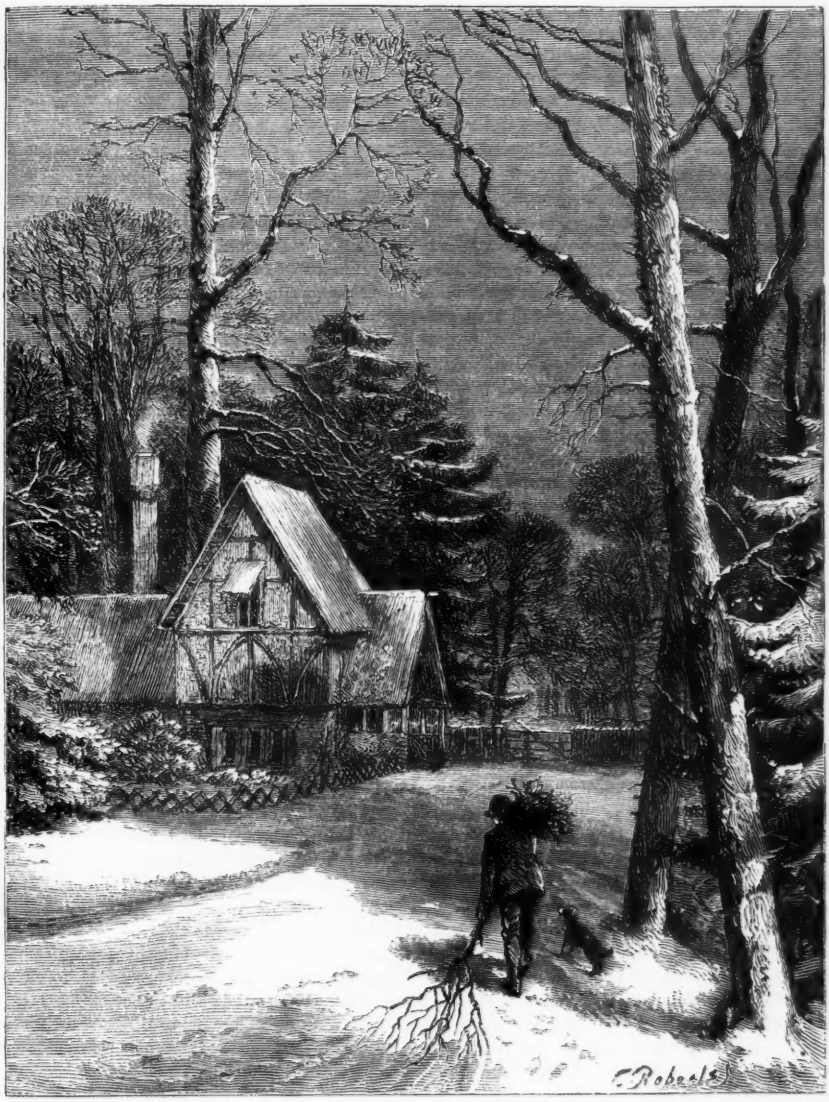
66. Luke xvii. 5, 6.

67. Luke xvii. 6; Matt. xvii. 20; Mark iv. 31, 32.

68. By Hazael. "He took a thick cloth, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died" (2 Kings viii. 8—15).

69. Correction. "Whom I have delivered unto Satan that they *may learn* not to blaspheme" (1 Tim. i. 20).

70. Isa. xxxi. 1—3.



FEBRUARY.

PILE the fagots higher,
Let the rafters glow;
Snug beside the fire,
What care we for snow,
What care we for storms—
What for howling skies,
While belovèd forms
Flit before our eyes?

Pile the fagots higher,
  Let the rafters glow;
Snug beside the fire,
  What care we for snow?
Warm of heart within,
  What's the cold without?
They to live begin
  Whom Love twines about.

Brightness may depart—
  Dreams dissolve in air—
But if warm the heart,
  We may laugh at care.
Pile the fagots higher,
  Let the rafters glow;
Snug beside the fire,
  What care we for snow?

MATTHIAS BARR.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. RAE could not go with the others to the picnic, but intended to join them later in the day. The Heaths came to the Raes' house very early in the morning, and they set out in high spirits. It had been arranged that the Forsters and Ashleighs, who lived up the stream, nearer the abbey which they were going to visit, should wait until the Raes joined them at a certain point, and that all should proceed together. Letty and Ruth, seated side by side at the stern of Maurice's boat, had a long conversation together, till at last, the party being complete, and the talk very general, Letty became absorbed in it, and Ruth quietly listened to all that was going on, without taking any active part in the scene. There was nothing that could please her better than to be allowed to remain unnoticed, hearing what each person said, criticising or endorsing the opinions and ideas that were presented to her in light conversation, and thinking them out quietly in the midst of the bustle.

"What a strange child Ruth Leighton seems to be," said Julia Heath to Jack Forster; "she seems so different from other children."

"So she is," was the reply; "but I can't see that there is anything especially strange in her conduct just now to make you think of it at this moment."

"Well, it seems so to me. I am judging by myself when I was a child—and a very ordinary one. I know my behaviour would have been so entirely different. The one idea of the picnic, or rather the romping enjoyment of it, would have absorbed me quite."

"It was not so with me, I think," said Jack.

"Ah, but you must not make an example of yourself. You are an artist, and you had an artist's feeling in you from your birth. I sometimes think clever children lose a good bit of enjoyment, and I must say I don't usually take to them myself."

"You are unlike your brother, then," said Jack.

"Oh! his fastidiousness is really painful, with regard to women and children particularly. He has an idea that people are not worth anything if they are not clever, and he even makes Letty annoyed with his harshness."

"That does indeed speak badly for him," said Jack, laughing. "I should like to see Letty made angry. Do what I will I can never rouse her temper."

"Now you have betrayed yourself; but allow me to dissuade you from so unprofitable an occupation. I thought better of you, Jack," answered Julia, smiling. "Good temper is too rare a virtue to be damaged in the smallest degree."

"It is not the rarity that makes the beauty of it."

"I am not sure," said Julia.

"You are falling into a very common mistake in thinking so. If people would learn to prize things for their intrinsic value, it would save that fuming and fretting after the unattainable in which many a man wastes his life."

At length they arrived at the landing-place, a beautiful wooded, rocky hill, at the foot of which the stream meandered. They all ascended the hill, pairing off and clustering in little groups, and made their way towards the abbey. At last they emerged from the trees to a small open space in front of the old ruin.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Ruth, enthusiastically. Oh, Mr. Rae! that is the well you painted, isn't it?"

"Yes. If you will come with me I will show you the place from which I sketched it." Maurice took Ruth's hand, and they walked on alone till they reached the point that he had named, and then Maurice took her to a very curious little winding staircase, which led on to the ruin. They had reached the top of the staircase, but there were some steps broken away, and Maurice proceeded to climb the rugged wall on to the gallery above.

"Mr. Rae, I can't come up there," said Ruth.

"I will help you; it is quite easy," answered Maurice, looking down.

"Oh! I couldn't come," persisted Ruth; "it looks horrid. I always feel afraid to be on a height."

"But see, Ruth, you can give me your hands, and you couldn't fall while I am holding you."

Ruth did not like to say no; so, reluctantly, she did as Maurice told her, and his firm support certainly made it less dreadful than she had anticipated.

"Was it very alarming?" asked Maurice, bending

down and holding her still, though the necessity was over.

"Not as bad as I thought it would be," answered Ruth. "Did you think me very silly?"

"No, I like you to be afraid, because then I can take care of you. There is one thing I want to call you to task for, though."

"What is that?" asked Ruth.

"Can't you guess?"

Ruth thought for a moment, and then looked up for information very anxiously, as if she were afraid she had done something to vex Maurice.

"Mary is an example to you. She has kept a promise which you both made, but you have broken it. Do you remember now?"

"Oh! I had forgotten," said Ruth, blushing deeply. "You mustn't be angry with me, but it seems so strange to—to——"

"To what?" said Maurice, unmercifully, and pausing for the completion of her sentence, though he knew what she meant perfectly well.

"To call you Maurice," said Ruth, in a low voice.

"It must not seem strange any longer, Ruth. Will you promise not to avoid it any more?"

"Yes, I will. Let me go now," said Ruth, hearing voices approaching.

"Won't you keep your promise now? If you do, I will let you go directly," said Maurice, smiling.

"Do let me go," pleaded Ruth, in despair, trying to free herself; "Maurice, please do."

He smiled as he set her free, and she darted away, just as a party appeared in sight, talking and laughing as they clambered up the broken staircase.

"There is nothing like this sort of exercise for making one hungry," said Maude Ashleigh. "Do let us come and lay the dinner. It is such fun!" and she took Tina's arm as she spoke.

All the girls were soon busy laying the cloth on the grass, and a great deal more play than work went on for some time. At last they all seated themselves.

"Where's Ruth?" cried Lily.

"Gracious! where can she be?" echoed Tina, blushing as she turned from talking to Robert Ashleigh.

"I will go and look for her," said Jack, springing to his feet.

"And I," said several of the young men; and they separated in various directions.

"I dare say she is quite oblivious of the time, prying about in all the nooks and corners," said Mary.

"Is she fond of such things?" asked Mrs Forster.

"Yes, she is always full of dreams and fantastic ideas," answered Mrs. Rae. "I don't doubt their finding her directly, examining everything like an antiquary."

Philip Heath, one of the searchers, found Ruth on her knees, inspecting an inscription cut in the wall.

"I have come to fetch you. We are beginning dinner."

Ruth started when he spoke, and rose to accompany him.

"What was it that interested you so much, as to make you forgetful of your anxious friends?"

"It was that," said Ruth, pointing to the writing; "I can't make it out."

"There is one thing of which you may be certain—that if you had made it out, the interest would evaporate."

Ruth was too shy to enter into any conversation, and as they were now approaching the rest of the party, she ran away and took her place among the number.

In the course of the afternoon Stephen arrived, while they were looking over the ruins and lounging about under the trees. Tea was rather late, as they found a great many difficulties attending the making of a gipsy fire, and getting watercresses from a neighbouring streamlet. The repast was disposed of as quickly as possible, that they might have some games, and hide-and-seek was chosen from among the number proposed. At last they all broke up, and stood about in groups before returning to the boats, everybody waiting for somebody else to make the move, when suddenly Ruth started from her seat with a slight scream.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed a number of voices.

"Oh, look!" said Ruth, pointing to the grass in horror. "It's a frog."

"Is that all, Ruthie?" laughed Lily. "You frightened me so I thought something was really the matter."

"Well, it seems to have had as much effect on her as if it had been one of the most dangerous of animals," said Jack; "she looks quite pale."

"There are numbers of them. Do let us leave," said Ruth to Stephen, taking his hand and pulling him away.

"Poor child! it is in a panic!" said Stephen, and bending down he took her in his arms, and began walking briskly through the wood.

"Oh! I am so frightened," said Jack, capering about in a very affected way; "I wish somebody would carry me."

"Dr. Rae, will you put me down?" asked Ruth, timidly.

"Why, darling?" said Stephen, looking down affectionately.

"I can't say why; but will you please do it?"

"Do you prefer the company of the frogs to me?" asked the doctor.

"Don't laugh at me," said Ruth, hiding her face on his shoulder. "Won't you let me walk if I want to?"

"If I knew you had a sensible reason I should have no hesitation, but I don't think it is sensible."

Stephen now placed Ruth in one of the boats, and

wrapped her up in a shawl, leaving her face peering out above it.

"Dr. Rae, how absurd! I shall be so hot."

"Excuse me, I think I have acted wisely," replied Stephen.

"I know I look very ridiculous. Don't I, Lily?"

"You look a perfect little——oh! perhaps I had better not say what," said Lily, laughing as she seated herself in the same boat. "Don't you agree with me, Dr. Rae?"

"Decidedly. You have shown perception in two ways in that speech of yours."

The moon had risen, and was shedding its light down into the clear water long before the party reached home. On the way back they sang a great many rounds and glees. At last they all separated, everybody being thoroughly satisfied with the picnic, though perhaps nobody prized the remembrance of it as Ruth did. Many a time in after years she looked back upon that day, and the recollection of that and many others remained undying in her memory.

CHAPTER X.

"ARE you tired, Ruth?" inquired Maurice, as they entered the garden one evening, having been out all day together. Maurice had been sketching, and Ruth and he had had a very delightful day.

"No, I am not," answered Ruth, looking up brightly; "do I look so?"

"You look remarkably well in every way," said Maurice, glancing admiringly at his little companion, with her dishevelled hair, and cheeks browned and rosy with the outdoor life she was leading. As if to show how free from fatigue she felt, she bounded along the garden, round to the back of the house, where Tina and Mary were seated under one of the trees by the stream.

"Well, little truant, how late you are!" exclaimed Tina, kissing her; "we can't spare you as easily as you appear to think. Maurice, you are very selfish to keep her so long to yourself."

Ruth laughed, and turned to Mary, who was looking on silently, and she said with a sidelong look, "Have you missed me, Mary? Oh! has anything happened?" she exclaimed suddenly, as Mary seemed scarcely to take notice of what she said; while a perturbed expression that was not sorrowful, yet hardly joyful, flickered over her face. Mary made no answer, but held out a letter. Ruth, who saw immediately that it was in her father's handwriting, began to read it eagerly, not waiting to wonder what news it contained that should excite Mary in any way. The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MARY,—Contrary to my expectations, the time of my return has been fixed already, and when you receive this letter I shall be on my way home. I can hardly realise that I shall so soon see my dear children once more. I am anxious to procure a house as soon as I arrive in London, and you and Ruth will then come to your home for good, I hope and believe. I am coming in the *Vixen*, which is due at Southampton on the 30th of August, and I shall write to you at once, to let you know what day to come to London. I am desperately pressed for time, so cannot give any further particulars at present. When you have this letter you will not have long to wait before we meet. Much love to both my daughters, from their loving father, "GEORGE LEIGHTON."

Ruth read the letter right through to the end, without uttering a sound. The flush of excitement had died away from her face, but she looked up at Mary for a moment with a strangely bewildered look, then suddenly flung the letter to the ground, and darted away into the house; she did not stop until she reached Stephen's consulting-room, when she burst open the door, entered, and stood before him, pale, and gasping for breath.

"Ruth, what is the matter?" asked Stephen, looking up from his writing, and drawing her to his side.

Ruth made no answer, but nestled close to him, and put her arms round his neck.

"Tell me what is the matter, dear child. Speak, Ruth, I must know."

"Oh, Dr. Rae! papa is coming home. What shall I do? He will take me away, and I can't bear to go."

Stephen was so surprised at this outburst that for a moment he could make no reply; but Ruth sobbed piteously, and at last he spoke. "You must not cry so, darling," he said softly, stroking her hair. "Why are you so unhappy about it? come, you must tell me all your trouble, for I want to help you. Won't you confide in me?"

"Yes." Ruth made a desperate effort to control herself, and looked up with a very woeful face, though she stopped crying, "Oh! I don't love papa a bit, and I have got to go and live with him, and leave everybody I care for."

"But, Ruth, you need not lose your friends because you go away."

"But I shall never see them."

"Yes, you will—I shall take care of that. And though you are unhappy now at the thought of leaving us, after all, you are going to your own father, and you will soon get to know and love him."

Ruth stood looking very pale and mournful. She had become quite quiet, and looked so thoroughly worn out that Stephen said, "You had better go to bed now, darling; you need rest sadly."

"No, let me stay with you. I won't stop your writing if you will only let me be in this room. I feel so much better if I can look at you sometimes. May I stay?"

Stephen placed her on the sofa, and returned to his writing, and continued busy for some time. Ruth lay as quiet as a mouse, looking at Stephen, hardly thinking, but feeling that there was a misfortune at hand, and that he was a comfort to her. At last he came and sat down on the sofa.

Ruth's eyes filled with tears, and taking his hand in both hers, she said, looking up into his face, "Dr.

Rae, what shall I do without you? Fancy when I can't have any more talks like this!"

"Won't you write to me instead, when you are gone? I shall always like to hear from you, and I will answer your letters."

"How lovely that will be!" exclaimed Ruth, ecstatically; "thank you so much!"

Ruth laughed quite merrily as she rose and said good night. Stephen then returned to his work. He had been too much occupied in talking to Ruth to think how much he would miss her himself; now he was almost surprised to find how much he dreaded the separation.

The next three weeks passed very quickly, and the morning of Mary's and Ruth's departure arrived. Ruth woke even earlier than usual, and went down into the garden, and stood beside the stream, wondering when she should see it again, and hardly daring to look forward to her life in London, it seemed so blank and miserable. Presently Maurice came behind her, and putting his hands on her shoulders, bent down and looked into her face.

"Why are you down so early?" he asked gently.

"I could not sleep," Ruth answered, with quivering lips, trying hard to keep from crying.

"Poor child! you must try to keep well when you are in London; though as soon as the excitement is over, I dare say you will sleep better. Sit down here and let us have a talk," said Maurice, as he led her to their favourite seat.

Ruth passively did as he told her, but seemed totally unable to enter into conversation. She sat mutely by him, holding his hand, and listening to anything he said, looking so sadly thoughtful that Maurice's heart ached with pity for her. All the time between that and the arrival at the railway station, where the Raes went to see the two girls off, she continued quite quiet, and did not break down until, having said good-bye to all the others, she came to Dr. Rae. He took her in his arms, and then she clung to him, sobbing convulsively, unable to bear up any longer.

"Good-bye," she whispered, through her tears. "Oh! Dr. Rae, I can't be brave—it is no use."

"My little one must remember all I have said to her. She must not make others unhappy. Good-bye, Ruth; it will not be for long."

Stephen placed her in the carriage, and the train began to move. Ruth looked up as they glided slowly away from the platform, and through her tears she smiled at the Raes, who stood watching their departure. It was a wistful little smile, but the brightest she could give when she felt so miserable; and the engine gave two or three merciless puffs, and the two sisters were whirled away quickly through the changing scenery, towards the great city.

Ruth soon recovered her composure, but the journey was a silent one; for Mary and Ruth were both occupied with their own thoughts, and Ruth, at least, preferred to think in silence. As they neared London she became restless and uneasy, but did not communicate to Mary her dread of the meeting with their father. Presently the train stopped at the Euston station, and almost immediately Mary sprang out of the carriage into her father's arms, and when he had embraced her, he lifted Ruth out, greeted her hastily, and then led them to a cab, returning to it himself as soon as he had seen after the luggage. Then they drove away over the noisy stones, but only a short distance, for Mr. Leighton's house was in Gower Street, and they were soon in the drawing-room.

"Now, let me look at my children," said Mr. Leighton, seating himself in his arm-chair, and holding them both in front of him, looking from one to the other. "You don't look like sisters," he said, after a silent survey, and turning to Mary he continued, "you have your mother's figure, Mary, and her hair—you are decidedly your mother's child."

"Papa, I think my features are like yours; I can see the likeness myself even."

"Yes, I dare say. I should think you take after me in character, to some extent. You must be my right hand. Do you think you can keep house for me, and be a clever little manager?"

"I am sure I can," answered Mary, decidedly, "and I shall like it very much."

"Well, dear, I am very busy, and I must write some letters for the post. Jane will show you which is your room, and I shall be ready for tea at six."

Mr. Leighton kissed Mary and hurried away. Ruth was standing by the window, watching the people that incessantly poured down the street, and the cabs, some of them with boxes on them, driving quickly by. She wondered how many of the people in them were going into the country, and felt as if each one that was going there must be as happy as she should be if she were going to the Raes'.

"Come, Ruthie, and take off your things. You are tired, and must rest." Mary put her arm round Ruth, and they left the room together.

Ruth went to bed early that night, and she was so tired that she fell into a deep sleep very quickly; much to the relief of her sister, who came up-stairs soon after she was in bed, fearing to find her in one of her excited, wakeful states. Mary then returned to her father; and it was late before she retired to bed herself, for they had much to talk about.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—IV.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

THE CONVERSION OF NATHANAEL.—I. (John i. 45–51.)

WE have good reason to believe that Nathanael was an apostle, one of the twelve whom Jesus chose to be always with Him; and yet only one incident in his life is recorded for our instruction. Happily, that incident is one of the most momentous and instructive. It is nothing less than the story of his conversion to the faith of Christ. And surely no event in any man's life is of graver moment than this. When we desire to form a judgment on any man's character, what most of all we desire to know is the history of the turning-point in his career; of the great critical moment which, for good or evil, made him what he was. It is at such a moment that we see Nathanael in the glass of the Word. The main course of his life, the labours, trials, and joys of his apostleship, are veiled from us, save that we know he must have shared in the experiences common to the Twelve. But the veil is lifted for us at the very crisis of his career, at the moment in which he became a servant and friend of Christ's.

To this sacred and impressive moment, then, let us bend our thoughts, considering (1) the Doubt of Nathanael, and how it was met; (2) the Confession of Nathanael, and how it was won; and (3) the Promise of Nathanael, and what it meant.

(1) *The Doubt of Nathanael, and how it was met.* "Philip"—who seems to have been a neighbour and an intimate companion of Nathanael's, and who himself had but just recognised in Jesus of Nazareth the Christ of God—"findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." To this joyful and excited exclamation Nathanael demurs, asking doubtfully of his neighbour, "Can *any* good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip meets his doubt with the simple and confident invitation, "Come and see;" Jesus meets it by exclaiming as Nathanael drew near to him, "Behold an Israelite indeed"—a genuine son of Israel, the prince with God, out of whom guile had to be so long and painfully chastised—"in whom there is no guile!"

Now if we would appreciate Nathanael's doubt, we must remember that all the Galileans were held in contempt by the Pharisees of Jerusalem, and that not altogether without cause. The province of Galilee was, practically, much farther from Jerusalem than the Highlands of Scotland are from London, although not half nor quarter so many miles lay between the two. And, to reach the metropolis, the Galileans had either to traverse the alien district of Samaria, or to risk a somewhat perilous journey across the highlands and valleys on the other side of the Jordan. Hence many of them habitually absented themselves from the annual services and feasts of the Temple. To these every Jew was bound, by the law of Moses, to go up thrice every year. Those who failed to "present themselves before the Lord" were held by the punctilious Pharisees and scribes to be little better than heathen.

The Galileans, moreover, engaged in commerce with their Gentile neighbours, and especially with the wealthy merchants of Tyre and Sidon. Their commercial intercourse with heathen races had abated the edge and strictness of their ceremonialism, and, still worse, had also chilled the fervour of their piety. And here was another reason for holding them in contempt. Even the prophets described the Galileans as a "people that sat in darkness;" and the Pharisees, instead of carrying them "a great light," were much more disposed to consign them to "Gehenna."

Metropolitans generally have a little contempt at the service of provincials. Even the most religious men do not always feel more pity than anger for the irreligious. So that we can easily understand how, in the Hebrew metropolis, the provincials of Galilee were thought to be little better than outcasts, half heathenised by contact with the heathen, and how the Pharisees came to be very sure that "out of Galilee ariseth no prophet."

Even in a community of social or religious outcasts, however, class or caste distinctions are generally found—"in every deep a lower still." Commonly there are some hapless creatures on whom their fellows expend the contempt they receive from society at large. And thus the despised Galileans treated the inhabitants of Nazareth. What *they* were to the Jews of Jerusalem, that the Nazarenes were to them. Themselves despised and contemned, they took their revenge, not on those who despised them, but, as the manner of men is, on those who were weaker, if not worse, than themselves. Even the guileless Nathanael, who lived within a two hours' walk of Nazareth, was not free from this miserable prejudice. When Philip declared that he had found the Messiah in a Nazarene, Nathanael gravely doubted whether any good thing *could* come out of a village of such ill-repute.

This prejudice was probably strengthened by

other feelings, quite as hard to overcome as the set and flow of public opinion. One of the saddest effects of contempt is that it often makes men contemptible. To hold and show a low opinion of men, is only too likely to reduce them to the level you assign them; while if you think well of them, if you let them see that you hope much from them, they will often grow "to match the promise in your eyes." Our vulgar proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," goes on the assumption that, *if* you give a dog a bad name, it will not be long before he deserves the halter. And the Nazarenes, despised by others, learned to despise themselves, just as the publicans, finding it in vain to struggle against *their* bad name, sank, for the most part, into open and shameless "sinners."

Then, too, there was the prejudice more than once adverted to by our Lord Himself—"A prophet is not without honour, *save in his own country, and among his own kin.*" Men hardly ever expect much of their immediate neighbours. If by any chance a family, or village, happen to produce a genius, almost every one will recognise his claim before *they* can see anything remarkable in him.

The doubt of Nathanael had, we perceive, a broader basis than most doubts have. The general contempt for Nazareth, the self-distrust of the Galilean, the prejudice of close neighbourhood, all made it hard for him to see the Christ of God in a Nazarene. And it is, perhaps, significant of his guileless candour that he expresses his doubt, not in the form of a dogmatic assertion, but in that of a question: "*Can* any good thing come out of Nazareth? Can any living, life-giving root spring out of *that* dry ground? Jesus the son of Joseph our neighbour, a Galilean, a Nazarene—*this* He of whom Moses and the prophets wrote! That were a wonder past all telling." His doubt does not amount to denial; it is rather expressive of a hope darkened and restrained by a cautious fear of mistake.

Philip meets this doubt very wisely. He appeals to experience, and invites trial. He says simply, "Come and see." No doubt he recognised in Nathanael a mood with which he himself was familiar: for Philip also seems, by nature, to have been "slow of heart to believe." He had had his doubts, his prejudices, his fears; and probably he and his neighbour, Nathanael, had often sat under the fig-tree at Cana, talking sadly, and a little sceptically, over the affairs of the Jewish Church and State. Only in the light of one Presence had his prejudices vanished; only by the sound of one Voice had his doubts been charmed to rest. If he could bring Nathanael to that Presence, and within the sound of that Voice, he had no fear of the result.

This was his only resource; and this is *our* only resource. Nothing but a personal experience of the grace of Christ—no array of arguments and proofs—nothing but a personal and vital contact with Him who is "the truth and the life," will quicken us into newness of life, or redeem us from the thraldom of fear and doubt. We must "come and see" the fair thing, "the good thing" which has come out of Nazareth, before we shall rise into the rest of faith.

Nathanael showed himself to be without guile in that he did "come and see." Neither his prejudices, nor even his open avowal of them, were permitted to hold him back. And now a greater than Philip takes him in hand. The Nazarene requites him good for evil—meets with love and admiration the man who had suspected Him, who *was* suspecting Him: "Behold a genuine Israelite, in whom is no guile!" How tender the rebuke! While Nathanael had been doubting Jesus, Jesus had been watching him with benign approval, and greets him, now that he comes, with hearty commendation, although he comes in a most questionable mood.

We are not to think of our Lord's greeting, however, as a mere compliment; the encomium He pronounced was not undeserved. He who was "the truth," spake only the truth. Nathanael must have been a genuine and guileless Israelite, or he would not have been saluted as "an Israelite indeed." The reference of the greeting is, doubtless, to Jacob's later and better name. When his guile was chastened out of him, Jacob, the subtle supplanter, became Israel, the wrestler and prince with God. From the emphasis laid on the epithet "Israelite," we may reasonably infer that Nathanael had been wont to wrestle with God in prayer; that in the strife of prayer he had won his guileless simplicity, his frank sincerity of soul. In much he might be still ignorant and weak, tinged by the prejudices of his race; but *duplicity* was no longer among his faults. He was untainted by the fatal plague-spot of his generation; he was no hypocrite, but a sincere and genuine man. He rang true. He looked at all things, or was at least disposed to look at them, through his own eyes, not through the coloured glasses of tradition, and to speak of them as he found them. Sincere men are often doubters for a while; sometimes for a long while. But in the very sincerity which leads them to doubt, and to avow their doubts, lies our hope of their recovery to faith and the rest of faith. Once set the very truth before their eyes, so that they can see it, and they forthwith with joy receive it.

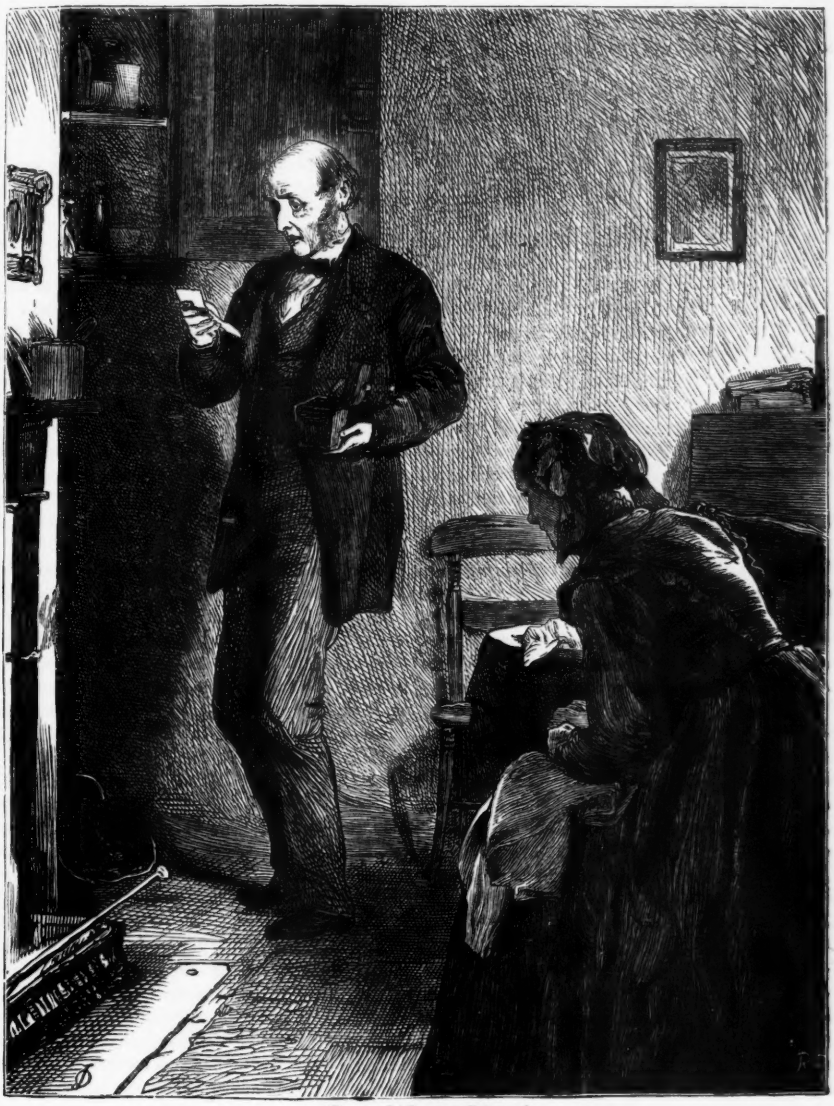
Nathanael's frank sincerity came out, as in other things, so also in the artlessness with which he uttered his doubt, urged his question, and at last avowed his allegiance to Christ. And it was on this sincerity that Christ laid hold—proving His Divine wisdom by fastening on the grace which

was rich in promise for the future, and not on the misgiving that sprang from the prejudices of the past. A less wise teacher would probably have set himself to *answer* the doubt of Nathanael, instead of lauding his sincerity. He would have tried to argue it down, to show from the prophets that the Messiah "*should* be called a Nazarene." And thus, while stopping the mouth of Nathanael, he might have utterly failed to win his heart. The Lord Jesus took a more excellent way. Prejudice is seldom overcome by logic; but it is often consumed in the fervours of strong and happy emotion. And Jesus kindles a fervent and happy emotion in the breast of the pious and guileless Israelite, by acknowledging his piety and his sincerity. Passing by the doubt which crept across the mere surface of his soul, the Lord fixed on the permanent underlying virtue of his character. He addressed Himself not to that which was but for a moment, but to that which was for all time, and for eternity; and by recognising and admiring that which was best and most Divine in Nathanael, He won an adoring recognition of that which was perfectly Divine in Himself.

Now in this, as in all else, Christ has left us an example,—an example which we, alas! are slow to follow. He has taught us to admire the sincerity of the sceptic, when at least he is sincere. He has taught us to appeal to that which is best in those who doubt what we believe, to be forward in our recognition of it, to be prompt and hearty in our admiration of it, and thus to incline and predispose them to faith. Would that we had followed His example more closely, or were following it! *We* find it hard to admit that there *can* be any good thing in a man until he has joined the Christian fellowship, or even until he has joined our section of that fellowship. Till then, whatever charity we may profess, practically we too often suspect him of not being open to conviction or of not being faithful to it. *We* have but little admiration to bestow on such homespun virtues as sincerity and uprightness, if they are not found in our communion; and even in that communion we are sometimes tempted to resent rather than to admire them. We demand creeds, conformity to our standards, rather than a wise simplicity and candour of mind, or a fearless integrity, or a life without guile. We are much more apt, it is to be feared, at espying the faults, even of those who do hold our creeds and conform to our standards, than in discovering and admiring their virtues. And if any dare to entertain a doubt, have we always even charity enough to bid them "Come and see" for themselves? Mainly because our own hold of truth is so slight and uncertain as that we are in some danger of relaxing our grasp at every shock, or because we are too indolent or too timid to look all round a doubt and to meet it fairly, we shriek out our foolish terror and alarm; and instead of extending a helping hand to the neighbour who is drawing back from Jesus, and from "the truth as it is in Jesus," we often hurl our hasty anathemas at him, and *drive* him from the sacred Presence which he is reluctant to leave.

I have somewhere read that when the moon is eclipsed the Chinese turn out with their drums and tomtoms, making the night hideous with their tumult, doing the most that mere noise can do to frighten away the evil spirit which, as they suppose, is devouring the queen of night. But I never heard that the evil spirit *was* frightened away, or that the eclipse was any the briefer, or that the eternal laws paused even for an instant in their march because of the din and clamour below. Nor is the spirit of doubt to be chased away by mere noise, whether of argument or of vituperation. We need not be disturbed and lose our rest because for a while shadows obscure the heavenly light. The moon is quite safe, and in God's good time will once more clearly reflect the lustre of the lord of day.

There is, indeed, a certain kind of doubt proceeding mainly from an affectation of singularity or of superior thoughtfulness, which deserves no respect, and which *may* be best met by rebuke. But there are other kinds of doubt which should move us, not to rebuke, but to sympathy and compassion. It often happens, at a certain step of their mental development, that, in proportion to their power and sincerity of mind, men find it hard to acquiesce in the popular creed, hard even to accept and believe the very truth. They want a reason for faith. *They* see difficulties which are hidden from men of a less inquisitive and searching intellect. And they are too honest to profess a faith of which they are not assured, or to say that they see fully what they only see in part. And again, it constantly happens that men, long habituated to certain modes of thought and action, conceive a prejudice in their favour, which makes it very hard for them to receive new views of truth, even when the new are also larger views. Like the men in our Lord's parable, they have got to love their old garments and their old wine; and they do not and cannot "straightway desire the new." All such doubts, all doubts that are sincere and natural, should be met with kindness and patience. Who that really knows the difficulty of arriving at truth can look without compassion on a neighbour struggling with the detaining bonds of habit and prejudice, and unable all at once to shake them off? Who that knows the rarity and the value of sincerity will not respect a neighbour the more because he will not palter with his conscience, and pretend to see what he cannot see, and to believe what he cannot believe? From Christ's treatment of Nathanael let us learn how to treat such



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"He stood like one stunned and bewildered"—*p.* 236.

doubters as these. Let us admire their fidelity to conviction, and so predispose them to think well of our convictions, and to listen with candour to the arguments we allege on their behalf. And to the end that we may deal patiently and kindly even with the doubts which are most offensive to us, let us seek a more sincere and hearty faith in our own principles and convictions. For our impatience of doubt often springs from the fear lest we should be overcome by doubt; we grow angry because we are not sure of ourselves: we find it easier to ban and condemn, than to give a reason, or a sufficient reason, for the faith that is in us.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARRIAGE IN HASTE.

SINCE the night on which her mother had interrupted her parting with her lover, Beatrice Lovejoy's relations with that gentleman had undergone a change. He was freer and bolder in his bearing, though he professed to be as much in love with her as ever, and was after a fashion, in which selfishness and vanity were the chief characteristics. He was a young man of the very lowest type, except that he had a degree of physical vigour, in which that type is generally deficient, and which was apparent in a tall and tolerably handsome figure, on which was set the small low-browed head of an English negro—a negro without the negro's affectionate nature, or power of idealisation. Between these two it had been a game at cheat the cheater. He had given out that he was a gentleman, and she, that she was a lady whose adverse circumstances had obliged her to work for bread, and they had carried on this deception throughout their courtship. Both had a slight substratum of truth in their stories, he because of his birth, for he was the disinherited son of a landed proprietor, and she in that she could remember a time when her family were better housed and clothed and fed, and in her relationship to Fanny, past whose villa she had once walked her lover, while he pointed out to her the house where he dwelt with his mother and sisters, the people whom he passed off as these relations being not in any way connected with their lodger.

The world had not used John Baselow over well—had not taught him much, we will admit, of love or reverence, and there was a time when Beatrice might have taught him both. If she had been a good unselfish girl she might have redeemed him, for the poorest soil may grow grain instead of nettles. He had wandered about with her in those city roads, looking down on her softened face and listening to her softened voice till he really loved her, and in this he was better than he had intended to be, for he had only intended to amuse himself. He loved her, and he longed to tell her the truth, and to ask her to marry him, a clerk with two pounds a week; and if she had married him there and then, it would have lifted their whole lives into another plane. But the sight of that poor, ill-clad, careworn mother had given him a shock. He felt that she had been deceiving him. He did not resent it as a more upright man would have resented it, and he did not cease to care for her; but what had been best and purest in his attachment perished at a blow. Evil may and does harm the good, but its influence on the evil for evil is incalculable.

Shortly after Geraldine's removal to her cousin's, Beatrice had begun to suffer from the great disadvantage under which the bulk of London workers suffer, the excessive fluctuation of employment. The more exclusively they minister to the enjoyments, the luxuries, the adornments of the rich, the more liable they are to be thrown out of work on the shortest notice. Those who provide for the necessities of the poor are comparatively secure.

Beatrice worked half-time for a week or two, and at length she was dismissed to take a holiday for an indefinite period. She was to be recalled, in short, only when business became brisk. Such a holiday was to her simply hunger and despair. She had refused to share her prosperity with those at home, and how was she to come upon them in her adversity? At first she would not condescend to this, and bore privation with Spartan firmness. It was not till she had lived on bread and water for days that she yielded so far as to share the poor enough meals of her parents. She had defended herself for her former hardness—that is, in her own opinion, for she cared little for the opinions of others—by her resolution to help her sisters as soon as she herself was secure. She had the true spirit of an adventuress, and despised her father and mother for plodding on as they did, sinking into the mire of poverty deeper and deeper at every step. Beatrice knew she had beauty; she knew all her good points—that she carried herself well and proudly, that she spoke well, and had none of the vulgarities which she saw and heard every day.

Therefore she determined to marry well, and set about doing so with inflexible purpose. She believed in John Baselow, for he was well dressed and well educated, boastful and energetic, and she had resolved to marry him; but in her desperation she had ventured to push matters to this issue, and had found herself foiled; felt, too, that it was her poverty and the poverty of her home that had foiled her; and was very bitter against both. And this bitterness extended to her lover; she made up her mind to throw him over and try again.

Full of her purpose, she met him one evening, and as she came up to him refused his outstretched hand. The girl was pale with suppressed passion, and did not notice that he, too, was labouring under great excitement, only that it seemed of an entirely pleasurable kind. She told him she had come to say good-bye, and as disguise was no longer necessary, explained her circumstances frankly. She would have left him then and there, but he detained her. He had such a story to tell, and no one to tell it to. Besides, her truth had been much more effective than her fiction, and her thin, pale face under the moonlight looked lovelier than he had ever beheld it. He detained her, and forced her to listen.

He, too, told the truth this time, and discarded the mythical mother and sisters. His story was a strange one. His father, after having cast him off for years, had left him his heir. He had been written for; he had hurried down to the funeral, and had taken possession of his inheritance. He had a handsome dwelling-house; he had some hundreds of acres. He had a bank balance, on which he had actually drawn; and yet none of these did he offer to share with her.

But Beatrice was dazzled. She laid aside her ill-humour; she rose to the occasion, and arrayed herself in every false enchantment. He could not part with her; he was enslaved by her, as the songs of all nations have sung of men enslaved by false enchantments.

And she held her own: supped with him for the first time, and, regardless of everything else but the stake she was playing, walked with him again, until she was nigh to fainting with exhaustion. And he would have had her not to go home at all, but to stay under the protection of his landlady till the morrow, when he should make her his wife.

On the first point Beatrice held her ground; on the second she yielded, promising that on the morrow she would leave her father's house, and cut herself off from her kindred for ever.

They were to be married before a registrar, and to take their departure at once for the house of which John Baselow had come into possession. At parting he gave her a sum of money—not a large sum, but sufficient, in her hands, to make her presentable. She was to be ready at ten o'clock.

When she came home that night, even she was touched by the look of haggard misery on her father's face, as he said, or rather wailed, "Oh, Beatrice—Beatrice! I was coming out to look for you."

"I'm all right," she said carelessly. "I wish you wouldn't be so anxious about me." But she kissed him, which she had not done for a long time, and came in and sat down by the fire, pretending to warm herself.

She could not bear to see him sitting there, with the tears chasing each other down his wan cheeks, and she went over and knelt by his side on the hearth.

"I've not done any harm staying out so late," she said, "and I am sorry it has vexed you. There, I have a sweetheart, and I'm going to be married soon, that's all. Do believe me, and be sure that I can take care of myself." She comforted him, and coaxed him to drink a little tea, and then to go to bed, which he did, and she stole in and saw him sleeping like a child.

But she could not sleep. Her faintness had given place to excitement. She went to her room and looked out her best things, that she might put them on in the morning. She had little save the one set that was worth taking, so that she need not encumber herself, and had nothing to regret leaving behind. She made up the fire, however, and sat, altering and trimming, till morning. At last she became sleepy and chill, and crept off to bed.

Mr. Lovejoy was up first, and had lighted the fire and made the breakfast, and Albert was gone also. She was glad that he was, for he would have treated her savagely enough for staying out so late the evening before. She had nothing to fear in the way of reproach from her father. He had drawn the little table in front of the fire, with a pathetic desire to make her comfortable. It was covered with a brown stuff imitating polished mahogany, and on it were set two cups and saucers, a half-consumed loaf, and a basin of brown sugar. It was to be her last meal at home, and these things were photographed on the memory of Beatrice Lovejoy, along with the feelings of the hour, as she and her father sat opposite to each other during the silent meal. They were so photographed that through all her future life she was never secure—however differently surrounded, however far off the thought of such things might be—against having them flash before her mental sight, with more or less of insufferable vividness.

After breakfast she went up to her own room, and her father went out. Her mother had not returned. Should she wait for her? She was later than usual. Perhaps Geraldine was worse. Beatrice made up her mind to wait as long as she could. Her sister-in-law and the children were moving about; but she avoided them, as indeed she usually did. She dressed herself deliberately; but Mrs. Lovejoy did not return. Then she took an envelope—she happened to have one and a scrap of paper—and wrote: "I am gone

to be married, and must bid you good-bye;" and addressing the envelope to her father, she enclosed in it one of the sovereigns her lover had given her, and hid it in a little tin tea-box which stood on a shelf in the cupboard; then turning the key in the parlour door she left the house, and never once looked behind her.

CHAPTER XXX.

RECONCILED.

Mrs. Lovejoy had combined on that morning a visit to the warehouse for which she usually worked with her journey home, and she was not surprised when she came in to learn that Beatrice had already gone out. She did not ascertain the fact for herself, for she went straight into the little back kitchen, where Emily was washing out her children's socks and pinafores, and learnt from her that nothing had happened—"nothing particular," peace-loving Emily said, making no mention whatever of her sister-in-law remaining out till past midnight.

Mr. Lovejoy had gone forth on one of his weary rounds in an outlying district, and would not be home till evening. Mrs. Lovejoy had brought some work with her, and as there was a fire in the kitchen she established herself there, and commenced sewing with her usual industry. When it drew near dinner-time she began to think of preparing a meal for herself, and as, like many poor women, she lived on tea and bread, she must have found that little note in the tea-caddy immediately. But Emily came to the rescue. She had prepared a meal for herself and the children, and called her mother-in-law to share it, which she did.

After dinner, followed by a cup of tea, the children were set upon the floor to play, and both women began upon the dresses Mrs. Lovejoy had brought from the warehouse.

The afternoon passed swiftly, and at length Albert came home. Then Mrs. Lovejoy went down-stairs to her own room, lighted the fire, and sat down to await her husband, working on with might and main, for every stitch told, but the sum of a hard day's stitching would only bring her a single shilling.

About six o'clock in the evening Mr. Lovejoy came home, looking weary and dispirited. Mrs. Lovejoy only looked up from her work for a moment.

"No luck to-day," he said, in answer to her look. It was the usual formula; and her needle flew faster and with a firmer click.

He sat down in a chair by the fire, sighing wearily, and looked at her busy hands; there seemed reproach in their rapid movement. She did not rise to prepare a meal for him, as she had done in long-past times. The kettle was simmering on the hob, and he could make tea for himself. It was his usual custom now to prepare his own. But he did not seem in a hurry to do so now. He was too tired to be hungry, and he sat and sighed.

Mrs. Lovejoy glanced up again, and seeing that he looked unusually weary offered to do it for him.

The offer was enough to revive him. "Never mind, my dear," he answered brightly; "I'll be all right in a minute or two;" and presently he rose and went about the task. It came into his head to ask for Beatrice as he reached down the tea-caddy from its shelf. "Has she come home?" he said.

"No," answered her mother, sharply.

He had got the teapot, and opened the little box to take out a spoonful of tea, when looking in he saw the folded paper placed there by Beatrice, and stopped to take it out. He felt the coin in it, and asked simply, "What is this?"

"How can I tell?" replied his wife.

He unfolded the paper in silence, and the sovereign rolled out and dropped unheeded on the floor, causing Mrs. Lovejoy to start and come to a standstill, for she had caught the gleam of the gold. But no word came from her husband. He stood like one stunned and bewildered. At last he smiled faintly, and said, "Beatrice is married."

Mrs. Lovejoy did not reply. She came over to her husband and snatched the paper from his hands and read.

"I couldn't have believed it," she cried. The piece of gold was lying on the hearth in the fire-light. "A clandestine marriage," she repeated, pointing to it. "Look at that!" They both stood and looked at it a for moment with horror in their eyes; neither advanced to lift it up. Starvation itself would not have tempted them to touch that gold.

Then poor Mr. Lovejoy's limbs gave way and he sank into a chair, sobbing, "Merciful Father! what have I done to deserve such misery?"

It was not what he had done that was rising up against him, it was what he had left undone. It was what he had left undone that spoke in the hard sentence which seemed to come from a distance, though it was spoken close to him. "You've not provided for me and my children as I'd a right to expect."

Having said this, Mrs. Lovejoy sat down and did nothing—a sign in her of suffering too great to admit of mitigation or relief. She was an unimaginative, irreligious woman, with a sense of the value of work which was almost a religion to her; but she was thinking, "Oh! if Beatrice had only died; had only been lying up-stairs in the little bare room still and cold, as the others who were gone had lain, she could have thanked God as she had never thanked Him in all her life."

Something might be done before the night closed in, but what? Somebody might be sent forth to seek her, but where? They did not even know the name of the man she had married. Her father did not even know him by sight; her mother did—she would know him anywhere, she felt sure, though

she had seen him only once. But how would this help them? Beatrice would not return with them if found that very hour. They knew this too well. From a child her power of resistance—her hard, unyielding obstinacy, even to her own hurt—had been wonderful. No, there was nothing to be done, Mrs. Lovejoy made up her mind, and yet the idea that nothing was being done was unbearable.

She was the first to arouse herself, and she set to work to make the tea, in the midst of the preparation of which her husband had stopped. She made it, and set it before him, and bade him eat and drink. It reminded both of more than one meal after death had been in the house, and one lay in it with lips closed for ever. And they both ate just as they had eaten on those occasions, with neither relish nor desire, but from the mere habit and necessity of eating.

Nor did they mention her name between them again. Albert was up-stairs; but they did not go to him. They tacitly agreed not to proclaim their loss. They shrank from telling it as they would have shrunk from telling their most secret shame.

But at length the father rose and said, "I am going now;" and his wife knew as well as if he had said it out what he meant. He was going out into the city, upon which the darkness had already come down, to wander up and down in search of a clue to her whereabouts. Then he went out quietly, and Mrs. Lovejoy began to prepare to go to Geraldine. The hour had nearly come when she usually set out. She hesitated whether she would go up-stairs first. The children were being put to bed. They were learning, poor little things, to be quiet as mice when their father was at home. She listened, and heard not a sound. Then she too went out without a sign; and when she reached Geraldine's bedside there was not a trace of emotion visible on her hard features.

Geraldine had been very much better than usual that day. Her cough had ceased, and her spirits had risen. She was quite light and gay when Fanny and Ada said good night and left her alone with her mother. She was full of Ada's plans.

Mrs. Lovejoy was far from approving; but she said very little. What could she say, when Geraldine spoke of a time which her mother knew would never come?

"I feel so much better," she said. "I think I shall get well yet, mother; and perhaps I could sing too. Ada says the singers at concerts make a great deal of money—sometimes five pounds in a single night. She has found out all about it; she asked the professor to-day. And Beatrice might help too," she added, speaking with pauses between the sentences. "Ada's voice and hers go together better than mine. It is a wonder we never thought of it before."

Her mother told her she must not speak so much. "Try to sleep, Jerry," she said. Mrs. Lovejoy was busy working by the light of the shaded lamp. She always brought her work with her when she had any.

"I seem to have so much to say to-night," she answered. "I think I see Ada. How pretty she looked the other night. Ada looks well in slight things. But Beta would look best in silk. I wish you would tell her to come and see me, mother."

Mrs. Lovejoy suppressed a groan. "Jerry dear," she said again, "try and go to sleep. Could you try if I put out the lamp?"

"Not just yet, please," said Geraldine; "I am not sleepy. I do want to see Beta, mamma."

"Why should you wish to see Beatrice?" said Mrs. Lovejoy sharply; "I'm sure she has not been very kind to you."

"That's why, mother. You blamed her about me," answered Geraldine, "and I want to tell her that I don't feel it any more, that I love her all the same."

Mrs. Lovejoy actually groaned this time, and in her heart felt something very like hatred for her eldest daughter.

"Do you know," continued Geraldine, "that lying here thinking things, I seem to know people so much better—to know what goes on in their minds, I mean. I think hard things have made Beta hard, mamma, and that if she was happy, and everybody was very good to her, she would be kind. I mean to try and be good to her. Tell her she is to come."

"Jerry, Jerry, don't talk that way!" cried her mother: "Beatrice has gone."

"Where has she gone?" said Geraldine.

"She has left us," answered her mother.

"Left home!—how?" asked Geraldine, raising herself on her elbow. "Mother, what do you mean?" she added faintly, for her mother's hands were wrung in her lap, and two tears, that looked quite hard and crystalline, the first the girl had ever seen her shed, had fallen upon them.

It was too late for reserve now, and Jerry, young and innocent as she was, was too sadly wise.

"She is gone to be married," said Mrs. Lovejoy; "but we knew nothing more. She has been cruel to the last."

"Where is father?" asked Geraldine with a sob, and sinking back.

"Gone to try and find out about it. Hush! hush!"

Geraldine closed her eyes, and there was silence in the room for a long time—at least, so it seemed. The little timepiece ticked loudly. Mrs. Lovejoy sat with her hands in her lap, and Geraldine lay with her closed eyes, and looked like one already dead.

At length her voice, grown thinner and fainter, broke the silence. "Mother, I don't want to live any more. It has come to me just now, what they've all been wishing and praying for me to have, the desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

She paused after the solemn words, sounding tenfold more solemn because this mother and child had never spoken of such things. The one had never taught, the other never learned them. And hearing them spoken then, not only awe, but fear and pain oppressed Mrs. Lovejoy. They seemed at once to carry her favourite child out of her reach for ever—to remove her to a distance greater than even the distance of death.

"Mother," sounded the sweet, faint voice once more, "I couldn't at first pray for myself as they told me; but it comes all right with me praying for you and father and the rest. I wonder if father will find her. I wonder if I could help him to find her if I went now."

Her mother rose and drew near her. "Oh, hush!—hush! Jerry, my child." She thought she was beginning to wander in her mind.

Geraldine's eyes closed, her lips moved, and then gradually, with her mother standing by her, she fell into a peaceful sleep.

Mr. Lovejoy wandered up and down, far and near, coming home again and again to see if by any possibility Beatrice might be there, and still returning to his fruitless quest. He loitered in roads where the gas glared on the pavement, and fell on the faces of the crowd, trying to scrutinise each till his brain was in a whirl, and all mingled in one hurrying, fantastic stream; then he walked into quiet bye-roads, where he met people mostly two and two. But no Beatrice. He had come out of one of these quiet dark roads out of the light of a corner public-house, facing into the principal thoroughfare, when suddenly he felt the pavement slipping from beneath his feet. He clutched at the wall, which seemed receding also, and then he knew no more what had happened till he woke, bruised and shivering with cold, on the hard pavement. It was as well, perhaps, that no one had seen him fall; that no police functionary was at hand, or he might have wakened on the hard bench of a police cell, imprisoned for the night as drunk and disorderly. *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. No. 10. NEW SERIES. JOB.

Chapters to be read—Job i., ii., xlii.

TO THE TEACHER.—It is not intended in this lesson to give any, even the briefest, summary of the contents of the Book of Job. Such a subject would be altogether beyond the capacity of the children, for whom these lessons are intended. But the man himself, in his pathetic story, his trials, his patience, and his returning prosperity, will be found to interest the children much.

I. JOB AT HOME. (Read i. 1—5.) Try and picture to the children the life of an Eastern prince or sheikh, recalling the history of Abraham or Jacob. Job himself, the father of the family, a godfearing, upright man, "eschewing evil, and fearing God." His wife (ii. 10) only appearing after his trials. His seven sons feasting and drinking, leading careless lives, forgetting God, and persuading their sisters to join them; his substance also very great, consisting of flocks and herds, after the custom of the East. Even in this picture we have an insight into Job's piety, in his daily prayers and burnt-offerings for his sons, lest in their merriment they should have blasphemed God, a sin punishable with death (Lev. xxiv. 15, 16). How much must such a wealthy and good man have been respected and envied.

II. JOB TEMPTED IN HIS ESTATE. (Read i. 6—22.) Ask who are called the "sons of God" (Job xxxviii. 7). Angels, being created beings, are such equally with men. Refer to 1 Kings xxii. 19 for another instance of God's being represented as holding a council in heaven. Point out the fact that Satan is spoken of as a person and not merely as an influence, and refer to Matt. iv. 2, where he is mentioned as coming to, and holding conversation with Christ, and show the children that just as God is a Spirit (John iv. 24), and the angels are good spirits (Heb. i. 7), so Satan is a bad spirit, always going about the earth seeking whom he may devour (1 Peter v. 8). Now question the children upon the story, pointing out (1) *how all possessions come from God* (ver. 10). Remind of Jacob, whom God blessed, so that his flocks and herds increased (Gen. xxx. 43); of Solomon, to whom God gave riches as well as wisdom; and, universally, all good gifts are from God (James i. 17). (2) *How God permits trials of our faith.* Explain carefully to the children the difference between *temptation* and *trial.* The devil tempts us to sin directly and indirectly: God tempts no man (James i. 13); but God allows us to be tempted in order to "try" us, or "make trial" of our faith and obedience. Thus Eve's obedience was tried or tested, and found to fail; Abraham's aith was tried, or tempted (Gen. xxii. 1), and found firm. As an illustration show how gold must be tested in the fire in order to be purified. So man is tried for his good, but never more than he can bear (1 Cor. x. 13). Question as to Job's trials—his oxen, asses, sheep, camels, servants, and children successively destroyed, and he and his wife left alone. Picture the desolate house, and the parents' grief. Remind of the lamentation of David over one beloved son

(2 Sam. xviii. 23), here whole house destroyed. (3) *The effect of trials.* Ask what Satan thought Job would do, and what most men would do with such an accumulation of troubles. Why did not Job sink under them? What did he do (ver. 20)? Show how he acted in accordance with God's description in ver. 8. He *worshipped—i.e.*, recognised God as Sovereign Lord, who had a right to demand all from him; he *blessed* God, even for taking away his dearest things from him. Show how this conduct showed *patience* under suffering, *resignation* to God's will, and implicit *faith* in God as wise and upright Creator.

III. JOB TEMPTED IN HIS PERSON. (Read chap. ii.) Ask the children which would be the greatest trial—the loss of worldly goods or of health. So ask how Satan now wished God to allow him to tempt Job. Again point to the conversation between God and Satan, and show what it teaches us (1) of the *perpetual watch* kept over us by God, so that He spies out all our ways (see Ps. cxxxix. 1—5), and also how Satan is always restlessly wandering about the earth seeking to do evil. Show also (2) that *Satan's power is limited* (ver. 5, 6). Only as God allows him can he do anything to us, and press strongly upon the children the fact that as with Job's body so with our souls, Satan can only *tempt*, not make us sin. Refer to Christ (Heb. iv. 15) to show that we may be as pure after temptation as before; it is temptation trifled with that begets sin (James i. 15). Now try and picture Job in his miserable condition—his possessions taken from him, his children dead, his body covered with loathsome boils. What was left in life worth having? Ask who gave way to despair about him—not himself, but his wife, telling him to "curse God, and die." Ask what Job's answer was (ver. 10), and point out how what we call "evils" are not really such to God's people. They were not so to Job, for they developed his character, and have proved of inexpressible comfort to thousands since; so that all that happens is good (Ps. lxxxiv. 11). Now refer to the visit of his three friends. Show the greatness of their sorrow and sympathy, sitting down in silence for seven days.

IV. JOB RESTORED TO PROSPERITY. (Read chap. xlii.) It will be sufficient to tell the children that Job and his friends had a long argument about God's dealings with him, and in the end Job humbled himself before God, confessing his sin (ver. 6), and God graciously accepted him. Ask what God said about his three friends, and what they were required to do, and how Job was to pray for them. From this let the children see (1) how important it is to have a right knowledge of God. Show how carefully we ought to study the Scriptures (John v. 39); for upon our knowledge of God depends our eternal life (John xvii. 3). (2) Also, how ignorance of God is a sin to be confessed and mourned over. Remind how the Holy Spirit is to convince men of the sin of unbelief (John xvi. 9). They may learn also (3) the duty and blessing of intercessory prayer. They offered up a sacrifice, but Job's prayer for them prevailed. Now God restored to Job his possessions twofold. New children were born to him, and his latter end was blessed more than the beginning (ver. 12). See Ezek. xiv. 14 for the estimation in which Noah was held by God, and in James v. 11 he is quoted as an example of patience.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Let the children see (1) how riches, &c., alone cannot give happiness, for they may flee away. (2) How all we have is God's, lent us only for a time, given or taken away at God's pleasure. (3) The beneficial effect of trial when borne rightly, teaching patience and resignation, rendering the person more like Christ. Let children learn to bear their little trials patiently.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe Job's life at home. How did his anxiety for his sons show itself?
2. Show that Satan is a real person. What may we learn about his power?
3. Explain the difference between temptation and trial.
4. What lessons may we learn from Job's arguments with his friends?
5. Where and how is Job mentioned elsewhere in the Bible?
6. Give three practical lessons the subject teaches us.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE autumn and winter passed away, and the spring-time and summer came, without bringing any incident in the history of Cripple Tom or his friend worth recording; but there was during all these months a gradual growth in the mind of the elder lad, both of intelligence and of feeling. The development was too gradual to have attracted the attention of any of those around him. Who can tell when the commonest weed begins to put forth its unnoticed flower? Could I have listened to every word that Tom spoke, even to his deaf companion, I should still be unable to point to the minute stages through which his mental life was passing; for no grey-haired man whose conscience is burdened with many a sinful memory, no smooth-browed girl, however sensitive to the world's gaze, is more reticent

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Mr. Lovejoy wandered up and down, far and near, coming home again and again to see if by any possibility Beatrice might be there, and still returning to his fruitless quest. He loitered in roads where the gas glared on the pavement, and fell on the faces of the crowd, trying to scrutinise each till his brain was in a whirl, and all mingled in one hurrying, fantastic stream; then he walked into quiet bye-roads, where he met people mostly two and two. But no Beatrice. He had come out of one of these quiet dark roads out of the light of a corner public-house, facing into the principal thoroughfare, when suddenly he felt the pavement slipping from beneath his feet. He clutched at the wall, which seemed receding also, and then he knew no more what had happened till he woke, bruised and shivering with cold, on the hard pavement. It was as well, perhaps, that no one had seen him fall; that no police functionary was at hand, or he might have wakened on the hard bench of a police cell, imprisoned for the night as drunk and disorderly. *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. No. 10. NEW SERIES. JOB.

Chapters to be read—Job i., ii., xlii.

TO THE TEACHER.—It is not intended in this lesson to give any, even the briefest, summary of the contents of the Book of Job. Such a subject would be altogether beyond the capacity of the children, for whom these lessons are intended. But the man himself, in his pathetic story, his trials, his patience, and his returning prosperity, will be found to interest the children much.

I. JOB AT HOME. (Read i. 1—5.) Try and picture to the children the life of an Eastern prince or sheikh, recalling the history of Abraham or Jacob. Job himself, the father of the family, a godfearing, upright man, "eschewing evil, and fearing God." His wife (ii. 10) only appearing after his trials. His seven sons feasting and drinking, leading careless lives, forgetting God, and persuading their sisters to join them; his substance also very great, consisting of flocks and herds, after the custom of the East. Even in this picture we have an insight into Job's piety, in his daily prayers and burnt-offerings for his sons, lest in their merriment they should have blasphemed God, a sin punishable with death (Lev. xxiv. 15, 16). How much must such a wealthy and good man have been respected and envied.

II. JOB TEMPTED IN HIS ESTATE. (Read i. 6—22.) Ask who are called the "sons of God" (Job xxxviii. 7). Angels, being created beings, are such equally with men. Refer to 1 Kings xxii. 19 for another instance of God's being represented as holding a council in heaven. Point out the fact that Satan is spoken of as a person and not merely as an influence, and refer to Matt. iv. 2, where he is mentioned as coming to, and holding conversation with Christ, and show the children that just as God is a Spirit (John iv. 24), and the angels are good spirits (Heb. i. 7), so Satan is a bad spirit, always going about the earth seeking whom he may devour (1 Peter v. 8). Now question the children upon the story, pointing out (1) *how all possessions come from God* (ver. 10). Remind of Jacob, whom God blessed, so that his flocks and herds increased (Gen. xxx. 43); of Solomon, to whom God gave riches as well as wisdom; and, universally, all good gifts are from God (James i. 17). (2) *How God permits trials of our faith.* Explain carefully to the children the difference between *temptation* and *trial.* The devil tempts us to sin directly and indirectly: God tempts no man (James i. 13); but God allows us to be tempted in order to "try" us, or "make trial" of our faith and obedience. Thus Eve's obedience was tried or tested, and found to fail; Abraham's faith was tried, or tempted (Gen. xxii. 1), and found firm. As an illustration show how gold must be tested in the fire in order to be purified. So man is tried for his good, but never more than he can bear (1 Cor. x. 13). Question as to Job's trials—his oxen, asses, sheep, camels, servants, and children successively destroyed, and he and his wife left alone. Picture the desolate house, and the parents' grief. Remind of the lamentation of David over one beloved son

(2 Sam. xviii. 23), here whole house destroyed. (3) *The effect of trials.* Ask what Satan thought Job would do, and what most men would do with such an accumulation of troubles. Why did not Job sink under them? What did he do (ver. 20)? Show how he acted in accordance with God's description in ver. 8. He *worshipped—i.e.*, recognised God as Sovereign Lord, who had a right to demand all from him; he *blessed* God, even for taking away his dearest things from him. Show how this conduct showed *patience* under suffering, *resignation* to God's will, and implicit *faith* in God as wise and upright Creator.

III. JOB TEMPTED IN HIS PERSON. (Read chap. ii.) Ask the children which would be the greatest trial—the loss of worldly goods or of health. So ask how Satan now wished God to allow him to tempt Job. Again point to the conversation between God and Satan, and show what it teaches us (1) of the *perpetual watch* kept over us by God, so that He spies out all our ways (see Ps. cxxxix. 1—5), and also how Satan is always restlessly wandering about the earth seeking to do evil. Show also (2) that *Satan's power is limited* (ver. 5, 6). Only as God allows him can he do anything to us, and press strongly upon the children the fact that as with Job's body so with our souls, Satan can only *tempt*, not make us sin. Refer to Christ (Heb. iv. 15) to show that we may be as pure after temptation as before; it is temptation trifled with that begets sin (James i. 15). Now try and picture Job in his miserable condition—his possessions taken from him, his children dead, his body covered with loathsome boils. What was left in life worth having? Ask who gave way to despair about him—not himself, but his wife, telling him to "curse God, and die." Ask what Job's answer was (ver. 10), and point out how what we call "evils" are not really such to God's people. They were not so to Job, for they developed his character, and have proved of inexpressible comfort to thousands since; so that all that happens is good (Ps. lxxxiv. 11). Now refer to the visit of his three friends. Show the greatness of their sorrow and sympathy, sitting down in silence for seven days.

IV. JOB RESTORED TO PROSPERITY. (Read chap. xlii.) It will be sufficient to tell the children that Job and his friends had a long argument about God's dealings with him, and in the end Job humbled himself before God, confessing his sin (ver. 6), and God graciously accepted him. Ask what God said about his three friends, and what they were required to do, and how Job was to pray for them. From this let the children see (1) how important it is to have a right knowledge of God. Show how carefully we ought to study the Scriptures (John v. 39); for upon our knowledge of God depends our eternal life (John xvii. 3). (2) Also, how ignorance of God is a sin to be confessed and mourned over. Remind how the Holy Spirit is to convince men of the sin of unbelief (John xvi. 9). They may learn also (3) the duty and blessing of intercessory prayer. They offered up a sacrifice, but Job's prayer for them prevailed. Now God restored to Job his possessions twofold. New children were born to him, and his latter end was blessed more than the beginning (ver. 12). See Ezek. xiv. 14 for the estimation in which Noah was held by God, and in James v. 11 he is quoted as an example of patience.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Let the children see (1) how riches, &c., alone cannot give happiness, for they may flee away. (2) How all we have is God's, lent us only for a time, given or taken away at God's pleasure. (3) The beneficial effect of trial when borne rightly, teaching patience and resignation, rendering the person more like Christ. Let children learn to bear their little trials patiently.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe Job's life at home. How did his anxiety for his sons show itself?
2. Show that Satan is a real person. What may we learn about his power?
3. Explain the difference between temptation and trial.
4. What lessons may we learn from Job's arguments with his friends?
5. Where and how is Job mentioned elsewhere in the Bible?
6. Give three practical lessons the subject teaches us.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE autumn and winter passed away, and the spring-time and summer came, without bringing any incident in the history of Cripple Tom or his friend worth recording; but there was during all these months a gradual growth in the mind of the elder lad, both of intelligence and of feeling. The development was too gradual to have attracted the attention of any of those around him. Who can tell when the commonest weed begins to put forth its unnoticed flower? Could I have listened to every word that Tom spoke, even to his deaf companion, I should still be unable to point to the minute stages through which his mental life was passing; for no grey-haired man whose conscience is burdened with many a sinful memory, no smooth-browed girl, however sensitive to the world's gaze, is more reticent

of the inner thoughts and feelings than is a child, or a youth just passing out of mental infancy. One thing, however, that greatly contributed to (though it did not entirely cause) Tom's advancement was the instruction which he received from Miss Burton throughout the spring and summer months.

For some time Tom's teacher had thought that she ought to try to teach him to read; but she half feared that it might seem to be her duty to go and teach him at his own home—at that filthy cottage. She knew that Mrs. Robinson was in a very deplorable state, despised even by the less exemplary women of the village for her idleness, dirtiness, and disregard of the good opinion of others. She knew also that she could no more expect to induce this woman to change her habits and ways of life, to become a decent, cleanly, church-going, dutiful wife and mother, by visiting her, tract in hand, and treating her to a small lecture once a week or once a fortnight, than she could expect to change a thistle into a rose-bush by carefully anointing it every week with half a teaspoonful of rose-water. She knew that the only way by which she could reasonably hope to bring about a change, even in the outward details of Mrs. Robinson's life, was by getting her to look upon her as a friend, whom it would be a pain to displease and a pleasure to gratify. She knew also that if Mrs. Robinson would allow her to visit her cottage several times a week for the sake of teaching her son to read, she might in time come to have a great influence over her—an influence far greater than could be gained in any other way. Notwithstanding all this, Miss Burton did not feel inclined to undertake the task. She had not been thinking of the mother's improvement, but the son's; and she felt very doubtful whether she was capable of going to such a place and spending even half an hour in it three or four days a week, for weeks together. So she compromised the matter by inviting Tom to come to the summer-house for an hour's lesson on four days a week; and that the lessons might be the better valued, she limited the invitation to a month to begin with.

Tom gladly accepted the month's lessons. On the second morning he begged that his friend might come too. Miss Burton was glad to have him come, and provided him with pictures to look at during Tom's lessons. She found the mind of her pupil as empty as that of the deaf boy of any idea about countries, animals, or men, other than those he saw around him, without even the commonest furniture of the mind. Little by little she succeeded in filling the lad's mind with new ideas; each day the task grew easier; until at last she was surprised at his intelligence, and the tenacity with which his memory retained whatever he learned. So the summer months passed away, leaving the cripple boy no longer dull-brained and dumb, but a creature possessed of knowledge and thought, and, although he was far from suspecting it, with new capabilities of emotion and desire.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

85. A remarkable sign was given by God to Hezekiah that he should be healed of his sickness. What miracle of a similar kind is recorded in the Bible?

86. Account for the expectation among the Jews of the reappearance of Elijah before the coming of the Messiah.

87. Give the number of the prophecies uttered by Elijah, and name the persons against whom they were directed.

88. What instances from the history of Ahab may be adduced to show that he was a worse character than Jeroboam, the son of Nebat?

89. What is the title by which the memory of the iniquity of Jeroboam the son of Nebat is perpetuated?

90. What are the most convincing proofs we have in the history of Solomon that he turned aside from the Divine law and forgot the God of his fathers?

91. In connection with what event do we read for the first time that God sees not as man sees; that man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 208.

71. Baasha (1 Kings xvi. 1—7); Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. xix. 2).

72. Heb. xi. 7.

73. As a priest (Ps. cx. 4; Heb. v. 6; vi. 20; vii. 17—21).

74. "Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the *grapes*, and *pressed* them into Pharaoh's cup" &c. &c. (Gen. xl. 11).

75. Exod. iv. 3, 6, 9.

76. Exod. xvi. 23. "This is that which the Lord hath said."

77. God ordained that they were to be manumitted in the Sabbatical year (Exod. xxi. 2); but if they preferred their position of servitude, they could bind themselves without any limitation of time, "and he shall serve him for ever" (Exod. xxi. 5; Deut. xv. 16, 17); *i.e.*, until the year of Jubilee, which was an exception made by God to this law, for then there was to be general emancipation, and a continuance of their service no longer (Lev. xxv. 10, 40).



"The future mocks the present"—p. 242.

EMBLEMS.

THE shining light discovers
The deepness of the shade;
We sigh the more in sadness
To hear the song of gladness;
The quarrel of the lovers
Seems harsh when peace is made;
It is the light discovers
The deepness of the shade.

A breath creates the bubble,
  Dissolving at a breath;
In merry peals and knelling
The selfsame bells are telling
Of blessing and of trouble,
  Of bridal, birth, and death;
So floats and fades the bubble,
  The bubble of a breath.

The faithless swallows leave us
  When gloomy days begin;
We live and love together
Through glad and glowing weather;
The smiling lips deceive us
  With words that woo and win;
Our friends betray and leave us
  When darker days begin.

The fair and fragrant roses
  Are found on thorny stems;
We hate the sins we cherish;
In pain our pleasures perish;
Our foolish nature closes
  With evil it condemns;
Our hands are full of roses,
  But wounded with the stems.

The tide with useless swelling
  Resounds upon the beach;
We pass the day in sorrow
And dream of joy to-morrow;
Our hopes are ever dwelling
  On bliss beyond our reach;
The tide of life is swelling
  To die upon the beach.

The autumn winds are sighing
  Where yellow leaves descend;
Our joys are evanescent;
The future mocks the present;
The hours are winged and flying;
  This life in death will end;
The mournful winds are sighing
  Where withered leaves descend.

Is there no type of heaven
  For us on earth below?
The stars their watch are keeping:
For sleepless eyes and sleeping
Their gentle light is given
  As thro' the gloom they glow:
So may we find in heaven
  The light we seek below.

J. R. E.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XI.

NEARLY five years had passed away, and Gower Street looked just the same as it did the day Ruth and Mary came to London. So did the Leightons' house, and there was not much more change in the inmates. Mr. Leighton was a little greyer, while the greatest change in Mary was that she had grown altogether brighter-looking than she used to be. She was very happy now, for in a week she was going to be married to a friend of Mr. Leighton's, Dayrell Irving, a cotton manufacturer at Manchester. He had come up to London some time before on business, during his stay had often had occasion to ask Mr. Leighton's advice on affairs of importance, and, on Mr. Leighton's invitation, he had sometimes come to spend the evening. On these occasions he would often remain for hours with his host, closeted in the study, talking politics; but one time, when only Mary and Ruth were at home, he still stayed, much to their astonishment, and what was more, he seemed to enjoy himself. The two girls had often agreed that he seemed to care for nothing but talking about business matters, but soon found they were mistaken; for his visits became more and more frequent, and Ruth somehow left off criticising him and his opinions, ever since one day when Mary told her that she was very fond of forming theories about people, and that, as a consequence, she was often very unjust. This did not go on long, for Dayrell Irving soon asked Mary to be his wife, and she accepted him. There was no difficulty whatever, and as Dayrell could not leave his business long, and did not like being parted from Mary, the engagement proved a very short one. There was only a week now before Mary's wedding, and she was expecting Dayrell from Manchester this very evening. It was dusk; the fire lit up the drawing-room with a soft red glow, and Ruth was singing a melody which she had just composed, enjoying it to perfection in the solitude and the twilight, when Mary came in with a lamp in her hand, which she placed on the table. Ruth broke off in the middle of her song.

"Why did you leave off singing, Ruthie?" asked Mary, going to look out of the window.

"I didn't want any light. I wish I could sit in the dusk all the evening. You always seem to try to cut short my favourite time."

"I don't do it because it is your favourite time," said Mary; "I only thought the house looked so dark, and Dayrell will be here soon."

"I forgot, Mary; I spoke crossly," said Ruth, penitently coming up to Mary, and holding up her face to kiss her, just as she used to when she was a child.

Mary kissed her gently, then, suddenly exclaiming, "There he is!" ran out of the room to meet Dayrell at the street door.

Ruth slipped out of the drawing-room, up-stairs, and leaning on the window-sill, she indulged for a short time in dreaming, an occupation for which she had as great a predilection as ever. Often, when she was alone, her thoughts travelled back to the happy time she had spent at "The Willows," as the Raes' house was called, with many wishes that the old days would return. Once, since she came to live in London, she had gone to visit the Raes, but that was four years ago now. She had been asked again, but Mr. Leighton had had an invitation to some other friends, for his daughters as well as himself, and though Ruth would have preferred infinitely to go to the Raes, she complied with her father's wish. The time had slipped on and on, and now all the Raes were away in Italy, except the doctor, as Mrs. Rae was in a very delicate state of health, and had been ordered to pass the winter in a warmer climate. Ruth thought how selfish she was to indulge in wishes for her own happiness, when her chief thought should be gladness for Mary.

"I wonder what papa will do without Mary," she thought. "I am afraid I shall be a very poor substitute for her in everything. I don't believe I could keep house well, and when he wants me to write letters for him, I know he won't like my writing. I never can write as neatly as Mary." Ruth began scratching her name on the window-sill with a pin. "Yes, it is funny writing. And then if I make tea it always seems so weak. I must be very stupid; I suppose that is why I am not happier. Suppose I were to turn over a new leaf, and try to remember everything carefully, when Mary is married; it would please papa, and it would show him I am not quite such a silly little childish thing as he thinks me. I *will* try. How I should enjoy being thought quite womanly, and I do believe papa would be really proud of me if I could be a little more useful."

As Ruth looked out of the window she resolved to improve herself, and to please her father by filling Mary's place efficiently, and as she formed this resolution the difficulties seemed to melt away, and her dread of housekeeping to vanish.

The bell rang for supper, and Ruth went down. She entered the dining-room as the others seated themselves at supper. Dayrell was there, and rose to greet her as she entered. He was a man near upon forty, good-looking, although his features were not regular. Naturally it was a very grave face; yet when he smiled there was something very fascinating in the intense change, and his smile was very charming in itself. "Have you been burying yourself like a mole that the light dazzles you so?" asked Dayrell.

"No, but I have been up-stairs in the dark."

"What have you been doing there?" asked Mr. Leighton.

"Nothing," replied Ruth.

There was no remark from Mr. Leighton, but Ruth well understood the silence that followed her reply.

"I dare say that is not a strictly correct answer," observed Dayrell, smiling, "I shouldn't wonder if you were pretty well employed, if the truth were known."

"Apparently Ruth was doing nothing, or prefers us to think so," said Mr. Leighton. "It could not have been very profitable employment, if doing nothing is better than doing it, whatever it may be."

"I remember I first thought of and arranged my plan to improve the machinery at the factory, one evening when I was too lazy to ring for candles. Yet I should not wonder if, like Ruth, I had answered 'nothing,' if anybody had asked me what I was doing. There are many more unprofitable employments than doing 'nothing' in the dark. The result of my improvements, Mary, is this," continued Dayrell, "that I am able to take my wife to a more comfortable home."

Mary looked up. "I am glad of that, if you are, but it does not matter, does it?" and they looked at one another in silence for a moment, speaking in a sort of language that needed no words. Ruth saw the look, and turned her eyes away, feeling she must not try to read thoughts which were not for her. She remained silent.

Dayrell spent all the week in London, and a few days before the wedding a sister of Mr. Leighton's came to London to see the last of Mary before she married, as she had always been a great favourite of hers. This sister had acted as housekeeper in a nobleman's family in Scotland, for some years, but she made occasional visits to London, to see her brother and nieces; at least she did not come to see Ruth exactly, for somehow or other she and Ruth never got on very well together.

The wedding-day came. It was a bright sunny morning in April, and Mary was married early. Immediately after the breakfast she and Dayrell started for the Lakes, where they were going to spend their honeymoon. On leaving, Dayrell told Ruth that he and Mary hoped to see her down at Manchester often, and this made Ruth find it easier to bear the parting.

Mr. Leighton had to go out on business in the afternoon, and Ruth and her Aunt Louisa had tea alone. The day had changed since the morning, and now the rain was coming down in torrents.

"When will your papa be home?" asked Aunt Louisa, as she left the room after tea.

"Soon, I think," replied Ruth. "I shall get some tea ready for him."

"Yes, do. I was about to advise you to do so."

Ruth went into the study, and ordered the servant to bring her father's tea in there, and she then proceeded to make the room a little more comfortable.

She cleared away the litter of papers from the table, drew the curtains, stirred the fire, placed Mr. Leighton's arm-chair by it, and put his slippers to warm; then, being thoroughly satisfied that there was nothing more to be done until his return, she stood before the fire, her thoughts divided between Mary and her father. It was not long before she heard the sound of Mr. Leighton's latch-key in the door, and she went into the passage to meet him.

"How late you are, papa," she said, as he came to the study door. "Are you very wet?"

"Yes, that is *outside* my coat. Keep away, it's dangerous to come near me at present."

Ruth laughed. "I am not afraid of you," she said, and she helped him to take off his coat. Mr. Leighton seated himself by the fire, and put on his slippers, and Ruth gave him his tea.

"I could almost fancy Mary made this tea," he said. "It is excellent. I remember tasting some tea of your making before, which, to say the least of it, was poor; you have improved since then, I see."

"Yes, I hope so, and now I shall have practice, and I hope I shall always make it as well as Mary does, and that I shall do other things, too, as well as she does," Ruth answered, looking up at her father from her footstool before the fire.

"By-the-bye, Ruth, I suppose you have heard that Lord Mackensie and his family are going to India?" said Mr. Leighton, abruptly.

"Yes. It is a great pity that Aunt Louisa won't go out with them, as they want her to so much. Don't you think so? She said she should prefer going to strange people, rather than to a strange country."

"She is not going to strange people any more. I have dissuaded her from doing so, as I wished very much that she should stay here, to keep house for me, now that Mary is married."

"Papa!" exclaimed Ruth, in a voice that startled Mr. Leighton, and made him look at her suddenly, "why did you do that?"

"I don't understand your question, Ruth; I asked her because Mary has gone away."

"But I thought I was to keep house," said Ruth, her eyes filling with tears.

"My dear child, I don't think that would be a good arrangement. From all I have observed, I should not imagine that you were willing to keep house, and certainly, if you dislike it you will not do it well. Why are you sorry that I have asked your aunt to live with us?"

"Because I should like to keep house," said Ruth.

"But do you think you are capable of doing so?"

"Yes, I am sure I could. Why shouldn't I be able to do it as well as other girls?" asked Ruth, passionately. "Why did you ask Aunt Louisa to stay without speaking to me first? It was cruel of you not to give me a chance of telling you all I meant to do."

"You mean that *you* wished to decide who shall keep house for me; but don't you see that I preferred to decide myself, because my decision is impartial."

"I don't think that you had any right to decide," Ruth exclaimed; "I don't see why I should be treated like a child, as you always treat me."

"It is because you behave like one, Ruth," replied her father, composedly.

Ruth started from her seat. "I don't. I know you and Aunt Louisa think so, but you are very unkind, and it is no good trying to please you. I shall never try again," she said angrily; and turning suddenly, she ran out of the study and up-stairs to her own room, where she flung herself upon the bed, sobbing violently, partly from anger, and partly from unhappiness.

(*To be continued.*)

GOD'S WORKMANSHIP.

BY THE REV. R. DALY COCKING, M.A., INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."—Eph. ii. 10.

"FEARFULLY and wonderfully made" is the fine description which Holy Scripture gives of man as the creature of God's handiwork; a description fully endorsed by our own knowledge of ourselves, and borne witness to in every age by all reverent and thoughtful students of the mental and physical phenomena of the great subject of their contemplation. Nor is it easy to imagine any higher ground—any nobler motive for self-respect, and self-culture in all that is virtuous and enduring: no truer reason for pride in that highest sense which leads a man to guard and preserve in purity and honour his mind and body, his moral and material faculties, than the sure token felt within him, and visible without him, of an origin that is Divine; that Divine wisdom, design, and order are legible upon every feature of his being; "that he is made but a little lower than the angels;" that, in the language of the Psalmist addressed to God, "*Thou* hast fashioned me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me," that "we are God's workmanship."

For when once this great and ennobling truth of a Divine origin possesses and influences the mind, and we contemplate God as the Creator of this

marvellous and all-beautiful structure—the human body—and God as the Source of all the fair gifts of which it is the priceless casket—intellect, affection, moral instincts, aspiration, hope—like so many beautiful lamps, illuminating and displaying the inner glories of the spiritual temple—it is an easy, almost a necessary inference, that as life in itself is thus felt to be Divine, the purposes of life must be Divine as well. We feel that for these God-given powers there must be God-created works as the sphere for their employment and development; that for minds sensible of their affinity with the eternal and immortal, there must be corresponding and kindred objects around which to gather, and in which they realise their true, their natural exercise and expression; that, since we are God's workmanship, there are created for us and with reference to us, good works, those supreme enjoyments which flow from deeds of virtue and benevolence, from purity of heart, from love of truth, from the pursuit and realisation of holiness, "which God hath before prepared that we should walk in them."

"Shall I take the members of Christ, and make them the members of an harlot? God forbid," saith the apostle. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." A frustration, therefore, it is of the purpose of God in the creation of man—an utter perversion of God's gifts to His creatures, when they are employed otherwise than He would have them, or than their own high and peculiar nature bespeak and imply. Dreadful is that truth, and prolific in its reproductive power, "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions,"—that man received his members as "instruments of righteousness unto God," but yields them as "instruments of unrighteousness unto sin." And so utterly is this a perversion of the high intent of God in the creation of His creatures—so thoroughly does sin, entering in as an element of confusion and destruction, mar and disfigure the fair features of original perfection, that God's own workmanship, concerning which He once declared that it was "very good," so completely loses its God-like characteristics and distinctiveness, so as to need nothing less than a new creation, a new creative act and exercise of omnipotent power and omnipotent love, to bring back the image—to reproduce the likeness of Himself, which the Triune Jehovah contemplated for man, when before the birthday of humanity, God said, "Let *us* make man in our image, and after our likeness." And most instructive is it to observe how completely the new creation is a counterpart of the first,—how, when God would renew and restore the race which had so far and so fatally contradicted and fallen short of the high intent of the first creation, that there comes into action the mysterious operation of a Trinity of Persons, that it is through the Son that access can be had by one Spirit unto the Father; that it is by giving to the world a new Man—a perfect Man—an ideal Man—a Man with all the needs, the sympathies, the capacities for temptation, sorrow, and death common to men, and yet with all the perfection and sinlessness of God. It is the Man Christ Jesus, the God-man, according to whom, as to a model, all other men were to be re-formed, that in His image, the image of Divine perfection, men in their intellectual, moral, and spiritual being, were to be re-cast, re-modelled, re-made, born anew by the mysterious action of the Spirit of God—by the power of the Highest overshadowing the soul. It is in such wise that that Holy thing, the Divine life, the life of the Son of God, yea, the Son of God Himself, may be born—that is, revealed, within us—by the action, we say, of that Spirit who, when the earth was without form and void, moved over the waters of primeval night as a light-producing, life-generating God—the third Person of the adorable Trinity, the "Lord and Giver of life."

For no less than this is the teaching of God's Word in multiplied places. For example, David, in the fifty-first psalm, in praying for forgiveness for his awful sin, and for future spiritual mercies, asks of God, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." A greater than David tells Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." St. Paul, in writing to the Church at Colosse, contrasts their state when under the power and control of sin and their own hearts' desires, with the condition in which God's grace had afterwards placed them; and he speaks of the change as that of a "new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him, that is, the image of Jesus Christ." And in writing to the Ephesians the apostle exhorts them to "put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and put on the new man, which after God" (that is, the image of the pure and holy God as manifested and seen in Jesus Christ) "is created in righteousness and true holiness." And "if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creation!" not merely a new creature, but a new *creation!* Oh, which of us—which of the truest and holiest of God's saints on earth, ever did, yea, ever could realise to the full all that is here expressed and implied—a new creation! That is to say that all the resources of Deity are here in exercise because required! That it needs as much the omnipotence of God to recreate, re- a fallen, sinful soul—the soul of the

dalen that ever wept on her Redeemer's feet, and wiped them with the hairs of a head hung down in penitential shame—as it did to create the universe; to people countless worlds with immortal spirits; to call forth light from its cradle of perpetual night; to bid the ocean bring forth its manifold and multitudinous life, or earth to bear in her prolific bosom unfailing sustenance for every living thing—"grass that groweth on the mountains, and herb for the use of men."

And why should this be so? Because whenever it can be said of any man that "he is renewed in the spirit of his mind"—that he is a new man, that old things—old tastes, thoughts, imaginations, passions, lusts—have passed away; that all things have become new—that life is lived with new aspirations, new pursuits, tastes, joys, affections, hopes; that he is a new creature, created in Jesus Christ unto good works—such a result is exclusively the work of God, flowing from the inexhaustible love of God in Christ; it is a result which He alone could effect, or even conceive—a work which needed the power and love of our Father who is in heaven; the love and life and sacrifice of the adorable Son; and the prevailing, all-sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Advocate, the Guide, the Friend of man. Man of himself can no more renew his spiritual life, or retrieve his fallen fortunes, than he could at first have been his own creator, or breathed into his own nostrils the breath of life. He has not the knowledge—for "in Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—nor the desire, nor the power, if even the knowledge were there. Reason and philosophy might, doubtless—as in fact they did for some—lead the mind to recognise and be conscious of its own deep defectiveness, its moral imperfections, and to guess vaguely at some condition, yet to be, of restoration and perfection; "to feel after God if haply they might find Him;" reason and philosophy could lead the thoughtful and the anxious students of themselves and of truth so far on a moral eminence—a moral Mount Pisgah, wherefrom some fair land of hope and promise might distantly be seen, but *into* it they could not conduct him; to gain it they could not help him, nor place within his reach the milk and honey of its goodly fields—the rich and all-sustaining hopes and satisfactions of a true religion; and that, because salvation and all that salvation implies and is, is of God; from the first spark of grace which faintly glimmers in the heart on earth, to the full blaze of everlasting glory which shall burst upon the soul in heaven—for it is His Gospel that bringeth light and immortality to life; it is His grace which revealeth, procureth, bringeth salvation! It is said of Michael Angelo, whose noble genius found its grandest expression in embodiments of Christian art, that on the rough material of his own selection no hand save his own was permitted to pass, from its rudest state, until, by the last delicate touch of the master-hand, his work stood forth, the eloquent parable of beauty and of life. Even so in the redemption, justification, and sanctification of man—that is, in all that renders him in the truest sense God's workmanship—it is God who performs the whole Himself; God in the Trinity of persons yet oneness of essence. No human, or sainted, or high angelic hand can bear a part therein; nay, in this particular, angels in their sinless glory, and man, raised from ruin and the miseries of sin to an inheritance of immortality and bliss, stand before God on equal, common ground. The one confession befits the lips of both; the one song of gratitude may rightly burst from the heart of each—"By the grace of God I am what I am."

And upon this work which God would fain accomplish and complete within the soul of man, and thus bring him into closer, dearer relations with Himself, various and sharp and deeply cutting are the tools and instruments which the Spirit of God—not always, 'tis true, but ofttimes, and in some cases necessarily—employs, whereby alone the rough places in man's nature are made smooth, and the rugged sharpness of a perverted will and of obstinate self-assertion is reduced to willing obedience and loving submission. These are, tribulation, disappointment, bereavement, sickness, and other trials in multiplied forms; but all under the Master-hand of Love, and by the patient workings of Grace, are ever fashioning the soul which does not thwart or defeat the purpose, but responds thereto in the truest spirit of submission and faith, until by slow degrees God's design is completed; and then comes forth upon the soul the image of a perfect man—the image of Jesus—the image of holiness; holiness, the most beautiful thing in man, because the highest attribute of God.

"We are His workmanship," His work of art, of truest design—which design is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever; vessels made to honour; beacons set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; temples of God wherein dwelleth the Spirit of God: a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ!

"We are His workmanship," His ποιημα—hence our word "poem." Redeemed, regenerate man is, indeed, in the highest sense a great poem, a glorious epic, telling forth on each chapter of his being the mystery of his own complex nature,—at once the subject of a paradise lost and of a paradise regained, singing forth the praises, the adorable love, the ineffable sacrifice of Him who called him out of darkness into His marvellous light—a harmonious creature with a heart deli-

cately strung and attuned by the Spirit of God to the sweetest strains of love, the truest inspirations of hope, and the holy joys and fullest assurance of faith!

In answer to mercies, as an Æolian harp responsive to every touch of external Nature, the heart by the very law of its being becomes itself sensitive to all that is true and lovely and of good report, its breath is then the breathing out of a spiritual influence; its every action is the tuning of some other soul to the true harmonies of grace, and its every word a living power to awaken the lethargic slumberings of some thankless heart, and bid it rise and give thanks with the best member that it has!

"For this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. New Series. No. 11. John the Baptist. Part I.

Chapters to be read—parts of Luke i., iii.

INTRODUCTION. Question as to the names of some of the characters on whom the children have hitherto had lessons. Ask in what respect inferior to those in New Testament—what the one great event to which all looked forward. Refer to what Christ said about the prophets and kings (Matt. xiii. 16, 17), and St. Paul (Heb. xi. 13). Show how they, by means of sacrifices and prophecies, looked *forward* by faith to Christ. All the rest read of in the Bible lived *at or about* the time He lived, while we live after and look *back* to Christ's death.

I. John prophesied of. (1) *By prophecy.* (Read Mal. iii. 1, iv. 5, 6). Tell that Malachi prophesied 400 years before birth of Christ. Ask how Elijah was a type of John; whose hearts he turned to God at Mount Carmel, and how; what king he preached to, and with what result. So that people were prepared for the coming of another great prophet. (2) *By the angel.* (Read Luke i. 5—25.) Question on the story. Ask the position of the altar of incense inside the Temple, reminding that only priests were allowed inside: where were the people? (v. 10.) Picture the fear and astonishment of Zacharias at the sight of the angel. Remind of the angels sent on similar message to Abraham (Gen. xviii. 10) and Manoah (Judges xiii. 5). Ask how the message was received, and why; and what sign was given in punishment for his unbelief. Notice the description of the child, and ask how John was to be great: what is ordinarily counted greatness; show that he was not great by *birth*, being the son of an ordinary priest—not great by *riches*. Ask where he lived, and on what food—not great by any particular *talents*—but great because of two things: his *office* in preaching about Christ, and his *character* in being full of the Holy Ghost (v. 15); ask which greatness is best, and why—showing how greatness of birth and riches will pass away, but the other will remain; and that while one is in the possession of few, all may have the other.

II. John born. (Read Luke i. 57—67, 80.) Ask now about his mother; her name and age. Describe her delight at hearing of the angel's message; her grief at her husband's dumbness; the joy when the child was born; the relatives meeting and discussing his name: what would they naturally wish to call him? who interposed, and why? what this showed on Elisabeth's part; and ask how the question was settled. Ask a few questions about circumcision, showing when it was instituted, and why. Read Gen. xvii. 5—10, to show how infants, at the earliest possible age, were to be received into covenant with God, and at circumcision the name was given. As Zacharias could not speak, what could he do? Describe the scene of his writing his name "John"—his tongue loosed—the joy of his wife—surprise of his friends—the tale spreading. Ask what was the first use he made of his speech, and draw the obvious lesson as to the duty of praise for special mercies. From ver. 66, 80 describe the child's growth—strong, healthy, and vigorous; developing early in body and mind because God was with him.

III. John preaching. (Read Luke iii. 1—18.) Ask the age at which prophets and priests began their work. Why wait till thirty? Show how with few books, learning was necessarily much slower then. Now picture out this new strange prophet in the wilderness of Judea, by the side of the Jordan: his *hair*, long and shaggy, uncut by the vow of the Nazarites; his *dress*, camels' hair and leathern girdle—his whole appearance wild and strange. Describe the crowds from the whole country, attracted by the reports coming to him. Show the nature of his teaching. Two subjects (1) *repentance.* Ask the nature of true repentance, showing from examples of David and Peter that it includes sorrow for past sin as well as change of life. What did John insist on the people's doing?—not merely professing repentance, but showing it in their lives. Question on some of the different classes of people who came; *the people* were told to give alms to the poor. From the story of the rich young man who went away sorrowful, show that almsgiving was rare in those days. Tell how the *publicans*, or tax-gatherers, were noted for their extortions, and the *soldiers* for discontent, and show that each class was told to show

their repentance by giving up their particular sins. Press this home practically to the children. Show how needful it is to ascertain and abandon our besetting sin (Heb. xii. 1) if would truly repent. (2) *Faith.* Ask who the people thought John must be (v. 15), and how he set them right. Compare his baptism and that of Christ's; his the outward sign, and Christ's the inward grace. Show how he always pointed the people to Christ as the Lamb of God (John i. 29) who would take away sin, receive those who repent (the wheat, Luke iii. 17), but destroy the wicked; and how John disclaimed the honour the people wished to give him.

Now ask for points in his character. He was (1) *faithful* to his mission: he was to preach, and preach he did, with wonderful zeal and success. (2) *Humble* in declining honour, even though the forerunner of Christ. (3) *Earnest* in seeking to save souls. All can imitate him in these points—faithful in work, humble in manner, and earnest in spirit.

Questions to be answered.

1. By what two prophets was John the Baptist foretold, and in what way?
2. What was the angel's description of him?
3. Show the difference between the world's greatness and true greatness.
4. What sign did the angel show Zacharias, and how long did it last?
5. What was the nature of John's preaching?
6. Name three points in his character.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SEARCH OF EVIDENCE.

THERE had come into the office of Messrs. Tabor and Tenterden the case of a disputed will, and it was found necessary, on consultation, that some one should proceed immediately to the locality in which the testator had lived and died, in order to ascertain what substantial ground there was, for the assertion of the plaintiff, that the will had been made when the said testator was in a condition of incapacity, and that in that condition undue influence had been exercised over him. It was therefore settled that Philip should go into Essex for the purpose, and the day fixed was that on which Beatrice Lovejoy had left her home. It was twelve o'clock noon before he started on his journey, having been detained at the office a couple of hours beyond the time which he had fixed. He drove to the station in a hansom, and jumped into the train already in motion, with a black bag in one hand and a small portmanteau in the other. He had a carriage all to himself, and presently devoted himself to the contents of his bag, refreshing his mind concerning the case before him. The information was not of a very encouraging nature. It had been furnished by the next of kin, the nephew of a Mr. Jacob Baselow, who had left the whole of his property to a disinherited son. Old Mr. Baselow had died at the age of eighty-five, and was, his nephew was well assured, in his dotage. Also, as proof that undue influence had been used, it was alleged that the will was only framed a year and a half previous to his decease—in fact, when the testator had very few wits left about him. It was also urged that Mr. John Baselow had induced—and, indeed, bribed—certain friends to make false representations to his father concerning his (John's) former conduct, attaching the blame thereof to other and innocent persons. The only fact stated in support of old Baselow's mental incapacity was that towards the close of his life, for the last half dozen years or so, he had pretended to be stone deaf, while there was evidence to prove that he heard perfectly well. This was said to be the cunning of madness; but Philip saw in it only the natural outcome of such a character. When he could no longer take active means to verify the suspicions engendered by his own vile nature, and by the characters of those by whom he had surrounded himself, he had resorted to this mode of lying in wait to condemn them out of their own mouths.

Past the outposts of the great city, where ranks upon ranks of houses are stretching out to take possession of the green country, like so many columns on the march, and on through the level pastures of the marshes the train swept on. Philip had arrived at his destination before he was aware. The train was stopping at the station at which he had to get out, when, from a carriage in advance of his own, a young man sprang eagerly, while the train was still in motion, and was dashed upon the platform. Philip's carriage stopped exactly opposite the spot where he fell, and Philip was jumping out to help him when the porter and guard ran forward and lifted him up, and seeing that little damage was done, immediately began to take him to task for a contravention of the bye-laws, in leaving the carriage while the train was in motion.

Philip by this time had got out bag and baggage.



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"Fanny began crying again and again. It reached Geraldine's ear, and seemed to distress her"—*p.* 252.

He heard the guard demand the young man's name, and the young man answer sulkily, while dusting his knees, "My name is Baselow;" and Philip started at the name, for, by a curious coincidence, if nothing more, it was the name of the defendant in the case; —nay, he felt sure it was the defendant himself, still in happy ignorance of his position as such. Guard and porter grinned as they heard the name, and seemed inclined to let him pass.

A lady had joined the group, at which Philip could not help glancing with curiosity and interest. She was the young man's companion—his wife or his sister. Where had Philip seen that face? for it was quite familiar to him, though at the moment blanched with fear—a handsome, unlovable face, he thought it was. And why did it bring before him Fanny Lovejoy and her troubles, and, by implication, his own, so persistently?

The young man limped off to the waiting-room, with the lady by his side, the train puffed out of the station, and Philip, coming behind the porter who was carrying his portmanteau across the road to the little inn, called to mind where he had seen the face. It was at Fanny's, after all, and she was one of those Lovejoy girls. But, having settled that, he could not dismiss her from his mind. What was she doing here, and with this young Baselow, of whom he had formed a most unfavourable opinion at first sight? To these questions he could by no means return satisfactory answers.

But having secured his bed and ordered his lunch, he returned to the common room, and found there the object of his mental inquiries, evidently waiting and alone. She had off her left-hand glove, and on it appeared a wedding-ring. Philip advanced boldly, and gravely begged her pardon; but he felt sure that he ought to know her. Was she not, or had she not been, a Miss Lovejoy?

Beatrice, for it was she, bowed with creditable dignity, and answered that it was so.

"But you claim that name no longer?"

"No; I am married."

"Is the gentleman with you your husband?"

Beatrice bowed again, and said, "Yes."

"Mr. Baselow?" said Philip.

"Yes."

Philip hoped he was not hurt, and was turning away, when she looked round for a moment to see that she was unobserved, and, opening a purse which she held in her left hand, hurriedly took out and unfolded a piece of paper, and thrust it before him. It was a marriage certificate, of that morning's date. He had only had time to glance at it, and she to return it to her purse, when Mr. Baselow re-entered, loud and bustling, and calling to her that the chaise was waiting. Without taking further notice of Philip, she walked from the room.

Having established himself at the little inn, Philip set to work to sift his evidence, and look up his witnesses; but the conclusion at which he arrived was decidedly unfavourable to his client—viz., that the old man had died possessed of all the senses he had ever had—a horrible mixture of craft and animalism, of shrewdness and the kind of short-sightedness which would come upon a soul which never raised eyes from out the dust.

With more than usual aversion Philip traced the footsteps of Jacob Baselow to the grave, and it was afternoon of the day following before he returned to town. He went straight to the office, and found there a note from Fanny awaiting him. Mr. Tabor was already gone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GOOD NIGHT.

Geraldine's sleep that night was disturbed by no pain, yet it could scarcely be called sleep, so thinly veiled were the senses. Her mother lay down on the couch beside her and slept also, so slightly that the girl's faintest movement woke her.

"What o'clock is it, mamma?" Geraldine asked again and again, as the night wore on, and after one of her brief intervals of slumber, Mrs. Lovejoy found, with terror, that the timepiece had stopped. To her it was an evil omen, not merely a sign that in the state of mind into which approaching death throws every household any habitual mechanical act, like the winding up of a watch or clock, is apt to be forgotten.

She slept no more. Geraldine, who had been longing for the morning, roused as soon as it was light, and almost hurried her away that she might learn something of Beatrice. Ada had been up with the dawn, and at her music, which, happily, did not disturb her sister, though it could be heard plainly through the rest of the house. It had been settled that no one was ever to enter Geraldine's room in the morning until Mrs. Lovejoy came out, as the invalid was apt to gain her last and most refreshing sleep when others were rising for the day. But, as soon as her mother opened the door, Ada would come in, and she heard the slight sound in the midst of her playing that morning and hastened up-stairs at once. In the few minutes during which her mother was absent, getting something for Geraldine, Ada was put in possession of the fact of Beatrice's run-away marriage. Trembling with excitement, she hastened to communicate it to Fanny; but Fanny could only stand aghast, and murmur, "Oh dear! what a shame!"

Fanny was not famous for resource in trouble, and her one idea under this fresh one was to send for Philip. In all her perplexities Fanny had been accustomed to rely on him, and she could not break the habit. "He is a lawyer, my dear," she said, when Ada objected, "and he always knows what is best to be done. Don't you remember how soon he settled that affair of your brother's? He is sure to find

Beatrice, and have it explained. You have no idea how clever he is."

Ada submitted to this argument, with its kernel of fact, and Fanny, by a great effort at combination, sent in a note to Mr. Tabor, enclosing one to Philip, urging the latter to see her immediately. Only the servant brought back a message to the effect that Mr. Tenterden was out of town, and might not be home till quite late in the evening, if then.

Mrs. Lovejoy's fears, superstitious and natural, were somewhat dissipated in the morning light. It soothed her especially to learn that the servant had forgotten to wind up the timepiece, and that it had not, as she expressed it, "stopped of itself." Fanny took Mrs. Lovejoy's place from nine till eleven, while Ada had her music lesson, and the morning seemed passing like other mornings for poor Jerry, quiet and slow. They had moved her bed lately, so that she could see a corner of the garden, and the cherry-tree over the wall, and the field beyond, with its fringe of greening elms. It had been a great pleasure to her to look out at the pretty little picture, but to-day she turned her face away from it and shut her eyes.

When Ada came in she seemed more than usually glad, and more than usually reluctant to lose sight of her for a moment, though whenever by some word or sign she had expressed this, she would hasten to condemn herself as selfish, and beg her sister to go. Ada was glad she did not go that day. She had her lunch brought up to her there, along with Jerry's chicken broth and jelly, and ate it beside her; but Jerry could not eat at all. "Try it," said Ada, tasting it to tempt her; "it is so nice."

"I wanted nice things to eat when I couldn't get them, and now that I have them I can't eat," said Jerry, smiling, always struck by the incongruities of things. Then she took a little book from under her pillow and tried to read, as she had often done lately, but it soon dropped on the coverlet, as if it was too heavy for her to hold. She asked Ada presently to read it for her, and Ada read her to sleep.

Mrs. Austin came to the door, but did not go up-stairs when she found she was sleeping. A little later Mr. Huntingdon and Clara came, and found her awake. She roused herself on their entrance, and seemed to join meekly, as she always did, in the brief act of devotion. Mr. Huntingdon was bending over her to say good-bye, when she said something in a tone so low that neither Ada nor Clara heard her, but he answered, saying, "I am so glad." A few more whispered words, and then he bade her good-bye, passing quickly out of the room to hide his emotion. "She has learnt her hard lesson at last," he said to his sister, when they had gone on together for a little way in silence: "she is willing to go."

"I am so glad," said Clara, echoing his own words. "Well I know the peace it brings, for I have known the struggle."

"Yes, you know some things better than I do," he answered, as if half wondering.

"Because all life is a lesson," she answered, "and I have had a longer one than you—three years longer, Charles: measured by years and by pain," she continued, looking up at him with a pathetic smile, "far, far longer."

"Then we are drawing nearer, Clara," said her brother, "if pain counts more than years."

"Love counts more than pain," said Clara, smiling again.

"And costs more," he answered. "Clara, that poor child asked me to say good-bye for ever. Do you think it is so near as that?"

"There was a change for the worse, I thought," said Clara.

And do you know instead of saying 'Good-bye,' she said 'Good night.'"

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Lucy Tabor paid her daily visit to Geraldine. Fanny was sitting in the drawing-room, half asleep. She had got into the custom of drowsing through the hours between lunch and tea. Lucy did not rouse her, but went up-stairs at once; and, as she went, she could hear Ada singing very softly and sweetly. She went in, and found her, with her books upon her knee, sitting on a low seat in the window, where she could not see her sister's face.

As Lucy went up to Geraldine, she was shocked at the great change which she saw in her. She stooped to kiss her, and the touch of her forehead made her shiver with dread.

"How are you to-day, dear?" she asked; and Geraldine only turned upon her appealing eyes, but did not speak. She was evidently unable to answer. "Ada," cried Lucy, with a tone and look of reproach, "Geraldine is very ill."

Ada started up, and threw her book down on the floor. "What is it, Jerry darling?" she said, putting Lucy aside unceremoniously, and bending over her sister; "oh, Jerry! what is it?"

There was no doubting what it was, even by eyes that had never seen it. It was death. Lucy ran for Fanny, who came up-stairs, and proclaimed herself worse than useless by beginning at once to cry. It was evident that Geraldine noticed her and looked distressed. Ada was standing by her, supporting her a little, with her left arm under the pillow, strange and white, but with a tender calm. The terror was there for her, too, for it flashed across her face as she turned it away from Geraldine for a moment; but she was determined that her sister should not see it—as a mother turns smiling on her child, to keep it calm in some deadly strait of peril, which is stopping her own pulses with dread.

"Be quiet, Cousin Fanny," she said; "and you, Lucy, run for the doctor."

They did as they were bidden, both; and it was not long before Lucy returned with the doctor, who

could only confirm their fears. There was nothing to be done but to let her depart in peace. The doctor was a kind-hearted man, and he pressed her hand in farewell, with tears in his eyes. But, after he was gone, it was evident that she wanted something, for her eyes turned to the door, and then appealingly to her sister's face.

"She wants mamma and papa," said Ada. "Yes—she knows what I am saying; let some one go for them."

"Let me go," said Lucy; and Ada gave her the address, without taking her eyes from off her sister's face. She had evidently heard and understood, for she faintly smiled.

Lucy flew to execute her errand, and just as she reached the door some one knocked. She opened it herself, and found Arthur Wildish.

Lucy's face was enough. "Can I do anything to help?" he asked, in a subdued tone.

"Oh yes," said Lucy, and told him her errand. "You will go faster than I could;" and she repeated the address which Ada had given her.

Arthur sprang off to do her bidding, and Lucy returned to the sick-room, to see if she could be of use there, telling them that Arthur had gone.

The time seemed to pass with strange rapidity. Fanny began crying again and again. It reached Geraldine's ear, and seemed to distress her. By a look—half reproach, half command—Ada succeeded in banishing her from the room; and she went into the next, where she could indulge freely.

Lucy remained a spectator of the scene, for Ada seemed to forget her presence. But she could not leave her. Out of sight she knelt in silence.

Ada asked, "Do you like to hear me speak, Jerry?" and she must have received an answer in the affirmative, for she went on speaking; and she spoke only what she felt—her own strong, yearning love. In broken, frequent sentences she murmured, "I'm here, darling—don't be afraid. I'm loving you, Jerry." The girl had no words to express higher or deeper things. But as the struggle grew harder, her words failed, and with lips grown white she whispered, "Shall I sing to you?"

Geraldine again assented, and Ada sang. She remembered the simple hymns she knew thus, when she could not say them; childish things they were, such as are sung in Sunday-schools, but they seemed full of sweetness and power then.

At length Arthur Wildish returned, bringing with him Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy. They found Philip outside the door, having just arrived, and all four entered the house together. In the hall they all stood still, and listened for a moment to the sweet voice thrilling through the silent house; for the door of Geraldine's room had been set open. Arthur shook hands with Philip, who went into the drawing-room, and then followed Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy up-stairs, but only to remain on the landing till Lucy came to him. It was not long before she came to him, no longer able to control her sobs, and they stood there listening together.

At length they knew by the silence, broken by Ada's crying, that all was over, and Lucy began to tremble so violently that Arthur had to support her in his arms, and, half carrying her down-stairs, he laid her on one of the sofas.

(To be continued.)

OUR AUTOGRAPH-BOOKS.

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

AMONG the foremost in the ranks of feminine celebrities during the sway of the House of Hanover we come upon Mrs. Delany, the intimate friend of George III. and his Queen Charlotte, and herself a sovereign, as far as being one of the queens of society gives her a claim to such a title. Her admirers were numerous, and her courtiers were of all ranks and countries. Without either claiming homage as an authoress, a politician, or an extraordinary beauty, she still, by her engaging manners and feminine charms, drew around her all the literati of the day, and her correspondence with them was so extensive and various, that it has furnished materials for no fewer than nine large volumes, edited by Lady Llanover, and each volume full of wit, anecdote, and the interest which always attaches to incidents of court life.

Mrs. Delany was the great-granddaughter of Sir Bevil Granville, one of the boldest and most successful cavalier leaders, and known as the Bayard of England. She married first, much against her own inclination, Mr. Pendarves, a Cornwall gentleman, and after his death she became the wife of Dr. Patrick Delany, the Dean of Down, and the intimate friend of Dean Swift.

She was born in the year 1700, and lived to the fine old age of eighty-eight years, retaining her faculties bright and undimmed to the last. The letter which we transcribe next from the pages of our autograph-books, was written by Mrs. Delany in her eighty-first year, and though penned under circumstances of great terror and excitement, is a remarkable specimen of clear and energetic handwriting. It is dated Whitehall, to which place she had first taken flight with the Duchess of Portland, the Gordon Riots being then at their height, and

the houses of the nobility and gentry threatened at every moment with pillage and destruction.

"Whitehall, 26 June, 1780.

"DEAR SIR,—The books of Dr. Johnston's criticism on the Poets are safely arrived, but not a word to signify what journey and voyage you have had, how you do, and how you found the friends that I am sure must rejoyce at your return; these are particulars of so much moment that you must excuse my solicitude about them, and gratify my impatience as soon as you can; at the same time give me some account of Summer Hill, from whence I have not heard a great while, and notwithstanding our late dreadful alarms, you have all very much occupied my thoughts, and ever will my best wishes. The Dss of Portland's best compliments and thanks, with mine for yr remembrance of the books, and beg to know what and to whom we are to discharge our debt. Are you not a little surpriz'd to see my handwriting (such as it is) after such shocking scenes as I have lately experienced? not only the general destruction that was apprehended, but the immediate sufferings of particular friends, the principal among them Lord Mansfield and his family; that they have escaped with their lives is a consolation, and that they have all sustained the Terrors and their loss with true fortitude; and now I trust we are in a way, not only of quelling present tumults, but of finding out the vile perpetrators that have brought on us such woe and confusion. Tuesday, the 6th of this month, the Dss Dowager of Pd was advised not to sleep at Whitehall, as it was thought an attack was designed agst a nr neighbour, and she removed for that night to Lord Stamford's in Charles St, but as on examination it was found that her own house in Privy Garden was a better guarded situation, she dined with me, and carried me and my child along with her to Whitehall, as I received a note to inform me that there was a design upon Lord Carlisle's house (almost opposite to mine) that night. You may easier guess at the confusion of mind we were in, nor can I describe the horrors of that Wednesday night, when I heard every gun that was fired that whole night; knew our troops were engaged with the Rebels; that five great fires were blazing in the City, all seen from the windows, and concluded the Temple was one of them: where my nephew, Court Dewes, was—indeed, it is too much to recollect. I have felt it all severely in Body and Mind, but I thank God both are better, and I see the Dss of Pd so much mended within these few days that it has done me more good than anything. We came to town last Friday for a few days, dine to-day at Kenwood at Lord Mansfield's, and return to Bulstrode to-morrow, where I hope our quiet and peace will not be interrupted. I make no apology for this strange letter, that bears so strongly the marks of past agitation. I am surpriz'd and I hope you will be glad that I am able to write at all, and assure you I am, Dear Sir,

"Your most affecte Friend and humble Servt,

"M. DELANY.

"Say everything that is kind to my dear Friends."

One cannot certainly wonder at poor Mrs. Delany complaining that she felt it severely both in mind and body. The horrors of such a situation must have been almost overwhelming to a lady of her great age. Even the young must have quailed at the sight of an infuriated mob: the shouts and imprecations of the rabble, the burning piles, which lit up the sky at night-time with a horrible lurid glare, seeming all the more horrible for the continuous roll of the drums, and the constant loud throb of the cannon.

Lord George Gordon, the leader and originator of this rebellious movement, is described by Lord Mahon as an ignorant fanatic, and the rebellion itself as a sudden meteor, having its origin in the foulest marshes. Rash, brainless, and impetuous, Lord George became the tool of designing demagogues. No project was too wild, no deed too daring for a nature so defiant and ballastless; and as this kind of blustering noisy carriage often impresses weak minds, crowds flocked to become his followers, and a mighty array of fools, knaves, and rebels united in his cause.

Their behaviour was just such as one might expect from such a union, and in a camp where discipline and order were unknown. They paraded the streets, knocked down the watchmen at night, the beadles by day, upset the carriages of the statesmen and peers, and on their way to Parliament dragged them out of their carriages, pulled off their wigs, and rolled these grave dignitaries in the mud. They went even further, and sought to obtain forcible possession of the House of Commons itself. But here one man's cool bravery cowed their impudent clamour. Colonel Murray, a relation of Lord George Gordon's, addressed his traitorous kinsman thus: "My Lord George, do you really mean to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours." This silenced the valiant leader, who immediately withdrew, and quietly retiring to the eating-room of the House, he threw himself into a chair; and while Mr. Bowen, the chaplain, sought to improve the occasion by advice and reproof, he either fell asleep, or pretended to do so.

But while their leader dozed, and refreshed his giant strength with sleep, the rioters had a little escapade of their own. They broke up into parties; some retired quietly home, being alarmed at the sight of the foot-guards, ready at a moment's notice for action, others paraded the streets, while a few of the wildest and worst, feigning peace and goodwill until the soldiers had been withdrawn, suddenly made a rush on the Roman Catholic chapels in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Warwick Street, and before help could be brought, set them on fire, smashing the fire-engines as they arrived, and making a bonfire of the benches, which were flung out of the chapel windows by the mob inside. The soldiers were again called out, but arrived too late, being only able to secure thirteen of the rebels.

From this moment matters grew worse and worse. Lord George again headed the party. A furious attack was made upon Newgate, where their riotous friends were in confinement. The

houses around were set in flames, and presently the gates of the prison itself.

It must have been an awful sight to the lookers-on. The flames of the burning buildings; the shouts and cheers of the multitude, as they dealt blow after blow upon the iron-clamped doors of the prison; the yells and screams of the felons in their cells; and at last the hideous roar of triumph as a breach was effected, and three hundred prisoners were let loose among the crowd, four of whom were to have undergone the penalty of death on the day but one following.

The very Lord Mansfield and his wife Lady Mansfield, mentioned in Mrs. Delany's letter, were placed in jeopardy of their lives, and only escaped by timely flight through the back door of their house as the rebels were pouring through the front. All their property was ruthlessly destroyed, their cellars broken open, their furniture shattered, and their valuable library burnt.

But this state of things could not be permitted to last. The troops, too tardily called upon the scene of action, soon, though not without many instances of bloodshed and retaliation, discomfited the rebel host, and Lord George himself was arrested and tried for high treason.

Many of the unfortunate rioters were hung, while their leader was, after a trial which gave occasion for one of Lord Erskine's most magnificent speeches, acquitted. However, he seemed intent on his own destruction, and after repeated acts of folly, which caused him even to be regarded as a madman, he ended his days in Newgate, where he had been imprisoned as the author of a libellous article written on Marie Antoinette and her ambassador in London.

The following letter, which came into our possession some time ago, was actually written in Newgate only a few months before the gaol fever attacked him, eventuating in his death. The subject-matter itself of the letter is only interesting from the facts which surround it:—

"Lord George Gordon presents his compliments to Lord Erne, and having observed his Lordship's name and patronage added to the resolutions of the Grand Jury of the county of Fermanagh on the subject of the inflammatory proceedings of the Roman Catholics, uses the freedom to enclose a little publication for his perusal, which he hopes will come safe to his hands, and not give any offence to his Lordship or his Protestant friends in Fermanagh.

"Newgate, London, 7th Sept., 1792."

From these few lines it is plain to see that the old fire of fanaticism still flickered in the breast of the prisoner. Lord George Gordon died in his forty-third year, and before his death he embraced the Jewish religion.

As a curious contrast to the wild, lawless character we have just been reviewing, let us read the following autograph of a great, good, and wise man, an earnest philanthropist, an eloquent statesman, and a most loving and affectionate husband.

"Dear Dumont,—I send you several copies of a printed pamphlet on the slave trade which Clarkson has composed. I have been so hurried that I have not been able to look at it, but I am informed that it is not in good French. The facts it records, being the result of the long examinations which took place here some years ago, must be very important. You will best judge whether it is worth while to have it reprinted, or a corrected edition of it printed in Geneva. Whatever expense attends this, the African Society will willingly pay. Indeed, if there were any difficulty on that subject, I would pay it. I send you some copies of a German translation of the same tract. Can you procure this to be sent to Vienna or elsewhere, where they can be most useful? Wilberforce says that he will write to you. After having written this I find that it is not certain that I shall get the pamphlets time enough to send them with this, but if not I will send them by the first opportunity. We have received your letter of the 9th, and return you many thanks for it. My slavery in the Court of Chancery will end to-day, and to-morrow I shall set out for T——, where I hope to enjoy complete happiness with Ann and the children for three weeks. I then go to Durham, and perhaps shall return to T——.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"Aug. 27, 1814. "Saml. Romilly."

Sir Samuel Romilly was of French descent. His grandfather came over from Montpellier to London, and settled down in the neighbourhood of the City as a wax-bleacher, and his father was a jeweller in Frith Street, Soho. He himself was born in the year 1757, and received but a very poor education in a French Protestant school. He, for a time, tried the business of the shop, afterwards the merchant service, and eventually nearly set up in life as a solicitor. But none of these occupations suited his tastes or feelings. In 1783 we find him called to the Bar, where after a probationary time his talents were discovered, and his income suddenly rose from a trivial sum to £8,000 or £9,000 a year. He afterwards entered Parliament, where his speeches were considered magnificent specimens of oratory. But Sir Samuel's real claim to the grateful remembrance of the nation is founded on the wonderful and humane exertions made by him in modifying the severity of the penal laws then existing, and in rendering capital punishment less common than it had been in his time. He was most successful in these endeavours, and many merciful laws were passed under his auspices and superintendence. He was also a great advocate for the abolition of the slave trade; in fact, his kind and sympathising nature prompted him to lean ever to the side of mercy and humanity, and undaunted by failure or disappointment, he grappled with the object in hand until he had accomplished it.

It is sad to think that these tender promptings of an affectionate heart should have afterwards proved the cause of his own destruction. He loved his wife with the deep and rare love such

a sympathetic heart could give, and his worldly honours and greatness were as nothing to the pleasure and sweetness of his domestic ties.

When Parliament was dissolved he was re-elected without soliciting a vote or spending a shilling; but, alas! the House of Commons was never to see his kind presence again.

On the 29th of October, 1818, his beloved wife died. After twenty years of an unbroken happiness the dearest joy of his life was taken from him, and the heart which had struggled in the battle-field of humanity for the weal of others could not face the grief which met him on his own threshold. Three days after the death of Lady Romilly, Sir Samuel, in a paroxysm of overwhelming grief, and indeed of madness, put an end to his useful and valuable life.

He and his wife were buried in one grave in the little parish churchyard of Knill. When Lord Eldon next day took his seat on the bench of the Court of Chancery, and saw the vacant place within the bar, where for years Romilly had pleaded before him, iron man though he was, his eyes filled with tears. "I cannot stay here," he exclaimed, and rising in great agitation broke up his court.

MEMORY'S TEARS.

MY heart is weary and sad to-day,
I hardly can tell what ails me so;
A shadow of something from far away,
Falls like a dream of long ago.

Nothing tangible—yet I feel
A saddening gloom and a creeping mist;
The air is heavy and damp and chill,
I feel—but not what it is, I wist.

Some sad thought about all that's gone—
Some quintessence of all the years,
Distilled from the fruitless work that's done,
Till my heart is wet with memory's tears.

Bright heart blossoms I would not take,
But left to wither and fall in vain;
Good that I wooed but to forsake—
And summer will never return again.

Joys of all that I would have done
Faded, and loss for dream of gain,
Wearily press on me one by one,
And the days will never return again.

The sun will rise, and the sun will set;
And youth will promise, but manhood fail:
Life's work undone—and yet—
I dream, and the dream's of no avail.

My heart it weeps, though my eyes are dry—
A little of all my hopes and fears
Has come and gone as the years go by,
And little is left but memory's tears.

Why profitless strive? since only more
I weep in the vale where hopes have died;
Ah! why did not faith look on before,
Where memory's tears for ever are dried?

J. HUIE.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER V.

IN September Miss Burton was seized with influenza, and she continued in a weak state throughout the autumn. "Mrs. Jones," said she one day to her nurse, "do either of those boys ever come to ask for me now,—the boys I used to teach?"

"No, ma'am, they don't, an' I expected as much. It's like them Robinsons, and such like trash; there's you, ma'am, as has been plaguin' yourself teaching them an' working for them all this time, and as soon as you's laid up, and can do nothing more for 'em, they never shows their face."

"I hardly think that's the fair way to look at it. Of course Jimmy can't come, and as for Tom, I think I understand why he doesn't come. Perhaps it has never occurred to him that I should like it. Next time you are in the village, Mrs. Jones, please step in and tell him that I am keeping a little better, and that you think I would be pleased if he came occasionally and asked for me."

Miss Burton was right in her conjecture as to the cause of Tom's neglect. The lad not only missed her, not only was the bright spot gone out of his life, but he loved his teacher, and grieved for her, unknown to any one. It had never entered into his head that he might show his regard for her by calling to inquire after her health; indeed, it would have seemed to him presumptuous to do so uninvited. From the time Mrs. Jones delivered her message, every day saw him knock at the rectory door, when this colloquy invariably ensued:—

"Please, how's Miss Burton?"

"Little better."

Then the scornful housemaid shut the door in his face. Tom seemed to think that there was a propriety in going at a certain hour every day, and presently he thought it right that Jim should

accompany him. So every day, at the hour that they used to go for lessons, whether it were wet or dry, the two lads marched gravely up the avenue, and went through their little ceremony. To them it was of the nature of a religious rite: for were they not honouring her who represented to them not only knowledge and beauty and art, but her who was the channel of whatever religious ideas and good desires had passed into their minds? Was she not their "epistle of Christ?" They might have said, "Lord, when saw we Thee sick, and visited Thee?"

But a heavier trouble was to come upon Thomas Robinson. His friend Jimmie was seized with typhus fever. Tom's grief was very real, but not of the keenest kind. His was not a nature to bewail his friend with tears and cries, even when he was alone; but he would go slowly stumbling along the stony roads, or lean lazily against the gates, with his head hanging down, and the one thought on his mind, the one grief lying heavy on his heart, almost like a dumb animal that had lost its mate. Presently he was made to understand that his friend might die—die, and be lost to him for ever. Tom's grief became keener then, harder and harder to bear, until the misery of lounging about all day with only this one thing to think of, with no one near to give a word or a look of sympathy, unable to do one single thing to help or comfort his sick friend, became almost insupportable. Hitherto he had only been able to haunt the cottage where Jimmie stayed, continually asking for him, from earliest morning to latest evening; but he was told that the sick boy had often to wait two or three days for medicines or food, until a neighbour should have occasion to go to the nearest town, which was five or six miles off. It was a long way for the cripple to walk, often in drenching rain, for it was now near the end of October; but nothing made Tom so happy as to be sent for something for Jimmie; nor did the thought ever cross his mind that he was doing anything meritorious,—he was simply giving himself pleasure by doing something to help Jim. The dispensary at which Tom procured the medicines was only open at an hour which forced him to be on his way to the town between twelve and one o'clock, the family dinner hour; and there was an old and inviolate rule of the house, which was made in the days when half a dozen hungry boys and girl would pour into the house at all times, that any one who did not choose to be present at a meal-hour should go without it till the next meal-hour came round. So the poor boy often set out with a hungry feeling, knowing that his going would prevent his getting anything to eat till the evening, and come back slowly and wearily along the lonely road, perhaps drenched with rain, to shiver at the comfortless fireside until supper-time came round. Mrs. Robinson strongly disapproved of this kindness shown to a family who had never done her a good turn, and were no kith or kin to her; but at last she relented towards her son, and gave him something to eat before he set out, for she loved this lad, the last of all her children, and besides, Tom's conduct doubtless wrought its own work in her heart.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

92. The Saviour, a little before His death, told His disciples that by a certain sign they would be recognised as belonging to Him. What was this?

93. Which of the prophets compared the Jews to "a swift dromedary?"

94. In which of the Epistles is manna called "spiritual meat?"

95. Who said, "My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and Thou sewest up mine iniquity?"

96. Name two ungodly persons of whom it is recorded in the book of Genesis that they were gainers by having godfearing servants.

97. Quote the only instance in which the churning of butter is mentioned in the Scriptures.

98. How many of the Evangelists record the following parables—the Good Samaritan, the Lost Piece of Money, and the Prodigal Son?

99. To whom to did Job refer when he said: "He runneth upon me like a giant?"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 224.

78. Eldad and Medad (Numb. xi. 16, 26).

79. (1) We read of no natural agent like the east wind; and (2) it was announced three days beforehand, while that of Moses was immediate.

80. The entrance of Christ into Jerusalem riding on an ass (Zech. ix. 9; Matt. xxi. 2—9); the selling of our Lord, and the disposition of the money (Zech. xi. 12, 13; Matt. xxvi. 15); the piercing of His side (Zech. xii. 10; John xix. 34—37).

81. He directed Seraiah that when he had read his prophecy "he should bind a stone to the book and cast it into the midst of the Euphrates," &c. &c. (Jer. li. 61—64).

82. Cyrus (Ezra i. 1—3); Darius (Ezra vi. 1—12); Artaxerxes (Ezra vii. 13—26).

83. Isaiah (xliv. 28; xlv. 1—4).

84. Isaiah. When Hezekiah, King of Judah, in the pride of his heart, made a display of all his riches to the messengers of the King of Babylon (2 Kings xx. 12—18).



(*Drawn by* TOWNELEY GREEN.)

MUFFLED MUSIC.

A CARELESS child, I used to sing
Through halcyon days of happy spring;
My morn of life was bright and clear;
The night drew closer, year by year.

A lonely boy, I left the rest,
And sought his side I loved the best;
A friend is sweet when foes are near;
I miss his friendship, year by year.

A dreaming youth, I longed for fame,
The honour that exalts a name;
The hope was strong my heart to cheer,
That now grows fainter, year by year.

A victor crowned, I stand alone
On hostile ramparts overthrown;
He would rejoice to greet me here;
His grave grows greener, year by year.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next afternoon, all her leisure time before tea Ruth was seated, curled up in the arm-chair, reading. She was tired of her own company, and in that state of mind when she preferred to forget her own identity. The unwelcome tea-things were brought in by Jane, and Ruth had to tear herself away from her book.

She stood before the tea-tray, her thoughts still wandering away to her book, when suddenly a sound behind her, like the rustling of a silk dress, made her turn round.

"Tina!" she exclaimed, looking up in surprise at the figure which stood before her, feeling almost unable to realise that it really was Tina. In another moment she threw her arms round her neck, and Tina clasped Ruth in a close embrace.

"Darling, I am so glad to see you!" said she at last. "Did I surprise you very much?"

"Oh yes," murmured Ruth, keeping close to Tina, as if afraid that she would escape from her.

"I need hardly have asked. Your face showed it. Ruthie, you told me a great deal in your reception of me," said Tina, tenderly; "I have been looking forward to seeing you so much. We only returned to England a few days ago, and we went home directly; but Maurice had to come up to the Royal Academy, and we arrived in London last night. Oh! I am so pleased to see you, dear."

"And I am pleased—more than pleased," said Ruth; who was now trembling from excitement; and with a flushed face she looked up at Tina.

"I startled you too much almost."

"Oh no—no!" exclaimed Ruth. "Tina, you are going to stay, aren't you?"

"Yes, if you will let me," replied Tina, smiling. "I asked Maurice to fetch me if I did not return early."

"I am so glad," said Ruth, as she began to unfasten Tina's shawl. "Will you come up-stairs?"

"No, I have kept you from making the tea, so I won't delay you any more." Tina put her things on a chair, and seated herself by the table, while Ruth began in a distracted way to make tea. There was a little pause, and then Ruth said, looking up with a sigh, "I feel as if I had so much to say, that I hardly know how to speak at all."

"There will be plenty of time," answered Tina, with a mysterious smile.

Ruth looked surprised, but before she could ask what she meant, Mr. Leighton entered the room, and had to be introduced, and soon Aunt Louisa came in too.

During tea-time Tina and Mr. Leighton had most of the conversation to themselves, and Ruth quietly listened, hardly taking her eyes off Tina the whole time.

"I suppose you feel quite put out of conceit of London now," said Mr. Leighton, "after your sojourn in Venice?"

"Oh no," answered Tina, smiling; "I feel very patriotic. I own London does look very smoky. It seems very curious to think that people should constantly breathe such an atmosphere."

"Yes, it is most injurious. I am only surprised that there should not be worse consequences from living in London. On the whole it is a healthy city, I believe."

"Yes, I dare say; but I shouldn't think it agrees with Ruth particularly, to judge from her appearance. She doesn't look well. Mr. Leighton, I want to know if I may take her back with me, to stay with us for a few weeks?" Tina made her request as if she expected a favourable answer, but Ruth trembled with hope and fear as she heard it.

"You are very kind," answered Mr. Leighton.

"No, we are not, because it is such a pleasure to have her. You will let her come, won't you?" continued Tina.

"I shall be most happy." Mr. Leighton turned towards Ruth as he spoke. "What do you say to it, Ruth?"

"Oh, papa! I don't know what to say," answered Ruth, with glowing cheeks.

"There is hardly any need to tell us you are pleased," said her father, looking at her a little sadly. Ruth's delight at the prospect of her visit underwent a sudden chill, but in a moment all thoughts but those of eager anticipation had vanished.

After tea, Mr. Leighton had to retire to his study as he was rather busy, and Aunt Louisa, with a delicacy for which, perhaps a little unjustly, Ruth seldom gave her credit, left her niece and Tina alone. Ruth did not say much about her intense pleasure at the invitation she had received, but Tina knew her

well enough to see what new life the idea of revisiting the Willows had given her.

"Now tell me what you have been doing all this long time, darling," said Tina.

"Nothing particular. I expect you have much more to tell me—haven't you?"

"Why should you think so?"

"Tina! you *have* something to tell me," exclaimed Ruth, clasping Tina's hand in hers, and looking eagerly into her face.

"Can you guess what it is?" inquired Tina, blushing.

"I hardly dare to say what I think. Are you—— oh! suppose I was wrong."

Tina laughed, and drawing Ruth to her, said, "I don't think you are. I am engaged, dear, to somebody you know. He is an old friend, and I dare say you can guess who, though I don't know why you should, except that I find everybody suspected it, long, long ago, almost before I ever dreamt of it myself. You congratulate me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes; but if you only tell me the name of the happy man, I shall know better how much to congratulate you, because it must be a very charming man, Tina, who is to marry you."

"You sly little puss, I believe you know all the time." Tina unclasped her locket and disclosed a portrait of Robert Ashleigh.

Ruth clapped her hands, and danced round the room, then ran into Tina's arms. "I thought so, and hoped so too. I know you will be happy."

"Thank you for so sweet a prophecy, Ruthie. I mean to do my best to make Robert happy, and if I succeed, of course I am happy myself."

"Yes," said Ruth, dreamily. "You are a very happy family, I think—I mean that you all have very happy dispositions."

"Well, I think perhaps we have; Stephen more than any."

"Yes," answered Ruth, looking up at the mention of his name; "happy in the noblest and truest sense, and he has done more to make me happy than anybody else in the world. Oh! Tina, I have wanted to see him so badly sometimes."

"And I have wanted to hear you sing too, often. In the twilight I always think of the dear old times when you were with us. Will you sing now?"

"Yes, if you will come to the drawing-room," answered Ruth, and then she added laughing, "you speak of the dear old times as if you regret their departure; but surely these times are dearer still."

Tina laughed too, and they went up-stairs, where Ruth sang several songs. In a short time Mr. Leighton came up, and the music was still continued, until a double knock at the door made Ruth break off suddenly.

"There is Maurice," she said, in explanation. And she was right, for in less than half a minute he entered the room, quickly, and walked straight up to where Ruth was standing, taking her by both hands, and looking down into her face, with his searching look, quite unconscious that anybody else was in the room. A number of questions and doubts were answered as he looked, and he was satisfied. His first words were no key to his thoughts, since he only said, as he might have done to anybody else, "How are you, Ruth?"

"I am well," answered she, and she drew her hands away. Aunt Louisa seemed relieved when the meeting was over. She had been looking over her spectacles, and now looked through them again at her work, of which she did a few stitches, while Maurice was introduced to Mr. Leighton, and then she was ready to be introduced herself.

Maurice then turned again to Ruth, and took a seat beside her. "Were you very surprised when Tina came?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, very. I wonder I take it so calmly. I feel almost as if I should wake up and find it all a dream."

"Do you wish to wake?" said Maurice, looking down earnestly at Ruth. She gave a quick glance at him, and was going to make a playful answer, when suddenly her smile faded, and she looked away, and seemed to become absorbed in listening to Tina's and Mr. Leighton's conversation.

The rest of the evening passed quickly away; but when Tina was ready to go, Maurice asked Ruth if she would come to the Royal Academy the next day, as he and Tina were going.

"Yes, I should like it, unless papa wants me."

"No, dear, I shall be very glad for you to go," said Mr. Leighton; and turning to Maurice, he added, "it will be a great pleasure to her, I know, as I am afraid she leads rather a monotonous life as a rule. Good-bye, Mr. Rae, I am most glad to have made your acquaintance, and I shall always be delighted to see you, especially so when you bring your sister with you."

"Thank you," answered Tina, as Mr. Leighton shook hands with her; "I will come for my own sake as well as for Maurice's, since you are so kind."

Ruth went to the door with Maurice and Tina, and watched them a little way down the street, then returned to the drawing-room.

"Well, Ruth, these friends of yours are very charming people; I am glad to have seen them."

"I am so pleased you like them, papa," replied Ruth, smiling brightly. "The more you know them the more you will like them, I am sure."

(To be continued.)

GOODNESS AND SEVERITY.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A., RECTOR OF ARMAGH."

"He will by no means clear the guilty."
"I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

AN idea which has always been familiar to thoughtful and wise men, has, in our own days, taken firm hold of the public also. It has now come to be well understood that in Nature nothing comes by chance, nothing is without an excellent reason. If parts of the coast of England in calm weather are beaten with great waves, that is because a tempest is raging far out on the Atlantic. If cholera comes stealing from town to town all over Europe out of the East, it has been bred among the decaying swamps and marshes of India and Central Asia, and it comes westward because we also have decay, and uncleanness, and neglect of the laws of health, which you cannot possibly insult without suffering for it. Everything about us is a link in a vast chain, other links in front have drawn it forward, and now it is drawing others which are behind. But this is not all. From this fact in Nature, we have gone on to see that it is much the same with ourselves; we, too, are subject to stern hard laws, and they will never let us escape—so men tell us. If a battle is lost, the reasons why it was lost can be discovered—it is not any mere chance, nor even a fortunate selection of a better general by the other side. We can explain exactly why the Germans had abler generals than the French, and why they beat them so completely; but we could not do so unless we went back as far as Napoleon, as far as Frederick, even very much further still. And the ablest and most thoughtful writer of tales in our day seems to have this one fixed idea at the bottom of all her deeply-instructive books—that no person can possibly evade the consequence of any deed once done, that the laws of Nature will be more than a match for the strongest and keenest brain which ventures to offend against them; that small things will surely drag large results behind, and the sinner, before all is over, will be utterly crushed.

It is the fixed belief of tens of thousands in our time, that we are governed by laws, so rigid and fixed as to be utterly unsparing, unmerciful; and that our very least offences come under their lash. Once you have committed the smallest crime or the smallest blunder, your cries for pity will be as vain as the shriek which rises from drowning wretches in a foundering vessel to the whistling wind and the cold and bitter surge. Every transgression and disobedience receives its just recompense of reward.

Christians need not be afraid to confess that there is much truth in this belief. It simply means that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; that the guilty shall by no means be cleared, that our sins will surely find us out. It is only the modern restatement of the old doctrine of the law, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things." And nothing can be more instructive than to observe how completely this idea changes the relative positions of unbelief and our own faith. For it used to seem that infidelity was the more indulgent to men's frailty. They used to fly to scepticism from the hard restraint of our faith, and bitterly to resent the warnings which pursued them, that if they sowed to the flesh, of the flesh they should reap corruption. Now they find, even on secular evidence, that theirs was only a refuge of lies, that to sow the wind is to reap the whirlwind, and that to turn from our Lord's easy yoke, is to serve an inexorable merciless taskmaster, as keen as our God to discover transgression, and as unrelenting as machinery to grind into powder him who is entangled among the wheels.

Look at the works of sin all around us, and see what it does for countries and men; then we shall be able to judge whether its wages are likely to be anything else than death, promptly and surely paid. But what can give us even a dim conception of the misery sin breathes around it? Call up the ghosts of all since Cain smote Abel, whom violent and painful deaths have cut down, as a scythe cuts down corn, and ask the secret of their destruction. They will answer that some were murdered in a flash of hatred or of cupidity; some, standing fast against oppression, had their lives quenched by the tyrant or the invader; some died in trampling down the right; and others, in despair and shame, flung their own lives away. But whether the fault was their own or that of others, they all died through sin.

That vast procession vanishes, and another follows. Some of these are pale and haggard, some bloated and sodden, some agitated and unstrung. "We," they murmur, "shortened our own lives by evil habits: we laid ourselves down among the roses of self-indulgence, and the old serpent stung us to death among the treacherous flowers." Who can tell whether this concourse would not be greater than even the first? And yet another follows which might outnumber both. With sighs and tears, with pale faces, with veiled

and drooping heads, steal past the countless array of those whom sin—some one's sin—has made to seek for death as it were for hidden treasure—the plundered, the disgraced, the slandered, the betrayed, the deserted, the broken-hearted, all who live in the past with memory, who have no future, no hope for which to live. But why speak of single classes here and there? When the last trumpet shall make the dust of the whole world move and stir, and call the countless family of man from all the graveyards upon earth, there shall not be one of all those dead, but his doom came by sin. Sin is the murderer of all mankind. And yet it is to this author of unfathomable woes that every sinful man is looking for pleasure. It is in the dungeon of sin (which is the shambles of death) that fools look for liberty. It is now, however, admitted by the world, in theory, that all wrong will bear fruit, and fruit according to its kind.

"Out of evil, evil flourishes; out of tyranny, tyranny buds." The only question is whether one can hope for any deliverance, any escape: whether the working of this iron law of retribution can at all be modified or checked by the working of any other law?

To this question there is no distinct answer except from the religion of Christ. We may, indeed, see a partial relief at times enjoyed through human mercy and self-sacrifice. An injured man can do much by one forgiving word; a patient or a generous man can take much of the burden off others who are overloaded. And these are hints of the possibility of a deeper forgiveness, a more efficacious compassion in heaven. But it was reserved for an apostle of the cross to say boldly that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath set us free from the law of sin and death. What even the Jews knew previously, they had as an anticipation of Christ, not as a fruit of their own law, for by it could no man living be justified. It was the sunlight making the sky splendid before the sun himself appears. And we of this century are entitled to claim for Christianity a monopoly of the doctrine of forgiveness, mercy upon high, or any Divine interposition to rescue and relieve the fallen. Silence and darkness have come upon all other pretences to know any gospel of any grace of God. We have been deliberately told by a great and gifted authority that life is a game of chess played against a great strong angel, "who never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance."

Think for a moment how such a creed would affect our own dealings with our fellow-men; how hard and persistent it would make us; how all relentings of heart, all tenderness and compassion, would seem out of place in a world governed by such laws. And then think how we should be affected by the knowledge of our past sins. These things, we should say, are now irrevocable, we have lost our chance, and there is no room for any improvement in this direction, we may give up that hope. It would stereotype this bad world; it would sound before the time those dreadful words, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

From such a hard, relentless belief, from this pitiless routine of circumstances which drive us, like one who runs down a steep place, ever faster, and ever downward, the hands come to rescue us which for us were nailed to the cross. Balm for our wounds, a physician for our maladies, a shepherd to bring back the sheep, and a father to clothe and to embrace the naked and unloved prodigal—such is the announcement of the Gospel.

In our own experience all these mechanical theories of life do actually give way before the pity and the love of a human heart. This can retrieve, console, restore the unhappy and the erring. And it is a human heart which looks at us out of tender human eyes to reveal the grace of God. "*The love* of Christ constrains us," binds us with cords of a man, and draws us upward and heavenward.

Christianity is nothing unless it is a system of free, full compassion—free as the sacramental bread, full as the rolling river in which its first converts were baptised. Step by step it unravels all the tangle in which our souls were caught and well-nigh strangled. The fear of death is overmastered by the knowledge that in the dark and lonely hour Christ stands beside His people, Christ receives them to Himself. The allurements of the world are overpowered, and the tempted is of good cheer, for He hath overcome the world. A new life is poured into the veins which were conscious of mortality, a life which is master of circumstances, superior to changes, too strong for disease and pain to overpower, too lofty for the hands of the whole world to reach and drag down, being hid with Christ in God.

Then life is no longer a cruel destiny, and death is only a shadow which falls across our path to the inheritance of light. And when we lift our hearts and thoughts yet higher, when the veil is rent which hides the glory of the King against whom we have offended, what do we seem to see? All around, there are vast and awful beings, spirits of unutterable majesty, one stroke of whose mighty wings might, perhaps, suffice to sweep into ruin the whole offending race of man. But the trustful heart whispers, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation?" And in the centre is

> "The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble as they gaze,"

and out of the throne go thunderings, and light-

nings, and voices. But around it "the hands of the Almighty have bended" the bow which tells how in wrath He remembers mercy, the blessed and beauteous momorial of His first covenant with earth, and it is eloquent of more than the pledge given after the deluge, "for this is as the waters of Noah unto me, saith the Lord; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will no more be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee." And while we gaze with kindling eyes upon this token in heaven of mercy for earth, we see that the red fades out which speaks of anger, and the blue vanishes which speaks of heavenly distance and far heights, and there only remains the emerald green of our woods and fertile valleys and upland lawns; "round about the throne a rainbow like unto an emerald." And who is upon the throne? What is the semblance of that High and Holy One? In the midst of the throne, and of the four living creatures, and of the four-and-twenty elders, stands A LAMB AS IT HAD BEEN SLAIN, the fountain of the hopes of earth, the centre of the joys and praises of the skies.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PHILIP turned away his face, and looked out of the window, while Lucy strove to recover her self-possession. He neither moved nor spoke, and she remained unconscious of his presence, knowing that some one was standing there, but not caring to look up through her tears.

"I am going now," she said at last; "papa and mamma will be getting anxious;" and she rose and left the room.

Arthur, who had already spoken to Philip, absorbed in his care for Lucy, followed into the hall, where he stood waiting the opportunity to conduct her home.

No one came near Philip. He saw Lucy go out, and Arthur with her, opening the garden gate and offering her his arm, which she frankly accepted. He was still standing there when Fanny entered, with Mr. Lovejoy. Fanny had even forgotten that she had sent for him, and encountered him with secret dread. He turned toward her a face too strongly controlled for Fanny to perceive anything but the sternness, and she immediately broke down and cried.

"What is it you want me to do?" said Philip, gently. "You sent for me this morning, and I came here as soon as I got your letter on my return to town."

"Oh, I forgot," said Fanny; "now I remember; it was about Beatrice—my Cousin Beatrice. We're in trouble—about her too."

"She has gone," Mr. Lovejoy put in, looking the very picture of misery.

"Gone!" said Philip, bewildered. "I saw one of your daughters yesterday down in Essex. She was newly married."

"That is Beatrice! that must be Beatrice!" broke in Mr. Lovejoy.

"She was with her husband, and was safe and well," continued Philip.

"Then you know whom she has married?" cried Mr. Lovejoy, light breaking out on his thin face.

"As it happens, I do; and I am glad to be able to tell you. Her husband's name is Baselow—a man whom I know something about already, and am likely to know still more of." He then explained who this Mr. Baselow was, and how he had come across the pair by a happy accident, and expressed his satisfaction that he had been able so speedily to allay their anxiety, lest she had made a discreditable match.

Mr. Lovejoy wrung his hand, with tears of thankful emotion shining in his eyes, and the faint colour coming back to his face. Then he hastened away to communicate the tidings to his wife; and Philip took leave of Fanny, after setting her mind completely at rest by offering her whatever sum she required, without putting her to the trouble of asking for it.

When Philip once more reached his cheerless lodging, he found another letter awaiting him. It was from Mr. Tabor, and, unlike any letter he had ever received from his partner, it was several pages long. It was evidently worded with the most anxious care. Mr. Tabor began by reminding him of the trust he had reposed in him, and the expectation he had formed, that when he himself was no longer able to take an active part in the business, he would have left the burden to him, as to a son. He went on to say that he had been as sure of his rectitude as of his own; and that, therefore it was no ordinary pain to have a doubt cast upon that rectitude. He implored Philip to clear up the misunderstanding about Fanny's fortune. He had taken upon himself to see Fanny concerning it, and had found her very reluctant to speak, and

utterly ignorant on every point concerning her own investments, which was not a state of things to be approved. He had also drawn from her, with the utmost difficulty, that there was insecurity concerning her money, if it was not already lost. It was impossible in such circumstances, he concluded, for him to go on any longer without an explanation. Whatever affected the credit of one member of the firm affected the credit of the firm itself. Lastly, if Philip, through any error of judgment, had lost any portion of the money entrusted to him, he (Mr. Tabor) claimed, on the ground of business, as well as on the ground of friendship, to be consulted in the matter. It might be in his power, either as a man of business, or as a friend, to help him out of difficulty, or even to save him from the consequences of still more serious fault, although in that event it would be necessary for their business connections to come to an end.

It was a kind, a thoughtful, a delicate letter, from Mr. Tabor's point of view; but as that point of view was certainly not Philip's, these were not the qualities apparent to him. It was the fact that he was suspected which took and held possession of his mind; the fact that years of the closest intercourse, the most perfect integrity, had not sufficed to create a trust in him which nothing could shake—such a trust as was necessary to him if he trusted at all. He turned with despair from the life before him. His restless mood came upon him, but he was conscious of fatigue, and sat still enduring. If he had been a smoker, he would have stupefied himself with the weed; if he had been a drinker, he would have taken to wine—but he was neither. He had a feeling of pity, not unmixed with disgust, for those who were the slaves of either habit. His apartment boasted a couch which certainly did not tempt its occupant into habits of ease, for it forbade reclining on pain of absolute distortion; but, by the help of a chair, he managed to fling himself down to ruminate on his letter, while Mary brought him the never-failing tea and chop.

An hour after, the girl came in uncalled. He had not rung to have the things removed, or else she had not heard. He was lying in the same position, and his meal lay untasted on the table.

"Oh, sir! ye haven't eaten nothink!" cried Mary, in a fine Irish mixture of Cork and cockney, and Philip woke with a start.

"Never mind, Mary," he said, getting up and shaking himself.

"I'll make ye a fresh cup of tay in a minute," said Mary, looking woefully at the chop, which could not be recooked, and was, in Mary's opinion, good for nothing.

"Never mind," he persisted, sitting down to the cold and comfortless meal, and dismissing the girl with a smile, which made Mary turn up her hands and eyes outside the door, and utter an ejaculation to the effect that Philip was certainly a candidate for canonisation. And Philip was wondering whether enough of "this sort of thing" would drive a man mad, and coming to the conclusion that it was extremely likely.

The result of his subsequent meditations was that he sat down and wrote a brief note to Mr. Tabor, saying that, under the circumstances, he thought it was better that their connection should come to an end, as the close of that connection might give him an opportunity of explaining his circumstances, or, at least, do away with the necessity for any such explanation. He added, that he trusted to Mr. Tabor's sense of justice to propose a sufficient compensation for the prospects he was renouncing.

It had just occurred to him that he knew of an opening into a fresh life, which he might begin on new terms, on the other side of the globe. It was an opening about which he and his partner had been consulted. A firm in Melbourne wanted a managing partner, and offered excellent terms. The more he thought of it, the more he became fixed in the idea that this was what he ought to do. What had he to keep him in this country? he asked himself, bitterly. Who would miss him if he went away? He was a man without a single tie. His work might miss him. He was inconsistently glad to think the interests he had fought for and guarded might languish in other hands. He was sorry to believe they would, and yet satisfied that it should be so. And he formed his resolution and acted upon it, with a profound conviction at the bottom of his soul that life was not worth living anywhere out of England.

When he had written his answer to Mr. Tabor, it was too late to post it to that gentleman's house. Mr. Tabor would find it laid on his table when he entered his office in the morning, and Mr. Tabor would doubtless receive it as he received other business communications—with deliberate mind, and take it, as he took them, into the calmest consideration.

But Philip was wrong. Mr. Tabor did receive it in the morning when he entered his office, and took possession of it in anything but a deliberate way; and was, moreover, quite incapable of taking it into calm consideration. He was, on the contrary, as completely "upset" by it—to use a favourite feminine phrase—as any woman might be, say, whose husband proposes a deed of separation on the ground of incompatibility of temper. His hand shook, his calm blue eyes clouded with a suspicious mist, and as these symptoms abated, his mind became full of indignation and anger. Philip's conduct appeared to him the basest ingratitude. It could only be accounted for on the ground that he was guilty of the worst that could be brought against him, and even in that case his conduct did but aggravate his guilt.

And while this was going on in Mr. Tabor's mind, the feelings of the culprit were by no means enviable.

Philip wished now that he had been less abrupt, that he had expressed gratitude for former kindness, and regret—a regret which he only too keenly felt—at the prospect of separation.

Under the influence of these softened feelings, he at length entered his partner's room, intending to supplement the note which Mr. Tabor must have read long ago, intending to say much that was conciliatory and regretful, and to be as gracious and winning as Philip knew how to be.

But Mr. Tabor, without intending at all, rose as he entered the room, and looked at him steadily and sternly, without offering any greeting whatever.

Philip paused in the advance he was about to make, and for a moment neither of them spoke.

"Is this all?" asked Mr. Tabor, at length, pointing to the note.

"It is all I feel at liberty to say," answered Philip, "except——"

"Is this what I had a right to expect from one whom I have treated as a son?" broke in the sorely exasperated man.

"I was about to supplement it by thanking you for all your kindness," said Philip, the calmer of the two.

"Your ingratitude is only equal to your effrontery," said Mr. Tabor.

"You have listened to malicious and foolish charges made against me," retorted Philip.

"Which you have not been at the pains even to deny the truth of," said Mr. Tabor.

"I do deny them emphatically," was the answer.

"Why not explain them then?" returned Mr. Tabor; "they must be capable of explanation."

"They are; but if you do not believe my assertion, neither would you accept my explanation."

"What am I to think of this?"

"You must think as you please," said Philip, firmly. "I can only repeat my great regret that this rupture should have taken place, and my hope that it may be conducted as quietly as may be to its only possible termination."

"You are aware that we can force you to come to terms?" said Mr. Tabor.

"Miss Lovejoy can force me to give an account of my stewardship," said Philip, with a smile which was only bitter, but which appeared to Mr. Tabor perfectly sardonic; "but I hope she will not."

"You have already threatened her with the consequences, I think," said Mr. Tabor; "but that will not deter me from punishing, if necessary, the perpetrator of so cruel a wrong."

Philip's eyes flashed fire, but he answered quietly, "The consequence will simply be, that I shall probably be rendered unable to replace that which has been lost."

"Then you acknowledge that it has been lost."

"I am driven to acknowledge it," said Philip.

"How much of it?"

"The whole," he answered; adding, "and through no fault of mine."

"How am I to believe this, if you refuse to tell me how it has been lost?"

"I distinctly refuse, unless I am forced to disclose it; and, Mr. Tabor, if you had only consented to trust me, I intended to replace it at any cost to myself—to sacrifice my whole life to the replacing of it, if necessary, and for these two years I have strictly carried out this intention."

Mr. Tabor's angry agitation had had the effect of completely calming Philip. He paused for a little, and then said, "If on a further review of this painful business you will to a certain extent give me your confidence, a confidence to which I feel that I am entitled, I will lay before you my plan of repayment."

Mr. Tabor raised his eyebrows, and looked at his partner as if he had assuredly gone out of his senses. "What?" he said, "ask me to become an——"

"Accomplice," said Philip, bitterly.

"You ask compensation for giving up your partnership in this business," said Mr. Tabor, turning his thoughts upon the unfortunate Fanny. "If you are desirous of making reparation, whatever is due to you in that respect ought to go to her."

"I intend it to do so," said Philip; "together with what I have already saved and invested on her account."

"How much is that?" asked Mr. Tabor. If Fanny was his client in the case, he was bound to see that her interests did not suffer, and the professional spirit coming thus to his aid, greatly conduced to calm him.

"It is over a thousand pounds," replied Philip.

"Have you accumulated this, besides paying her income out of your own, or is it part of her capital?"

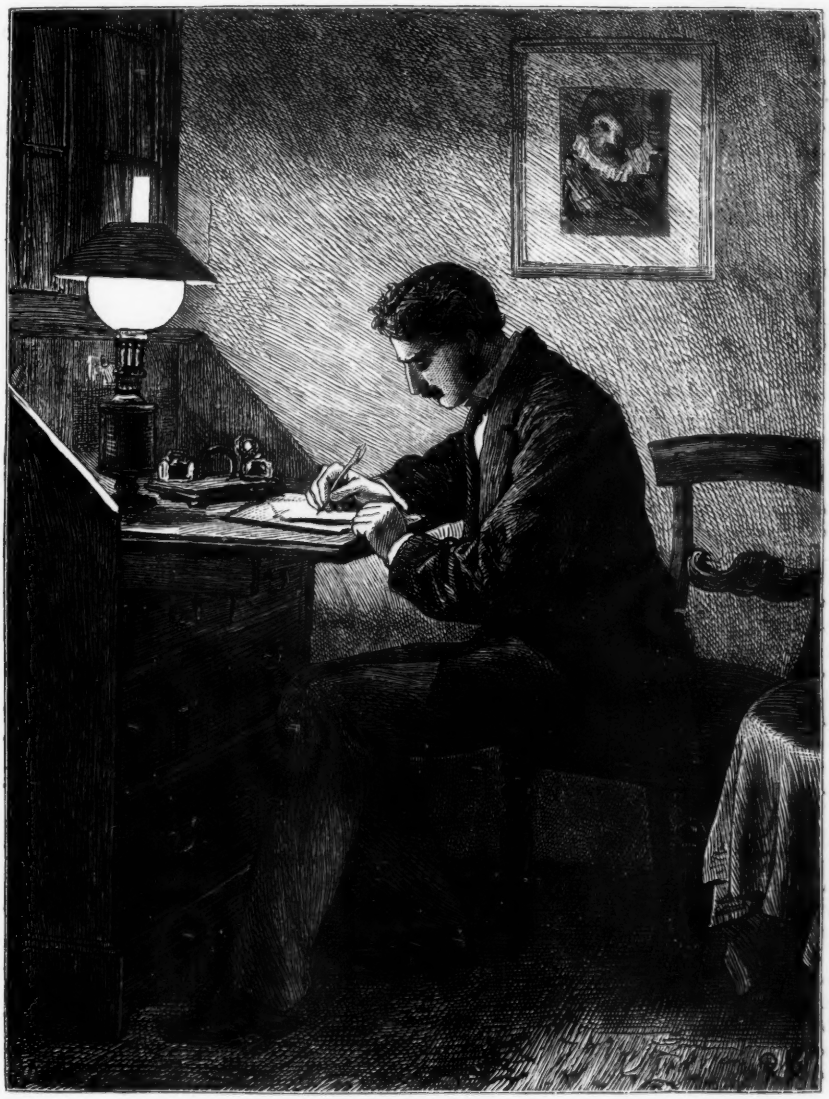
"It has all come out of my own income," said Philip.

"I must at least give you credit for a desire to retrieve this unfortunate affair," said Mr. Tabor.

Now as Mr. Tabor began to grow a little cool, and to think that perhaps he might get to the bottom of the mystery after all, Philip began to get hot, and at this last speech he exploded. "I have said much more than I intended," he said, "and I will say no more. If you and Miss Lovejoy desire to force me to a fuller explanation, it is probable that I may throw up everything, especially as I have made up my mind to quit the country; whereas if you will only trust me sufficiently, she will be perfectly secure. In the event of my death," he added, "she is secure already: my life is insured to the full amount."

He was turning away, but Mr. Tabor detained him, saying, "After what has taken place it will be impossible for us to meet and maintain the friendly relations necessary here. May I ask if you will consent to an immediate withdrawal?"

"I would gladly," said Philip, "but have you



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"He thought it was better that their connection should come to an end"—*p.* 263.

considered how such a withdrawal is likely to damage me?"

"It would hardly be fair to you, I admit," said Mr. Tabor.

"And there is work in my hands which I should like to see wound up. It shall be as little disagreeable to you as it can be made, my stay here," said Philip; "and," he added, "as brief as possible."

And so the interview came to an end, with the understanding that the dissolution of the partnership had been agreed upon, and that it remained only to settle the details of the separation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A STRANGER.

AGITATION of any kind had an unusually injurious effect on Mr. Tabor, who was the calmest of men by habit, if not by nature. He found it necessary to leave his office early and return home, labouring under symptoms which Mrs. Tabor had not seen for many a day, and which, noticed in the early days of their married life, when his struggle with circumstances was hardly over, had impressed upon her mind a feeling of insecurity, which had deepened the tenderness of their union. Philip had been absent all day, in attendance upon an important case in court, and had not returned when Mr. Tabor left. He came home, with a flush upon his face almost like the flush of fever, an unnatural lightness in his eyes, and a slight but perceptible breathlessness, which at once awoke all his wife's anxieties. But she hid them in her own heart. He came home for peace, and he should find peace there if nowhere else in the world. "You are very tired I can see, dear," she said cheerfully; "and you must tell us nothing till after dinner."

He was in the habit of telling them the incidents of the day, as far as they concerned himself; and both Mrs. Tabor and Lucy were anxious to know what the incidents of that particular day had been. They knew of the letter to Philip, and would have given much to hear the answer. But Mrs. Tabor knew that if her husband had anything pleasant to communicate, he would do so in spite of her charge, if he had not, the news could wait. His silence was a proof to her that she had anticipated truly, and saved him from feeling his silence an embarrassment. She had no need to warn Lucy to follow her example; in that home atmosphere of unselfishness self was repressed without an effort.

As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Tabor came into the drawing-room and lay down on one of the sofas, saying, "Let us have some music, Lucy, something that will do me good;" and Lucy went straight to the piano and began playing and singing, knowing exactly what he wanted when he spoke thus—some strain of lowly confidence or lofty hope; notes not only of human genius but of heavenly faith.

In the midst of her playing there was a peal at the bell, and in a few minutes a servant entered, and announced "Mr. Tenterden."

Mr. Tabor started from his easy attitude, which in former days he would have maintained, and assumed one in which he would await the greeting of a stranger. Lucy and her mother looked one to the other in a kind of excited dismay; they were wishing, both of them, that they had known a little of what had taken place; but they were speedily relieved from their embarrassment. A stranger entered the room—a stranger, and yet not a stranger; a man bearing a distinct resemblance to Philip, but stouter and of coarser build, and bronzed and weatherbeaten and bearded, as Philip was not.

It was a respite. "Francis!" exclaimed Mr. Tabor, eagerly advancing, "I am glad to see you," and he wrung the young man's hand with fatherly warmth. Mrs. Tabor and Lucy followed suit, and in a few minutes, Mrs. Tabor having ascertained that he had dined, he was seated in the centre of the friendly circle, and plied with question upon question.

For a while these questions played about the outer circle of interests. Where had he been? What had he been doing? When had he returned? He had returned only a day or two ago from the island of Ceylon, where he had been working for the last two years, and one of the principal things he had been doing was getting married.

"And is your wife with you?" asked Mrs. Tabor, woman like.

"It is for her sake chiefly that I am in England," he answered. "She was anxious to place the children at school."

"They have come up very rapidly," said Mr. Tabor, perpetrating the mildest of jokes. "How many are there?"

"Only two. They are girls," he added; "their father died in the island shortly before I went out."

And still no mention of Philip, who was the one person uppermost in the thoughts of all present.

"I must go in and see Fanny to-night," said Francis Tenterden. "I hope she is going on all right!" he added a little nervously.

They told him of the changes in Fanny's household, and of the last change of all; the fair young girl who lay dead so near to them. They told him with tenderer voices and shadowed faces, which somehow changed the whole tone of their conversation. It seemed easier to speak of Philip now, in the presence of the power which says, "The injurer and the injured are mine."

"She still lives in the old house?" said Francis.

It was Mr. Tabor who answered. "Yes, your brother gave it up to her after you left."

"And how is the old fellow?" asked Francis, ending the sentence with a husky voice, which he had begun with ill-assumed carelessness.

"He is well, I believe," replied Mr. Tabor; "but he and I are about to part."

Mrs. Tabor and Lucy felt the shock, but they were able to conceal their agitation; while Francis Tenterden betrayed the greatest surprise. "You surely do not mean that he is leaving the firm!" he said.

"I do," replied Mr. Tabor.

"Have you quarrelled?" asked Francis, blankly.

"Yes, we have quarrelled," replied Mr. Tabor.

"So seriously? I am astonished beyond measure."

"Why, you yourself have done the same," said Mr. Tabor; "and probably for the same cause."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Francis. "Has he told you what we split upon?" he added, looking on the hearthrug at his feet with an embarrassed expression.

"He has not. He has this very day refused to tell me anything," and he added hastily, "I would rather not hear it from you, Francis. Perhaps you may have sufficient influence over him to make him confess a great wrong."

"A great wrong?" said Francis, fairly puzzled; "but I have no influence with him whatever. It is just possible that I may have to leave England again without seeing him. Pretty strange my wife will think that," he added again, contemplating the hearthrug. "She has set her mind on seeing him, from reading a bundle of old letters of his."

"It would be better, perhaps, to make your wife aware of the true state of the case—I mean of the grounds of the alienation between you. It is always a mistake to have mysteries. Take my advice, and tell her," said Mr. Tabor.

"I can't," replied Francis Tenterden, looking more embarrassed, and speaking more huskily than ever.

"I can sympathise with you," said Mr. Tabor, warmly; at which Mr. Francis Tenterden looked up and then down, turned red-hot, and hastily rose to his feet and bade everybody good-bye abruptly.

"Poor fellow, I am very sorry for him," said Mr. Tabor after he was gone. "It is easy to see that he knows all about this business, and is very naturally unwilling to betray his brother. And all this time I have been unjust to Francis. If I had been told that one of these boys would go wrong, I would certainly have fixed upon him. In my mind Philip has always been first and best. It's no use judging men by what they were when they were boys."

Mrs. Tabor did not say, as some wives would have done, "I told you so," but she thought something very like it. She had found an opportunity, however, for asking what had taken place between her husband and Philip.

Mr. Tabor gave them an account of their interview of that morning, which Lucy and her mother received with a silent sympathy which was particularly soothing. There is nothing, perhaps, so deeply irritating to a man as, when he has had ample reason to be angry, to give him greater reason still, and, when he has been angry or disappointed, to add to it by reflecting it. Not one word of condemnation did one of them utter.

"I think I shall give it up altogether," said Mr. Tabor, "and retire into private life; I have enough for our modest wants. There will be enough for Lucy too when we are gone."

Lucy went and sat on a low seat beside him. "Do give up business, papa, and let us go away and live in your native county. We might get a house near the place, where you were born, and you and I would ride about together among the hills."

"And what would mamma do, who can't ride, and who cares more for Primrose Hill than for Helvelyn, Lucy?" said her father.

"Mamma would have a pretty garden, and a paddock for the ponies, and a cow, and a flock of chickens——"

"Geese, goosey, or sheep, you mean," said her father. "What do you say, mamma?" he added.

"You know I don't want to be rich, dear—have never wanted it," she answered; "but I think it would be a mistake to give up all that ever interested and occupied you; I think, you know, it is far wiser to go on with our occupations and interests moderately. I confess I should not care to live up among the hills, and never see a face I knew."

And so they discussed the question of retirement in all its bearings, as they had often done before; and, as they had often done before, came to no conclusion, except that each desired what was most for the happiness of the others.

They had wandered away purposely from the trial of the day, and Mr. Tabor only came back to it for a moment, before they parted for the night, by saying that Mrs. Austin must now be consulted concerning Philip's retirement. It was not till Lucy was alone in her room that she gave way to the grief which oppressed her.

(To be continued.)

RESOLVES.

WHEN blackest night
Upon us lies,
Our good resolves
Like stars arise,
And sparkle bright
Before our eyes.

When dawn unfolds
They vanish quite;
As stars are seen
But in the night,
So weak resolves
Die in the light.

MATTHIAS BARR.

OUR AUTOGRAPH-BOOKS.—II.

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

AS time and space are both growing short, and our autograph-books still remain almost undiminished, we must pass over a great many of the celebrities who stand, as it were, with one foot in each century, and devote our remaining articles to more modern notabilities.

Walter Scott may not unworthily fill the first place, and the letter which we now transcribe from the original before us is a not uninteresting specimen of his penmanship, as it relates to literary matters, and was evidently written at the time when his "Life of Dryden" was uppermost in the great author's mind. The address is not on the letter.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I must not long delay to acknowledge the receipt of your most interesting and curious packet containing notes on the Legion Club, throwing a most brilliant light upon that most obscure satire. I should not despair to make my edition truly valuable could I but secure a few glimpses of such illumination. I think, but am very far from being certain, that the Earl of Dorset's adventure with Miss Du Passe is alluded to in the Essay on Satire in some such couplet as this—

'So Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married—but wiser puss ne'er thought of that.'

The poem was, you know, written by Mulgrave, afterwards John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and corrected by Dryden, who was waylaid and beaten by three hired ruffians for his supposed share in it. I will not fail to consult the book whenever I reach Edinburgh, whither I intend to return for the winter in the course of a fortnight. If you come to London, as you seem to intend, pray let me know by a line how I shall address you there. I am plagued with the arrival of company, and have just time to say I am, with sentiments of sincere obligation, your obliged and grateful "W. SCOTT.

"Ashestiel, 11 Oct. 18 9."

Although Sir Walter complains at the end of this letter of being plagued with company, there was never a better or kinder host, or one who more gratefully remembered the hospitality bestowed upon him by his friends. Another short letter in proof of this may not, perhaps, be considered too large a gleaning from the harvest of such a pen:—

"DEAR SIR,—I should be very ungrateful did I leave this hospitable capital without endeavouring to express my thanks for the kind and flattering attention I have received from you and all your family. May I beg you to make my best respects to the ladies and young gentlemen, not forgetting Sir ——— and his lady. If chance should lead you or any of your family so far from the sun as Scotland, I hope that you will keep in mind that you have a debt of hospitality to claim, which will be always gratefully acknowledged.

"Believe me, dear Sir,
"Always your obliged and faithful, humble servant,
"WALTER SCOTT.

"10, Stephen's Green, 17 August."

Amongst the most favoured of Sir Walter Scott's literary acquaintances we find the name of Joanna Baillie, the famous dramatist, shining forth pre-eminent. Indeed, Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," states "that Miss Baillie and her brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse Sir Walter looked forward with the greatest pleasure when about to visit the metropolis." That he also greatly admired her dramatic genius there can be no doubt, as "Marmion," perhaps the most beautiful of all his poems, contains one stanza entirely devoted to Miss Baillie's praise, and in which he goes so far as to compare her even to Shakespeare himself:—

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,
Restore the ancient tragic line,
And emulate the notes that rung
From the wild harp that silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold Enchantress, came
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."*

Let us now glance at the authoress's own feelings towards one who had done her the great honour of thus immortalising her fame, and which we shall find in an extract from a letter of hers, addressed to no unworthy colleague in literature, Maria Edgeworth:—

"But there is one thing in your letter that almost made me a little angry (for one is often a little angry when one is mystified) when you suppose I may despise the criticism of children. There is nobody on earth who pays more regard to the observations of children, and the simple and unlearned of all descriptions, in matters of taste and feeling, than I have always done, and one cause for my thinking perhaps less highly of 'Waverley' than I might otherwise have done, was seeing two unlearned critics, not indeed of seven, but of seventeen and twenty, growing tired of the first and a part of the second volume. Everybody here is delighted with 'Guy Mannering,' in which there are many truly characteristic scenes, very highly worked up, with touching traits of nature and beautiful description, though there is nothing of such deep interest as some of the last scenes in 'Waverley.' I mean those at Carlisle. I wonder how our English neighbours get through the Scotch dialect so well, but certainly they are all reading it and are delighted with it. We expect Walter Scott in town very soon, and many of us here are delighted at the thought of it. He has the happiness of being beloved very universally by those who know him in the midst of his success and glory. He has always behaved to me more like a kind brother than a mere friend, and his visit will be to me a cheering of the heart. One really has some need of cheering. What sad events have taken place within these last

* "Marmion." Introduction to Canto III.

3 weeks. The poor King of France is back with us again, and all our good peace and great exultations have come to nothing. It is very grievous, and yet Bonaparte has played such a clever trick that we cannot help being sometimes amused with it. My sister sends you her kind remembrances along with mine. Pray offer my best respects to your father and Mrs. Edgeworth.

"Most truly and faithfully yours,
"J. BAILLIE."

Miss Baillie is well known as the author of the fanciful song of "The Chough and Crow," which was written by her and introduced into the dramatic version of "Guy Mannering," adapted for the stage by Daniel Terry.

In an autograph letter of Sir William Gell's we also find some interesting anecdotes of Sir Walter, which, although they have probably appeared elsewhere, may claim an insertion as being transferred to these pages from the actual handwriting of the celebrated antiquarian and topographer himself:—

"Naples, April 4, 1833.

"Miss Scott wrote to me, by the desire of Mr. Lockhart, to beg I would send him any reminiscences of Sir Walter, because I was the 'last of his friends.' The fact is that I had generally the care of him when he was in Italy, and though I thought I was going to write only a page or two, I soon found myself writing my 20th and my 30th pages without approaching the end of my materials, which finally reached a fiftieth page; and, considering all circumstances, the whole is by no means so barren of interest as I thought it would have been when I began the narrative. It contains even to a certain degree information as to his future literary projects, which could not have been recorded, I believe, by any other means. . . . I accompanied him to the Convent of La Trinita della Cava, and in going he repeated to me the poem or ballad of 'Jock of Hazeldean.' In returning I desired him to let me hear it again, and on expressing my surprise at the clearness of his recollection, he told me that formerly he had a most remarkable memory, and had astonished many by it. On his first introduction to Lord Byron, some one (whose name I forget) was looking on with wonder at the apparent earnestness with which he spoke, and the singular changes in Lord Byron's countenance as he proceeded. He was repeating to the Great Poet the whole of the poem of 'Hardyknute,' which he then knew by heart, and which proved so highly interesting to his Lordship. My notes also refer to a conversation I had with Sir Walter as to why he had left off writing poetry. When I asked this question he said, 'Because I found Byron beat me; but I shall try again.' These anecdotes, which may amuse some, are all found in my contribution, which I have sent to Hamilton to give to Mr. Lockhart, for as the family had requested them from me I could not well dispose of them to my own advantage, which I was told I might easily do."

Sir Walter's remark, spoken in the privacy of friendship to Sir William Gell, that Lord Byron had, as it were, snuffed out the flame of his genius as a poet, seems to have contained a great deal of truth. When Lord Byron's star rose to its zenith it seemed as if the heavens had room for no other light, and many minor poets who had just begun to create a faint halo of light around their names disappeared almost entirely from the sight of men. Of Lord Byron we can, unfortunately, give no autograph to the public, "our poverty though not our will consents." Two franks, rare in themselves, as the great poet resided so short a period in his native land, are the only memorials we possess of the brilliant, though ill-starred genius. Moore has written the most interesting and graphic life of the wonderful poet, gathering up from all their mutual friends and acquaintances every crumb which fell from the mouth of his hero, and recording it on the page of his history, in proof of which we here insert a letter from the author of "Lalla Rookh" himself. It is addressed to the celebrated Lady Blessington, and is a not unpleasing and characteristic specimen of his style:—

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, November 18, 1827.

"MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—It is now near six months since (after a conversation with Lord ——— about you) I exclaimed, 'Well, I shall positively write to Lady Blessington to-morrow.' Whether I have kept my word you and the postman know but too well. The fact is, I live as usual in such a perpetual struggle between what I like to do and what I ought to do (though communing with you would come under both these heads), between junketting abroad and scribbling at home, that for anything but the desk and the dinner-table I am not left a single instant of time. In addition to our neighbours at Bowood we have got lately their relations the ———, who have settled themselves at L—— near us, and having some very pretty girls for daughters (things I have not even yet lost my taste for), they contrive with music, visits, etc. etc., to distract me not a little. I have had but one short glimpse of Mrs. ——— for the last year, as she has taken flight to some distant and outlandish place (called Fulham I believe), to which a thorough *town* man (such as I am for the few weeks I stay there) could never, even with the help of the 'march of intellect,' think of arriving. I wish she would return into the civilized world, for I miss her very very much I assure you. To talk of *you* and old times, of those two dazzling faces I saw popped out of the hotel window in Sackville St., of the dinner to the piper at Richmond, etc. etc.; all this is delightful to remember and to talk about, and if ever 'we three meet again' we shall have a regular *cause* of it. Lord ——— told me (and this I own was one of the reasons of my above-mentioned fruitless ejaculations) that you saw a good deal of Lord Byron during his last days in Italy, and that you mentioned some anecdotes of him (his bursting into tears as he lay on the sofa, etc. etc.) which he (Lord ———) thought might be very interestingly introduced into my life of him. He also told me that you had some verses addressed to yourself by Lord Byron which are very pretty and graceful—in short, every way worthy of their subject. Now, my dear Lady Blessington, if you have anything like the same cordial remembrance of old times that I have, if ever the poet (or the piper) found favour in your ears, sit down instantly and record for me, as only a woman *can* record, every particular you remember of your acquaintance with Byron from first to last. You may depend upon whatever you write never meeting any eye but my own, and you will oblige me more than I have time at this moment to tell you. Above all, too, do not forget the verses, which will be doubly precious as written *by* him and *on* you.

"Faithfully yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

It is almost impossible, amidst the crush of poets, wits, and geniuses which lived about this time to select the ones which, in a space short as ours is, would prove the most interesting to the public; we pass over, therefore, Rogers, Campbell, Southey, Crabbe, and others, whose letters, though valuable as autographs, scarcely contain in themselves sufficient merit for publication, and hasten on to some more modern celebrities, some of them men and women of our own time, but before entering on a new field we will conclude this subject by a few verses of considerable beauty and wit, which we find in some of the letters of the brothers Horace and James Smith, the well-known authors of the "Rejected Addresses:—

"Not having my papers with me here I have nothing to offer as a substitute, so I have scribbled a few lines of the prescribed shortness, which if you think them worthy insertion, are very much at your Ladyship's service.

"I have the honour to remain yours very faithfully,

"HORATIO SMITH.

"Youth, beauty, love, delight,
All blessings bright and dear,
Like shooting stars by night,
Flash, fall, and disappear.

"While cynics doubt their worth,
Because they're born to die,
The wiser sons of earth
Will snatch them ere they fly.

"Though mingled with alloy
We throw not gold away,
Then why reject the joy
That's blended with decay?"

The poet Shelley, of whom, unfortunately, we possess no autograph, the intimate friend and admirer of Horace Smith, leaves us in a few lines his opinion of his character:—

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S."

The verses which follow, by James Smith, the elder brother, are in a very different style, but from their cleverness and wit are well worthy of perusal:—

"SUN AND MOON.
BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

"'Dear brother quit with me the sky'
Thus spoke the Queen of Night,
'And, radiant, walk the earth while I
Dispense my milder light.
On Malta's rock I'll take my stand,
To calm the seaman's fears,
And you shall brilliantly command
O'er barbarous Algiers.'
Each Godhead straight on earth alights
With such a potent blaze,
That Malta long was ruled by Nights,
And Algiers long by Days.

"In England rivers are all males
(For instance, Father Thames),
Whoever in Columbia sails
Finds them Ma'amselles or Dames;
Yes, there the softer sex presides,
Aquatic, I assure ye,
And Mrs. Sippy rolls her tides
Responsive to Miss Souri."

"It was observed that the College of Physicians made but a sorry sight (externally) compared with its neighbour, our newly-painted club. 'Oh!' quoth a wag, 'the reason is obvious. They have painted theirs in distemper.'"

"P. called on me last Tuesday, and told me the following. Horace Smith walking with a friend at Brighton, the latter pointed out to the former the following inscription on a public-house: 'Good Bear Sold here,' commenting at the same time on the bad spelling. 'Pho,' replied Horace, 'he ought to know best, it's his own Bruin.'" And now for my last:—

"You ask me why Pontefract Borough could sully
Its fame by returning to Parliament Gully?*
The Etymological cause, I suppose is,
His breaking the Bridges of so many noses."

The two brothers are perhaps best known to the public by their joint production of the "Rejected Addresses," a series of witty imitations of the great poets of the day, which raised the fame of the authors to a great height. They appear to have both enjoyed happy, genial natures, and their writings are not tinged with either spleen or melancholy. Shelley having given us the character of Horace, we must allow James to speak for himself, and give his own history in his own words:—

"We toil and ease alternate share,
Books and the converse of the fair
(To see is to adore them),
With these, and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum."

* A notorious prize-fighter.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 11. JOHN THE BAPTIST. PART II.

Chapters to be read—parts of Matt. iii. and xiv.

ASK a few questions on the last lesson, as to the double work of John as a preacher and baptist, then begin at once with—

I. JOHN WITH CHRIST. (Read Matt. iii. 11—17.) Ask what John said about Christ prophetically (ver. 12). Had Christ yet begun His ministry? then how did he know Him? Probably brought up in same village, being cousins. Remind of the great age of John's parents at his birth, thirty years before; they probably now dead. Children will have seen pictures of Holy Family. Two boys living together for thirty years would know each other well; yet from

John i. 31 show that John did not know Jesus as the Son of God till after His baptism; still had seen His holy life and obedience to earthly parents. Now picture John resting at the end of a day's work—tired with preaching and baptising—eating his frugal food. What was his fare? Sees Jesus coming; recognises Him. His surprise at His asking for baptism. What class of men had John been accustomed to baptise? What had he required of those who came? Did Jesus need repentance? Ask what quality John's conduct showed. What was the secret of this *humility?* From Gal. v. 23 show that meekness is one form of the Spirit of which John was to be full from his birth. Might perhaps have expected that the applause he had met with would have made him vain; but not so. At last, yielded to Christ's wish and baptised Him; that is, he did his duty to One above him as much as to those below him. Now what blessing did he receive? what voice was heard and sight seen? What did this show John, and what record did he bear in consequence? (See John i. 34.) If had persisted in refusal to baptise, would have lost this sight, and not had faith confirmed. He now believed in Jesus as Son of God. Ask what types had pointed to Christ; especially refer to Abel's lamb and the Paschal lamb. So John calls Christ the Lamb of God, and leads his own disciples to follow Jesus; thus showing *unselfishness*, not afraid of losing their affection: leads them away from himself to Christ. Contrast this with conduct of chief priests, who were envious of Christ's popularity and desired His death. (Matt. xxvii. 18.) These two qualities of humility and unselfishness to be pressed home to the children.

II. JOHN WITH HEROD. (Read Matt. xiv. 1—12.) (1) *In the palace.* Ask where John usually lived. Who now sent for him? What a contrast—a palace to a wilderness! Why did Herod want to see him? Perhaps out of curiosity, because he had heard of the strange preacher. What did John say to him (ver. 4) and what had Herod done in consequence? The scene may be pictured out. Herod's palace in Galilee; himself and his unlawful wife sitting in state to hear John; princes, courtiers, attendants all around; the prophet brought in with rough clothing and long hair; all in expectation to hear fine sermon. Did he preach one? Describe the king's anger and Herodias's fury at the bold words. The prophet seized by the guards; led away to prison. From Mark vi. 20 show the influence John had yet gained over Herod—who did many things, all but the right thing. (2) *In the prison.* Now picture John in confinement; perhaps closely guarded like St. Peter (Acts xii. 6), perhaps his feet in the stocks (Acts xvi. 24). How would he feel? Desolate, forsaken, his work all in vain. Whom might he expect to come and release him? So sent to ask Jesus if He was the expected Messiah. (Read Luke vii. 19—23.) Did Jesus come and release him? No, but that same hour worked many miracles, and told messengers to show John His works. After that, hear of no more doubt in John's mind. Now ask the well-known story of his death, incidentally showing the weakness and cowardice of Herod the king, who, knowing what was right, yet from fear of his nobles' and Herodias's ridicule, dared not do it. Show how John's conduct showed patience and resignation to God's will, and that Christ Himself has written his epitaph (Matt. xi. 11).

Now sum up the points in his character. (1) *Humility* in depreciating himself and exalting Christ. (2) *Unselfishness* in leading his disciples away from himself to Christ. (3) *Boldness* both with the publicans and sinners, and especially with Herod; knowing his duty, and doing it without fear of consequences; and (4) *patience* in suffering for the truth's sake. In all these ways great in sight of God, and so fulfilled the prophecy of his birth. Who will copy him? Must have the same Spirit—given to all who ask.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe in your own words the scene of Christ's baptism.
2. What was the testimony of John to Christ?
3. What two qualities did John show in his intercourse with Christ?
4. Why did Herod send for John, and what was the effect of his preaching?
5. When did John's faith fail, and how was it confirmed?
6. What was the testimony of Christ to John?
7. Sum up the points in his character.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE afternoon, before Jim's fever came to its crisis, Tom was asked by the village carpenter to come to his kitchen in the evening to a meeting that was to be held by the Scripture-reader of the parish. It was some time after the proper hour that he slipped into the room, which was nearly as full as it would hold, and found a seat on the end of a plank laid on two nail-kegs, which served for a bench. He was at the very back of the kitchen, facing the Scripture-reader, who was just reading out his text: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." It was some time before Tom's attention was fixed on the speaker, an old man, with long white hair and a large quiet face; and when he did

listen he heard him saying, "But God has done more for us than feed and clothe us. He knew that we could not see Him, and did not love Him, so He sent us His own Son to show us what He was like. Could you not have loved Him if you had been living then and spoken to Him? could you not love Him if He were to come back again and live among us here? But—there was more than that—"

The old man paused, as if he were at a loss for words to express what was filling his mind, and looked slowly round the room into the faces of the people. His was not the bright and joyful look of an apostle whose heart was overflowing with rivers of the living water brought for the first time within reach of thirsty souls; but the wearied, mournful gaze of one who has told the glad tidings often to those who have often heard them, and as often turned coldly away. When he recommenced, his tones were low and pleading, as of one who barely hopes that his pleading will not be in vain.

"You know there is more reason than all that why you should love Him. You know that He loves you. You know that every blow, every torture, was borne for us—for you and for me; that the thorns were pressed into His brow that we might have a crown of glory; that God forsook His Son that we might be drawn near. And did not God the Father show us His love? Tell me now, you that are a father or a mother, is there any one on earth for whose sake you would give up your son, your only son, to a cruel and shameful death? Yet God the Father did that, 'He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.' And then He says, 'Love Me with all thy heart.' Is that so much to ask? Tell your own hearts, 'Do you love Him after all?' You don't? How hard, how ungrateful, how wicked you must be!

"The Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the Lord of glory, the same Jesus that thought of His mother even in His own death-agony, He stands knocking at your heart. The print of the iron is in the hand He knocks with, and in the feet that wait on you, oh, so long! and you give Him no heed at all. Even a beggar you would answer somehow, but the Son of God you will not even listen to. I beseech you open your hearts, and let the blessed Saviour in; or if you cannot, ask Him to open your heart Himself, to come in, and be your Friend and Master."

Tom did not hear any more of the address, nor had he any remembrance of the hymn and prayer that followed. He went home in a kind of dream, his mind filled with this one thought—he ought to love God; God deserved to be loved, and wanted to be loved, and he did not love Him. He did not even love his father and mother, nor Miss Burton, nor the people in the village, nor Jim—well, surely he loved Jim. No, he could not be satisfied that he really did. His heart felt empty and cold—cold, as if it would never be warmed again.

Three weeks went by, and James Todd passed safely through the crisis, and was fairly recovering from the fever. The feelings that had filled Tom's mind after leaving the Scripture-reader still kept possession of it. He did not love God, he knew, and he *could* not love Him, could not even love his friends and neighbours. Two years before he had thought himself incapable of thinking and working like other people; now he thought himself incapable of feeling. Do you say it is impossible that an ignorant and commonplace village lad should have such thoughts? I think not; for I know that the sense of duty left undone may be felt most keenly, even by the dullest minds, and that the wisest among us are often most profoundly ignorant of the ideas and longings that sometimes visit the most clouded souls.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

100. "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that touched him." On what occasion were these words spoken?

101. One of the apostles asked the question: "Who is he that overcometh the world?" Quote his own answer.

102. "I am," said one of old, "a brother to dragons, and a companion to ostriches." Who?

103. Where do we meet with the *first* mention of the name "the Jews?"

104. Name a King of Moab who fought against two of the grandsons of Omri, King of Israel.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 240.

85. The sun and moon standing still at the command of Joshua (Josh. x. 12; 2 Kings xx. 11).

86. The prophecy of Malachi (iv. 5) led them to expect it: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet," &c. &c.

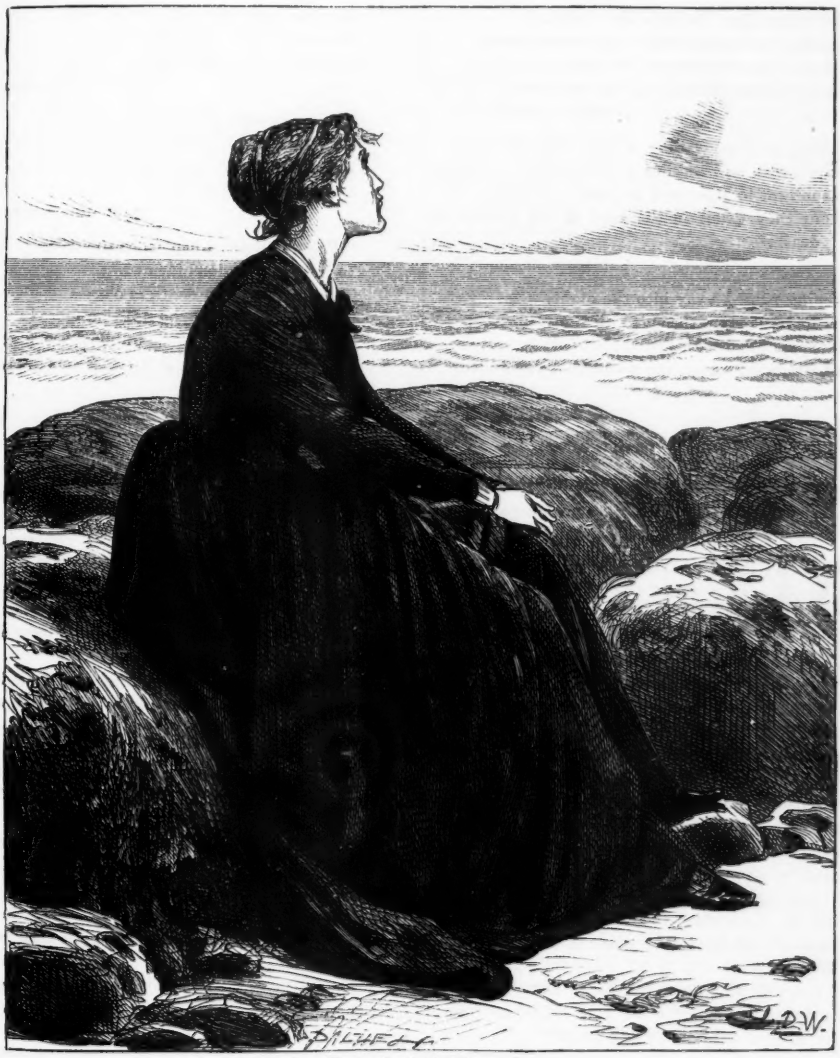
87. Three. Ahab (1 Kings xvii. 1; xxi. 19, 21, 23); Ahaziah (2 Kings i. 4).

88. Jeroboam instituted the worship of two calves, assimilating it in some measure to the services appointed by God at Jerusalem (1 Kings xii. 28—32). But Ahab added to this the worship of the idols Baal and Ashtaroth. Ahab, at the instance of Jezebel, slew many of the Lord's prophets.

89. "Who made Israel to sin."

90. He multiplied horses and wives to himself, in contravention of what Moses had written (compare 1 Kings x. 26, 2 Chron. ix. 25, with Deut. xvii. 16, 17); he was induced to worship the idols of his respective wives—Astoreth, Molech, Chemosh (1 Kings xi. 5—7).

91. The selection of David for the throne of Israel, and the rejection of his elder brother by Samuel (1 Sam. xvi. 7, &c.)



(*Drawn by* J. D. WATSON.)

LIFE IN DEATH.

"Make no mourning for the dead."—Ezek. xxiv. 17.

I STOOD a musing by the shore at even
And heard the wind that whispered to the wave;
My eyes looked on the fading light in heaven;
My heart lay cold and dead upon his grave.

I saw the long waves, o'er the shingles creeping,
Break murmuringly in sobs upon the beach,
Till all the air seemed filled with voices weeping,
Chanting a wild, low dirge in ghostly speech.

"Fade away, fade away, light from the sky,
Soul from the body and sight from the eye—
Night winds may break the repose of the wave;
Cries cannot wake up the dead in the grave.
Vanitas vanissima!

"All unavailing the sigh and the tear,
Weeping and wailing the dead cannot hear;
As fades from the heavens the last ray of light
So hope leaves the heart to the blackness of night.
Vanitas vanissima!

"A sleep without waking, a sleep without dream,
A night with no breaking, a gloom with no gleam,
No sunlight to cheer and no sweet summer breath,
Where they dwell in the land of the shadow of death.
Vanitas vanissima!"

So evening passed away into the night,
And lustrous stars thronged all the vault above;
My soul was filled with their calm, holy light,
And wind and wave sang now of hope and love.
Until the air, unto my spirit's seeming,
Breathed with the whisperings of a glorious faith,
And angel voices all around me hymning
Sang of the life beyond the gate of death.

"Weep no more those hopeless tears,
Keep no more those faithless fears!
Hope and Love and potent Faith
Rend the grave and conquer Death.
Jubilate Domino.

"Raise in hope those tear-swoln eyes
To the worlds beyond the skies;
Raise thy soul in faith and love
To the living-dead above.
Jubilate Domino.

"There is light, when fades the day,
In heavenly regions far away;
There is life when death is o'er—
The grave can hold the dead no more!
Jubilate Domino."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XIII.

TUESDAY morning came at last, and at eleven o'clock the train which conveyed Tina, Maurice and Ruth away from London left the Euston Station.

"And now," said Tina, smiling, as the train moved more rapidly, "we shall keep you with us for a long time; it will be no good trying to escape from our clutches."

Ruth looked up, and smiled a remonstrance, there was no need to speak. She remained silent for some time, entirely giving herself up to the delightful feeling of complete repose which the consciousness of being in the Raes' "clutches" gave her. The atmosphere was quite unsmoky when any of them spoke again, and it was Tina who broke the silence. "What an unsociable party we are!" she said, as she suddenly awoke to the sense of the long pause. "Why is it?"

"I don't know," answered Ruth, looking up, and evidently quite ready for any conversation. "It is not for want of subjects to talk about."

"No, rather because there are so many subjects," said Maurice.

"It would be very interesting, I think, to be able to read people's thoughts when they have any interest in common," said Ruth, "to see how much alike their views of the same thing would be."

"I think there would be more difference than likeness," said Maurice.

"Do you? Let us try."

"Very well," said Tina. "Suppose you begin by telling us what you were thinking about."

"Well, I was trying to fancy how I should feel when I came to the dear familiar places, and wondering whether everything and everybody would be quite unchanged."

"That is strange. I was thinking that I need not have any anxiety about your liking Robert, because you have both changed so little. I need not say that I hope you *will* like him."

"As much as you do?" asked Ruth, saucily. "I am sure you need not feel anxious about it. You must remember I know him a little."

"Yes, dear, but you were a child then, and of course there is a chance that you might not like him so well now. However, I think you will."

"I am sure of it. I can tell by his face in the photograph you showed me. But, Maurice, what were you thinking about?"

"I hardly know," answered Maurice, looking up from the book he was reading, and smiling in rather a melancholy way.

"Or, rather, you prefer not to tell us," said Tina. "Ruth, I believe he is trying to pique our curiosity, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, laughing.

Maurice did not deny the accusation, and Ruth and Tina carried on the conversation between them; Maurice occasionally reading, but generally leaning back, silently listening to them, and watching Ruth's happy face with an unaccountable feeling of gravity.

As they drew near their destination Ruth and Tina relapsed into silence, which continued until the train stopped at the station. Ruth looked eagerly up and down the platform; but Dr. Rae was nowhere to be seen.

"He would have been sure to come if he could," said Tina, as the fly drove down the high street. "But you know, Ruth, he is busier than ever now."

"I think, perhaps, it is better to meet him at home," answered Ruth. "I was only disappointed for the moment. Everything looks so strangely familiar," she continued, looking at the shops and houses as they drove along.

At last they arrived at the Willows, and Mrs. Rae and Susan appeared at the door to welcome the travellers, whose arrival caused a delightful bustle. Still there was no Stephen.

"I feel as if I should never see him!" exclaimed Ruth, as she went up-stairs with Tina, to the bedroom which she and Mary used to share.

"Now, Ruth, remember your promise. You said you would wear your hair down some day, and there could not be a better time than now."

"You don't like it up?" said Ruth, questioningly.

"Yes, I like it any way; but I like you as a little ragamuffin best, I think; and besides, Stephen will recognise you better," added Tina, laughing, as she watched Ruth shaking her hair down. She stood looking in the glass pensively for a minute.

"What is the result of your contemplation?"

"I was only thinking," said Ruth, looking up with a sigh, "that this seems a sort of assertion of my liberty, because——" Tina never heard why, for in the middle of her sentence Ruth broke off suddenly, stood still for an instant listening, and darted out of the room. She ran down-stairs and entered the drawing-room, where Stephen had just arrived and was shaking hands with Maurice.

"Dr. Rae!"

Stephen turned round quickly, and taking Ruth's hands, held her at arm's length, and looked with a smile into her radiant face. "The very same child you were four years ago. Tell me, Ruth, am *I* changed?" asked Stephen, as Ruth's earnest look was fixed upon his face.

"Oh no! I think not," she answered quickly.

"I will prove it," said Stephen, as he drew her to him and kissed her gravely. His manner was exactly the same as ever, and Ruth felt as if she had not been parted from him at all, it seemed so natural to hear him speak as he did.

"Look up, child, and tell me that you are glad to come here again."

"You are assuming that I am glad," answered Ruth with a laugh; and raising her head, she added, "what makes you so arrogant?"

Maurice thought it very natural that Ruth's manner should make him so, and wished he had as much reason to be "arrogant" as Stephen had. He turned away, and left the room; though he had hardly spoken to his brother.

Dr. Rae and Ruth sat talking to one another until the dinner-bell rang, when they joined the rest of the family in the dining-room. Ruth was installed at Dr. Rae's right hand, where she always had been accustomed to sit, and she fell into the old way of cracking nuts for him at dessert.

"I do believe this is the first nut Stephen has taken since you were here, Ruth," said Mrs. Rae, as Ruth was engrossed in peeling a walnut with great care. "I think you should pay yourself for your trouble, and not give all your devotion to Stephen."

"No, mother, nuts are not good for her," replied Stephen, with a professional air. "But employment is, and employment is not necessarily a trouble, is it, little one? Besides," he added, "it is the proper thing for a woman to minister to the comfort of a man."

Tina was about to answer this speech, but at that moment the door-bell rang, and she disappeared instantaneously. Stephen looked at his watch.

"Are you going out?" asked Ruth.

"No, but I must write some letters for this evening's post; you little witch, you have beguiled me into wasting my time."

"Be quick writing them. How soon can you come in again?"

"In an hour, I think. Will that suit your ladyship?"

"No. But mind," said Ruth, holding up her finger, warningly, "if you are not back in one hour I shall come and fetch you."

"What a terrible threat!" said Stephen, laughing; "I give you leave to put it into execution."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Now then, little maiden, you mustn't keep me waiting," said Stephen, as Ruth stopped on her way down-stairs to make some laughing remark to Tina. She ran down as he spoke, and he lifted her into his trap, for she was going his rounds with him.

This was the morning after Ruth's arrival, a lovely spring day, whose radiance was reflected in Ruth's face as the horse started into motion, and she felt the actual realisation of her often wished for pleasure—a ride with the doctor. He too looked pleased, and glancing down with a smile said, "We have neither of us forgotten the old times, have we, Ruth?"

"No, at least I can answer for myself; and oh! how I have longed for them sometimes," sighed Ruth, becoming grave at the remembrance. "Dr. Rae, you see I have not got out of my old habit of being discontented, but I think—I think perhaps I am better."

"That is right, I thought so," answered Stephen, kindly, with one of his penetrating looks.

"What made you think so?"

"I can tell by the expression of your face you

have learnt patience, and I am glad of it, Ruth, for it makes your life a happier one. And your happiness will do good to others as well as to yourself."

"If I have improved in any way it is not through any merit of my own, but because I have remembered all you told me when I was a child, and because you pointed out so many things that made me happy to think of." Ruth's voice trembled a little as she spoke, and, after a pause, she said, "You have a wonderful faculty for making people happy. That is a very good one for a doctor to possess, isn't it?"

"A doctor should make it a study to cure the mind as well as the body, certainly. Sometimes the one is cured through the other," replied Stephen. "*I* must be cheerful to cheer my patients, and that is the secret of my 'faculty,' as you call it."

"I have never seen you gloomy," pursued Ruth, admiringly. "Of course, sometimes things may make you sad; but then, most people get moody now and then for no reason whatever. And a doctor's life must be very depressing, except that of course you are conscious of the good you do."

"Isn't that a very large exception?"

"Yes, very—in your case," answered Ruth, looking up with a smile.

"Tut, tut! you must not say such things. Perhaps some day I might believe you, and then I should become conceited." Stephen's attention was attracted suddenly by the sound of a child's crying, and looking round, he saw a little boy lying helplessly by a stile, having tumbled in climbing over.

Stephen stopped the trap, and getting out, picked up the child, and set him on his feet again.

"Why, Jack, you're a sensible little fellow to fall down when I am passing. I think I can cure your bruises for you."

Jack dried his eyes, being more frightened than hurt; but at the sight of his dusty hands, seemed to recall the sensations of his fall, and was just bursting out in a fresh paroxysm when Stephen said, "If you are going to be a sailor you must learn to climb without falling, or in any case to leave off crying."

"I shan't cry when I'm a sailor like Tom," said Jack, brightening up. "I shall climb very high up."

"If you can climb up here, I will take you home," said Stephen, walking to the trap. His words had a magical effect. In another minute the stile was out of sight, and soon they stopped at the turnpike gate. Jack's father appeared, and touched his hat, and Jack's mother came out of the cottage, and received her son from the doctor, who explained the cause of the injury to his pinafore, the sight of which at once excited the suspicion of his observant mother.

"Many thanks, doctor. He's a naughty boy, always running into mischief; but it's very kind of you to bring him back."

"He'd like a fall every day now," observed his father, "if he gets a ride for it."

"Then he will be very clever to choose the time and place effectually," answered Stephen, laughing as he drove away.

By-and-by they reached the Willows, and Dr. Rae lifted Ruth from her seat. Maurice entered the garden at the same instant, and came up to the door.

"Well, Ruth, have you enjoyed your drive with the doctor?" he asked.

"Yes, of course I have," answered Ruth, smiling, as if she only half attended to his question, while she watched Stephen patting the horse before it was led away by the groom.

"Have you been busy this morning, Maurice?" inquired Stephen.

"Yes, I have been down to the old well, at Coombe Wood, sketching."

At the mention of Coombe Wood Ruth looked up at Maurice directly. She remembered well how she had gone there with him, the very day Mr. Leighton's letter announcing his return to England had arrived. Maurice, however, seemed unconscious of any association connected with the place; unconscious, too, of Ruth's pleased glance; and he went on talking to Stephen quite calmly. Ruth's eyes fell again, and she began to walk slowly up-stairs, taking off her gloves and wondering about Maurice's forgetfulness.

"How silly I am! why should he remember?" Ruth said to herself, impatiently, when she found herself standing at the window and forgetting to take off her things. The fact, however, of there being no reason for Maurice to remember could not prevent Ruth's wish that he did, and she dismissed her speculations with a sigh.

That evening Tina went to dinner at the Ashleighs', and Ruth undertook to do some writing for Stephen, which Tina had intended to do, as Stephen was going to give a lecture at the town. Accordingly, after dinner, Ruth began to write, and went on for some time in silence, when Maurice said, "Will you stand to me for a little while, Ruth, or are you too busy?"

"I really don't think I can now. I am doing this for the doctor. Is it important?"

"Not so important as Stephen's work," answered Maurice, casting aside his pencil and sketch-book, and running his fingers through his hair. He did not know that Ruth saw his frown, and that, instead of being absorbed in her writing, she was thinking how she could manage to stand for him after all, in spite of what she had said. "I can finish this in my bedroom if necessary," she thought, and presently she turned round again, saying, "I think I shall have time after all, if you want me still."

"Thank you," answered Maurice; "you are sure?"

"Yes." For about a quarter of an hour Ruth stood to him, and by the end of that time she was very much puzzled at Maurice's gravity, which began at the moment of her refusal to stand, but had not abated at her subsequent compliance.

Ruth did not get on with her writing very fast, so when bedtime came she went to her room and finished her task before undressing. She grew very tired towards the end, partly through an unaccountable excitement that she had felt during the evening. When the writing was finished, Ruth crept quietly down-stairs, and put it on the study-desk, and as she was about to mount the stairs again, the street door opened and Stephen entered.

"Why, Ruth, how late you are! Is anything the matter?" he asked quickly, at the sight of her pale face.

"No," answered Ruth, standing on the first stair and leaning against the bannister, while Stephen took off his coat.

"What makes you so late then?"

"I have been busy."

"Has that writing taken you so long? My dear child, there was no need to work so hard at it. Why did you fatigue yourself like this?"

"I liked to do it, Dr. Rae."

"But I don't like to see you look so pale, Ruth," said Stephen.

Ruth laid her hand upon his arm to interrupt him. "You mustn't scold me for keeping my promise; you who would be the last to break one yourself because of a little fatigue; and it has given me so much pleasure to be of use to you."

Stephen did not scold her. For the first time Ruth exerted an influence over him of which they had both been entirely unconscious, and Stephen yielded. After a momentary look at Ruth he said, smiling, "You have a true womanly love of suffering in a good cause."

"This is such a little thing, though," answered Ruth.

"Little acts convey great meanings, Ruth, as I have seen to-night," said Stephen. Ruth returned to her room, where she quickly got into bed and fell asleep. *(To be continued.)*

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

II.—WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE STRANGER.

A HUNDRED and eighty-seven years ago a French army invaded England and effected a landing at various places on the coast. Smaller divisions of that army had previously obtained a footing in some of the chief towns of Great Britain; and for about fifty years afterwards other contingents arrived at intervals to find the compatriots, settled among the people, who had easily yielded to their address and courage, and by that time were apparently contented to regard them as being permanently established in the districts of which they had taken possession. The strange part of the story is, that for a large part of this time England was successfully engaged in war with the country of the invaders, and not only with that country, but with a discarded prince of its own, who, having received assistance from France, strove to regain the throne which he had abdicated by raising civil war in Ireland. Then was to be seen a marvellous thing. A detachment of the French army of occupation in England went with King William to the Boyne, and when the mercenaries who were at the back of James in his miserable enterprise came forth to fight, they beheld the swords of their countrymen flash in their faces, and heard a well-known terrible cry, as a band of veteran warriors cut through their ranks, fighting as they had been taught to fight in the Cevennes and amidst the valleys and passes of Languedoc. For the army that invaded England in 1686, and for four or five years afterwards, was the army of the French Huguenots, against whom the dragoons of Louis XIV. and the emissaries of Pope and priests had been let loose after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Four hundred thousand French Protestants had left their country during the twenty years previous to the revocation of that pact, which had been renewed after the siege of Rochelle, and though the attempt to escape from the country was made punishable by the confiscation of property and perpetual imprisonment at the galleys, six hundred thousand persons contrived to get out of France, and found asylums in Flanders, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and England, after the persecutions were resumed.

Comparatively few of the men who came in the second emigration had fought for the religion that they professed. They had learned to endure all things, and with undaunted courage many of them had suffered the loss of their worldly goods, the burning of their houses, hunger, poverty, and the imprisonment of their wives and daughters in distant fortresses, because they would not forswear their faith. Hundreds of their companions were at the galleys, hundreds more had been tortured, mutilated, burned, broken on the wheel. Women as well as men endured almost in silence the fierce brutalities of a debased soldiery, directed by priests and fanatics, who had as it were made themselves drunk with blood, and seemed to revel

in cruelty. With a resolution that nothing seemed able to abate, pastors like Claude Brousson went from district to district, living they knew not how, half famished, in perpetual danger, and with little expectation of ultimately escaping the stake or the rack. Nay, they refused to leave the country, while in the woods and wildernesses of the Gard great congregations of their brethren awaited their coming, that they might hold services in caves and "in the desert," as they called that wild country of the Cevennes and of Lozère. These men were non-resistants. They met with unflinching courage, but without arms. Those of them who remained in France remained to see the persecutions redoubled in the attempt to exterminate the reformed faith. They were the truest vindicators of the religion that they professed. Up to the time of the siege of Rochelle, and afterwards, Protestantism was represented by a defensive sword, but these men discarded the weapons of carnal warfare. Only some years afterwards, when the persecutors (rioting in the very insanity of wrath because their declaration that Protestantism was abolished was falsified by constant revivals of the old Huguenot worship) directed utter extermination of the Vaudois, did the grandeur of the non-resisting principle give way before the desperation of men who came to the conclusion that, if they were to die, they might as well die fighting.

It must be remembered that some of them knew well how to fight. Some of their leaders—men of peace as they were, and men of an iron determination, which was shown in the obstinacy with which they refused to take up the sword—had come of stern warriors and were *Frenchmen*—Norman Frenchmen—Protestant Norman Frenchmen. A rare combination that;—cold hard steel and fire.

But it was not till some time afterwards that these men became the leaders of the peasantry, the chestnut-fed mountaineers who came down from their miserable huts and joined what had by that time become an organised army of insurrection. Before this time arrived a strange aberration seemed to move the people. The old simple non-resisting pastors had been done to death by torture and execution, and the people met, it is true, but often met amid the ruin of their homes, or in desert places, and as sheep having no shepherd. Then a wild hysterical frenzy appeared among them. Men, women, and even children claimed to be inspired, and at length fanaticism leaped into retaliation. On a Sunday in July, 1702, a wild mystic preacher, named Seguier went down with a band of about fifty armed men to release the prisoners. They were confined in dungeons beneath the house of one Chayla, a priest, who directed the prosecutions, and invented the tortures which he caused to be inflicted for the conversion of heretics. The Protestants broke open his door, forced the prison, and ultimately set fire to the house, in attempting to escape from which Chayla was recognised and killed. This was the beginning of a series of retaliations by the tormented people, the success of which changed the whole attitude of the Protestants of the district. They had formerly endured in silence; now they were desperate enough for insurrection. And the insurrection followed. Seguier was captured, maimed, and burnt alive; but others took his place. The war of the "Camisards" had commenced. Then it was that the leaders of the Protestant army in the Cevennes arose;—Roland and Cavalier, and the men who for a long time waged successful warfare against the royal forces, till defeat came accompanied by a new *régime*.

The rumbling of the revolutionary earthquake was already shaking the throne and the persecuting church. Voltaire, educated by the Jesuits, and hating religion, was, perhaps, unconsciously helping to deliver the martyrs of the Protestant faith when he first began to "philosophise."

The struggle of the Camisards can only be said to have ceased when the persecutions were nearly at an end, and France itself was tottering. But what of that great Huguenot contingent which had invaded Britain, and was growing in number year by year as the *émigrés*, leaving houses and land, shops and warehouses and factories, fled across the frontier, or got down to the shore, and came over the sea in fishing-boats and other small craft, in which they took passage under various disguises, or even stowed away in the holds, or packed along with bales of merchandise, to escape the vigilance of the emissaries who were set to watch for escaping Protestants? It is a little significant that of these non-combatant Protestants eleven regiments of soldiers were formed in the English army; but the truth is that of the vast number of *émigrés* who left France, some 30,000 were trained soldiers and sailors, and doubtless a proportion of these came to England, though probably fewer than those of their number who served in the Low Countries. At any rate, in 1687, two years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, there arrived in England 15,500 refugees, some of whom brought with them very considerable property, and most of whom were men of education, or skilled in the knowledge of the arts, or of those manufactures and handicrafts which are the true wealth of a nation. At Norwich and Canterbury, they quickly formed colonies which became prosperous, and helped the prosperity of the districts, where they set up looms, and dye-works, and other additions to the local industries. In London they formed two or three remarkable colonies, so that when Chamberlayne wrote his

"Survey of London," there were about twenty French Protestant churches, the greater number of which stood in Shoreditch, Hoxton, and Spitalfields—in fact, above 13,000 emigrants had settled in or near the metropolis. The one French Protestant church founded by Edward VI. was, of course, inadequate to receive them, and their immediate necessities were so great that a collection was made for their relief, and a sum of £60,000 was by this means obtained in order to alleviate their distress.

Among these *émigrés* were many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, who, with their wives, were reduced to extreme poverty by the confiscation of their property. These had learnt no trade, but with characteristic courage many of them set themselves to acquire the knowledge of some craft by which they might earn their bread, while some of their number learned of their wives to make pillow-lace, and so continued to support themselves in decent comfort.

To those who knew the "old French folk," as they came to be called in after years, when the later emigration had again increased the number of the weavers' colony in Spitalfields, nothing was more remarkable than the cheerfulness—one might almost say the gaiety that distinguished them. Reading the account given by French writers of the old Huguenots in France, one might be disposed to regard them as stern and sour sectaries, but that would be a very erroneous opinion. Perhaps the sudden freedom to which they came, the rest of soul, and the opportunity to endeavour to serve God with a quiet mind, raised them to a tranquil happiness which revived the national characteristic of light-heartedness; but however it may have been, the real genuine old French weaver of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green was a very courteous, merry, simple, child-like gentleman. The houses in which these people lived, some of which are still to be seen with their high-pitched roofs and long leaden casements, were very different to the barely-furnished, squalid places in which their descendants of to-day are to be found; and, indeed, the Spitalfields weaver even of seventy years ago was usually a well-to-do person; while in the old time he could take "Saint Monday" every week, wear silver crown-pieces for buttons on his holiday coat, and put on silk stockings on state occasions. This was in the days when French was still spoken in many of the little parlours of houses that stood within gardens gay with sweet-scented blooms of sweet-william, ten-weeks-stock, and clove-pink. When there was still an embowered greenness in "Bednall," and Hare Street Fields were within a stone's throw of "Sinjun"—St. John, or rather St. Jean Street,—or of the little chapel of "*La Patente*," in Brown's Lane, Spitalfields. Even in later times than that, however, I can remember being set up to a table, and shown how to draw on a slate, by an old gentleman with a face streaked like a ruddy dried pippin. I was just old enough to make out that the tea-table talk was in a strange tongue; but I can remember that there were evidences of the refinements that the old refugees had brought with them across the sea. Not only in their neat but spruce attire, in their polite grace to women, in their easy, good-humoured play and prattle to little children, in their cultivation of flowers, their liking for birds, and their taste for music, but in a score of trifling objects about their tidy rooms, where the click of the shuttle was heard from morning to night, these old French folk vindicated their birth and breeding. By tea-services of rare old china, rolls of real "point" lace, a paste buckle, an antique ring, a fat, curiously-engraved watch, a few gem-like buttons, delicately-coloured porcelain and chimney ornaments; by books and manuscript music, or by flute and fiddle deftly handled in the playing of some old French tune, these people expressed their distinction without being aware of it. It has not even yet died out. Unfortunately, many of their descendants—representatives of a miserably paid, and now nearly superseded industry—have deteriorated by the influences of continued poverty; and even so long ago as the evil war-time of Napoleon I., many of the old families anglicised their names in deference to British hatred of the French, but there are still a large number of people in the eastern districts of London whose names and faces and figures alike proclaim their origin.

But we must go back once more to the time when the great collection was made. It is at least gratifying to know that the £60,000 soon increased to £200,000, and was afterwards called the "Royal Bounty," though Royalty had nothing to do with it during that reign. In 1686-7 about 6,000 persons were relieved from this fund, and in 1688 27,000 applicants received assistance, while others had employment found for them, or were relieved by more wealthy *émigrés* who had retained or recovered some part of their possessions. But there were still aged and sick people, little children, widows, orphans, broken men, homeless women, and lonely creatures who had become almost imbecile or insane through the cruelties and privations that they had suffered. For these a refuge was necessary, and at length—but not till 1708—an institution was founded in St. Luke's, under the name of the French Hospital, but better known to the "old folks" as the "Providence."

Of what it was and is I design to tell in another number.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

I.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. ix. 28.

WERE God to promise mankind the unconditional granting of the first request they made, it may be doubted whether many would be wise enough to ask for the "rest" here spoken of. To the sick man, health would probably seem the greatest blessing; to the poor man, a competence; to the neglected wife, the love of her husband; to not a few parents, the restoration of their children; and each would anticipate that perfect felicity would follow upon the removal of his own particular trouble. "Take away this load, and I shall be happy." Now this would be natural enough, but it would also be very mistaken. Below all these external needs lies a still deeper need, which He who knew so well what was in man undertook to meet and satisfy, when He offered to give us "rest."

And what is this "rest?" Not freedom from trial—clearly not. Scripture never promises that God's children are to enjoy exemption from suffering. On the contrary, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." We may petition, then, for the removal of affliction, or for the mitigation of it. The Lord Jesus did so. The Apostle Paul did so. But though we may rightly petition, we have no right to expect our petitions to be answered *in the letter*. The removal of the trial may not be granted. But what will certainly be given, if we seek the boon earnestly, is the calm sense of being right with Heaven, and right with oneself; the peace of a reconciled heart; the feeling of a soul that has abandoned its own will, and found a final home and resting-place in the bosom of God.

This is what our Lord speaks of in the text; and this rest comes from Him. Standing on the one side, and placing on the other a countless host of men and women—ay, and little children, too,—who are burdened with the burden of existence; toiling, suffering, perplexed, sorrowful, weary, and heavy laden—not one without a secret grief—He stretches out the blessing which each of them unconsciously craves. And observe that He could not do this if He were not man to sympathise and God to succour and help. Observe, also, that we cannot obtain the boon by any efforts of our own. How often do we struggle for this calm and repose of soul, as if it were something to be won by striving! Whereas it comes just to those who cease to strive; to those who surrender self-will; who are contented simply to accept; who do nothing but hollow the hand for Christ to deposit the blessing in it.

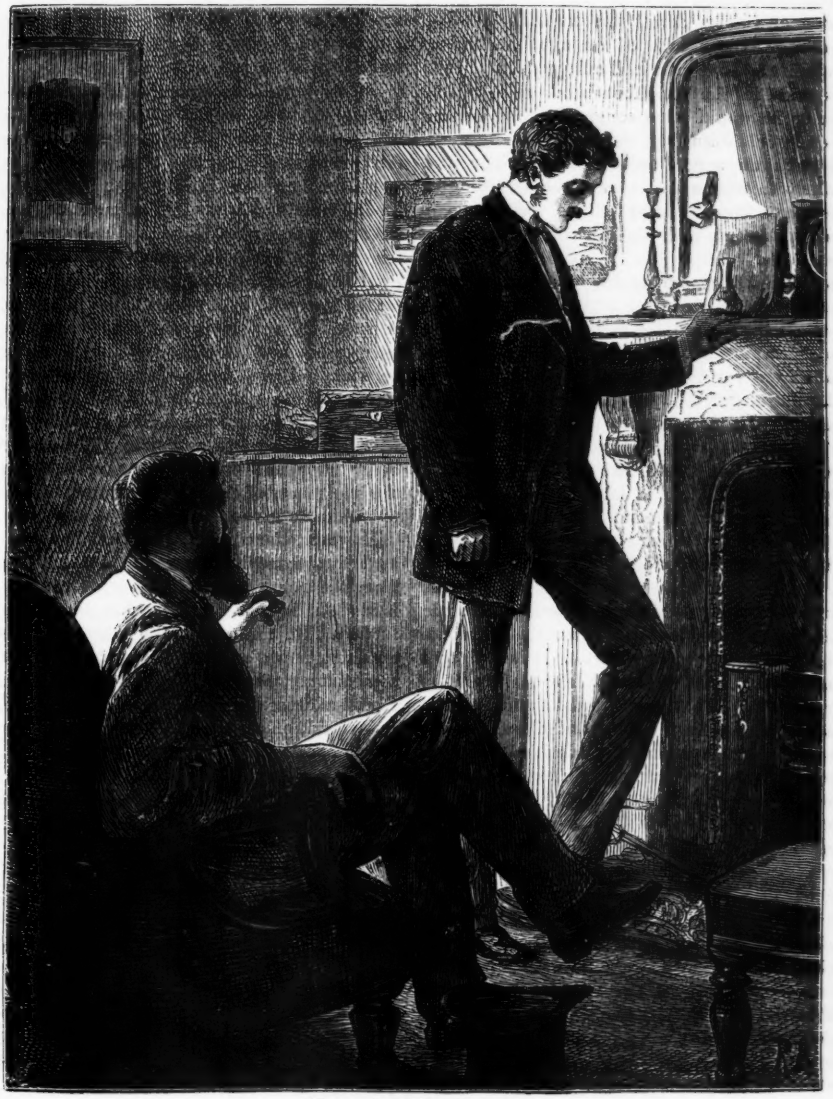
And what is the condition of receiving? Simply that of personal approach to the Saviour. "Come unto me," says Christ. It is implied in this language that the only hindrance is on our side. No obstacle really intervenes between the sinner and the Saviour, except the sinner's own unwillingness to draw nigh. With us is all the difficulty; with Christ is none. Christ stands inviting. He offers Himself as the one object of trust, the one Giver of the blessings we need. He has no frowns for those who are conscious of their unworthiness, and hesitate to move forward. On the contrary, He is all gracious tenderness; and His loving heart is glad when we can be persuaded to come. It is implied, also, in the language, that the movement of the heart towards Christ must continue until there is *personal contact* with Him. Good impulses, good feelings, a wish to be Christ's,—are well in their way; but they are not enough. We must not stop short on this side of appropriation of Christ. We must not be contented until we can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Once again, it is implied in the language, that there are others beside the Saviour who make this offer of rest to the soul of man. The world gives a sort of peace; but it is a false peace: it neither satisfies nor lasts. Christ alone gives "rest," for He alone really has it to give.

And what is the result of accepting the Saviour's invitation? A strange calm,—a feeling which lifts the soul into a region above the world. Men are "athirst for God, for the living God;" although too often they know it not. But here we find the object of our desire, and the heart is filled with God. The unquiet search is over: at last we have reached our home. And with the calm comes strength—strength to labour, and, what is more precious still, strength to endure. Do you ever see any who bear pain patiently, who suffer loss cheerfully, who can come down without a murmur from a higher position, who can see one after another put over their heads, and not be soured; who can be undervalued and misrepresented, and yet persevere in kindly deeds and silent well-doing? If you do, depend upon it such persons have learned the secret of coming to the Lord Jesus Christ for His great gift of Rest.

II.

"Be not afraid, only believe."—Mark v. 36.

One day a man came to Christ in terrible distress. He was a father; and his little daughter,



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"Come, do be reasonable"—*p.* 285.

whom he loved, lay at the point of death. All that human skill and kindness could do for the child in her sickness had been done, but all without avail; and there was no hope now save in supernatural interference. Would, then, the good Prophet of Galilee arrest the impending blow, and comfort the hearts of an agonised father and mother? The man had only just heard that Jesus was in the neighbourhood, and within reach, or he would have sought His aid before. But, oh! would Jesus help now?

To such an appeal as this the Saviour was not likely to turn a deaf ear. And, accordingly, leaving the occupation in which He was engaged, He set out at once with the father in the direction of the house.

Now whilst they are travelling on together we may notice that there appears to be a certain weakness about the faith of the petitioner. Unlike the centurion, who believed that Jesus could heal his servant from a distance, by merely speaking the word, this ruler of the synagogue—for such he was—considered it necessary to the effecting of the cure that Christ should be present in the sick-room, and bring Himself into actual contact with the patient. "Come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live." Unless this is done he cannot imagine that there can be any salvation for the child. But we notice, also, that the poor father's faith, weak as it is, and, weak, perhaps, because he was infected with some of the prejudice of his class against the Prophet of Galilee, is honoured by Christ. It is such that Christ thinks it worth His while to foster and to strengthen it. It has power to put a supernatural agency in motion for the relief and blessing of the man who possesses it; and he is dealt with, we see, according to the measure of the confidence which he reposes in the Saviour; he is not rebuked for the scantiness of it.

But this weak faith is soon to be brought to a very severe test. The progress to the house, slow as it must have seemed to the father's natural impatience, is arrested by an incident, which occupies the Saviour several minutes. A sick woman, suffering from a long-standing disorder, comes behind the Saviour, and timidly touches the hem of His garment, thinking that if she can only succeed in doing that, she shall be restored to health. Her expectation is fulfilled; and now she is creeping away, unnoticed, as she believes, in the crowd; glad at heart on account of the soundness which she feels in herself that she has received. But it is not well that she should be allowed to *steal* a blessing in this way; and the Saviour stops her. In a gentle, loving way, but yet by what is really compulsion, He brings her forward to acknowledge before others what had been done, and then dismisses her with a whole, not a half-blessing—a blessing for her soul as well as for her body. "Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

But whilst all this is going on, imagine what the feelings of the father must have been! When he left his daughter's bedside, the child was very far gone. Every moment almost seemed as if it would be her last. And now, when the sands of life are running low, and all seems to depend upon the speedy arrival of Christ at the house,—what a trial it is to find these precious moments occupied by the intrusion of this woman! How the father must have stood by, fretting at the delay! Yet he is reverent, and says nothing: not a murmur escapes his lips. And, perhaps, he is learning, as he stands there, something about the Saviour which he did not know before. In that calm, majestic composure, which refuses to be hurried—which has leisure to attend to the necessities of every suppliant—he begins to read, it may be, the lineaments of the Divine. A new light breaks upon him as to the character of Jesus.

However, there is another trial in store. Just as they are moving on again, a message comes from the house to say that all is over. The child is dead: it is useless to trouble the Master any further. He can do nothing now—no one can do anything now; and the faith of the father is in some danger of being extinguished altogether, when Christ addresses to him the reassuring words, "Be not afraid, only believe." Trust me. The case seems hopeless, but it is not so. Trust me.

This is enough. The man holds fast to Christ; and his child is restored to him, even from the grave itself.

And so speaks Jesus to His faithful people now. Are they anxious about their salvation? "Fear not," He says, "but trust that matter in my hands." Are they dreading some sorrow or suffering that seems to be approaching in the distance? "Fear not; I will arrange all; I will bring you through." Are they perplexed and troubled about the future of those dependent upon them? Still the voice falls upon the ear, "Confide in my care, in my love; leave me to provide. Be not afraid, only believe."

How tenderly Christ fosters and encourages a weak faith!

(*To be continued.*)

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BROTHERS.

NOTHING further could be determined on till after the funeral of Geraldine. It was necessary to consult Fanny concerning her own affairs, and to get her, if necessary, to force Philip to submit to a complete investigation. Some men might have rested content if the money had been restored, without caring to inquire too closely beneath the surface; but not Mr. Tabor. He would go back, and go on unravelling everything, till he held the clue to the whole transaction. He could withhold his judgment, and he could hold the most lenient and generous one which the circumstances would admit of; but he must first be clear about these circumstances. There was, therefore, no escape for Philip. He must make up his mind one way or other: and he evidently had done so. Everything that he did had some pointed reference to the close of his connection with Mr. Tabor. In calling attention to the conclusion of each matter that admitted of a speedy settlement, it was as if he said, "This will not require doing again—this has been done by me for the last time."

Philip had also dispatched a letter to Melbourne, offering himself for the vacant position, and also Mr. Tabor knew that Francis had written to Philip, and that Philip had written to Francis; and he hoped that some negotiation was already on foot between the brothers.

Francis had written requesting a meeting with his brother—a very friendly letter—asking Philip to be introduced to his wife, and offering to help him out of the scrape he had got himself into. And Philip had written to Francis a very impatient letter, telling him that there was only one way of helping him, which he had already rejected, and that if he had anything to propose, he (Francis) had better come to him, and not bring a stranger into the matter.

And Francis did come to him. Things were in a great deal too awkward a position for both of them for Francis to stand upon ceremony, or to give way to proud resentment; besides, to these vices he was not much inclined. Those he had a mind to were of quite a different stamp. He arrived at Philip's lodgings before Philip himself, and had an opportunity of inspecting them at his leisure. They evidently filled him with contempt and disgust. How could Philip bear to live in "such a beastly place?" he thought, as he looked at the threadbare carpet, the dingy paper, the mean furniture. Francis prided himself on having nothing mean, or dingy, or threadbare about him. He had never had, and never would have had, let his means have been never so slender. Now that he could afford it he had everything, he flattered himself, in first-rate style, and he was strongly inclined to despise men who had not. All his appointments were perfect—his gloves, his boots, his clothes, his linen, the diamond on his little finger. But on his face, as he stood puffing out his cheeks with contempt at his brother's chosen surroundings, there was marked—there was branded the deterioration of the man—the obliteration of the soul, caused by the vice of self-indulgence.

Francis Tenterden had been a very good-natured youth, and he was a good-natured man—facile and easily led, but dominated above all by an ambition—(or is it not too low for the name?)—by a desire for worldly success. If he had fallen into a fast set, he would have been a fast man, never going too far with his fastness to do injury to his comfort or his credit. But he had fallen into a good set, and his object was to stand well with them. His wife had been one of them, a good and very narrow woman, but narrow rather by training than by nature. She was rich herself, as well as her children, and scrupulously upright, given to taking account of every detail—but with a fixed idea that management on a large scale was not a woman's province. There was nothing to have hindered her from managing her money, herself, and her children, but she chose to give all up into the hands of Francis Tenterden, after what she considered a sufficient examination into his character, which, as she was not exactly in love with him, she had conducted quite fairly. Francis had used his power to all appearance well, and stood there, a thoroughly successful and prosperous man.

But he could not help thinking on the meeting with his brother with some disquietude, while going over in his mind every incident connected with their parting. Far from approving of his brother's conduct at that time, it had only become more and more inexplicable. Far from attempting to justify his own, he did not think it could possibly stand in need of justification.

Before the funeral of Mr. Tenterden his sons had made the discovery, not only that their father was a ruined man who had lost everything of his own, but that every penny of Fanny's fortune was gone also. Her clear six thousand in the funds was represented by shares not worth the paper they were written on, in more than one company which had made ruinous calls upon its shareholders before becoming happily

defunct. If Fanny had given her consent to these transactions, which was not apparent, it had clearly been given in utter ignorance—in blinded confidence.

"She must not be allowed to suffer in this way," Philip had said at once, on making the discovery.

And Francis had answered as promptly, "I do not see how we can help it."

The answer was ready: "We can share the loss between us," Philip had said.

"But we have nothing to lose," Francis had replied.

And Philip had answered, "We can charge ourselves with it as a debt."

"And ruin our prospects in life," his brother had cried.

"Retrieve them, you mean," Philip had said scornfully, adding, "it is what our father wished when he was dying. It was what he wanted to say to us, I feel sure." And he did feel sure, remembering his father's hopeless hint of his wish to mate him with poor fortuneless Fanny."

"Of course, I would never see Fanny want," Francis had urged, "but that is a different thing from sacrificing our lives to her."

"Not to her, to our own sense of justice—to our father's honour and our own," Philip had answered hotly. "I will not consent to the robbery of a weakling, an orphan, our father's ward, nor will I ever believe he meant it."

"It is no robbery," Francis had answered," it is a great misfortune. I can't look at things in that high-flown way. I will have nothing to do with it if you go much further."

"I will see that Fanny is paid to the uttermost farthing," Philip had replied obstinately.

"Then I wash my hands of the whole affair," said Francis.

"And I wash my hands of you," was the angry retort.

And Philip had stood firm in his determination, and before the coffin was closed on the day of the funeral, he had gone into the room where it lay and stood before it, with bent head and an exceedingly bitter spirit; and at length he had lifted the shroud, and looking on the face of the dead, had vowed to wipe away the reproach and hide the shame. And as he had stood gazing on the wasted face the bitterness had gone away. "I will do as you wished me to do," he had said aloud, as if he made a promise to the living. It was still more sacred, for it could never be remitted—it was a promise to the dead.

From that day to this the brothers had held no communication whatever on the subject. Philip had taken the burden entirely on his own shoulders, never thinking that, like other burdens, it would get heavier the longer it was borne.

The thing he had taken upon himself was no easy task. It was nothing less than the mortgage of the best years of his life. Philip was then twenty-seven, no mere youth, but a man, with all the hopes of an honourable and ambitious manhood. He had but just tasted of independence, in the shape of a considerable income which had been postponed to the prospect of a partnership in the firm he had entered as an articled clerk ten years before. During those years he had stood very high in the estimation of his employers, who had lately depended much upon his zeal and ability.

His income would be about nine hundred a year, and he lost no time in making his arrangements. Three hundred had he paid to Fanny yearly, an insurance on his life had to be effected, that she might not suffer in the event of his death, and whatever he could save from the remainder must be set aside as the purchase of his freedom. Unless he could accumulate sufficient capital to repay the money which had produced Fanny's income, there was nothing before him but a lifetime of bondage.

He had arranged everything before he allowed himself time to think particularly of the consequences to himself; but when he did look at them, and realise them, there was no harking back in his mind. To him it was the one course possible, and he did not credit himself with any special virtue in pursuing it. He could imagine what it could be to despise himself, and go about for the rest of his life under a burden which could never be lifted—the burden of disgrace; he had imagination enough to realise that in the end even the actual money loss might be the greater.

For two years Philip had rigidly carried out his plan, therefore the dingy lodging, the strict self-denial, the apparent stinginess, of which a nice little mystery had been made. Sometimes he had felt the bondage well-nigh intolerable; at other times he went on hopefully, especially when his exertions in filling the place of Mr. Austin, laid aside by illness, and in the next place Mr. Austin's death, brought him more of the money for which he craved. Money! it meant—what did it not mean for him?—freedom, love, a home, a life redeemed from bondage.

The appearance of Mr. Lovejoy, and a whole race of Lovejoys behind him, Philip had, not unnaturally under the circumstances, hailed with anything but pleasure; but he had hardly foreseen the consequences of their advent. But for them, Philip might have been left to pursue his plan in peace, to lay up from his steadily increasing income a sum sufficient in the course of years to repay the little fortune entrusted to his father, and set him free to live for himself. And now the purpose of his life was frustrated, at least in part—unless, indeed, Francis had relented, and was prepared to do his part, when it might still be possible for him to save his father's memory. He clung to this tenaciously, and was resolved to cling to it to the last. If it damaged his own reputation, he was free to assert his integrity, and to prove it in the end.

At length Philip arrived, and found his brother awaiting him, having had time to refresh his memory of the past, and to review his present position, and to lose his easy good-nature in the process. The first note which Francis struck was a false one, and made a discord. He held out his hand, saying, "Why do you live in such a beastly place? I had the greatest trouble in the world to find you?"

"I am very sorry," returned Philip, dryly, "but I cannot afford a better."

Francis saw his mistake, and retreated from it. "Won't you come and see my wife, Phil?" he said affectionately; "she is very anxious to see you."

"You are married then?"

"You might have seen it in the *Times*, a year and a half ago," said Francis.

"I must have missed it. I hope you are happy, Frank," and Philip forgetting for a moment that they were at feud, grasped his brother's hand with the old cordial clasp.

It made Francis feel that it was worth some sacrifice to restore that former brotherly cordiality. "I am very happy," he answered; "Rachel is as good as gold, and she brought me plenty of cash, on which I have been flourishing. My only trouble has been the misunderstanding with you."

"And you have come to set it right, I hope," said Philip, brightening.

"I'll do my best," said Francis. His best and Philip's by no means corresponded, however.

"If the money can be replaced," said Philip, "I shall be content. The rest must go. I have made up my mind to leave England. Tabor would never rest satisfied till he got to the bottom of it, and I am as determined that he shall know nothing whatever, unless I am forced to disclose the whole. I shall invest for Fanny every hundred I can get together, and if she will trust me for the rest, all will yet go well."

"I was in hopes you had had enough of such a Quixotic enterprise," exclaimed Francis. "It's like a man trying to swim with a millstone tied round his neck."

Philip retreated coldly. "How far are you prepared to help me?" he asked. "I will accept your help, and leave the discussion of the question."

"Well, it depends," said Francis. "We might offer Fanny a fair compensation."

"I have determined that Fanny shall be paid every farthing," replied Philip; "and I am prepared to carry out that determination."

"How much have you done towards it?" asked his brother.

"I have got together the first thousand," he replied.

"The first thousand!" ejaculated Francis. "At that rate you will have paid up the amount by the time you are about fifty."

"I know it," said Philip, bitterly.

"Come, do be reasonable, and get Fanny to accept a compromise, which she ought to be precious thankful for."

"I hate compromises," said Philip; "a debt is a debt, and no amount of whitewashing can blot out the figures against one."

"My money is my wife's, you know," said Francis, casting about in his mind for reasons wherewith to support his recommendation; "and of course I have no right to spend it carelessly."

"You have no right to spend it at all, I should say," replied Philip; "and after all, Francis, you are poorer than I am."

"Oh, but I have made some of my own besides," he hastened to say; "only, you know, three thousand is a large sum."

"What can you afford then?" said Philip. "I would give much that the story should not come out.

It struck Francis just then that so would he. He would suffer more in the estimation of some who knew him than Philip would. He might not have felt this, but for the contrast between Philip's conduct and his own, which was being forced upon him. What would his wife think, if she knew? She was just like Philip. She had such exaggerated notions. Yes, certainly if Philip was willing to sacrifice himself, it was better that the story should not come out.

"I can give you a thousand," said Francis, moodily. "It seems a large sum to throw away in this fashion."

"And will you lend me as much more as I may require?" asked Philip. "You have only my personal security, but in case of my death you will be repaid in full, and I will pay you any interest you please."

Francis hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Well, I will risk it; but I don't think there ever was such a piece of business as this transacted. And now you will come and see Rachel?"

Philip assented.

"Come now," urged Francis.

And Philip went.

It was not pleasant to Francis Tenterden to throw away his money, as he had said, but it was pleasant to walk once more with Philip in the old brotherly fashion. He had never been quite happy since their quarrel, and he was happy now in spite of those twinges of regret at the price he was paying for it.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. NEW SERIES. No. 12. ANDREW.

Chapters to be read—John i. Matt. iv., x., parts of.

INTRODUCTION. It will be very easy by a few questions to connect this lesson with the last upon John the Baptist. Ask to whom John bore testimony, and to whom was he likely to teach most about Christ. Explain the word "disciple" as meaning a learner and show how it applied to John's disciples.

I. ANDREW'S PERSONAL CALL. (Read John i. 35—42.) Try and make the children realise the scene: John the Baptist standing in the road talking earnestly to two disciples, of whom Andrew was one—Jesus passes by—John points Him out—calls Him the "Lamb of God." His disciples never heard any one called a Lamb before. Full of curiosity, follow Jesus. He turns round—sees them—questions them as to what they want—invites them to visit Him. They go at once, and stay with Him that day. What would Jesus tell them about? Would explain His Divine mission—how He was the Lamb of God, and evidently He asked Andrew to join Him and become His disciple. At last Andrew left. To whom would he go at once with the news? Ask where he lived (ver. 44)? and from the house at Bethsaida being called that of Simon and Andrew, draw the inference that their father was dead, and the two brothers lived and worked together. What did he tell Peter (ver. 41)? Show from this that Andrew was evidently looking for the Messiah, long expected: had learned from John the Baptist and from the Scriptures that Christ was coming—now believes in Him for himself.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) Show the children how Andrew believed in and followed Jesus as a living *Person*. Point out that this is how all must regard Him; that we have not only to be sober, honest, religious, &c., but to realise Christ as a living, loving, Saviour, close to us, ready to hear us and help us and save us. (2) Draw the important lesson of true religion beginning at home.

II. ANDREW'S CALL TO WORK. (Read Matt. iv. 18—20.) After Andrew's first call seems to have resumed ordinary work as fisherman. Show with a map of Palestine the position of the Sea of Galilee, and picture Peter and Andrew, the sturdy fishermen, casting a net. Jesus walking by the sea, calls them, Ask what He told them? Refer to parable of Drawnet (Mathew xiii. 47—50) to show how kingdom of God is like a net: how thoroughly they would understand the meaning. Ask what their ready response showed. *Faith* in Christ as the Messiah; *love* to Christ as their new Master; *devotion* to His service. Refer to Acts ii. 41, to show how Peter caught 3,000 souls in the Gospel net.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) Christ's call requires *prompt obedience*. Remind of Elisha, who at first wanted to turn back. If do not obey His call, perhaps He not call again (Prov. i. 24). He calls us by conscience, by His Word, His ministers, &c. See the blessing of following at once. (2) Christ's call may require us to *give up all* for Him. Remind of the young man who could not give up possessions, and went away sorrowful. Peter and Andrew gave up all. Did they starve? So have heard of missionaries giving up all—even life—for Christ. Can we give nothing? (3) *Christ's* call is one to *work*. No Christian can be idle. See punishment of those who do nothing for Him (Matt. xxv. 35, 36).

III. ANDREW'S PUBLIC CALL. (Read Matt. x. 1—14.) Christ having called the disciples individually, now collects them together to send them out and teach. Ask the name that we now give to such, and explain that the Greek word "apostle" is the same as our word "missionary," and means "one who is sent." Ask (1) *their work*: to preach repentance, or change of heart and life, like Noah before the Flood, Jonah to Ninevites. (2) *Their power* to heal the sick and cast out devils. Ask what good this would be, and show that it had the effect of making the people believe their mission. (3) *Their support* (ver. 9, 10). Why were they to take no money, &c.? What would it teach them? Had they any reason to distrust as yet? Picture the disciples starting forth by twos—probably Peter and Andrew, the two brothers together still. Jesus left alone, probably praying for them. How nervous they would feel at first at leaving Jesus and starting by themselves: how eager they would be: how wonderful to work a miracle: how their faith in Christ would be confirmed.

The only other notices of Andrew individually are in John vi. 8, where he tells our Lord of the barley loaves, and John xii. 22, where he tells Him of the Greeks wishing to see Him. This latter, coupled with his bringing Peter to Christ, may be dwelt upon as the practical lesson of his life—his eagerness to bring others to Christ. For the reward of such, see Dan. xii. 3.

Questions to be answered.

1. Where did Andrew live, and with whom?
2. Name all the occasions on which he is mentioned.
3. How many calls had he? what were the circumstances of each?
4. What are the lessons to be learned from his first call?
5. What are the lessons to be learned from his second call?
6. Explain the words "disciple" and "apostle."

GOING FROM HOME.

SON of my hopes and prayers, go forth,
Thine hour is come; the world is wide,
And east and west, and south and north
Are free for thee to stride.

Elect thy course and forward press,
All earnestness towards the goal;
Sin takes the hand of Idleness,
And soon pollutes the soul.

When, with her dulcet melody
And scented breath, comes loose Delight
To lure thee to her company,
In worldly trappings dight;

Turn from the siren, false as fair;
She woos thee only to betray:
All selfish pleasures lead to care,
Excesses to decay.

Thy fortune, though some deem it small,
Is really large—unsullied name,
Fair store of learning, and withal
A sturdy, healthy frame.

The amplest fortune man can hold
Are these, joined to a trust in God;
Far, far beyond the glitt'ring gold
For which men plot and plod.

Poor is he, though untold his wealth,
Whose soul lies grov'ling in the dust;
Whose mind ne'er knows a day of health,
Whose soul is knit to lust.

And rich is he, however poor,
Whose aim is true, whose faith is great;
Content shall rest beside his door,
Success upon him wait.

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a dull and cold day in the latter half of November, and Tom was standing just outside his father's cottage palings, with his hands in his pockets, watching three children playing in the middle of the road. Two of them were four or five years old, and the third an infant not yet three. Just then a large four-wheeled dog-cart came along the road at a rapid pace. The driver shouted to the children to get out of the way, and the two elder ones did so, but the youngest one remained sitting in the middle of the road, too much frightened to be able to rise and run. Then the driver attempted to check the horse, but the animal was high-spirited, and could not be stopped, and in another moment it was close upon the child. Tom hobbled across from the paling as soon as he saw that the infant was in danger, but he had only picked it up, and was holding it at arms' length just outside the track of the carriage, when the horse was upon him, and struck him down. The child fell outside of the wheels, but one of them crushed against Tom's chest as he lay on the ground, and, quite insensible, the lad was lifted from among the horse's feet and carried into his father's cottage.

Fortunately the doctor passed through the village shortly afterwards, and he found the kitchen filled with bewildered, sympathising neighbours, and Mrs. Robinson sitting in a corner, sobbing heavily and overcome with grief. After a while the doctor succeeded in restoring the lad to consciousness, and found that one of the horse's feet had struck his head, and that two of his ribs were broken. Beyond that there were no external injuries, but the doctor feared that near the broken ribs some serious internal hurt had been inflicted. All that could be done was to keep the patient quiet, and guard as well as possible against feverishness. The next day Tom seemed better. He breathed with much difficulty, and could take little nourishment; but the blow on the head seemed to have been slighter than had been feared, for his mind was perfectly clear.

On the second day Miss Burton insisted on going out, though she had not gone into the open air since her illness, and it was hardly safe for her to do so. But she felt that she must go and see Tom. When she entered the kitchen she found that his mother had gone out for a little, and that the patient was left to the care of the deaf boy, who was sitting, still pale from his fever, at the foot of his friend's bed. The faces of the two lads lit up with pleasure, as Miss Burton, finding no answer to her knock, peeped in at the half-open door. "Well, Tom," said she, taking a hand of each of them in one of her own, "I'm so glad to see you again. But are you much hurt? Do you feel much pain, my dear lad?"

"No, ma'am, not so much," said the boy, with a pleased smile on his face. The lady got a chair and dusted it, and sat down in front of the bed where she could see both the boys. No one spoke for a little; it seemed so strange to be with them again, in such different circumstances from those in which they had always met hitherto. She thought that it

would hurt the sick lad to speak much to him; it was excitement enough for him to receive her visit. But after a few moments she said, "We have all been ill since we last met; my illness was the least, but I felt it so very kind of you both to come to ask for me so often."

Tom looked down, almost ashamed, but surprised and glad that he had pleased his teacher. After a while he said suddenly, "I was at a meetin'—a cottage meetin'—and the man said as we should love God with all our heart and all our mind——"

Then he paused. It was his first attempt to speak out his real feelings to a listening ear, and he hardly began when his courage failed him. Miss Burton had not come with the intention of holding any religious conversation with him; she did not think that his strength was sufficient for it, or that this was the proper time for it; she had merely meant to pay him a kindly visit. But he seemed to wish for it, even to invite it; and these opportunities, she felt, come so seldom, that she might never have another, so she thought she might talk to him very quietly for five minutes. She guessed that Tom wanted to be drawn out, or he would hardly have introduced the subject, so she replied in a low and gentle voice, "Yes; and you love Him, don't you, Tom?"

"No—leastways, I don't know. Sometimes I thinks I does; but mostly it looks as if I didn't care for Him a bit."

"But you love the Lord Jesus, I am sure, Tom. You know He loved you, and died for you. Have you asked Him to forgive you your sins?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you believe that He does forgive you as He promised. He would not break His word, do you think?

"No, He wouldn't."

"And He loves you very, very much. That is the grand thing. Don't you believe that, Tom?"

"Yes; but I don't love Him—not to call *love*. An' I don't love nobody right, my mother, nor my father, nor you, nor even Jim there. I *like* you all, but I can't love; I'm not fit. It's like a string was tied tight round my heart, and I can't."

The boy stopped, for he breathed with difficulty; and Miss Burton sat astonished. Had it been granted to this heavy-browed, commonplace, cripple boy to feel that a love was possible, so different in degree that it might be said to be different in kind, from the feeling that usurps its name? She sat still for a minute to give Tom a rest; then she said more quietly than before, "But you love God a *little*, Tom, don't you?"

"Yes, a little; but not rightly—not as I should."

"Then God is glad to have the little love you can give Him, and one day He will give you more. I am very, very glad you love Him a little, and you must think often of what He has done for you, and how much He loves you, and that will help you. Now I must go, for it will hurt you if I stay longer. But first we will have one minute's prayer together to our Father."

Hardly was the short prayer finished when Mrs. Robinson returned to the cottage, and began to give what promised to be a long and detailed account of the accident, mingled with exclamations of grief; but Miss Burton stopped her, and entreated her in a whisper outside the door not to speak a word in the kitchen that she could help, but to keep her son quiet by every means in her power. Then she left the cottage with a great peace and gladness at her heart. (*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

105. "Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the *Scripture might be fulfilled*, saith, I thirst; and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it to His mouth; and when He had received the vinegar, He said, It is finished." What Scripture is here referred to?

106. In which of the Psalms is reference made to synagogues?

107. Name the prophet who foretold the revolt of the ten tribes of Israel.

108. What was enacted by Moses with reference to a dwarf (or one too slender) among the Levites?

109. Where does St. Paul quote the words of the prophet Isaiah—"Who hath believed our report?"

110. "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine; he washed his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes." On what occasion were these words uttered?

111. In which of the Psalms is the ascension of Christ predicted?

112. Name a few who are mentioned in Scripture as having been devoted to God from their youth.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

92. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John xiii. 35).

93. Jeremiah (ii. 23).

94. 1 Cor. x. 3.

95. Job (xiv. 17).

96. Potiphar (Gen. xxxix. 5); Laban (Gen. xxx. 27).

97. Prov. xxx. 30.

98. One only. See Luke x. 25—37; xv. 8—32.

99. To the Almighty (Job xvi. 11—14).



(*Drawn by* M. FITZGERALD.)

THE BETROTHAL.

SUMMER night was softly creeping,
Summer winds were falling low,
And the silent birds were sleeping
In the warm hedge-row:
Not a sound was in the larches,
Not a cloud was on the sky,
As beneath the drooping arches
Roamed a maid and I.

Ever as I gazed upon her,
  Love-light shone within her eye;
Shone in truth and shone in honour,
  Shone on me, close by.
And a sob of pain and pleasure
  Mingled, crossed her lip and passed
Up beyond the trembling azure,
  Into heaven at last.

On my arm her fingers quivered,
  To my side her head was pressed,
Yet she prayed to be delivered
  From that peaceful rest.
All the while she struggled vainly,
  Said she little words of ruth,
Yet I still retained, ungainly,
  That dear hand, forsooth.

Then I whispered, speaking lowly,
  "Darling, by all things I hold
Sacred to my memory, holy
  In my guarded fold,
Do I swear to love thee very
  Truly, through all good and ill,
Till the boatman at the ferry
  Sound his whistle shrill."

But no answer floated to me,
  Nay, I even needed none,
For her eyes were flashing through me,
  And our hearts were one.
Not another word between us
  Since has passed, and never may,
Yet I know that summer e'en was
  Our betrothal day.

BURTON WOLLASTON.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XV.

ABOUT a week passed away, and one warm and sunny afternoon a game at croquet was proposed. Ruth was waiting in the garden for the others to join her, when Maurice stepped out of the studio window and strolled across the lawn.

"What are you doing, Ruth?" he asked.

"Waiting. We are going to play at croquet. Are you coming?"

"I think I must. I am so heartily tired of painting."

Ruth looked up in surprise. "Why, are you not satisfied with your painting?"

"No. I feel inclined to tear it up—I think I shall in desperation."

"Oh! don't do that," exclaimed Ruth, anxiously, for Maurice's manner was almost more alarming than his words.

"It will not matter to you, Ruth," answered Maurice; "you have not looked at it."

"You didn't show it to me," retorted Ruth.

"You haven't been to the studio."

"Because you didn't ask me."

"I didn't know you required an invitation," said Maurice coldly. This time Ruth made no reply. As Maurice stood by the lilac bush, wantonly tearing up the leaves and flowers, he could see Ruth's cheek flush violently; but she sat quite still with her head rather bent down, so that most of her face was hidden. Maurice would not break the long silence that ensued, and he waited in vain for Ruth to do so.

"Here we are at last, and Maude has come with Robert. Isn't it splendid?" said Tina, throwing the croquet balls on the grass. "Now then, Stephen and Robert, choose partners."

"Run in, and fetch your hat, Ruth; it is very hot in the sun," said Stephen.

Ruth rose and walked towards the house, but as Stephen watched her he noticed her slow walk and drooping head. He glanced at Maurice, and said hastily, "What is the matter with Ruth?"

Maurice turned round and watched her till she entered the house. As he looked, a new idea crossed his mind, that made his face relax its stern expression, and he answered, "I will go and see," and followed her, leaving Stephen in perplexity.

When he reached the door, he stood still and looked into the lobby, where Ruth was trying to reach her hat from a high peg. She jumped several times, and endeavoured to knock it down, but could not even touch it. Finding this useless, she turned round to look for a chair to stand on, when she became aware that Maurice was watching her. He saw in an instant that she had been crying, and the smile he wore had something triumphant in it.

"Shall I give you your hat?" he asked.

"No, thank you," answered Ruth, turning quickly away again, and going to fetch a chair that stood at the end of the lobby.

"Am I so much in disgrace that you will not accept a small service from me?" said Maurice, putting it out of her power to refuse, by taking her hat off the peg. "Why are you so cruel?"

Ruth made no answer, and Maurice stood between her and the door, holding her hat behind him.

"Will you give me my hat?" she asked, as calmly as she could.

"If you will forgive me," answered Maurice.

A wild thought passed through Ruth's mind, of going out without it, but in an instant she discarded the idea, for she knew it would excite comment, and

she felt even now that she must have been a very long time fetching her hat.

"Maurice, I want my hat; you have no right to keep it."

"Might is right. But you know how you can get it. Is it so very difficult to be friendly towards me?"

"Yes, when you are so—so—ungentlemanly. I must have my hat. You must give it to me," said Ruth, in a tone of passionate entreaty.

"And you must forgive me. Don't you know that you must?" asked Maurice. "If you knew your own power I hardly think you would use it so cruelly. I don't think you mean to be cruel," he added in a lower voice, so earnestly that Ruth felt almost frightened. "Do you? Will you forgive me, Ruth?"

"Yes," whispered Ruth, almost inaudibly. "Please let me go."

Maurice handed Ruth her hat, and she took it from him, and stepped out into the garden, when something made her look up at Maurice, who answered her look with a smile, and said, "Will you come to the studio soon? I shall hardly believe that I am really forgiven unless you give me that proof of it."

"You ought to believe me," answered Ruth, trying to look unembarrassed as they approached the croquet lawn, and wishing Maurice would not bend down to see her face, while everybody seemed looking at them.

"Shall I have to obtain a promise from you by such means as I obtained forgiveness, by force?"

"No, I will come," answered Ruth, taking up a mallet, and appearing very interested in knocking her foot with it, while Maurice seemed equally interested in watching her, until Tina, Robert, and Maude had finished an excited discussion about Stephen's ball. It had been struck by Robert, who wished to croquet it, while Maude, and Tina urged him to take two turns instead.

Stephen himself stood quite still, unconscious of the danger his ball was in. As Maurice and Ruth appeared from the house together, her step having regained its buoyancy, and Maurice talking earnestly and bending down to catch her shyly-spoken answer, Stephen, suddenly awakened to a realisation of the future, and, as he looked, a sharp pain darted through his heart. He was not one to leave the cause of his pain unquestioned, and in an instant the whole truth stood before him, clear as day. The colour left his face, and he pressed his lips together, but stood perfectly motionless, until Susan, running up to him, said breathlessly, "Please, sir, Mr. Ross is very ill; you are wanted to go to him directly."

Stephen threw down his mallet. "Maurice, take my ball for me," he said quickly.

"I am so sorry the doctor had to go," said Ruth while Maurice was playing. "If he does have a spare afternoon he is very often sent for, Tina says."

"Yes, it is a great pity," replied Maude.

"But it is very selfish after all, to think of it in that light, isn't it? Because, of course, if anybody is ill, a game of croquet is very trivial," said Ruth ponderingly.

The early part of the evening slipped away in talking, and when Susan brought the coffee into the drawing-room, Tina expressed her surprise at Stephen's lateness.

"I heard the doctor come in a little while ago, miss."

"I wonder what keeps him in his study then. Ruthie, will you see?"

Ruth scarcely needed to be asked, and in another moment she had left the room. She knocked gently at the study door, but receiving no answer, opened it and walked in. Stephen did not turn round on her entrance; he was seated with his back to the door, his arm on the table, and his head resting on his hand. Ruth touched his arm.

"What a long time you have been away!" she said; "you look so tired—do come into the drawing-room and have something to eat."

"No, no, I can't come, I must be busy," replied Stephen hastily, drawing his chair to the desk as he spoke.

"How is Mr. Ross?" asked Ruth suddenly, thinking something must be the matter from Stephen's unusual manner.

"Much better; I think he will recover."

Ruth stood quite silent for a minute, then she spoke again. "Have you had no dinner?"

"No, but I don't need any, Ruth; I can't spare the time."

"Oh, Dr. Rae! you look so tired! I am sure you must need something to eat. Can't I write some letters for you? Please let me," pleaded Ruth; "you have often said I am a very good secretary."

"I am not going to write letters, and you can't help me now, Ruth," answered Stephen; then looking up, his eyes met hers, looking at him with such a puzzled, wistful expression that he added, "Don't worry yourself about me; go to the drawing-room, you will be missed if you stay away."

She did as he told her, but Stephen saw her wonderment at his apparent wish to be alone. He walked up and down and reproached himself severely, for having given Ruth any indication of his trouble. "She must never guess it; I must appear the same, or it will grieve her," he thought. "I can save her pain at least, and that I will do."

As he walked up and down, Ruth re-entered, carrying a tray, which appeared rather heavy for her. Stephen took it from her and placed it on the table, then turning to her, said, "I don't deserve such thoughtful care, Ruth."

"Oh! Dr. Rae, what do you mean?"

"Didn't I speak brusquely to you, Ruth? yes, and you revenge yourself with attentions that reproach me."

Ruth with tears in her eyes, answered earnestly, "Don't speak like that. You were tired, and I worried you with questions. But I may stay and give you some tea, mayn't I, if I am quiet? And you *must* take it for my sake."

Stephen yielded, and Ruth, quite happy again, poured out his tea and buttered some toast for him, while Stephen leaned back in his chair watching her intently. When he had finished his tea, he would not let Ruth stay any longer, but she persuaded him to come to the drawing-room if he possibly could.

"I did not know that sending you to ask Stephen to come in would cause such a long absence," said Tina, on Ruth's return; "we have been wanting some music, and have been at a complete stand-still."

"Tina, how absurd!" said Ruth, laughing.

"Not at all. The point is this: I said that Maurice was to begin the music, as he proposed it, and I kindly offered to play his accompaniment, but he declined, saying he would not sing except when you played for him. Of course I feel thoroughly snubbed now."

Ruth made a precipitate retreat to the piano, and, seating herself, remained quite still, until Maurice joined her. Generally Ruth began the symphony of any song she wished Maurice to sing, without asking him what it should be, but to-night she said, "What will you sing?"

The question took away all Maurice's desire to do so at all. Her long absence from the room, and her preoccupied manner on her return irritated him, and after a pause, he answered in a low voice, "I can't sing at all."

"Why not?" asked Ruth, surprised into looking up; "I thought you said you would, if—if I played for you."

"I should not have said that unless I had thought that you would be in the mood. I don't wish to tax you."

Ruth felt hurt and angry. "Maurice seems trying to make himself as disagreeable as possible to-day," she thought as she began to play "Beneath the window, lady bright," the turbulence of the accompaniment being a relief to her feelings. Maurice sang it well, and by the conclusion of the song would have completely recovered his temper, but Ruth left the piano abruptly, and seemed determined to take no part in the music; for she seated herself at Mrs. Rae's feet, and taking up a book, began reading her favourite poems.

Tina was well enough acquainted with Ruth's freaks to know that there would be no use in asking her to sing, and Maude was requested to do so. "I want Ruth to sing," she replied.

"It would be no use to ask her to-night," said Tina; "I can tell she doesn't feel inclined."

"Come and sing a duet then," said Maude; and she and Tina went to the piano. While they were singing, Stephen came into the room, and soon after Maurice, looking at Maude, who was now sitting by the piano alone, saw that she was watching Stephen and Ruth with great interest, while her face wore a smile more serious than amused. Ruth was kneeling by Stephen's chair, talking earnestly, with her book open in her hand. Then she pointed out some passage in the book which Stephen read. Their conversation seemed very engrossing, and Maurice read Maude's thoughts as she watched them. He watched both with a painful interest, wishing, in vain, to quell the feelings which the scene provoked. He suddenly turned to the window, and opening it, walked into the garden.

"I never knew the diabolical side of my nature till now," thought Maurice as he stood by the stream. "I must go away from home soon, and leave them all in peace. Nobody will miss me, except that Ruth will most likely be glad to get rid of me."

Maurice's solitude was broken by the party in the drawing-room, who followed his example, and came out into the moonlit garden, where they remained until the Ashleighs' carriage came; Robert and Maude then departed, and the rest separated for the night. *(To be continued.)*

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—V.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

THE CONVERSION OF NATHANAEL.—II. (John i. 45–51.)

THE Confession of Nathanael, and how it was won (2).—"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" exclaimed Jesus, as, led by Philip, Nathanael drew near to Him. Nathanael responds to the gracious salutation with, "Whence knowest Thou me?" And Jesus replies, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." Then follows the confession, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel."

In Nathanael's response to the salutation of our Lord, we have a fine illustration of true, as distinguished from false, modesty. Jesus had greeted him, with wonder and delight, as a *guileless* Jacob, a genuine Israelite, as worthy therefore to receive the visions and gifts vouchsafed to his father Israel. And Nathanael does not disclaim

the honour; he does not protest that he is unworthy of it. He feels, apparently, that the Rabbi of Nazareth has fairly summed up his spiritual history, that He has expressed his true character in a single phrase. And he does not, as surely false modesty would have done, pretend to put away the honour from him. He tacitly admits the truth of Christ's description. The only thing that puzzles him is how a stranger should know him so well. "Yes, Thou knowest me: but *whence* knowest Thou me?" And yet, on the other hand, there is a true and unfeigned modesty in this response. His words mean, "Whence knowest thou one so little known, so inconspicuous, so obscure, as I am?" He has but a poor opinion of himself. He is conscious that he has lived a quiet, retired, and meditative life, that he has not attracted the public eye, and has done nothing great enough to attract it; and it perplexes him to meet with One who seems to know him altogether. Moreover, it irks and a little frightens him, I think, to find his inward life laid bare, to stand in the presence of One from whom nothing seems to be hid. He feels that his secret has been read and he shrinks back with a touch of fear from an inspection so searching; not because he has anything to hide, for he is without guile; but because it is as terrible to him to find himself utterly known by One whom he knows not, as it would be to us. One can fancy his recoiling form, and catch the tone of alarm in his voice, as he looks on the Teacher who had read his very heart, and cries, "Whence knowest Thou me?"

To this admission and inquiry our Lord so replies as to deepen the impression He had already made. "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee." So, then, the eye of the Nazarene had been on him when Philip called him, and when, in answer to the call, he had doubted whether any good thing could come out of Nazareth. Nay, even *before* Philip called him, before he had so much as heard of this new Rabbi, the eye of Jesus had been upon him. With what deepening wonder must he have listened to such words as these!

What Nathanael had been doing when he was under the fig-tree, we cannot determine, we can only conjecture. But we know that the large and copious foliage of the fig-tree produces a profound shade; and that the Jewish rabbis were accustomed to rise early in the morning, and to seek the shelter of a fig-tree, in whose cool shade they might pray and study the law of God. And therefore we may reasonably infer that the devout Nathanael, on the morning on which he was brought to Christ, had risen betimes and sought the shade of his fig-tree, that he might hold communion with God or meditate on his Word. It may be that here, hidden from the gaze of men, this genuine Israelite had wrestled with God in prayer, and had come forth from the Divine conflict with a spirit more steadfastly sincere. Or it may be that, as he read the Word of promise, the great Hope of the time arose within his heart, that he passionately yearned for the advent of Messiah, and, like aged Simeon, received a promise that "he should not see death till he had seen the Lord's Christ." But whatever the scene that transpired under the solemn shadows of that leafy screen, it was evidently a secret which Nathanael knew to be hidden from every eye but that of God. The Rabbi of Nazareth no sooner hints that he is acquainted with it, no sooner intimates that he could the tale unfold "an if He would" than Nathanael feels that he is in the presence of a more than mortal power, in the presence of One who, like God, has "searched and seen him through." He no longer shrinks back; he bows before the Searcher of hearts, and witnesses the good confession, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel, and therefore *my* King, since Thou hast acknowledged me to be an Israelite indeed." He has "come," he has "seen," and he is conquered. He no more debates about Galilee or Jerusalem, Bethlehem or Nazareth. Jesus may be "the son of Joseph;" but He must be "the Son of God." "Rabbi," he cries, "Thou art He whom I have long sought, with prayers and tears known only to Thee. Thou hast been with me, and I knew it not? Thou hast searched and known me. Thou hast compassed all my paths, and been acquainted with all my ways. And now *I* know *Thee*, who Thou art: Thou art the Son of God and the King of Israel. Henceforth I will have no King but Thee."

Obviously, Nathanael was moved to the very heart, and to the surrender of his heart; and even we, who are but bystanders, can hardly look on unmoved. In Nathanael's example, we find our duty; and in the wisdom and grace of Him who spake unto Nathanael we find, or may find, a sufficient motive for the discharge of that duty. We, like the son of Tolmai, are bound to surrender ourselves to the Son of God, the King of men. And what will move us to this surrender if the gracious wisdom of Christ will not? From many of the stories related in the Gospels, notably from the story of St. Peter's call, we learn that, as He looked on men, Christ could read the innermost secret of their being, and forecast their future destiny; that, as He turned His glance on this man and that, their whole future shot out in long perspective before His eye, brightening ever toward the eternal day, or sinking toward the Hadean darkness. And now we learn that He, who could forecast the future of men, could also recall the past; that on every countenance on which He looked He could trace and interpret every line

inscribed by experience, deciphering every enigma, solving every problem figured thereon by Time. Our present character, our past experience, our future destiny, all are naked and open to Him. Before Him the hidden things of darkness are as the secrecies of light. We cannot hide ourselves from Him under any tree in the garden, however dense its shade. He looks on us, and, lo! He knows us altogether, even to the purpose, passion, desire we most scrupulously conceal. Such wisdom would be dreadful to us were it not in the service of a love most tender and divine. We could not brook the inspection of His eye, were not His eye as quick to discern ought that is good in us, as it was to discover the sincerity of Nathanael, were it not full of pity and love for us, even when, like Nathanael, we question His claim to rule over us. It is this blending of grace with authority which most of all moves and touches us, which constrains us to adopt the confession and prayer, "Thou art God's Son and our King. Thou knowest what we are. Oh, make us what we ought to be!"

(3) *The Promise to Nathanael, and what it meant.*—When *Peter* confessed, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," he was rewarded with the promise that he should be one of the rocks on which Christ would found His Church. And the similar confession of Nathanael wins a reward as exactly adapted to his character and desires, as was the promise of Peter to his. "Jesus answered and said unto him, Because I said, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? thou shalt see greater things than these. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."

This, then, is the promise. Because Nathanael has heard, he has believed. Because he believes, he is to see, and to see greater things than he has heard. He is to see the sacred reality of which his father Jacob's dream was a shadow,—the Son of man, taking the place of the "golden ladder," and all the ministries of heaven passing to and fro upon, or through, Him. And this promise is confirmed with an oath.

Here, for the first time, we hear that solemn Αμην, Αμην, *i.e.*, "Verily, verily," afterward so familiar in the lips of Christ. *He* does not speak as the prophets spoke. It was for them to say, "Thus saith the Lord." He *is* the Lord. His royalty of speech betrays Him. He speaks in His own name, and takes the Divine "*Verily, I* say unto you," upon His lips. Not, I apprehend, that any oath was necessary to ensure Nathanael's faith. He had just listened to words which convinced him that Christ knew and foreknew all things. Nor, indeed, does Christ limit the promise to Nathanael. He passes from the singular, which He had hitherto used, to the plural. His promise runs, not, "I say unto *thee*," but, "I say unto *you*." It is a promise to Philip, and Peter, and Andrew, and John, as well as to Nathanael. Nay, it is a promise to *all* who follow Nathanael into His presence; a promise that, however marvellous the manifestations of His wisdom and grace by which they are brought to put their trust in Christ, they shall see greater and ever greater things, even unto the end. Hence the solemnity of His tone. Because the promise is so great and wide, the Son of God speaks as His Father in heaven had been wont to speak. For when God made promise unto Abraham, and to his seed after him, "He confirmed it *by an oath*." Men swear "because an oath for confirmation is an end of all strife." And therefore "God willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath, saying, "Αμην (verily), blessing, I will bless thee; that by two immutable things" (viz., the promise *and* the oath) "in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation." Man swears to put an end to the strife of doubt; and therefore God swore. Yet even in condescending to our level, God asserts His native majesty. For "men swear by the greater; but God, because He could swear by no greater, sware by Himself." In like manner Christ condescends to the weakness of our faith, in his Αμην, Αμην. For our stronger consolation, he gives us two immutable things instead of one, an oath as well as a promise. Yet, in stooping to our level that He may anticipate our doubts, *He* also, like His Father, asserts his Divine Majesty, saying, "Verily, verily, *I* say unto you," swearing by Himself, because He can swear by no greater.

What, then, *is* this great promise the immutability of which is so solemnly guaranteed? In so far as it was addressed to Nathanael, no doubt it meant that, for him, the dream of his father Jacob should be fulfilled and surpassed. Because he was a true Israelite, the momentary vision of Jacob was to become to him a sacred and abiding reality. He would thenceforth see, no golden ladder rising for an instant to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it, but the Son of God Himself binding heaven and earth together, bringing down to earth the gracious influences of the world unseen and eternal, and lifting the spirits of men into a growing communion with their God and Father. In so far as it pertains to us, and to all who believe in Christ, the promise connects itself with the history of our Lord's baptism in the Jordan and His temptation in the wilderness. It is a pledge that what Christ Himself saw and enjoyed, that we also shall see and enjoy in and through Him. As He came up from the river, the heavens were opened

and the Spirit came down and abode with Him. As He issued from His conflict with the tempter in the wilderness, the angels came and ministered unto Him. These were the great spiritual experiences through which the Lord Jesus had passed a few days before He made His promise to Nathanael, and, through Him, to us. And he hastens to use them for our comfort and instruction. We are not to conceive of these wonderful experiences as exceptional, as peculiar to Him. We are to share them with Him, if only we listen to His voice and follow Him. As we follow Him, we too shall walk beneath an opened heaven, and enjoy the gracious ministries of the happy spirits who do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven, and who are never nearer to Him than when they minister to us. And Christ Himself is to be the medium by which the heavenly ministries come down to us and by which we climb toward heaven. With the eye of faith we are to see that the fleeting vision of an antique age has become a glorious and permanent fact in the new day which the Lord has made. We are to see and know that that fellowship with God, in which our true life consists, broken of old by the sin of man, has been restored by the man Christ Jesus.

This was Christ's first promise to His disciples. How often must they have recalled it as the years passed, leading them through many sorrowful changes and disappointed hopes! How often must the darkness of tribulation have grown luminous to them as with the golden ladder whose top touched the sky, and musical as with the songs of the angels who thronged its shining rounds!

And this is Christ's first promise to *us*, the promise with which He salutes us as we enroll ourselves among His disciples. If we come, *as* we come to Him we are at once reunited to the God from whom we had been alienated through sin that was in us, and commence an ascent which will at last conduct us to His presence. And ever thereafter we see more and more clearly that all the revelations of God to men reach us through Christ, and that all the powers and ministries by which we are raised and brought near to God flow to us through Him. Has not the promise been fulfilled? Is it not being fulfilled to-day? Does not the Church, does not the world, owe its best knowledge of God to Christ Jesus the Lord? Is not our only hope of being recreated in the image of Him that created us, and of being made partakers of His rest and glory, the gift of Christ? Which of us does not know and feel that we owe to Him whatever has brought heaven nearer to us, or raised us nearer to heaven? We *have* seen then, the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of man; and we shall see all things in heaven and in earth reconciled in Him more and more fully, as our faith looks to Him with wider eyes and grasps Him with more steadfast hands. This promise *is* to us and to our children. Having, therefore, received so great a promise, let us purge ourselves from all soils of the flesh and of the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

PHILIP'S next step was to see Fanny, and to overwhelm that unfortunate person with regret and shame.

"I am about to dissolve partnership with Mr. Tabor, and after that to leave England," he began, with the fewest possible preliminaries.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Fanny, astonished and perplexed beyond measure; "you would never do such a thing!" (She did not say which thing.) "I feel as if the world was coming to an end, with one trouble or another."

"Mr. Tabor and I have quarrelled, and I have little choice in the matter," continued Philip. "But what I want to explain to you is, simply, that before I go, your fortune, exactly as your father left it, in Government securities, will be placed in Mr. Tabor's hands. You will then be able to manage it exactly as you please; to take it into your own hands, or to leave it in his; to spend, or to keep it, or to lose it," he ended, grimly. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," murmured Fanny, dolefully, feeling as if she stood upon quicksand.

"You wished for this," said Philip, "did you not?"

"I don't know. I'm sure I never wished you to go away," said Fanny, crying. Her prospects had never seemed so dreary before. It was not such freedom as this she had wished for. "You haven't quarrelled about me, have you? It's not my money that has done it?" she cried.

"Don't trouble yourself about it," he answered coldly; "I don't blame you;" and he did not—he felt her almost beneath blame."

"But, tell me if it is," she urged.

"It is, then," he replied.

"Oh, dear! I would rather have lost it!" she cried, all the kindness of the home of which she had been a member coming back upon her: and Fanny began to sob.

"Nonsense," said Philip; "what is done cannot be undone. But I want you to be firm," he added. "You may do me still greater injury by your distrust of me now. What I want to fix in your mind is that your money is safe, and that you must resist any attempt to force on an inquiry concerning it. You must be content to wait, and you must say so. Surely, Fanny, you have not known me all my life without being able to believe my word! You will not have to wait long. It rests with Mr. Tabor to offer me terms on which I can go out; and with this matter, in the meantime, he must not be allowed to interfere."

"But, can't you give up going away?" sobbed Fanny.

"I have no wish to give it up," he replied, impatient of her interference; and then proceeded to explain to her some details of her income and expenditure, which he had at length to say he would put on paper for her guidance, being perfectly hopeless of her coming to a clear understanding on the subject.

And, indeed, after Philip left her, Fanny's state of haze might well have been felt by a person of far less hazy intellect. She believed Philip because she could not help believing him, and her belief was the natural result of his character on one who knew him so well; but how had she ever come to distrust him? Her distrust had done him serious injury. She wanted to undo what she had done; but, then, what had she done? She could not make it out at all. Her head ached with the effort to get out of the labyrinth in which her thoughts were entangled. She would go to Mr. Tabor that very night, and tell him that, in some inexplicable way, she had done Philip wrong. Perhaps he would be able to set it right.

Philip's next step was to write to Mr. Tabor—they were reduced to writing now—and to beg him to be as speedy as possible in settling the terms of their separation. He also stated that he would be ready to give up to him the control of Fanny's fortune, which he had been enabled to recover.

That same day he wrote to Mrs. Austin, saying that he would be glad to finish the task of looking over her husband's papers, but conveying not the slightest hint of anything being wrong with his affairs.

Now Mrs. Torrance had congratulated herself exceedingly on the clever way in which she had put a stop to the attentions of Mr. Huntingdon. He had never once called since the evening on which Mrs. Torrance had communicated to him that little piece of information concerning her daughter's fortune, nor, though she knew that Ellen had met him at Fanny's, had there been the slightest renewal of those attentions. Nay, for some reason or other, perhaps because of his drawing back so suddenly, Ellen had of late manifestly avoided him. There remained only Philip to be dealt with—by far the most dangerous of the two. Not only had she a conviction that Ellen cared more for him than for Mr. Huntingdon, but she felt that Philip was more strenuous in anything he undertook, and might not readily take a negative answer, unless it was a much stronger one than Ellen was likely to give. Then the loss of income on her marriage was but a very partial loss to him—what she lost, he and Mr. Tabor gained; besides, she also thought that the money argument would have very little weight with him. So she sat, knotting and scheming, and scheming and knotting, through those evenings during which Philip's visits had been postponed, but coming to no conclusion on the matter. Perhaps, when the papers were disposed of, they would meet but seldom after all. Philip was not the only young man, however; the Tabors were constantly having them about. It was very strange, she reflected, how scarce young men were when they were wanted. When her own daughters were growing up, she knew none. All the families she knew had been daughters, daughters—not an eligible young man among them, so that she had had no choice in the matter of sons-in-law. But when they weren't wanted, as in the case of a wealthy young widow, they were sure to come about as thick as bees.

Mrs. Torrance and her daughter sat a good deal in the library now, and being left there alone to her netting and reflections, while Mrs. Austin was in at Fanny's, on the day when Philip was once more expected, she got rather weary of both, and began to look over the papers in the box. Her dutiful daughter had left her keys with her in case she should want anything, and the key of the box was among them. The box lay quite handy at her feet, between the hearthrug and the table, having been placed there by Mrs. Austin's orders, and she got down on her knees and opened it. She might find another packet of love-letters perhaps. But, whatever she might find, it was not her intention to conceal her movements from Ellen. She would tell her all about it when she came in. Perhaps there was nothing that her daughter could not dispose of without Philip's aid. There were the usual bundles of legal-looking papers, of not the slightest interest. Putting these aside, she directed her attention to the letters, and very soon lighted upon one marked "private," which she seized, of course, with interest. There was something quite familiar in the handwriting, which was explained when she glanced at the signature—"Philip Tenterden." She had seen Philip's handwriting. The letter was his. She began to read, and to read with eagerness. She rose to her



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"She, too, recognised the handwriting —*p.* 298.

feet, and became more and more agitated as she went on. Why, the letter was a confession of fraud and of impending ruin! It was dated nearly three years ago—no doubt he had gone on all this time undetected. It was horrible! What a mercy it was that she had thought of looking in that box! If he had found this, he would most certainly have destroyed it. She had been the salvation of Ellen, and she would tell her so. As for poor Fanny, was it not shameful? She had not a penny; and what was to become of her, now that the fellow was found out, it was impossible to say. Having finished the letter, she put it in her pocket, and with these new subjects of thought sat down to await her daughter's return.

In less than an hour Ellen returned, coming straight into the library.

"My dear, what a mercy that I thought of looking over those papers!" burst out Mrs. Torrance.

"What papers, mamma?—what is a mercy?" asked Ellen calmly, accustomed to her mother's fashion of breaking intelligence.

"Read that!" replied Mrs. Torrance, producing the letter.

Ellen took it. She, too, recognised the handwriting, but not as Philip's, only as having a great likeness to his—a likeness which often runs in families. She, too, looked at the signature, and read the letter, light breaking on her face, like the clearing of a morning mist, as she read.

Mrs. Torrance would not suffer her to conclude it in peace. "Now, my dear!" she exclaimed, "you see what that man is. If he had laid his hands on that letter, he would have destroyed it—and I can't think what made me open the box; but as I sat looking at it, I seemed to have a feeling that I ought to look inside it. It's always the way with me; I seem to know by instinct when people are not what they seem to be. Now, my dear, that man must be exposed. Leave it to me; I will expose him."

"Expose him, mamma! he is cleared. This is a letter from Mr. Tenterden's father, and explains a great many things."

Mrs. Torrance's countenance fell; but she did not give up her point. "Nobody has known anything about it all this time," she said. "He must have known, and kept it to himself, and acted under false pretences; so he is just as bad."

"This money was lost years ago, mamma. Can't you see that Mr. Tenterden has taken the loss upon himself? It has not affected Fanny's income, and Mr. Tenterden, no doubt, intends that it never should."

"My dear, what nonsense you do talk! as if anybody would do that," said Mrs. Torrance. "You must take the letter at once to Mr. Tabor."

"I cannot act so suddenly, mamma. I must have time to think what is best to be done. Besides, I cannot see Mr. Tabor until the evening now." Ellen held the letter in her hand, and went up to her own room, leaving Mrs. Torrance in a state of extreme exasperation.

When she had shut herself in, she threw herself into a chair, and was conscious of a reflection of herself in a full-length mirror opposite; but it was to her the reflection of another self, so great was the difference between the thoughts of the present and the thoughts of the past—even the past hour. She pitied that old, pale self, as she smiled at it with a curious kind of pity,—that self that seemed to have hardly any reality in it,—whose generous impulses had all been quenched,—who had known no nobleness except what lived in books—this self, which had awakened at the contact with true, living nobleness, was so much keener and sweeter. She sat, with the letter in her hand, and one glove, with the shape of her hand within it, fallen at her feet, catching glimpses of Philip's character and purpose, which gave her a happiness such as she had never tasted before. This was the clue to his self-denial; for this, perhaps, he had given up Lucy Tabor, loving her all the while: he had been sacrificing himself that Fanny might not suffer.

It was her own smiling face and eyes suffused with glad emotion which recalled her to herself, and to the question, what was to be done with the letter? Should she take it to Mr. Tabor? That, for some reason or other, was the very course the writer deprecated.

"Oh, Austin! I shall go mad," it began; and went on in short, disjointed sentences. "I have come here"—it was dated from Brighton—"to escape for a day or two from the people about me—especially from my son. Fanny's money is gone; I used it in speculation, when I was on the brink of ruin, and but for the failure of Smith and Co., might have won everything back. I cannot face Philip, and do not speak to Tabor—at least not yet. If I could only live to work it up again, she should be paid back every penny. The lads are provided for; they might even help me—at least Francis would—Philip, too; but I dare not tell him. He is not so lenient as Francis. I gave you a hint of this; and now you know all. Be merciful, Austin, and help me to begin again, and keep my secret, especially from Philip."

She read the wild appeal again and again before she made up her mind. Her mother found her sitting there an hour after, when she came to beg her to come down to dinner. She found her there, and did not venture to approach the subject with which she was consumed, for Ellen was in a mood she could not understand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNUTTERED.

Mrs. Austin and her mother had finished dining, but were still lingering in the dining-room, when the former said, in a tone as unconcerned as she could

command, "Mamma, if Mr. Tenterden comes this evening, I want to speak with him alone."

Mrs. Torrance took alarm. "My dear," she replied, in a tone of mild remonstrance, "had I not better see him instead? I think I ought, certainly."

Ellen thought—certainly not. "I will see him myself, mamma," she answered.

"Now, do be firm, Ellen," Mrs. Torrance ventured to urge; "you know you're not firm, dear; that is the reason I have for wishing to see him myself."

"I do not see what firmness has to do with it, mamma," said Ellen; "Mr. Tenterden deserves the greatest sympathy."

"Sympathy!" exclaimed her mother, thrown completely off her guard. "Really, Ellen, you are too absurd. Who but you could have any sympathy with a set of swindlers?"

"It is quite clear to me," said Ellen, "that Mr. Tenterden has had nothing to do with the loss of Fanny's fortune."

"But his father had, and that is all the same. He must know all about it too; because his father has been dead two or three years, and he has never acknowledged it. Depend upon it he is no better than his father. It's my opinion sons are generally worse than their fathers: very likely he is."

"Mamma," said Ellen quietly, but firmly, "it is not for us to condemn faults and misfortunes in the same breath."

Mrs. Torrance understood the allusion, and was silent. Some of Mr. Torrance's transactions had not been quite clearly defined between these two. She was obliged to acquiesce, too, in her daughter's wish. In her new character of independence she might not be meddled with.

The knocker sounded. Ellen started perceptibly, "That is Mr. Tenterden," she said. "Stay here a little time, it may save him unnecessary pain;" and she stooped and kissed her mother's forehead, in deprecation of her displeasure.

Mrs. Torrance consented sulkily, and determined to stay there till she was sent for. Ellen could never offend her without compunction, whereas to her compunction was unknown.

Philip, for it was he, had entered, and was waiting for Mrs. Austin in the library. "Are you at leisure?" he asked, after the customary greeting.

"I am quite at leisure," she answered. "I was about to write to you, when I received your note."

"Were you?" he answered, somewhat absently; "then I am glad I came: most things are better said than written."

Something of unusual excitement of a grave kind had shown itself in Ellen's manner, and prepared him to some extent for what was to come.

"I do not know," she answered; "I have become acquainted with a private matter which deeply concerns you, and it is of that I wish to speak."

"Mr. Tabor has been consulting you, I presume," he rejoined, "on the subject of our dissolution of partnership."

"No," she replied, quickly; "I have heard nothing of it. I hope it has no connection with this."

"With what?" he asked, abruptly.

"The matter of which I speak is contained in this letter. It was found among my husband's papers, and, unfortunately, not by myself."

She handed him the letter as she spoke, which he took and glanced at, with only too sure an intuition of its contents. He read it, however, before looking up. When he did so, it was to ask, half curiously, half bitterly, "What do you mean to do with this?" and he offered it again to her.

"That is for you to decide," she answered, putting it back, and a little hurt by his manner, which took for granted on her part an utter want of sympathy.

"I should like to know the worst," he said. "Has any one else seen it?"

"My mother," answered Ellen, with a slight flush.

"Everything is against me," he said. "And now, Mrs. Austin, I will explain my share in this miserable business."

"I feel sure," she hastened to say in a voice of deep emotion, "I feel sure that you have no blame in it whatever; and that you have done, and are doing, all in your power to remedy the wrong that has been done."

"I have," he replied, "and it has been made impossible for me to do it in my own way, which was to make up the loss without saying one word about it. *You* can understand why."

"Yes, indeed," she answered.

"I have done something toward it," he continued; "one thousand pounds I have already invested in Government securities in Fanny's name. But so large a sum cannot be replaced in a moment by a penniless man."

"And her income?" said Ellen.

"That, of course, I paid out of my own. I thought I had met every contingency," he added, making a clean breast of it; "for my life was insured to the full amount in case of my death."

Ellen uttered not a single word, but any one would have thought she was listening, not to a story of defeat, but of victory—a victory, too, in which she triumphed.

"My plan has exploded," he went on; "but my brother has come forward to help me, and I mean to sell my interest in the business for as large a sum as I can, place it to Fanny's account, and emigrate."

Ellen's countenance fell. "Why should you do this?" she asked. "Why not go on as you have been doing? A few years would suffice to pay the debt, and trusted as you are——"

"Am I?" he interrupted, "It has taken me nearly three years to do what I have done, at the same rate it would take me other ten, and already I believe all sorts of rumours are current against me; I can feel

them in the air. Even those who have known me all my life have learnt to distrust me. It was bad enough going on with this millstone hung round my neck in secret, but to carry it openly is too much for my philosophy."

"Only your friends would know anything about it," she said.

"Consider what Fanny is," he answered; "and then these new relations of hers, who would have led to this disclosure sooner or later, even if this letter had not been found."

"But your prospects," she said faintly, "you are giving them up."

"They are not brilliant, I think," was his reply.

"And your friends?"—— she faltered.

"Will be quite content to do without me."

"They would stand by you in this matter, I am sure," she rejoined. "There is Mr. Tabor,"—and she hesitated and blushed crimson—"Mr. Tabor and I would do so to any extent."

"Your are very kind. I believe you would," and he gave a wistful look at her which seemed to speak regret and tenderness."

With a sudden impulse she held out her hands to him, no longer looking at him, but standing before him with veiled eyes and downcast face. He understood the action. She had taken her life into her hands, and offered it to him to make up for the world's wrongs. There was no need of words; there was perfect consciousness between them. He understood her, and she knew that he did.

Philip felt the thrill of an emotion very like love. He hesitated in his turn. Neither of them might ever meet their equals again in generosity of spirit. They felt how near they were to each other, how perfect a friendship theirs might be.

And Philip hesitated, but it was only for a moment. Then he took one of the outstretched hands; he took it in both of his caressingly. "What would you think of me," he said, "if you knew that I have been tempted to secure your friendship and your help—to offer you a heart nearly as empty as my purse? Forgive me for a thought so unworthy of you, and believe me, that I shall carry into my banishment the memory of your sweet kindness as my greatest solace; but I can never love you as you deserve to be loved—as I have loved from boyhood."

(*To be continued.*)

"IT IS WELL."

AND can we say when troubles sore
Assail the heart, and pierce it more,
Yea, e'en before the pangs are o'er,
That it is well?

When sickness and when sad disease
Destroy our rest and mar our ease,
Can we then feel on bended knees
That it is well?

When disappointment chafes the mind,
When friends once dear become unkind,
When loss of sight has made us blind,
Then is it well?

When those we fondly love are dead,
Their bodies stretched upon the bed,
Can we then say, when life is sped,
That it is well?

Oh yes, if God indeed be near,
There is no cause why we should fear;
His Spirit will both calm and cheer,
And it is well!

In sickness He will make our bed;
In sad bereavement sore bested,
The sorrowing heart when comforted
Will say, 'Tis well!

For blest are they, so speaks His Word,
Who when they die, die in the Lord—
Eternal rest is their reward,
And it is well!

Paglesham Rectory, Essex. J. HARRIS, M.A.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. No. 13. NEW SERIES. JOHN, THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

Chapters to be read—parts of Matt. iv., x.; 1 John v.

TO THE TEACHER. As the incidents recorded of St. John are but few, this lesson is intended to set forth the lives and work of the disciples generally, with mention of St. John individually.

I. THE CALL OF A DISCIPLE. (Read Matt. iv. 21, 22.) Ask the children the name and occupation of the first apostle called. Such an event would cause a stir amongst the fishermen of Galilee. Andrew probably returned to his fishing for a time: he was a partner with James and John (See Luke v. 7), so now when Christ called him again, his partners were ready to follow Christ also. See the effect of speaking of Christ to friends. What made them follow Christ? They believed in Him as the expected Messiah (John i. 41), and joined themselves to Him. What good did they get? (1) They *learned* of Him:

the word "disciple" means *a learner*. He was always speaking to them of Himself, His work, His kingdom, &c., so as to prepare them to teach the world about Him after His departure. (2) They *held communion* with Him. For more than three years living with Christ daily they imbibed His Spirit, and by degrees grew like Him. See the difference between the fiery spirit of St. John, wanting to call down fire from heaven (Luke ix. 54), and his tender spirit of love as seen in his Epistles (1 John iii. 14, &c.) (3) They *suffered* for Him. Thus John's brother James was killed by Herod (Acts xii. 2). John himself with Peter was put in prison (Acts iv. 3; v. 18), and John as an old man was banished from Ephesus, where he lived, to the Island of Patmos, where he wrote the Revelation (Rev. i. 9).

II. THE WORK OF A DISCIPLE. (Read Matt. x. 1—15.) The apostles were sent (1) *To bear witness to Christ as man.* Ask what was the notion of the expected Messiah—viz., that of a mighty king coming to deliver the Jews from the Romans. Show how Christ always tried to counteract this notion, withdrawing from public notice, not allowing public display towards Him: point out that to His disciples He always called Himself the Son of man; how He lived with them, shared their food, houses, &c., so that they recognised fully His humanity. (2) *To bear witness to Christ as God.* This by far the most important. So they were told to preach about the kingdom of heaven (Matt. iv. 7); had power to work miracles in Christ's name. Ask for any miracles in which St. John had a share. He with Peter healed a lame man at the gate of the Temple (Acts iii. 4), and with James and Peter was present at the raising of Jairus's daughter, and the Transfiguration (Matt. xvii. 1), on both which occasions Christ especially showed His Divinity by raising the dead, and receiving the testimony of God to Him. Ask how Christ especially showed that he was the Son of God. To what were the apostles above all to bear witness? (Acts i. 22.) Show that others had risen from the dead and died again, such as Lazarus, the widow's son, &c. Two also had ascended to heaven—viz., Enoch and Elijah: but no one except Christ had died, risen, and ascended without dying again; which, therefore, showed His Divinity (Rom. vi. 9). Now read John v. 1—13, to show how St. John in his writings proved Christ to be God, and the importance of believing in Him, because without Him is no life. Ask what Christ is called in the Gospel according to St. John (ch. i. 1—4). and tell the children that this Gospel was written in order to teach especially that Jesus was God.

III. THE CHARACTER OF JOHN. Ask what he was called. How did Christ especially show love to him? Remind how he sat next to Him at the Last Supper (John xxi. 20); how he followed Jesus to the palace of the high priest (John xviii. 15); was alone of all the disciples at the cross, and received the charge to take care of Christ's mother (xix. 25—27); was first of the disciples at the tomb (xx. 4), and first to recognise Christ at the Sea of Galilee (xxi. 7). What does all this show? Love, longing to be near, to hold communion with, to see the last of the one loved. Show how he was honoured; was with Christ at the Transfiguration, the Garden of Gethsemane—was allowed to write the Gospel—outlived all the other apostles, and when banished to Patmos had a glorious revelation of the mysteries of heaven.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. "Will ye also be His disciples?" Then must learn of Him; must attend to instructions; must search the Scriptures; must hold communion with Him. May be called upon to suffer; but this only a proof of love (Heb. xii. 6). Can testify to Christ by example, words, and influence, and will be rewarded by crown of glory.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the call of St. John by Christ.
2. What are the three things required of all disciples?
3. What did the apostles bear witness about Christ?
4. What is St. John called? How did Christ especially honour him?
5. Name any acts of St. John by himself which showed devotion to Christ.
6. How can we be disciples?

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

ADULTERATION.

"WELL, sir, I don't see the necessity of making a lot of bobbery about a little matter like that. There *was* chicory in the coffee you bought, and chicory improves coffee, sir! It gives it a fresh edge like. I am sure, sir, some of our people wouldn't enjoy the original article without a little intermixture of the nutritious chicory. You must excuse me, sir, for telling you plainly that there's hardly any coffee sold without it."

"Dear me, Mr. G.! You quite surprise me. I have found some honour in Africa; there the natives do sell honest ivory, for they cannot veneer that; and they sell honest skins, for they cannot damp them, or press them, or put size into them! And these said natives of the bush are supposed

to be heathens—poor benighted heathens—ignorant as yet of the pure moralities of Christendom. But, really, Mr. G., chicory *is* chicory, and coffee *is* coffee; and if I like the intermixture, I really can buy them separately, and so know what I am about. I have no doubt that good water is not injurious to milk, but I like to pay for the water-rate separately from the milk-can! Where on earth are we to stop, Mr. G., if the chicory argument is accepted as a sound one? If every dealer acts on this principle, then you know Mr. H. may think iron-filings give a 'tone' to tea, and just introduce a few; and Mr. J. may consider butter more cohesive if strengthened with the addition of some clammy composition; and Mr. K. may think it healthier for the human foot to have an intervening space of clippings between two very thin strips of leather which look to me like a strong thick sole to the boot; and Mr. L. may think that mustard by itself is rather too pungent for the digestion, and may introduce into it a large element of flour; and Mr. M. may consider that to put potatoes into bread improves the nutritive properties of the staff of life. Indeed, Mr. G., I cannot see, if this sort of private judgment is to enter into the adulteration of trade commodities, where we are to stop. I *have* in times past ventured to ask my friend the chemist, 'What is in this pill?' Of course, a pill is, for the most part, an unknown quantity, and the chemist has, in its preparation, a legitimate enough sphere for the introduction of medical varieties. But even *he* feels it wiser to print the magic words—'Rhubarb, camomile, dandelion, and ginger,' on his delicate little boxes. I admire his plan. I know now the kind of visitors I am introducing into the secret chambers of my constitution. But how can I possibly know what I am eating or drinking, in the present age, unless the milkman will kindly specify qualities; thus—'Chalk, water, brains, milk'? Then the purchase is fair enough. After *qualities* have been considered, *quantities* might be taken into consideration, and I might agree as to the modicum of each element in the compound.

"'Ridiculous,' you say; 'as if people who conduct trade have time to consider each man's particular likes and dislikes, or, as a well-known writer would put it, each man's particular vanity! People must take care of themselves, and discover for themselves and then patronise the best place.'

"My dear Mr. G., are you really serious? Has it come to this in a civilised country, that adulteration is part of the science of trade-success, and that actual fraud is elevated to a post of honour in England? God forbid! I can imagine nothing so surely operative in the direction of national decline and dishonour as this. The question of nomenclature lies at the root of our national character for honesty as Englishmen, hide it from ourselves as we may. Like every evil, this one is a leaven which spreads with remarkable swiftness, and the people generally will have to fortify themselves with milk, wine, and tea tasters.

"What is that you say, that 'it is hard enough to get an honest living now, and that it is ungenerous and unfair to expose as fraud that which has become an accepted state of things'? Indeed, then it appears that iniquity, which is really in-equity, has only to become an accepted fact to lose its quality of evil! Where shall we all be landed in regard to morals if this free-and-easy dictum is once admitted as a popular creed? It is surely worth while to see the result of all this. *That* is apparent enough. Not only in the *human world*, but in the *animal world*, we shall come to a pretty pass! A vendor advertises 'pure linseed cake' for cattle-feeding purposes: it is largely purchased, and thousands of beasts are fed with it. Presently there is sickness amongst the fattened cattle; all manner of seeds are found to have been introduced into the feeding-cake, and when the accusation of adulteration is made, 'Oh,' says the vendor, 'we do not mean to say that *all* the cake is linseed cake, but that *what* linseed there is in it is *pure* linseed.'

"*O tempora! O mores!* What *are* we coming to, Mr. G.? Beasts are poisoned as well as men by the popularly accepted creed that we must all test for ourselves! We are supposed to be sensible enough to find out what we are really buying.

"'That sort of thing is as old as the hills,' you say. True—so is pestilence, so is poison; but one would really like to know whether antiquity is, after all, a test of preciousness.

"'Never mind,' you say, 'the laws of political economy will settle it all. The awful Nemesis will avenge the wrong, and honest goods will, *in the end*, oust the adulterated ones.'

"*In the end*, my friend? Perhaps so; but the end is a long while coming, and before Nemesis avenges the trader, perhaps the law of fever will avenge the buyer! I suppose we most of us believe that an avenging Nemesis will avenge the murderer, that his conscience may possibly, even in the present life, become so hot that he will give himself up to the judgment of human law rather than bear any longer the intolerable misery of an agonised soul. But for all that, we do not decline to do our best to catch and to punish the murderer if we by any possibility can find him. Depend upon it, my dear friend, that laws of political economy can never set aside the God-created laws of right and wrong, and that when we play fast and loose with these we are taking away the pins which hold the tabernacle of society together. There is an amusing proverb which says, 'There is nothing like leather,' and we may give to it this

new application. There are some things which are positively unadulterable, although I have shown you that even in making up this said leather into thick-soled boots, there may be an ignoble commingling of thin shavings, brown-paper, and even papier-maché wadding. What we want in this age, Mr. G., is loyalty to truth everywhere, and a national confession and forsakement of our sins. Look at calico for instance. You may buy it apparently firm and thick, and then find that, after you have gone to the expense of shaping and stitching it into garments, it is so doctored and sized that it is flimsy and worthless.

"'The evil,' you say, 'is not so great as it seems, and it is unfair to forget the general honour manifested in trade.'

"Oh! then, Mr. G., you admit the facts I have mentioned, and now you want to ride triumphantly off, and present to me the parting excuse, that it is 'only a thing of degree!' Would you say that of a slight crack in a loosened arch, or a slight leak in the outward-bound steamer? Not you. You would say at once, and rightly so, that cracks and leakages have a tendency to spread, and that precious life would be endangered; and it is just because these evils have such a tendency swiftly to spread through an entire community, that you and I should lift up our voices against them.

"'Mind I don't preach against them,' you say. Indeed! 'The doctrine isn't popular,' you say; 'and people would call it a cold sermon on morality.' Perhaps so; but popular taste is a poor standard, my friend, for any one of the prophets of God. We must not forget that although there may be morality in character without spirituality, there can be no true spirituality without morality, but only a poor gushing sentimentalism, or a cold stiff doctrinalism which will alike leave the conscience untouched, and, as of old, lead us to pass over justice and the love of God.

"Oh! you think that 'if unpopularity won't warn me off, that uselessness will, and that it is idle to try and remedy popular abuses.' Perhaps, so. 'The people will have it so,' you say. Nay nay, my friend, excuse me; not the people—they murmur and bear it, because isolated action is ineffective; but if once the popular conscience is really touched, this vice of adulteration will be as sternly swept away as the West Indian slave trade was, which once found plenty of apologists. If we could all leave off our theological wranglings for a time, and make a united effort to educate the conscience and quicken the sense of eternal right in the hearts of our fellow Englishmen, there would be a noble field of usefulness before us all. What's in a name?—some people say. Much every way, I reply. It may be a very clever French dodge to give some special flavour of essence of veal to any or every dish, and then call a slice of horse a veal-cutlet; but it is a dodge, and nothing more. Besides, we cannot adopt the self-determining policy; we cannot carry, in our limited pocket-room, aquafortis for gold-testing, and milk-testers, and weights and scales, and all the chemical analyses of the laboratory.

"Good-bye, my friend. Thank God, I know that what I have been speaking of is not the practice of all, but only of a few. The great mass of English tradesmen are as pure and high-minded as any men in the world; and so it is that I have reasoned against bringing discredit on a class so honourable. Besides, trade is not the only sphere of adulteration. I know that perfectly well; and we shall never be right in the dear old England that we all love so well, until we not only call a spade a spade, but sell honest and well-tempered iron, and until we adopt those ideas of reality which one or two have done so much, as prophets of the present day, to awaken our sense of the everlasting value of. The law of the land will soon treat adulteration as a crime when the national conscience thinks of it as a vice."

THE GRIEFS OF CRIPPLE TOM.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Miss Burton returned to the rectory she found that the exposure to the raw November air had done her harm, and that she would not be able to leave the house for two or three days. Meanwhile she heard from her uncle, who visited Tom daily, that he was gradually growing weaker, and it was feared that the internal injuries he had received were more serious than had at first been supposed.

"Indeed," said the rector, "I very much fear that he may not recover; he is certainly much weaker than he was three days ago. Perhaps his lungs have been injured."

"Might I ask you, dear uncle, how he seems to feel in his mind? Of course, I do not ask you to repeat anything he may have said to you. Has he any suspicion of——" here Miss Burton's voice failed her for a minute—"of what may happen?"

"I think he does know that his end may be near. He says very little. At times I think him stupid, and at other times I think I have been mistaken in thinking so. But he seems quite at rest in his mind—quite at peace."

Miss Burton would have liked to tell her uncle

something of what she knew of Tom's state of mind, but she felt that she could not. How could she tell to another the confidences of a human heart? She merely said that she believed that the lad knew well the foundation of his peace. She longed to see him exceedingly, but at that time she was not allowed to leave her bedroom.

It was a Thursday morning on which she had visited Tom, and on the Thursday following she determined to wrap herself up well, and to venture out to Joe Robinson's cottage. She went very early in the forenoon, and when she arrived there and knocked at the door her heart sank, for the place was very still, and when the door was opened, she saw that Mrs. Robinson's eyes were red with weeping. The curtains of the bed were drawn, and the room was darkened. Tom had died early that morning. At the sight of the lady the poor mother's tears burst out afresh, and sitting down she gave way to her grief, swaying herself backwards and forwards, and moaning piteously. Miss Burton drew a chair to the woman's side, and sitting down beside her, put one of her hands on hers and tried to soothe her. But the grief was too new and too sore to be comforted; and Miss Burton thought that it would be better to sit in silent sympathy beside her now, and come if possible the next day and speak of the place where Tom had gone, and how it was only in love that his Saviour had taken him to be with Himself. So she sat beside the poor woman, listening to her praises of her lost son, and her cries of grief, and saying a kind and comforting word occasionally. At last she felt that she must go, and when she rose, Mrs. Robinson went to the bedside, and pulled aside the curtain. Lucy Burton felt that she could not refuse the mother's evident desire that she would look upon her son, although for her own part she would rather have carried away the remembrance she had of what he was like the week before, as her last look of him.

"About the last thing he said, ma'am," said the poor woman through her tears, "was for you. 'Tell the lady I'm sure I love her.' I was to remember to tell you—'Tell the lady I'm sure I love her.'"

Just then the voices of Mrs. Robinson's sisters, who were coming to be with her in her sorrow, were heard in front of the cottage, and Miss Burton moved towards the door—her heart too full to speak. As she went she turned and took another glance at the quiet face on the pillow. The dull and heavy look, which had never, indeed, left his face, was still there; but his friend knew that now the veil was taken away from his heart—that now he was able to love in return, with something of the tender, unchanging devotion with which he had been loved.

ETA.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS

113. One of the Evangelists applies a name to the sufferings of Christ in Gethsemane which is not used by the others. What is it?

114. Name two occasions when the Lord Jesus received the assistance of angels.

115. In which of St. Paul's Epistles is the name "Adam" applied to Christ?

116. Of whom did Jeremiah prophesy that he should be buried "with the burial of an ass?"

117. In which of the Gospels is the mission of the seventy alone recorded?

118. "Jesus saith, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." Quote the passage to which the Lord referred.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 272.

100. When Jesus was in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Luke vii. 36—39).

101. "He that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God" (1 John v. 5).

102. Job (xxx. 29, margin).

103. During the Captivity (2 Kings xvi. 6).

104. Mesha (2 Kings iii. 4—27).

"THY SON LIVETH."

JUST then the shadow of the tomb,
A choking sob, a darkened room;
A little plant, whose trembling spray
Seemed floating on the breeze away;
A cradle, with a ruffled bed;
A fevered hand, a restless head.
Just then a baby's helpless cry,
A marble brow, a shrouded eye;
Just then a rosebud in the dust,
Just then a mother's failing trust.
Just now the curtain's heavy fold
That mother's hand has backward rolled,
And to her own in close embrace
Is pressed the baby's clinging face.
I saw upon his ringlets play
A summer morning's golden ray;
The deepening gloom, the lengthened night,
Have vanished in that sunbeam's light.

A. S. MARTIN.



(*Drawn by* A. HOPKINS.)

A RETROSPECT.

SWATHED in deep bloom upon the lea,
One radiant summer came and went;
One summer's radiant hours we spent
Together on the banks of Dee.

Our perfect love far banished strife,
And joy and beauty filled the land—
I little thought of golden sand
Fast dropping from her glass of life.

We walked among the sheltering firs,
  And saw the hills of purple heath—
  I did not see the hue of death
Slow stealing o'er that smile of hers.

I only dreamt of wealth of life,
  In one bright round of happy love;
  And age that should at last remove
In calm an old man and his wife.

Alas! it is not as I dreamed!
  My waking soul laments the change;
  And all the happy past is strange,
And seems as if it only seemed.

One sweet, short summer come and gone—
  A few brief hours of sunny light
  And joyous heart-bloom—then the night;
And in the night I am alone! J. Hue.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XVI.

"YOU have no idea, Ruth, how much happier it would make me," said Tina, letting her work fall into her lap, and taking Ruth's hands. They were sitting under one of the willows by the water's edge, shaded from the hot sun by its delicate leaves.

"Of course I should be only too delighted to stay," answered Ruth; "but you talked to papa about a few weeks, and now it is six since I came here, and it will be eight by the time you are married, and then——"

"Now listen to reason, Ruthie. Your papa must know that a certain amount of licence would be taken with such a vague expression as 'a few weeks;' he knows the country air is good for you, and he would quite understand how dreadful it would be for the others if you left directly after my marriage."

"Yes," said Ruth, doubtfully. "The thing is——"

"Wait a minute, I have not done yet, for I will now propose my plan of conduct to you. What should you say to my taking the affair entirely into my own hands, and writing to your papa about it?"

"Oh, Tina!" exclaimed Ruth, "I know your eloquence will quite vanquish him; and there is nobody to whom I would more willingly trust the manage- of any affair like this, where a woman's tact can master the eccentricities of the lords of the creation."

Tina was leaning back in the garden chair, snipping long blades of grass with her scissors, then suddenly rising she said, "How I am dawdling; I must get my work done by the time Robert comes. He is such a tyrant that he likes me to be quite idle when he is here. I shall have to cure him of that bad habit," she added, smiling, as if she thought the process would be a pleasant one.

"Well, I must go in, and I hope my absence will enable you to go on faster," replied Ruth, as she rose, and parting the branches that drooped nearly to the ground, walked away to the house.

Somehow, Tina was in a very idle state that afternoon, for Ruth had not long gone when she relapsed into idleness, and sat lazily watching the rippling water, and the branches dipping in, whenever the wind blew. She was roused from her meditation by Robert's appearance, and she sprang from her seat, exclaiming, "How early you are!"

"What a cruel speech," said Robert.

"Why is it cruel?" asked Tina.

"Because it implies that you were unconscious of the passing of time; a most improper proceeding when you were expecting me."

"No, it was because I was thinking of you so much that I didn't remember you were not with me," answered Tina. "And I was thinking how strange it will be to have any other place than this for a home."

"And do you like strangeness?" asked Robert.

"Yes. But, Robert," said Tina, looking up frankly into his face, "I have a few regrets. I am sorry to leave the dear old home where I have lived all my life. Well, they *will* miss me. How strange it will be, especially when Maurice goes away."

"Where is he going?" asked Robert, in surprise.

"To different places in England. I think he is going as soon as we are married."

"I thought he would settle down when he returned from Italy, but that journey seems to have made him more restless than ever, don't you think so?"

Tina did not answer immediately, and Robert continued, "He has altered a great deal lately, and I date the change from his return to England, and I can't account for it."

"It is not the travelling that has changed him, Robert," said Tina, sadly. "I have noticed, too, that he is different, but I think I can account for it."

"How?"

"I noticed it first when Ruth came down here, and I soon guessed what it was. But I don't see what should hinder him from telling Ruth he cares for her."

"Are you sure it is that? don't you think he would speak if he loved her?"

"Well, not if there were some real reason against it; but I see no reason now, for I don't think Ruth would say no. Oh, Robert! I wish every one could be as happy as we are!"

Tina wrote to Mr. Leighton that very evening, and her letter was answered speedily and satisfactorily; so Ruth now felt settled for some time to come, much to Tina's relief and her own delight.

Swiftly the week passed away, and brightly shone the sun on Tina's wedding-day. Her marriage was a great event to all the village; for the Ashleighs were the most important family in the neighbourhood, and the Raes were universally beloved. The little ivy-grown church was crowded with people, and many of the villagers stood on each side of the path, to have a good view of the bride as she passed into the church, each hoping for a recognition, and each thinking it likely to be specially favoured with a nod or a smile.

Inside the church, besides other villagers, and farmers' wives and daughters who lived in the vicinity, were many of Dr. Rae's patients, and friends of the Ashleighs and Raes.

There was no long waiting for the bride, during which the imagination could weave many a romantic story about her, and there was no crying nor fainting during the ceremony; but every one agreed that it was the prettiest wedding that ever was seen, and nobody who saw it regretted having come, even though it went off very calmly for such a portentous affair.

The excitement of the day found its vent when Tina left the house, and a shower of old shoes fell on the retreating carriage; Tina looked out of the window, and laughed as Mrs. Rae, in glorious emulation of the rest, flung a shoe to a little distance, though it did not approach the carriage. This caused such a laugh at Mrs. Rae's expense that the little shadow that hung over the party as the carriage rolled away was dispelled; and though all knew how much Tina would be missed, it was impossible to continue gloomy on the day of so happy an event.

Maurice's intention of going away was not forgotten, and two days after Tina's wedding he put it into execution. How long he would remain absent was unknown to himself, and therefore to all. Ruth tried to imagine that she should be glad when he had gone, but when the last few minutes before his departure arrived, she could not deceive herself, though she tried to deceive him.

"Good-bye, mother," said he, kissing Mrs. Rae fondly, as the servant came to say that the trap was at the door.

"We shall hear from you soon, I hope, Maurice," said Mrs. Rae; "and don't get so infatuated with your sketching and your travels as to stay away long."

"No, no, mother," replied Maurice, shaking hands with Ruth, "I will obey you implicitly, in both your wishes, you may rest assured. Good-bye."

Stephen walked to the street door with his brother, and grasping his hand, said gravely, "I am glad you are not going to stay away long, for we shall all miss you, and I believe a short absence will do all that is required."

Maurice sprang into the trap, already speculating on the future with a newly-awakened hope, pondering on Stephen's words with wonderment. Had he meant to convey any hidden meaning, or was it his own fancy that made Maurice perceive one?

Stephen walked round the garden deep in thought. He was not sorry that Maurice had gone away, because he believed his absence would do a great deal to bring about an understanding between him and Ruth.

"How strange it is," thought Stephen, "that Maurice should be so utterly blind to his possession of happiness. To see this suffering and uncertainty makes it harder to bear the knowledge that Ruth can never be mine. If I saw her happy, I could bear my own grief more easily."

As Stephen approached the stream, he heard a sound of sobbing, and saw Ruth lying on the grass, crying as if her heart would break. She heard his footstep and rose hastily to her feet.

"Don't run away from me," exclaimed Stephen, impetuously. "To see you in trouble is pain enough. You used to come to me at one time, Ruth," added he, as he held her hand.

Ruth leaned her head against him caressingly, but she could not speak directly.

"Oh! Dr. Rae," she murmured at last, "I don't want to run away, only—this is different—I can't explain exactly, and you won't ask me, will you?"

"There is no need to ask," ejaculated Stephen; then, as Ruth quickly raised her head and looked wonderingly into his face, their eyes met. "Will you forgive me if I have guessed your secret, my dear?" Stephen asked, recovering himself instantaneously.

At his question Ruth's eyes fell, and the colour rushed over her face and neck. After a pause she faltered, "You will not speak of it any more, will you? for I mean to forget it now, because—Dr. Rae, it is no use to be unhappy."

"No, Ruth, there is no use in it, and there will not be need for long."

"Ah! you must not think too well of me. I will try to be the same, but it is very difficult."

"I must not contradict you, but time may do what I must not," replied Stephen after a pause. He longed to give her the hope that he felt sure was true, but he was not sure that it was best, so, painful as it was, he had to keep silent, and try by other means to make Ruth as happy as it was in his power to make her.

Stephen's time was so much taken up in attending to the needs of others, that he seldom had any to spare for idle reflections of his own. If his face looked a little stern sometimes, and his manner was rather graver and preoccupied, it might be attributed to nothing more than the extreme

pressure of business just at this time. There was a good deal of illness about, for the summer was a hot one, and all through July and August there was great want of rain.

With September came cooler weather. This made Ruth feel that she must at last go home, and her departure was fixed for the following week. She must go back to the old life and monotony, leaving behind all her pleasures, and pains which now seemed like pleasures too. *(To be continued.)*

DAVID'S EARLIER YEARS.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

IN the old homestead of Bethlehem a bright-eyed, fair-haired child sits at Jesse's feet, listening intently. The boy is the Benjamin of this household; the last-born in a family of two daughters and eight sons, and so his father has called him David, the beloved—the darling. To his eager listener Jesse is repeating the romantic story of his own grandmother, Ruth. He tells of a household driven away by famine from Bethlehem to the far-off land of Moab; how the father and the two sons died there, and how the widowed mother Naomi spake to her two Moabitish daughters-in-law when she arose to return to her native village, and how one of them, Ruth, said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." And where, the child asks, was that land of Moab from which Ruth came? His father takes him to the hill-top on which Bethlehem stands, and points to the distant line of dusky hills away in the east. And what were the other gods that Ruth gave up? His father tells him of Chemosh, and the gods many and lords many that the blinded nations worshipped. And where were Naomi and Ruth buried? Remembering the reiterated injunction—"These words shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way," his father leads the boy out to the burying-place, discoursing as they go about that one great God, Creator of heaven and earth, whom they alone of all nations worshipped, and who had so wonderfully revealed Himself to their forefathers, especially to Abraham and to Moses. They stand before the tombs of Naomi and Ruth, of Boaz and Obed; and as he stands and gazes on them, David's young heart swells with strong emotion, and he says—"Their people are my people, and their God shall be my God."

The picture fails to convey anything like a full idea of the impression which such a story as that of Ruth, told in the very house she had occupied, overlooking the very corn-fields where she had followed the gleaners, close by the very threshing-floor on which the crisis of the story had occurred,—told by her own grandson, perhaps, in the very words in which he had heard it in his childhood from herself, and told to such a child as David, must have made both upon mind and heart.

There was another grave to which David would be early taken—the tomb of Rachel, close to Bethlehem. And there it would be told him how, from a country much farther off than Moab, Abraham at God's call had gone forth; leaving, like Ruth, home and country, and giving up the "other gods" that "his fathers worshipped." The whole history of the patriarchs would be greedily drunk in; whilst those hills in the south would be pointed to behind which lay Hebron and that cave of Machpelah, in which Abraham and Isaac and Jacob lay buried. Joseph and Egypt; the long captivity and the wonderful deliverance; the Red Sea passage; Sinai and the Law; the march through the great wilderness, in which David's own ancestor Nahshon, the grandfather of Boaz, had borne, as prince of the children of Judah, the standard in the van, ranking in honour next to Moses and to Aaron;—and then, nearer at hand, the troubled times of the Judges; the dagger of Ehud; the song of Deborah and Barak; the trumpets and pitcher-lamps of Gideon; Jotham and his parable; Jephthah and his vow; Samson and those feats of wile and power which there would be old men then living who had witnessed—what rich materials would all these supply for those earliest instructions of his childhood, which fell upon David's wondering ear, and sent home to his heart the one great lesson which they all combined to teach—of faith in Jehovah, only Lord of heaven and earth, peculiarly and sublimely his father's, his country's God.

Deeper, however, than any springing from a mere recital of the history of the past would be the effect upon the impressible spirit of childhood of the events transpiring around. David was born in the midst of that singular revival of the piety and patriotism of the country inaugurated by Samuel.

"And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground.

And all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." Urged by a voice new to their ears, recognised as one speaking to them from heaven, "the whole house of Israel lamented after the Lord. The children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only." The idols being cast away, the old worship restored, and the old faith rekindled in that land where piety and patriotism were so singularly interlinked —there awoke in the heart of the people a deep sense of the degradation to which they and their religion had been exposed from the tyranny of the neighbouring heathen tribes. It was one of the first acts of Samuel, as at once prophet and judge, to express and embody this sentiment. The great gathering at Mizpeh, when he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord heard him, and the Philistines were smitten before Israel, and the memorial stone of Eben-ezer was erected, may have happened before David's birth. It was but a single and premature outbreak of a spirit that needed to be sustained, extended, deepened. As a new and powerful instrument for effecting this, Samuel established what have been called the "schools of the prophets." Till after their return from the Babylonish captivity the ancient Jews, like the early Romans, had no public or national schools—properly so called. The primary education of the children, confined almost exclusively to religious instruction, lay in the hands of the parents. And in Jesse's case we may believe that the duty was faithfully and efficiently discharged. The schools which Samuel instituted were companies of youths, who had caught something of the fervour of his own burning zeal, and whom he encouraged to live for longer or shorter periods, in different parts of the country, in close companionship, cultivating music, song, and dance, employing these to stimulate even to the highest pitches of enthusiasm the spirit of loyalty to Jehovah. One of these schools was at Naioth, close to Ramah, within a short distance from Bethlehem. Can we doubt that David visited it and shared occasionally in its exciting exercises? His early fondness for music and for song would be fostered there by those who had carried each art to its highest perfection. Nor was it long till it was generally confessed that among them all his was the harp which gave forth the sweetest melody, and his the ode whose rhythmic words most thrilled the heart. For we may well believe that his first efforts in the way of written and uttered speech and lyric dated from this period.

His boyhood, with all that home and the schools of the prophets had taught him, terminated in his being sent to tend his father's flocks. This shepherd life, with its days of wandering over those hill-tops, from which, on the one side through gorges dark and deep he looked down upon those glittering waters which were backed by the mountains of Moab; and on the other, across the Philistinian plain, caught sight of that great sea, beneath whose waves the sun each day went down—brought him face to face with Nature in many of her different forms and moods, of which marked traces remain in the Psalms. Two things strike us in those which are undoubtedly of David's composition. The imagery in them drawn from the material world is almost exclusively that which the district over which as a shepherd he wandered supplied. No notices of flowery meads or verdant banks, or thick groves with boundless contiguity of shade; but of great mountains, and great deeps, and pastures of the wilderness, and valleys covered with corn, and water-courses, and water-floods, and rocks which are fortresses and high towers. So far as the description of natural scenery given in them is concerned, it is not the expression or reflection of human passion, or human interest in the world without and around him which engages David as it does our modern poets. The one idea of the ever-present, ever-working Jehovah pervades them all. It is His glory that the heavens declare; His handiwork that the earth showeth forth. The darkness is His secret place, the thick clouds of the skies are His pavilion. If the tempest passes by, it is He that is riding upon the wings of the wind. If the thunder roll, it is *His* voice that speaketh. If the lightnings flash, they are His arrows that are sent out. It is He who by His strength setteth fast the mountains. It is He who visits the earth and waters it, settling its furrows, making it soft with showers, blessing the springing thereof. It is His name which is so excellent in all the earth.

The shepherd period of David's life, which may have occupied from his twelfth to his twentieth year, suffered two memorable interruptions. The first sprung from a visit paid by Samuel to Bethlehem. It was with a heavy heart that the prophet had announced to Saul that the Lord had rejected him. Beneath the stern manner which he assumed when he delivered the Divine message Saul might not have discovered what a tender heart towards him the denouncing prophet bore; but there was an eye that saw into the depths of its pity, and watched its long continuance, and there was a voice that came at length to Samuel, and said, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him? fill thine horn with oil, and go, and I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons." The horn was filled, the road was taken, the village reached, the heifer slain, the elders assembled, and all being ready for the sacrificial feast to commence, Samuel asked Jesse to present to him his sons. One by one they passed before him, but one by

one were set aside. "And Samuel said to Jesse, Are here all thy children? And he said, There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep. And Samuel said unto Jesse, Send and fetch him; for we will not sit down till he come hither." What must David have thought and felt when the swift messenger found him among the sheep-folds, and told him to come at once, for the great prophet was at Bethlehem, waiting impatiently to see him? At once he started, and in his shepherd's dress, fresh from the hill-side and flushed with the quick movement, David stands before Samuel, "ruddy"—we are told—with hair coloured like Esau's, of red or auburn hue; "of beautiful eyes," bright as those of Rachel, and "goodly to look at;"* graceful in form—modest yet manly in bearing. And the Lord said to Samuel, "Arise and anoint him: for this is he." In silence, all eyes fixed in wonder upon the prophet and the boy, the horn was emptied over David's head. The feast proceeded: at its close Samuel arose and returned to Ramah, and David went back to the sheep-folds. Nothing had been said as to the meaning and object of this singular anointing, neither at the time in the presence of the assembled guests, nor in any private interview afterwards with David, as had been the case with the anointing of Saul. All that David could have known or conjectured was that the aged and honoured servant of Jehovah had in this manner solemnly set him apart for some high office or service. "And from that day forward the Spirit of the Lord came upon him," in form of a quickening, sustaining, elevating consciousness that the great God of heaven and earth had sent him into this world with some special work for him to do therein. It has been said of those who have left the deepest impress of themselves upon the age in which they lived, that they were haunted from boyhood with the impression that they were born to distinction, marked out to do something great upon the earth; the budding impulse of young ambition producing all kinds of restless dissatisfaction and multiplied activities. Not such the spirit that came now upon David; he went back to the guiding and protecting and providing for the flocks entrusted to his care; that was the work God gave him now to do—that and no other, till to some other service he was Divinely called. But what a new dignity was thus thrown over that work! what a new strength given for its discharge!

He had all the physical and moral qualities fitting him to be a good shepherd. "His feet were like hinds' feet, his arms could break a bow of steel." (Ps. xviii. 33, 34). Wise in guidance, powerful in protection, tender in care, he would in any case have done well the shepherd's work. But now the strong conviction fills and animates his spirit that God was with him, ever near him, ready to be to him all, and more than all that he could be to his flock—that the eye of the Eternal was ever on him to direct—those everlasting arms ever around him to uphold and to protect. There came a lion once, and a bear, and took a lamb from the flock. The watchful shepherd saw the savage spring, and heard the piteous cry. He ran and faced the lion, and caught him by the beard, and slew both him and the bear. He had skill enough, courage enough, strength enough to do what few else among all the shepherds of Judea could have done. But he knew whence the skill and the courage and the strength came; he knew, and was ready to acknowledge, that it was the Lord that "delivered him out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear."

The fame of this and other unrecorded deeds had spread abroad—reached even to the court of Saul. Fits of moody madness had come upon the king. The counsel had been given and accepted that he should try the soothing power of the harp. But where was the best minstrel to be found? Then one of the courtiers said, "Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, skilled in playing, and a brave man, and a man of war, eloquent, and a handsome man, and Jehovah is with him."* The youth was sent for—the harp was touched—its melodious sounds accompanied, let us believe, with words of equal sweetness—some pastoral ode, the sounds and words carrying the thoughts and feelings of the poor distracted monarch away to the quiet uplands of Bethlehem, to rest there upon some scene of beauty—some incident of shepherd life. Under the soothing influence the troubled waters were calmed and the evil spirit departed; but only for a time, and so for a season David "went and returned," (1 Sam. xvii. 15)—sent for when the fit came on, returning when his harp had done its work. Saul loved greatly that comely, discreet, gallant youth, whose minstrel skill carried with it such healing power, and would have attached him permanently to his court. And David pitied greatly the sorely-afflicted king, and would have grudged no service that he could render. But a crisis came that woke up the king to effort, and turned into a new channel the tide of David's life.

Burning to avenge their recent defeat at Michmash, the Philistines had gathered all their strength for a fresh invasion of Israel. Saul summoned the tribes to battle. When they met, they found the enemy already encamped on Jewish ground—in Ephes-dammim, not more than a day's march from Bethlehem. In those times campaigns

* For the true rendering of the different expressions employed in 1 Sam. xvi. 12, see Keil, Delitzsch, and Ewald.

* This rendering of 1 Sam. xvi. 18 is taken from Keil and Delitzsch.

lasted but a few days. Each Hebrew soldier, equipping himself at his own cost, carried with him provisions enough for the short period that the struggle was likely to last. Jesse had sent three of his sons to join the army, and knowing that the two hosts had met, was daily expecting to hear of the battle and its results. But five weeks and more go by, yet no tidings from the camp. Getting impatient, he sends for David and dispatches him with a fresh supply of food to Ephes-dammim. He had four other sons at home; why fix on David for the errand? Perhaps he thought that had he sent any of the elder brothers, they might have been drawn into the ranks, and selected David as the one least likely to be detained. Entrusted with the commission, David hastens to execute it; and sets off from Bethlehem so early in the morning that he reaches the camp at Elah "as the host was going forth to fight." He comes in the very nick of time. An hour later, and he might not have seen Goliath nor heard his impious challenge. A day later, and he might have met his countrymen in inglorious flight. Already it was the fortieth day on which, morning and evening, the Philistine had presented himself, defying the armies of Israel. Who can tell but that this was the last day the challenge was to be given, and who can doubt that if, following their stalwart champion, the Philistines had made the assault that evening, the craven Israelites would have been routed? The scene that followed is told in 1 Sam. xvii. in manner so simple, so natural, so picturesque, that it were vain to try and describe it in other words. Rather let us fix our thoughts upon that feature of David's combat with Goliath which gives it its chief significance. It is easy enough to conceive that at such a sight as met his eye when he joined the army the spirit of such a brave youth as David would be stirred to the intensest indignation, counting it foul scorn that for forty days the best and bravest of his countrymen should cower in such slavish terror before one whose huge bulk and mere brute force might, after all, be his only superiority; who might readily enough fall before the sword of a weaker but more agile and practised hand. At no other prompting than that of his own native courage, he might have resolved to peril life in order to wipe off the disgrace that the unaccepted challenge threw upon all Israel. But it was not mere martial impulse that prompted him to say to Saul, "Let no man's heart here fail; thy servant will go and fight this Philistine." It was no proud reliance on his own skill and strength that inspired the confidence in which this proposal was made. He lets us into the secret of that confidence when he says, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine, that hath defied the armies of the living God." And when he flung Saul's armour off, and for the shield took his shepherd's staff, and for the sword the sling, it was not alone because he felt that he would fight better with the weapons that he had been most used to, but because a victory won by an unsheathed youth with sling and stone would make it all the more apparent that the victory was of the Lord. It was the practice in those old times, when single combats often took place upon the battle-field and in presence of the opposing hosts, for the champion sent forth on either side before closing with his foe to boast his own individual prowess, and calling upon his gods, denounce their vengeance upon his adversary. So was it with Goliath, as with step of pride and eye of scorn he strode forth, fixed his look upon his puny antagonist, and "cursed him by his gods." David answers, but as we meditate on his words we feel that there is something in them quite different from all like speeches—such as those with which Homer's heroic verses have made us familiar from our childhood. They are not words of boastfulness. It is not because he thinks himself the only man in all that Hebrew host fit for it that he fronts the giant. There was Saul himself, not much less in stature and far more skilled in war than Goliath. There was Jonathan, who not many weeks before had fought with as great odds against him as if he had faced this foe. The king, indeed, might think it did not become him to put such a life as his in jeopardy, and the people, who so lately had rescued Jonathan out of the king's hand, might not allow him to incur this risk. But in that host there were besides many old and fearless warriors, humanly speaking, far better qualified than David. Why is it that while they all shrink, he steps forth so boldly? The writer of the Psalms, with fancy quick enough to picture the whole risk, and with sensibilities alive to all ordinary emotions,—he who was brave enough to confess that he knew well what fear was, and frank enough to say, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee,"—he was not the man to rush on with blinded eye and spirit dead to all feeling but the thirst for strife and victory. It was from quite another source than that from which the bravery of the battle-field is ordinarily drawn, that he drew his strength. It was to quite another quarter than that to which the common soldier looks that he looked for victory. "Thou comest to me," he said to the Philistine, "with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. TABOR ENLIGHTENED.

NOW Mr. Tabor had chosen that very evening to confer with Mrs. Austin on the subject of the dissolution of partnership, and he had come in shortly after Philip, and been shown into the dining-room where Mrs. Torrance was.

"Shall I tell Mrs. Austin that you are here, sir?" said the servant, and before the deliberate lawyer had time to reply, Mrs. Torrance answered for him. "I will let Mrs. Austin know, Sarah. She is engaged just at present."

So, she had caught Mr. Tabor in her net, and was determined to hold him there for her own purposes. She was a great believer in the power of the tongue; and being withheld by no feeling of delicacy, she determined to make full use of her opportunity of damaging Philip. So she put on an air of profound anxiety and said, "I am *so* glad to see you, Mr. Tabor. I don't know when I was ever so glad to see any one. I have been sitting here in the greatest trouble and agitation."

"Indeed," said Mr. Tabor, who indeed looked worn and anxious, as if the troubles of the last few weeks had been too much for him.

"Mr. Tenterden is in the library with Ellen," said Mrs. Torrance, with a mysterious air.

Mr. Tabor coughed to conceal his agitation. He actually trembled as he thought of the encounter, but he only repeated, "Indeed."

Mrs. Torrance went on glibly: "We have found out the most terrible thing against him," she said; "the most dreadful dishonesty."

"I fear that is the right name for it, though one does not like to hear it," he answered.

Mrs. Torrance triumphed visibly. "Yes, it is a shocking thing. It is robbing the fatherless, too, which makes it worse."

Mr. Tabor winced. "Then Mrs. Austin knows already the tidings I came to break to her?" he said.

"Oh yes, she knows of it; only Ellen is so charitable," she answered discontentedly, "that I am afraid she does not look upon it in the proper light, as you do. What step do you think of taking?" she added.

"Mr. Tenterden and I are about to dissolve partnership," said Mr. Tabor, "and the whole of the money is to be replaced. We are very anxious that it should be managed privately. By the way, how did the facts come to your knowledge?" he added.

"By the merest chance," replied Mrs. Torrance. "It came into my mind to look into the last box of Mr. Austin's papers, to see if I could help Ellen with them, and I found a letter there confessing that he had made away with the money in speculation."

"Have you got the letter?" asked Mr. Tabor.

"Ellen has it now. She was bent on showing it to Mr. Tenterden."

"Why should she think it necessary to show him his own letter?" said Mr. Tabor. He was rather afraid of women in such matters, and wished that he had seen Mrs. Austin before the interview which was going forward had taken place.

"It is his father's, you know," explained Mrs. Torrance.

"His father's!" exclaimed Mr. Tabor.

"I wish you would go in and see that he does not come over Ellen with some fine story. I never knew any one so easily gulled."

Like a man in a dream Mr. Tabor rose to his feet. Mrs. Torrance preceded him, anxious, in introducing him, to obtain a glimpse of how matters had been going on in the other room.

Philip and Mrs. Austin were standing together. He still held her hand. The words we have recorded had just died on his lips as she and Mr. Tabor entered together. An open letter lay on the table beside them.

"Is this the letter?" said Mr. Tabor, advancing without ceremony and pointing to it.

It was Ellen who lifted it and placed it in his hands, with a look at Philip which claimed the doing this as a special favour.

Mr. Tabor took and read it in silence, and then sat down, looking so white and faint, and beginning to breathe so heavily, that Philip began to be alarmed.

"Can I get you anything?" said Ellen, going up to him; and Mrs. Torrance, who had remained a deeply-interested spectator, bustled off for assistance.

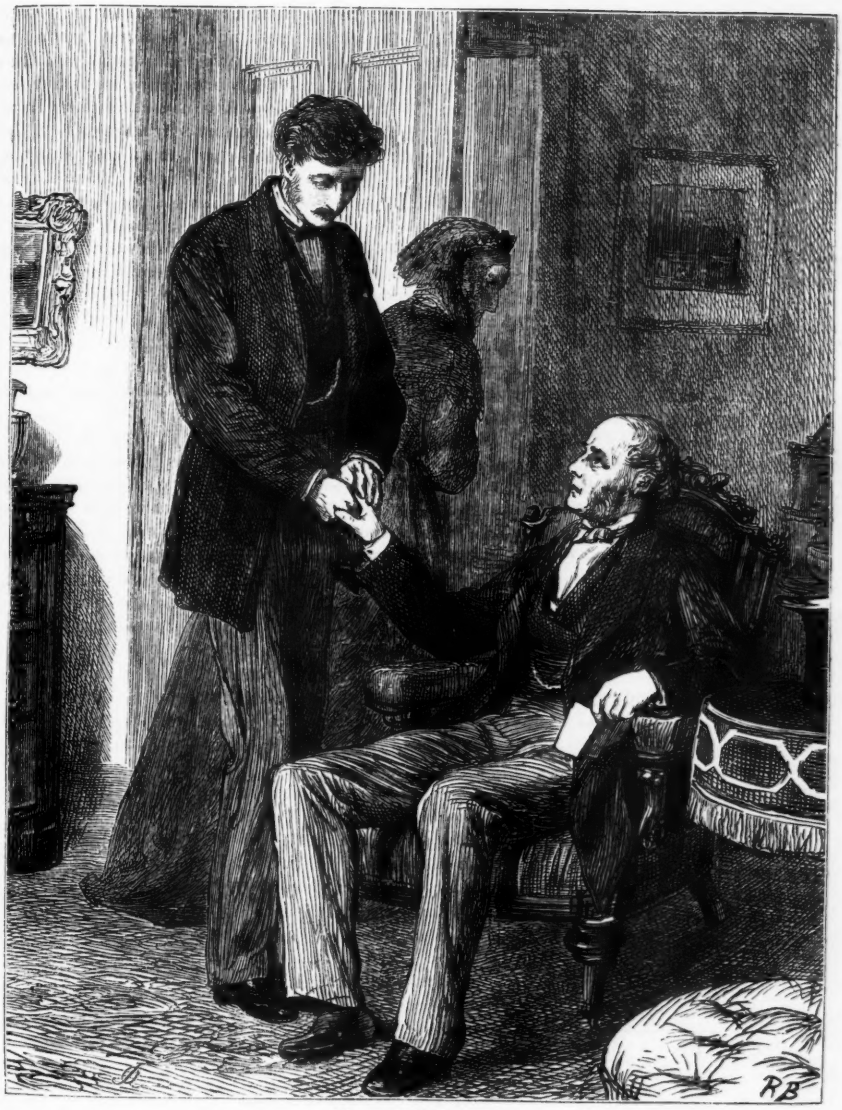
"Philip, you have nearly killed me!" said Mr. Tabor. "Why did you allow your obstinate pride to carry you so far as this?"

"Why did you distrust me so readily?" was Philip's retort.

"Because your conduct had become inexplicable. How is it you have managed to conceal the loss from Fanny for so long a time? You must have continued paying her income."

Philip nodded acquiescence. Mrs. Austin added the further particulars of his plan.

"And Francis, what has he done?" said Mr. Tabor; "has he done nothing hitherto?" he asked, a new light breaking in upon his mind.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Philip began to be alarmed"—*p.* 312.

Philip evaded the question slightly, for he answered, "He has promised me a thousand pounds towards the repayment of the debt, and whatever more I am unable to make up before leaving England, he will lend me on my personal security and the insurance."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tabor, reserving his opinion of Mr. Francis, "we will arrange all that. Forgive me, Philip," and he held out his hand, which the latter took and wrung heartily, a suspicious moisture standing the while in the eyes of both.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.

It was like waking out of an evil dream to Mr. Tabor, to find that Philip was not only blameless, but entitled more than ever to his highest confidence and regard. "You will surely never think of carrying out your scheme of emigration now," he said. But Philip did think of it, and it was not without much persuasion that he was induced to give it up. However, he did give it up, for Mr. Tabor, desiring to place the management of the business entirely in his hands, offered him the most liberal terms—terms which would enable him to replace the lost fortune in far less time than he could hope to do under any other circumstances. He even offered to advance the whole, and make Philip his debtor to any amount required. And this was the solution of his difficulties which Philip at length accepted.

Mr. Tabor also took upon himself the final settlement of the affairs with all whom it concerned. With Albert Lovejoy, whom he confronted with his foolish speeches, and, finding him incorrigibly impertinent, dismissed. With Fanny, who blubbered and blundered over it, and immediately communicated a version of it to Ada, which omitted all that was unfavourable to the memory of Philip's father, and was therefore slightly vague and unsatisfactory. But Fanny would have considered it the grossest treachery to blame the departed Mr. Tenterden. She was certain that if he had lived he could have told them where to find the capital which to her fancy was lying unclaimed in the coffers of some unknown bank.

But there was one to whom the story, when at length it reached her ears, communicated a severe shock, and that was the wife of Francis Tenterden. She had hitherto placed the most implicit confidence and trust in her husband; but it was clear he had not placed the same confidence in her. He had never told her. That would have been pain enough of itself. But she could remember numberless instances in which he had actually deceived her—he who had seemed so frank and open. His very frankness was deceit. So it seemed to her, for in the bitterness of her heart she condemned him without mercy. Deceit was not his fault. His frankness was not assumed: but his judgment was weak and his selfishness was strong, and the latter had triumphed. He had resolved not to divulge the story of his father's disgrace before his marriage, lest a portion of the disgrace should rest upon himself, lest the respectability of his wife and his wife's pious little circle should be offended, and he should lose her; and after his marriage he had found it impossible to confess that he had kept back so much. And now an element of discord was introduced into their lives which had not previously existed. Indeed, it had justly been considered a very happy second marriage, for the self-indulgence which marked the character of Francis had never degenerated into vice. It had not even appeared under its true aspect to the devoted wife, who encouraged it rather than repressed it. But the veil had been rudely torn from her eyes, and she could not help letting him see that it was. He had often allowed her to blame Philip for his unbrotherly conduct, and she now tried ostentatiously to make it up to him by a kindness and tenderness which her husband inwardly resented.

Those gifted with insight sufficient might have seen indications of an unhappy future for the pair, of estrangement and hardening of heart, and deterioration of life, which might even issue in absolute ruin; so subtle are the workings of character and conduct, so surely do they act and react upon each other.

At the first, Lucy Tabor went about quietly glad. "Come and see Mrs. Tabor and Lucy," Mr. Tabor had said to Philip, that first night at Mrs. Austin's, when everything had been made clear; and Philip had followed him into the house and been welcomed with the warmest of welcomes. There was no need for him to keep aloof from Lucy any more, and he did not. Lucy, he thought, would soon be the wife of another, and for his own sake it would be well to establish between them such relations as befitted the fact.

The summer had come, and Lucy was drooping as she had never drooped before. Both father and mother were very tender to her just then—very tender and delicate; but they could not help noticing, though they tried hard not to notice the change in her—how her interest flagged in all the simple innocent things her fresh and busy young life had been so full of. She still played to her father, and sang his favourite songs, but it was an evident effort to her to shake off the listlessness which was upon her. Sometimes, indeed, she would forget herself—or rather forget others, for she was constantly forgetting herself—and then she would sigh heavily, and sweep her hand across her brow in such a weary way.

"She is tired," said Mr. Tabor, on one of these occasions, when she had left the room. "I don't like her being always tired; such weariness is often the precursor of illness."

"She will get over it after a time," replied her

mother, soothingly; "she is very brave, and her love for us will help her. You are looking a great deal worse than she is."

And it was true; Mr. Tabor had not recovered from the anxiety he had undergone, and at length he had really to give in. The doctor prescribed entire rest, and release from business for a time, and if possible a change of scene, and Mrs. Tabor took Lucy into her confidence, and formed a very notable scheme for the benefit of both, in which each appeared to be doing everything for the benefit of the other.

Lucy and her father were to go away together. Mrs. Tabor was to remain at home. She knew that if she went, she and her husband would be always together, and Lucy would be only the third, and would mope as much or more than if she were at home. So she said she was too old to leave home for such an excursion as they had planned. Cunning woman, she had planned it all herself, every step of it.

Of course they would alter their plans to suit her. No; she would hear of no alteration whatever.

"You are not too old to enjoy it, Lucy, that I am sure of," said Mr. Tabor.

Mrs. Tabor was privately of opinion that she would enjoy it more than either of them; but she was determined not to be moved.

"You are not older than I am, Mrs. Tabor," said her husband.

"Oh yes, I am ever so much older. You have kept thin and spare; but look at me," and she surveyed her rather portly person derisively. "Where should I be before I got up to the top of Scaffell Pike, I should like to know!"

"You could go up on a pony, mamma," suggested Lucy.

"A nice sight I should be on a pony then, with a mushroom hat on, slipping over the animal's nose at one time, and almost holding on by the tail the next. No, no; you shall take care of papa, child—mind, I trust him to you—and you must write me nice long letters when you come home in the evenings from your excursions. And, papa, you will take her over the very ground we went over on a certain occasion, and lodge in the very same rooms, if you can get them, in the little farmhouse under the hill, near Loughrigg. I shall enjoy seeing it through your eyes again quite as much as if I was there myself."

So Lucy and her father went away together to explore the fair counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and they took up their abode, in the first instance, in the very farmhouse at the foot of the hill, which Lucy's mother remembered so well as the scene of her first weeks of wedded happiness. They had the same low-roofed sitting-room, looking out on the old-fashioned garden, gay with roses and sweetwilliams, and scented with thyme and with marjoram, and the same white-curtained, cosy rooms under the eaves, smelling of lavender, and inviting to rest as no luxurious London bedroom ever does.

From this spot, in the very centre of the loveliest scenery of "the Lakes," they made daily excursions in every direction, and Lucy wrote long accounts of them to that plotting little woman at home, who was so exacting with regard to every detail, that Lucy had to lay aside all languor and indifference, and be continually on the alert, in order to satisfy her, and not to bring down upon her own head a shower of notes of interrogation concerning things which she ought to have seen and hadn't.

Lucy was too dutiful—not in the sense of mere submissiveness, but in the sense of having a high ideal of duty, and of the worth of life, to pine a love-sick maiden, and she gladdened her father's heart by her returning gladness; and she did not count that as nothing, as love-sick maidens are wont to do. She counted it much. She did not think there was no more happiness for her in the world. On the contrary, she thought of all the blessings of her lot with thankfulness and gratitude. She knew she could not be unhappy without making others so, therefore she came to the resolution that, God helping her, she would not be unhappy. The beauty around her helped her—was God's help to her. She felt so small a thing up there on some great hillside, with all that lovely world beneath her feet.

They went up Helvellyn, and the highest of the Langdale Peaks, and even mounted hoary Scaffell, where Lucy realised the truth of her mother's description, going up on a stout country pony as far as the pony could go, and then having to take ignominiously to hands and knees. They explored every lake, spending a night at the inn at Keswick, in order to pass a long summer day on Derwentwater, and sit perched half-way up the rocky stair, down which leaps in thunder the fall of Lodore. And they found out wonderful nooks not in the guidebooks, little brawling brooks hidden among elder and mountain ash, and tarns dimpled and smiling, garlanded with water lilies, or black and still in the shadows of the rocks; and they lost themselves, and wandered into wayside cottages, and were regaled with home-baked bread and butter, and tea out of the best china kept for ornament, and laid up stores of pleasant memories for days to come: and in doing this Mr. Tabor forgot that he was ill, which is a more effectual way of getting well than ever was found out by physicians, and is just as good as being well. And Lucy forgot that she was unhappy, which, if not quite so good as being happy, is the next best to it, so that Mrs. Tabor had every reason to be satisfied with the results of her plotting.

Nor did that devoted woman ever once complain of the desperate dulness which settled down on No 2, Park Villas, in their absence; especially when Mrs. Austin and her mother, went to Folkestone for a

fortnight, and Fanny and Ada followed. But she was glad enough when her absentees gave signs of returning, when her husband declared himself as well as he ever was in his life, and Lucy, wrote: "Dear mamma, it is very delightful to be here, but I think it will be still more delightful to be at home again. I did not know that I had this thought at the very bottom of my heart till I got up to the top of Scaffell, and stood on the highest point of land in England, and caught a glimpse of the sea. Then I felt that I was not cut out for solitude. I did not know till then how dear that dingy old London was. I should have been glad to have changed into a swallow, 'flying, flying, south,' only to have dropped in upon you all at once."

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

BY THE REV. J. D. GEDGE, DIOCESAN INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 14. ST. PETER. PART I.

Chapters to be read—Parts of Matt. iv., Luke v., John i.

TO THE TEACHER. The life of St. Peter is so full of incidents, that only a few prominent ones can be noticed. There are opportunities for much graphic picturing and pointed application, which should not be lost.

I. PETER AT HOME. (1) *His abode.* Ask who was first called to be an apostle, and what was the first thing Andrew did after coming to Jesus. Ask where Peter and Andrew lived—first at Bethsaida (John i. 44), then at Capernaum (Mark i. 21). As a countryman, would be despised by Jews of capital—Jerusalem—for manner of speech, &c. (see John vii. 52; Mark xiv. 70). (2) *His work.* Ask what this was; describe the process. Sometimes with nets (Matt. iv. 18), sometimes with line and hook (Matt. xvii. 27), sometimes out all night unsuccessfully (Luke v. 5), exposed to contrary winds, storms, &c. (Matt. xiv. 24); yet with its pleasures too (see Ps. cvii. 23). So when Christ called him, He told him he should be a fisher still—only of men. (3) *His education.* An unlearned man (Acts iv. 13), still doubtless versed in the Old Testament as read in the synagogues (Acts xv. 21), took part in the great feasts, joined in the prayers, and listened to the reading in his own synagogue like any Jew. All this work and simple Bible education made him a simple, earnest, zealous man, fit to be trained for the work to which Christ would send him.

II. PETER CALLED BY CHRIST. (1) *The first call.* (Read John i. 41, 42.) Probably had heard John the Baptist preach about Christ, and been baptised by him; now received by Jesus. What was given him? Ask for other examples of new names given at remarkable periods of life—*e.g.*, Jacob changed to Israel, Saul to Paul, &c. Explain that Cephas and Peter mean the same—viz., a rock. What sort of character would this indicate? (Read Matt. xvi. 18.) Ask the qualities of a stone—hard, enduring. So Peter should be firm and steadfast in faith and work. Was he always so? His natural character earnest, but not steadfast; became so after his fall and conversion. (2) *The second call.* (Read Matt. iv. 18—20.) Peter and Andrew stayed a while with Jesus, and baptised as John did (John iii. 23), then for a time went back to work. Now wanted again; Jesus calls to leave all and follow Him. What are they to do for Him? How would their work be similar? It would be toilsome, wearisome, dangerous; yet with peculiar joys, successes, pleasures. How would it be different? Work for God, not themselves. So they counted the cost: what they must give up, and what they were to undertake; and decided to come and help Jesus in saving their fellow-men. (3) *The third call.* (Read Luke v. 1—11.) Picture out the scene. The people crowding round Jesus. Why? because had seen miracles, and wanted to hear the loving words of this new preacher; two boats drawn up on the beach; the fishermen sitting about mending their nets; Jesus gets into one of them belonging to Peter; the boat pushed out; the crowd sitting still on the sands; little children playing with the shingle—perhaps trying to spell out Peter's name on the stern of the boat; Jesus preaching; then asking Peter about his night's success; the command given to let down the net; the result. Now describe Peter's feelings. The sight of Christ's power made him afraid. Why? (*a*) *He felt himself a sinner*—he felt in the presence of God. Had before seen Jesus work a miracle for the bridegroom at Cana, but this one for himself; realised fully who Jesus was, and therefore felt his sins. (*b*) *He felt himself unworthy to be a disciple.* Perhaps had been too anxious about fishing while Christ was anxious to teach, so asks Christ to choose some other disciple in his place. How was he encouraged? He need not fear, he shall have strength—he shall yet catch men. This renewed call sufficient. Peter's devotion henceforth is complete; he left all and followed Him.

III. PRACTICAL LESSONS. Show how we are called too to give our hearts and energies to Christ's work—*i.e.*, He requires that He shall be first, and the world second in our thoughts. How does He call us? By His word, ministers, teachers, conscience, &c. Do we ever go back? He will call us again, by trials

or by blessings; joy and sorrow, both from Him to lead us to Him. He requires whole heart, mind, soul. Shall we give it? Show how His service may sometimes be hard—having to bear ridicule, shame, contempt; yet is easy compared with slavery of sin (Matt. xi. 30), and then there is future blessedness of reward.

The next lesson will speak of Peter as a disciple during Christ's life.

Questions to be answered.

1. Where did Peter live, and what was his occupation?
2. What education had he received?
3. How often was he called? What was given him at his first call?
4. Describe the third call.
5. Why did Peter ask Christ to leave him?
6. What lessons may we learn for ourselves?

OUR AUTOGRAPH-BOOKS.—III.

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

IT will be seen at a glance that the space of a few pages cannot take in on its field all, nor half, nor even a quarter of the great names of our own age. Since the year 1800 dawned we have had giants in every branch of art, literature, and science. We have had statesmen, theologians, lawyers, writers, naturalists, astronomers by the score, and our difficulty is not how to fill our pages, but to compress our matter. We have, therefore, selected the letters most likely to amuse and interest the public, and repressed those (numbers of which must be in every collector's volumes) which bear on dry matters of business, courtesy, or patronage, together with not a few interesting in themselves, but bearing in the corner the word "private," and containing records of family hopes, feuds, or fears, into which we scarcely look ourselves, and therefore, both of necessity and justice, hold sacred from the publicity of print. This will account for many omissions, and especially among our more modern celebrities, as we would not willingly cause pain or unpleasantness in the minds of persons now living who claim kindred with the great, the wise, and the brave, who have gone to the grave perhaps within the limits of only a few years, or even a shorter period.

We begin this article, therefore, with the well-known name of Dr. Parr, whose memory can scarcely be rendered more extraordinary and eccentric at our hands than it was at his own. A wonderful genius was he, rushing up into the zenith of literature like a rocket, blazing, crackling, spitting, making a furious noise, and then falling back to every-day earth in a few bright sparks, which died out one by one, and left the memory of the man more astonishing than the works which emanated from his mind. His letters will show an entire satisfaction with his own powers of eloquent writing and epigrammatic style. He must have been a most amusing and rare study, though scarcely an agreeable every-day companion. In his domestic relations he was not altogether happy. Moore relates an amusing incident in his home life, in which he is represented to have cut the throat of his first wife's picture one day when she had irritated him very much by destroying his favourite cat. This same wife summed up her husband's character very cleverly, as having been "born in a whirlwind and bred in a tempest."

He had a passion for composing epitaphs on his departed friends, and even went so far once as to make this offer of friendship to a living nobleman younger than himself, and who was still in the possession of the blessing of good health. It was at a dinner at which he and Lord Erskine had been guests, and the latter had been amusing and brilliant in his sallies. "My lord," cried Dr. Parr, in an ecstasy, "I mean to write your epitaph;" on which Lord Erskine with great wit and promptitude replied, "Dr. Parr, it is a temptation to commit suicide."

Dr. Parr was also an inveterate smoker and *bon-vivant;* his motto was, "No pipe, no Parr;" and the letters which we copy from our autograph-books add another testimony to his love of good cheer.

"May it please your Ladyship to accept the tribute of my best thanks for the present of a gorgeous cake, which does equal honour to your country and to your taste. It reached me last night. It seized the admiration of my wife and two Oxford friends. They gazed upon its magnitude. They eulogized the colouring and the guilding (*sic*) of the figures with raptures. They listened gladly to the tales which I told them about the beautiful, ingenious, and Noble Donor. I perceive that your Ladyship's gift was sent by the Crown Prince Coach, which I had pointed out, and upon which I depend chiefly. My wife and my cook and her auxiliary are waiting with some anxiety for a magnificent Turbot with which Lord B—— intends to decorate the banquet. You may be sure that grateful and honourable mention of your names will be made in our Toasts. I shall write to Lord B—— when I know the fate of the Fish. As it did not come by the Crown Prince, possibly it may be conveyed by the mail which passes my door about Nine, or by the Liverpool, which passes about the middle of the day. My village peal of Eight Bells is ringing merrily, and I wish that you and Lord B—— were here the witnesses of their musick. I probably shall visit the capital in the spring, and with the permission of your Ladyship I shall pay my

personal compliments to you. I have the honour to be with the greatest respect, your Ladyship's faithful well-wisher and much obliged, humble servant, "S. PARR.

"Hatton, Jan. 26, 1822."

"Hatton, Jan, 27, 1822.

"INGENIOUS AND HONOURED LADY B——, Accept my praise as a critic and my best thanks as a well-wisher for the honour which you have done me in sending me a most elegant poetical congratulation on the return of the anniversary of my birthday. I have ventured to impress three kisses upon the precious communication, and I will order it to be preserved among my papers as a memorial of your ladyship's taste and courtesy. The cake, from its magnitude and its richness, would have adorned the table of a Cardinal. Be assured that not only was your name pronounced in the second Toast with that of the Duke of Sussex and some other contributors to our dainties, but that I took an opportunity to speak about the gracefulness of your person and the lustre of your talents. I hope that in the spring we shall meet together and talk upon many interesting subjects which must present themselves to our minds. Soon after the conclusion of my first letter another coach brought me Lord B——'s magnificent Turbot, and a very eminent scholar bestowed a classical Eulogium on the 'Spatium admirabile Rhombi.' Lord B—— will tell you that the expression occurs in the 4th Satire of Juvenal, and if you have a translation, pray amuse yourself with an account of Domitian's feast, and his guests, and his wicked nature, when a huge fish had been presented to him, and he had summoned his trembling companions to the Banquet. I am sure that Lord B—— would like to assist his memory, and after certain military outrages at Manchester, Hyde Park Corner, and Kensington, I shall applaud his Lordship for committing to memory the whole 16th Satire of Juvenal.

"Dear Madam, your faithful well-wisher and respectful obedient Servant, "S. PARR."

Perhaps the most suitable autograph to follow in the trail of Dr. Parr will be that of Joseph Jekyll, the famous wit and coiner of *bon-mots*, with which he delighted his brother barristers, and by means of which he gained entrance into the most brilliant circles of London society. The following extracts from a letter of his afford a characteristic specimen of his style and talents.

"How kind and considerate to launch a letter from the prettiest main potelée in the world, to relieve the monotony of a chateau by 'Quips and Cranks' as interesting as the 'wreathed smiles.' Yet I have as many agremens here as content me. A good library, *far niente*, total uncontrol, and daily gratitude to William Rufus for the drives he left me in the New Forest. We had at the Bar a learned person whose legs and arms were so long as to afford him the title of Frog Morgan. In the course of an argument he spoke of our *natural enemies* the French, and Erskine, in reply, complimented him on an expression so personally appropriate. We breathe here an imperial atmosphere; one queen sailed away, and the embryo of another reigns in the Isle of Wight, who endures royal salutes from a Yacht Club every half-hour. The French Admiral Mackaw squalled horribly at Cherbourg when he found himself invaded by a squadron of *Cowes*. They have swamped the pretty town of Southampton with a new *Pier*, though they had Lord ——, an old Irish Peer, residing there, whom they might have repaired for the purpose. Sydney Smith was asked what penalty the Court of Aldermen could inflict on Donkey for bringing them into contempt by his late escapade: he said, 'Melted butter with his turbot for a twelvemonth instead of lobster sauce.' I was asked gravely if Quinine was invented by Dr. Quin.

"Paulton, Romsey, Totally yours,
"Sept. 19, 1833." "JOSEPH JEKYLL."

Let us now turn to a mind less witty, more poetical, and yet containing a germ of the same self-arrogance and eccentricity, Walter Savage Landor. His life has been so lately written by one of the cleverest and most admired biographers of our day that we need enter into no details; but the extract from a letter of his, which we now copy from our autograph-volumes, furnishes a rather interesting specimen of his opinion of other authors, while it affords another proof of his somewhat overweening ideas of his own powers as a writer.

"Mr. Brown accompanied poor Keats on a visit to Wordsworth. Keats read to him a part of his 'Endymion,' in which I think he told me there is a Hymn to Pan. Wordsworth looked red, then grave, and said at last, 'A pretty piece of Paganism.' This reminds me of Kenyon's question to Robinson. 'Did you ever—you who have travelled with him for months together—did you ever hear him speak favourably of any author whatsoever?' Robinson's reply was, 'He certainly is not given to the laudatory.' He well deserves the flagellation I have given him for his impudence in regard to Southey; but, to make amends, if ever he writes five such things as you will find at the end of my volume, I will give him as many hundred pounds. I will now publish nothing more for the remainder of my life. The little I have to say on this subject, I say in a few lines to good Southey which I prefix to the five Dramatic Scenes. "I am, ever your very obliged and sincere,
"W. S. LANDOR."

(To be concluded.)

PRESENT PAIN FUTURE GAIN.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"I HATE lessons, they're perfectly horrid!" exclaimed Lilian Watson, peevishly, after having failed the third time in an attempt to say a by no means difficult portion of English history.

"If you were to apply yourself more to them, you would find them easier and like them better," said Miss Banks, the governess, looking up from her work of correcting an exercise.

"But I can't apply myself," rejoined Lilian; "I'm not clever like Bertie."

"Cleverness has nothing to do with it," joined in Bertie. "You're suffering from a fit of laziness, Lily, and in your present frame of mind, you prefer anything to the 'present pain.'"

"There, there, do stop," cried Lilian, impatiently, "you are always throwing that in my teeth. I hate that horrible motto; I can't think whatever made mamma stick up such a nasty thing in the schoolroom. Learning when you feel inclined is much the best way, I'm sure. I can learn a lesson in no time if I'm in the cue for it, but if I'm not I can't learn at all, try as hard as I will."

"Fetch your portfolio, Lilian," said Miss Banks; "you may leave your lesson for the present."

"Drawing," pouted Lilian. "I can't bear drawing. I know I shall never be able to draw a straight line."

"Please, Lilian, don't shake," asked Bertie, after a few minutes' silence.

"I can't help it," replied Lilian; "it's rubbing out shakes the table."

"Then you've been rubbing out all the time," rejoined Bertie, laughing.

"I know I have," she replied; "I'm rubbing out what I drew yesterday."

Bertie looked up at Miss Banks. "Let her go and practise," he asked, and Miss Banks, knowing Lilian of old, judged it the best thing to do.

Lilian was only too glad to escape, music being the only study of which she seemed really fond, and presently the sound of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" came faintly to the two pairs of ears in the schoolroom from a distant part of the house.

"What a dunce Lily will grow up," said Bertie, thoughtfully, without looking up from his drawing.

"I am afraid so," replied Miss Banks; "she is so full of health and spirits that she hates restraint, and is never happy except when romping about."

"And I am so deveid of both that I can take no pleasure in any other pursuit but study," rejoined Bertie, somewhat sadly.

"Ah, but does it not yield you as keen a pleasure as other boys find in their games and their idleness, besides being something laid up for the future?" replied Miss Banks, glancing at the illuminated motto over the mantelpiece.

"I know what you are thinking," said Bertie, following the direction of her eyes; "and I think you are right. If I turn it to good account, my present pain may be my future gain, I suppose. If I had been strong and well like other boys, intellectual pursuits would not have had the interest for me they now possess. But, Miss Banks, I am quite frightened when I think of all there is for me to learn, before I can know as much as those who have gone before have already discovered on any one subject. I think what Petrarch says about riches applies equally to knowledge. He says they are of such a nature that the more you gain, the more the thirst for them increases; and so there is the greater room for poverty, and that's just what I feel."

"When did you read Petrarch?" asked Miss Banks.

"I have his Life and Letters up-stairs, and the book is so interesting, but, unfortunately, I cannot read his works," replied Bertie. "That is such a disappointment. When I am reading his Life I long so to be able to judge of him by his own writings, but that will be beyond me for many a long year," he added with a sigh as he gathered up his drawing materials, for the clock was striking one, and Miss Banks was preparing to leave the schoolroom.

Bertram Watson has, by his conversation with his governess, shown you better than I could have done the bent of his disposition; that he was a very delicate boy, one glance at his thin white face would plainly show; that he was a clever one, the same glance would equally well discover; that he was a studious one, no one who spoke with him for five minutes together could fail to know. His books were to him a keener source of delight than cricket and football to other boys; and already, though only fourteen, he possessed an amount of knowledge and a keen appreciation of the intellectual and beautiful that was as far beyond his years as it was rare.

His sister Lilian was in these respects as exact a contrast to her brother as could well be found. Books were her aversion, every kind of study a bore; romping her chief delight. She was indolent and self-willed, yet neither stupid nor ill-natured. Among her play-mates she was always a favourite, and by the little ones in the nursery her coming was hailed with delight, because of her boisterous merriment and cheerful good-nature; but, as Bertie said, she stood a fair chance of growing up a dreadful dunce.

A few weeks after our story opens Bertie and Lilian received a startling piece of intelligence. They had an uncle Barnard, an engineer, who was greatly mixed up with railways, and was in consequence a great traveller. He had just undertaken the superintendence of a new line in Italy. In all probability the undertaking, being a very vast one, might take some years to accomplish, therefore there was nothing for it but to break up the English home and remake an Italian one.

Now Aunt Barnard was very fond of children, and having none of her own she was in the habit of running away with one of her little nieces or nephews, and keeping the child with her until Mrs. Watson insisted upon having it back. So this notion of going so far away was rather a dismal one to her, for there she would have no little children with whom she could run away. But at the last moment a brilliant idea occurred to her, and this was that she might adopt for a time, at least, one of her sister's children and take him or her with her to Italy. She mooted the idea to Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who, at first utterly rejected the idea of parting for so long a time with one of their family, but when Aunt Barnard urged so eloquently her own loneliness, and the immense advantage such an opportunity of travel

would afford, they at length reluctantly consented to spare one of their two eldest children.

The difficulty now was to decide which. Mr. Watson thought it would be a rare chance for Bertram to pursue with advantage the studies to which he was so attached, and to gain an invaluable acquaintance with the wonderful works of art, which at so great a distance his soul revelled in and loved. The boy himself was almost wild at the prospect of visiting that wonderful land of poetry and romance, and having as it were a royal road opened to him of attaining his ambitious desire of reading Petrarch and Dante in their beautiful native tongue; but his mother, while acknowledging how great and rare the chance, was filled with dismay and grief at the idea of losing sight of her invalid child. "He is so delicate," she said, "that I fear the fatigue of travelling might be too much for him. I have watched him from his cradle, and know better than any one else how to guard against the fits of depression and ill-health to which he is so subject."

Mr. Watson represented that the change might be of bodily as well as mental benefit to Bertram, but the boy's mother knew that sympathy and appreciation were absolutely necessary to his sensitive nature, and these, in the true sense of their meaning, he would assuredly never gain from good-natured, matter-of-fact Aunt and Uncle Barnard. She knew, too, full well that with Bertie mind and body were so intimately connected that what affected the one must of necessity influence the other. For these reasons, as well as the motherly yearning to be always near the child who held but so frail a tenure of life, Mrs. Watson was fain to keep him at her side and let Lilian accompany her aunt. Bertram was terribly disappointed at this suggestion. The bare thought of visiting the glorious city which still bore indelible marks of the wonderful genius to which it had given birth opened up to him a new and delightful vista of beauties of art and learning to revel in. His mother therefore, seeing how much his heart was set upon going, at last gave her reluctant consent to a plan of Uncle Barnard's, that whoever should draw him the most faithful representation of the pretty house and grounds in which they lived should be the one to accompany the travellers.

Lilian, who was a year older than Bertram, could draw very well indeed when, as she herself said, she felt inclined. Now, as she was very fond of Aunt Barnard, and was delighted at the notion of travelling about and seeing all sorts of strange things, besides getting off no end of lessons, she determined to do her best.

"I have made up my mind to go," she said to Bertram, "and you will see what I can do when I try."

"And thoroughly you will appreciate the genius-laden atmosphere with which you will be surrounded, my romp-loving sister," replied Bertram. "I also have determined to go, and you shall see what I can do."

"Suppose neither is better than the other?" suggested Lilian.

"We had better leave discussing such an event till it occurs," rejoined Bertram, with the most perfect good-temper, for though they were both much interested in the result of the test Uncle Barnard had proposed, they were far too affectionate to feel any ill-will in the matter, and either was prepared to take defeat as kindly, so far as their brotherly or sisterly feeling was concerned, as victory.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

119. In which Epistle does St. Paul call the Gentiles a "foolish nation?"

120. Of whom did God say, "Behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly; twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation?"

121. Though our Lord performed so many miracles yet the Jews believed not on Him, according, as St. John says, to the prediction of the prophet. Quote the passage to which the apostle refers.

122. In which of the prophets does God call the locust, the cankerworm, and the caterpiller His "great army?"

123. To what country did Trophimus (one of St. Paul's missionary companions) belong?

124. Our Lord on one occasion was asked which was the greatest commandment. What answer was given?

125. What were Solomon's other names, and by whom were they given him?

126. Show that Christ, even during His greatest sufferings, taught us to forgive our enemies.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 288.

105. "And in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink" (Ps. lxix. 21).

106. Ps. lxxiv. 8.

107. Ahijah the Shilonite (1 Kings xi. 29—41).

108. "He shall eat the bread of his God . . but he shall not go in unto the vail, nor come nigh unto the altar" (Lev. xxi. 20, 22, 23).

109. Rom. x. 16.

110. When Jacob blessed Judah (Gen. xlix. 11).

111. "Thou hast ascended up on high" (Ps. lxviii. 18).

112. Samuel (1 Sam. ii. 26); Obadiah (1 Kings xviii. 12); Josiah (2 Chron. xxxiv. 2, 3); Timothy (2 Tim. iii. 15).



(*Drawn by* C. O. MURRAY.)

SPRING FLOWERS.

DEAR flowers of spring,
To me you bring
Bright places far away;
Green lanes I see,
Where bird and bee
Make music all the day.

By wood and stream
I muse and dream,
And read as in a book
The welcome sign
Of love divine
In many a fairy nook.

Oh, gentle flowers,
Oh, golden hours,
When Life was in its spring,
And love's delight
Came warm and bright
On Hope's celestial wing:

Each tiny grief
Was then as brief
As short-lived, flowers, as you;
As quickly sped
The tears we shed
As trembling drops of dew.

As never more
From Nature's store
Spring's firstlings shall depart,
So still shall blow,
Where'er we go,
The spring flowers of the heart.

M. B.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE evening, on entering the house, Dr. Rae was met by Ruth in the hall.

"Mrs. Rae doesn't feel well, she has gone to bed; will you go and see her?" said Ruth.

Stephen ran up-stairs, and Ruth waited for him in the study. A few minutes passed without his returning; Ruth began to wonder, and went to look for him in the other rooms, but did not find him. He was away so long that she felt uneasy, and listened anxiously for his footsteps. At last he came.

"What is the matter with her, Dr. Rae?"

"I hardly know yet; she seems very unwell."

"Do you think she is going to be very ill?" asked Ruth, anxiously.

"I hope not, Ruth; you must not worry yourself now. It is late; you had better get to bed."

"Can I do nothing?"

"Nothing, except please me by doing as I wish," answered Stephen, smiling.

"Do you think she will be better to-morrow?"

"It is not likely, but, Ruth," said Stephen, taking her hands, "I can see you are anxious; there is no need to feel so at present. Now I wish you not only to go to bed, but to go to sleep too, do you understand?"

"Yes. You will promise that if I am wanted I shall be called. If Mrs. Rae will ring her bell I am sure to hear it."

"Very well, I promise that."

Ruth was satisfied, and went to bed. Susan called her at the usual time, and Ruth, sitting up in bed, directly asked how Mrs. Rae was.

"Oh! Miss Ruth, she's very ill, the doctor's been up with her all night, and now he's writing to Miss Tina and Mr. Maurice."

"Why wasn't I called?" exclaimed Ruth; "Dr. Rae promised I should be if I were wanted; I had no idea he was going to sit up."

Hastily she dressed herself, and running down-stairs, found Stephen in the study. She put her arms round his neck. "Why did you let me sleep?" she asked reproachfully.

"Because it was better for you. I want to speak to you, Ruth," continued Stephen, drawing a footstool beside him for her to sit on, and gently stroking her hair. "Do you know that mother is very dangerously ill?"

Ruth looked up, answering with her tearful eyes, and took one of his hands in hers.

"I have written to Tina and Maurice, and they will be home soon, I am sure. You were to have gone next week, but I want to send you away to-day now that mother is ill."

"Send me away!" echoed Ruth; "oh! why mayn't I stay? I could not bear to go now."

"It is best though, Ruth; your health is much improved with your visit here, and if you go home now you will be well, but if you stay here with illness in the house, and in the midst of anxiety, it will be bad for you. You came for a change; it has done you good, but if you remain now, it will be harmful."

Ruth's head was bent down, and when Stephen finished speaking, she said, "Do let me stay and help to nurse Mrs. Rae, I shall be miserable if you tell me to go. Please don't."

"My dear child, you must not ask me; it would be wrong to allow you to remain, and your father would be most justly displeased at my doing so."

"Oh! no, no, indeed he would be glad," exclaimed Ruth, earnestly. "He would not like me to come here, and be so kindly treated, and then to run away directly there is any trouble. Oh! Dr. Rae, you don't know how cruel you are to send me away."

"Cruel to you, little one? I could never be cruel to you."

"Then let me stay; let me write to papa: if you love me you will!"

Stephen started from his seat, and walked down

the room; then stood looking out of the window, and Ruth waited in vain for an answer.

At last she spoke. "May I stay?"

Stephen turned round, and seemed suddenly to recollect her question. He returned to his seat, and answered, "It is very easy to persuade me when I am so glad to have you, Ruth. If your father consents—you must ask him—*I* cannot withstand your entreaty."

With eager haste Ruth wrote a letter to Mr. Leighton, telling him of Mrs. Rae's illness, and begging him to let her remain where she was for the present, she was going to say "until Mrs. Rae is better," when the sickening fear of what might happen took possession of her. Quickly Ruth despatched her letter, and then went up-stairs to begin the weary work of nursing, and watching in anxious suspense the varying condition of the patient.

Ruth hardly left Mrs. Rae's bedside, and Stephen came up-stairs whenever it was possible. A telegram came from Tina, saying she would be with them the next day, and when she arrived she took her share in the nursing with the others.

Maurice did not come, and Ruth expressed surprise, but Stephen reminded her of the uncertainty of his movements, and remarked that there might have been some delay in the receipt of the letter.

Another day passed heavily by, and the next morning dawned; the sun rose, and shone brilliantly upon the dewy grass, the purling stream, and luxuriant trees and flowers. Everything looked so bright and glowing with the early autumnal tints that when Ruth looked out of window she wondered she could take no pleasure in the sight that met her eyes.

Tina, too, looked out, and then glancing at Ruth's face said, "Go into the garden, it will do you good."

"I can't, Tina," answered Ruth, turning back towards the bed; "besides, you ought to rest now, I will stay here."

"Not now."

"Yes. You will be knocked up if you don't rest, and that would be worse than anything, because we don't know how long this will go on."

There was a sound of a carriage stopping in the road, then a hushed commotion in the hall. Tina ran out of the room to see if it was Maurice who had arrived, and Ruth stayed watching alone. She had often mistrusted her own powers of enduring the anxieties of nursing, but she bore up bravely now she was put to the test, and Tina and Stephen felt that she kept up their spirits, and was as efficient as possible.

The previous day a letter had come from Mr. Leighton, telling Ruth to stay as long as she liked; and he was evidently pleased that she wished to remain during Mrs. Rae's illness, though, at the same time, he seemed disappointed at her delay in returning.

Ruth had not long remained alone when the door was gently opened and Maurice entered. He came to the bedside, and, shaking hands with Ruth, looked at his mother lying unconscious before him. His expression was very grave and tender, as he watched her; and Ruth thought he had altered during his short absence, when she recalled how gloomy and stern he had often looked before he went away.

"I am so glad you are going to stay," said Maurice, after a long silence.

"So am I," answered Ruth, with a thrill in her voice, and feeling suddenly happier than she should have thought possible while Mrs. Rae was so ill. This happy moment was soon forgotten in the continued anxiety and fatigue of nursing. One day followed another, and the invalid lay in the same condition. Dr. Rae at last had very little hope of her recovery, she grew so exhausted with the continuance of the fever. All the neighbours sent in inquiries, and offers of any assistance they could give.

Robert began to grow anxious about Tina, who looked tired with nursing, and Stephen and Maurice noticed Ruth growing paler day by day. The unbroken suspense was terribly trying for all, and the time seemed to creep at a snail's pace.

One evening Stephen was driving home from his afternoon rounds, after he had been several hours away from home. This was the time when his anxiety always became most painful, and his wish to reach home was counteracted by an overpowering dread, which became almost unbearable by the time he reached the Willows. He sprang to the ground as soon as the horse stopped, and throwing off his hat, ran up-stairs, and entered Mrs. Rae's room.

Ruth stood beside the bed, leaning forward, and so earnestly watching Mrs. Rae that she did not hear the door open. Stephen's heart had stood still. What had happened? In another moment he was beside Ruth, and looking down, saw his mother sleeping peacefully, the look of pain having left her face completely.

Ruth never forgot that moment. Long afterwards she could recall the expression of Stephen's face as he turned towards her, and clasped her in his arms; she could remember how the sunset lighted up the room, and the soft wind rustled among the leaves. It seemed to her as if she had never before noticed how beautiful everything looked, and for some time she and Stephen stood side by side, thinking of nothing but the light which had pierced the gloom.

"Where are Tina and Maurice?" whispered Stephen at last.

"Tina is sleeping. I don't know where Maurice is."

"Child, you must rest. Go down to the drawing-room and lie down, and tell Maurice, if he is at home, the good news. I shall stay here. Poor child, you are nearly worn out."

"Am I?" said Ruth, becoming suddenly conscious of her fatigue, as she had not been before.

"Yes, I think so. You will do as I say, won't you?"

Ruth assented and went down-stairs, first to the studio, which was empty, then to the kitchen, where she told the servants of Mrs. Rae's sudden improvement, and asked Susan to go and let Tina know it as soon as she awoke.

"Where is Mr. Maurice?" she asked at last.

"I don't know, miss; shall I look about?"

"No, thank you; I will." Ruth went to the drawing-room, and on entering saw Maurice standing before the fire. Her face told the news before she said, "Oh, Maurice! she is better; she will get well again," and coming eagerly forward, put out her hands and shook Maurice's heartily.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Ruth, is it true? Has Stephen seen her?"

"Oh yes—yes! he told me to come and tell you."

"You are not going away, are you?" asked Maurice, "you are not fit for anything. How you are trembling." He placed her on the sofa as he spoke, and drew it nearer to the fire, which he stirred until the flames glowed brightly, and made a red flickering light, to give the room a cosy look in the grey twilight. Then he did not talk, but after drawing the window-curtains began walking about the room, while Ruth lay quite still, looking into the fire, and listening to his steps as he paced up and down. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked on and on, and Maurice still paced the floor silently, keeping monotonously in the same part, until some impulse made him come on to the rug in front of Ruth to look at her. She raised her eyes as he stood still. "I thought you were asleep," he said, as if in explanation. Then, as Ruth made no answer he asked, "Why haven't you gone to sleep?"

"I was thinking—I mean, I don't know," and Ruth shut her eyes from a sudden desire to make Maurice fancy she was sleepy and disinclined for conversation. However, Maurice did not resume his walk, but remained where he was, watching Ruth. In a short time she opened her eyes again, feeling too wakeful to be able to keep them closed. She saw Maurice's eyes fixed on her face, and with her unconquerable shyness she rose to her feet, with the intention of beating a hasty retreat.

"Ruth, I have seen so little of you since I came home—stay here."

Ruth stood still and doubtful. "Do you mind staying?"

"No," she answered.

"That is more than I deserve. I wonder you don't hate me—I hate myself." He paused, and there seemed no likelihood of his breaking the silence, so Ruth was forced to say, "Why?" because she could think of nothing else.

"Because of the way I behaved to you before I went away. I was cruel to you often, and I am cruel now, because I cannot hope that my cruelty was a matter of indifference to you. Ruth covered her face with her hands, but Maurice drew them down that he might look at her, while he added in a low voice, "Do you know why I was cruel?"

Ruth gave one quick glance up at him, but long enough for him to see that she understood.

"And can you forgive me for it, and love me a little in spite of all?" He drew Ruth to him, and bending down his head, caught her whispered answer, "I can't help it," uttered with a despairing sigh that could only express how happy she was. When she had made this confession Ruth's embarrassment completely vanished, and she looked up into Maurice's face frankly, not afraid to let him see how much she loved him, and not shrinking away from the kiss that was more eloquent than words.

The door opened suddenly, and Stephen entered. Standing in the firelight he saw Maurice with his arm round Ruth, whose head rested against him. She looked round, and immediately came forward into the dimly-lighted part of the room, and Stephen met her unhesitatingly.

"Do you guess, Dr. Rae?"

Stephen did not speak. He bent down to kiss the little upturned joyful face, and still holding Ruth's hand, walked up to the fireplace where Maurice was standing, and grasped his hand. Suddenly the bright flame was extinguished, but in the darkness it sounded as if Stephen were smiling when he said, "I am a true prophet, Maurice; I foretold this."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

BENEATH the brooding, dewy skies of spring
The swallow flocks, that every purple dawn
Came to the coast, with autumn days are gone,
Through golden sunsets southward vanishing,
Until reoreant April; and the shore
Now takes the hues of age and youth once more.
But ne'er, alas! can human smiles and tears
Again o'ergreen our hearts once withered years;
And as the summer's warmly wandering breeze,
Listlessly floating through the full-leaved trees,
Lulls us to rest with whispers soft and light,
The dismal moan and the inconstant rouse
Of winter's barren, gnarr'd and jarring boughs,
Keep the sad soul awake in the dark spectral night.

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON. *(Continued.)*

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"Feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents. I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots. Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."—Song of Solomon i. 8—11.

ONE other direction is given by Christ to the Church, in order to her spiritual prosperity—namely, "Feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents." By kids we plainly understand the young of the flock; those who, if left to themselves, would be in danger of going astray, feeding in pastures that are not good, playing on the hole of the asp, and lying down at the mouth of the cockatrice' den. And the command to the Church is that she be careful to feed her lambs "by the shepherds' tents." By "tents" the Targum understands "schools" or synagogues, so that the injunction is here laid upon the Church to bring her children early under the influence of those who have it in charge to tend and feed Christ's little ones, enlisting their young affections on the side of ordinances and truth and goodness, for fear, as the Church before expresses it, they "should turn aside by the flocks of thy companions." We have here the counsels of Solomon pointing to the necessity of early religious education; of feeding the kids in pastures which should join on close to the "shepherds' tents." In regard to such parental obligations, we know there are many in our day who think themselves much wiser than Solomon; "but we have not so learned Christ." We have faith in the blessing promised to Scriptural training. We believe in the wisdom that makes wise unto salvation, as superior to all other wisdom. And until it can be shown that our nature's bias will always incline the young to select for themselves the most wholesome pasture, we hold it to be safe to act upon the instruction Christ here gives: "Feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents."

But the Church, thus instructed as to the way of safety both for herself and for her children, is next to receive words of encouragement and promise, both as to her present state and her future-awaiting glory. She had already been addressed as the "fairest among women." Further commendations follow—"I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." Here the affectionate title should not be overlooked—"O my love." To be thus addressed by Christ after all the faults and blemishes she had confessed to, must be very assuring to the Church. It declares her to be the object of His personal regard, His inextinguishable affection, —virtually implies that all the members of the mystical body have a part in that promise, "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." "His own." Hardly can we overrate the comfort to a believer of standing to Christ in such a relation as this. It seems to take the certainty of his final salvation so entirely out of his own hands, to raise up a new form of security for him, above the promise, above the oath, above the covenant—even the glory of the Divine name, which would suffer reproach and hurt if anything of evil should befall those whom Jesus has loved as His own. To be addressed, "O my love," implies that Christ has a property in us. He has deigned to call us "His own;" and if, in addition thereto, He has given us desires which He only excites in His own, has appointed crosses for us which He only lays upon His own, has bestowed a joy and peace in believing which are never felt but by His own, we have in our hands a golden thread of destiny, winding in and out through all life's changes, its last coil wound round the pillars of the everlasting throne. Dark clouds may overshadow our providential path; the bread of adversity and the water of adversity may be our daily portion—nay, more, day after day of blank, dreary deadness may darken and embitter our soul's life, and yet we can say, "I know Christ loves me through this, perhaps loves me more on account of this." Nothing can effect a severance between Christ and those whom He addresses "O my love."

But the expression is sometimes taken in another sense. By the Septuagint and some Hebraist commentators it is rendered, "O my near friend." The expression intimates the nearness and closeness of Christ's fellowship unto His redeemed—the going forth between them of loving confidences. Without distrust, or fear, or anything of keeping back, we tell Christ all our hearts. We lay bare to His sight our souls' inmost secrets—that root of bitterness, that worm of pride, that cankering hate, that fretting discontent, that grieving thorn of some unsubdued infirmity, that unhealed scar of some early but unforgotten sin—things that we could not speak of to common friends, however close the tie, but only to Him who, drawing us closer and closer to His side, addresses us "O my near friend."

"I have compared thee to a company of horses."

The introduction of horses among the Hebrews, whether for purposes of warfare or of luxury, is mainly attributable to Solomon. He had obtained them from Egypt, the horses of which country surpassed in grace, in strength, in swiftness, the horses of any other nation; and having married the daughter of Pharaoh, he would, of course, have the finest horses of the country at his disposal. The general spirit of the comparison, therefore, would go to promise that believers should be invested with all those attributes of spiritual vigour, and alacrity, and undaunted courage, which should make them as fit for the spiritual warfare as a company of "horses in Pharaoh's chariots" would be for the day of battle. "I have compared thee;" that is, "I have made thee worthy to be compared." We have a like promise in Zechariah, where it is said, "The Lord hath visited His flock the house of Judah, and hath made them as His goodly horse in the battle." As His goodly horse in the battle!—as that noble creature that "paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength;" that mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; that suffereth the quiver to rattle against him, the glittering spear and the shield."

And has not God often made good this word? Look at those three captives in Babylon, walking with unfearing calmness in the midst of the burning fiery furnace. Look at Daniel, the man of prayer, as he shrinks not from companionship with devouring lions. Behold Peter and John, as they testify with defiant boldness for the Crucified before the angry Sanhedrim. Look at Stephen, as he stands unmoved before the gnashing fury of his murderers, and say, have we not in these a representation of the Christian, like the ancient war-horse going on to meet the armed men, turning not his back from the sword, saying, "Among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and smelling the battle afar off?" Truly, "the righteous are as bold as a lion;" they are like "a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots."

"A *company* of horses," it is specially noted. The Church is in a militant state. Arrayed against her are all the enemies of truth and godliness. She must not dissipate her forces by divisions, by aimless beating of the air, by random or ill-concerted action, but must exhort her members, with one shoulder and one consent, with one spirit and with one mind, to strive together for the faith of the Gospel. The Church is not compared here to a company of horses—loose, straggling, scattered hither and thither—but to a team of noble steeds, drawing orderly and harmoniously together, to speed onward the march of the chariot. The great needs for spiritual warfare are multitude and unity. "We being many are one body in Christ," and we must present to the enemy a compact and united front. The powers adverse to truth and holiness are not slow to perceive the force of combined effort. Gebal, Ammon, and Amalek—infidelity, superstition, and irreligion—all these knew how to merge minor differences in a common assault upon the truth as it is in Jesus; how much rather should the friends and followers of the Bridegroom allow themselves to be yoked together as war-horses for the battle, and without regard to uniformity of harness and trapping, go forth in the strength of God, holding the faith "in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

In the two succeeding verses we seem to have a description of something which the Church *is*, and something greater and nobler she is *yet to be:* "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver." In the former of these verses we have figurative language employed which would admit of being referred to either of the two images the Church is here compared with—either the beautiful woman decking herself with ornaments, or a troop of horses assumed to be caparisoned in the most rich and gorgeous trappings, like the camels of the kings of Midian which had chains of gold about their necks.

Of the spiritual application of these personal adornments it will be sufficient that we let Solomon be his own interpreter. In the opening verses of the book of Proverbs we read: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck." Hence by the "rows of jewels" with which the Church is here said to be decorated, it is permitted us to understand those moral precepts of Moses which pious parents were taught to inculcate upon their children; whilst the "chains" would be a type of those graces of the religious character by which the holy law of God is most honoured and adorned. And the reason given by Jewish interpreters for comparing the moral law to rows of jewels is worth our attention—namely, to intimate its connectedness, its regularity, its perfect and majestic symmetry. "The law of the Lord is perfect." It is a great unity. It allows of no graduated scale of its enactments, as if some were of greater and some of less obligation, but whether in Deuteronomy or in James, announces as the one broad and unchanging condition of its observance, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." The perfectness of the row of jewels is broken; the string has lost a pearl.

And what is the string upon which these pearls hang, which binds and keeps the rows of jewels

together? It is "love," always set forth in Scripture as "the fulfilling of the law." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and all thy mind, and all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment." We must worship from love, and pray from love, and observe ordinances from love. Of what account in the estimation of the Father of our spirits can we suppose would be that deportment of filial respect which has no love in it—the base hireling's crouch—forced, distant, and unnatural? Of what avail would be any number of "young-ruler" moralities, which, while not suffering us to defraud any, or to injure any—nay, even causing all men to speak well of us, yet come not of any love to Christ; flow not from the inspiration of His Spirit; but are mere fits and starts of spasmodic amiableness, broken rows of jewels without coherence and without a bond? being destitute of that Divine charity which is "the very bond of peace and of all virtues."

And then, lastly, in this description of the Church's spiritual beauty, it is said, and "thy neck is comely with chains of gold;" that is, not only hast thou the law, or jewelled bridle upon thy lips to restrain thee, and guide thee, and keep thee in the way that thou shouldest go, but thou hast the golden chain of spiritual excellency, the ornament of grace and sanctity and truth and holy tempers, the light shining before men, gold tried in the fire. And it is a chain—grace added to grace, link joined on to link; to faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience—no ring wanting, no jewel displaced from its setting. "The king's daughter," we are told, "is all glorious within." In the heart of the hidden man are gems of grace whose price is "more than rubies." But she has a form and comeliness outside also—virtues which shine through, and cannot be hid. Her chaste conversation, her even and blameless walk, all the parts and actings of the outer life laid out after a pattern of Divine symmetry and perfectness; these things sparkle like jewels in rows or chains of yellow gold. "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold."

With such glowing imagery does the sacred writer set forth the dignity of the Church in her *present* state. Yet is not this worthy to be compared with her *future* glory as set forth in the succeeding words?—"We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver." The fuller consideration of these must be deferred to another chapter. The language evidently points to the time when the Church, purged of her dross, disencumbered of her weakness, emancipated from her bonds, not "having spot or wrinkle or any such thing," shall take the form of "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, a royal diadem in the hand of her God." "The Lord will give grace and glory," we are told, and the grace is an earnest of the glory. All the graces of the earthly state are but the rough drafts and rudiments of some higher and more Divine similitude. Faith is the germ of sight. Hope is the forecast shadow of enjoyment. A blind though trustful feeling after Divine guidance will terminate in the open manifest following of "the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," and the silent, uncomplaining submission to a heavenly Father's will will develop into a song of praise. The work of the Lord in the souls of His redeemed is perfect. It were a small thing to give them strength for their day, grace for their trials, a sword for their conflicts, a shield to beat back the foeman's darts—this were merely to give them "rows of jewels and chains of gold." He must prepare for them mansions, thrones, dignities, glory, honour, and a crown: "We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."

OUR AUTOGRAPH-BOOKS.

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

NEXT on our list comes the familiar name of Marryat, at once a novelist and a brave and successful naval officer. The public rewarded his skill as a writer by reading and admiring, and last, though not least, by purchasing his books; while his country, though somewhat tardily (as we may see from the accompanying letter, written before his promotion), rewarded his bravery and skill. Marryat stands unrivalled in his graphic descriptions of sea life, and his name is that of one almost equally a favourite in the drawing-room and the schoolroom. We need not enter into any fuller details relating to the life of this clever and amiable author, as his memoirs also have lately been given to the public, by an author whose talents and genius entitle her not unworthily to take the rank of being her father's daughter.

"Now for Grumble No. two.

"Twenty years ago, soon after the peace, I was requested by Lloyds and the shipowners to write a code of signals for the merchant service. I did so, and in the various annual reports of their societies they have stated that the saving of lives and property by the means of these signals have been enormous. They were, at the request of Lloyds, supplied to the British men-of-war to enable

merchant vessels to communicate their wants etc., and eventually they have been used in all the English colonies and Dependencies by the Government, to communicate with vessels and along the coast. The French, perceiving their advantage, had them translated and supplied to their men-of-war and merchantmen. Now, independent of the value they may be to the country in saving lives and property, and the claim which I have on that account I have one also in a pecuniary way, for during the 26 years that they have been established they have always been supplied *gratis* to the British navy, and if it is considered how many vessels we have had in commission, had they been paid for, it would have amounted to a very large sum. For this service I have never received any remuneration whatever from our own Government. When I was at Paris some years ago, Admiral De R——, then French First Lord, sent for me, and without any application on my part, informed me that in consequence of the important advantages derived by the use of my signals, the King of the French had been pleased to give me the *Gold Cross* of the Legion of Honour (equivalent to the C.B. in England); so that I have been rewarded by a nation for whom the signals were not written, and from my own Government have received nothing. I beg pardon, I did receive something—a letter from Lord Palmerston *prohibiting* me to wear the distinction granted to me by the King of the French. Now I call that also a capital grumble.

"I do feel that the party I have supported, now that I have decided claims upon the country, should not throw me away like a sucked orange; if they do, why, Virtue must be its own reward; it will be all the same a hundred years hence.

"I have now let it all out, and I feel a great deal better.

"Ever truly yours, "F. Marryat."

Following in the steps of Marryat, we come upon an interesting letter from Eliot Warburton, the traveller and historical writer, whose terrible fate in the burning *Amazon* sent a shudder, not many years ago, through all the world, and especially into the hearts of those who had read and delighted in his imaginative and interesting works—indeed, one of his best descriptions of savage life records with a fearful distinctness the horrors of a death by fire. He was cut off in the prime of his life, but had lived long enough to leave to the world many precious and enduring legacies of his genius.

"I am more and more bent on the East, and shall feel greatly obliged by your furnishing me with any clues through the labyrinths of divellent attractions. I have written also to L—— and K——. I need not say with how much interest I have read Lamartine. He was quite new to me, and his style is as interesting as his subject. His simplicity and childish naked-heartedness have something Oriental in themselves, which accords not ungracefully with his matter. I am sorry, however, to tell you that his long conversations with Lady Hester Stanhope were purely imaginary. She assured K——, who passed some days with her, that she had never even seen Lamartine, but had refused him an audience. Believe me yours most sincerely,

"Eliot Warburton."

We have now come to the last letter which we propose to transcribe from our stores. It is from the pen of Lady Morgan, the well-known beauty, wit, and queen of society, whose name is familiar in every mouth. Though so voluminous an authoress herself, she does not seem, from the letter before us, to hold out much hope to others, and we cannot but contrast her description of the literary remuneration of her time with the liberal sums given by the publishers of our own day, to incite emulation and to reward the efforts of genius.

"Madam,—In the present state of literature I really do not know of any publisher in England or Ireland who would give the price of *one guinea* for any M.SS. novel, whose author is unknown to fame, nor who would publish such a work if given *for nothing*. Authors of considerable celebrity have published at *their own expense* and risk during the last season—an experiment I should be sorry to recommend to a debutant, however gifted. I was absent from Dublin when the first letter with which you honoured me arrived. I found 6 other applications of the same nature from young ladies and gentlemen unknown, and I do assure you that were I to answer all who write to me on their own business, I should find life too short for the task. Since my return to town I have been severely afflicted with a malady in my eyes from overworking them, and I am not allowed to write, which I do now with pain and difficulty, but as you have requested secrecy, I would not employ an amanuensis.

"I have the honour to be, Madam, with grateful acknowledgments of the kind opinions you have expressed of me, your obliged servant, "Sydney Morgan.

"Kildare St., October 7, 1833."

We must now close our autograph-books, and put them aside on their shelf; but before doing so we wish to apologise for the absence of some well-known modern authors, whose names are so constantly in our mouths that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that their owners have left us for ever. It is for this very reason, and because their memory is still so green in our recollection, that we refrain from publishing their letters. Had they been alive we might have written to ask their permission before inserting them, and now that they are gone the same grounds for scruples exist.

In conclusion, we have striven carefully to keep back all that could give the living pain, or reflect upon the dead; and we trust that in so doing we have not rendered our articles less agreeable to those who, like ourselves, are interested in the collection of genuine autographs.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Poor thing! she is to be pitied"—*p.* 332.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

MAKING A LIFE.

LUCY'S return to her home was not to be a return to her old, happy, careless girlish life. She had no sooner tried to take it up again, than she found that she had left it behind for ever, and that she must make for herself a new life. Not that the old life was one to be despised, or to be looked back upon with regret. On the contrary, it had been good and beautiful in itself, as the blossom is good and beautiful in itself, even without its promise of fruitfulness, and has its place in this world of ours—ay, and its use, though that should perish with its beauty. So the girlish life had been good and beautiful, but the season for it was past, and the time for the fruit had not yet come. Such a season comes sooner or later in every life, be it man's or woman's, and on it hangs the determination of the future.

Having been at a day school in the neighbourhood of her home, Lucy had plenty of companions of her own age, and she was allowed tolerable freedom of choice in the matter of companionship. Her parents had cultivated her judgment and her taste, and left her free to exercise them in this as in less important matters. Lucy, whose taste was catholic, knew and liked a great many girls as unlike herself and each other as possible in character and pursuits; the only class from whom she really held aloof were the fast girls, of whom there were plenty in the neighbourhood. Lucy shrank from loud tones, loud costumes, and loud manners, as she would have shrunk from any other manifestation of want of refinement; but she was naturally too bright and gay to fall into the opposite extreme, and shrink into the dull, colourless routine of a life devoid of every purpose save that of living, in which only too many round her seemed to end. One or two of Lucy's companions were considered strongminded—more, I think, from a little aggressiveness of manner than from any quality of intellect; and Lucy had escaped the opprobrious epithet more from her extreme gentleness of temper than from any lack of the quality of strength. In truth, the set were bright, thoughtful girls, enemies of dulness and inanity. Instead of dawdling over novels and worsted work, they really read and really worked, and if it must be confessed, wrote. They gained much useful knowledge, and learned to practise many a useful household art; and, of course, they had their notions, as a Yankee would say—one of these being the extreme desirability of a career, if possible a profession. Two of them—Agnes Rivers and Isabel Story—had made up their minds to be prodigies of learning, and had passed with credit the New Cambridge Examinations as a preliminary step.

"I wish you would join us, Lucy," said her friend Miss Story. "You know we shall have to work very hard, and encounter the usual amount of opposition; but that is nothing. No more idleness; no more dulness; no more 'don't-know-what-to-do-with-myself-ism.'"

"I wish I had been in time for the examination," said Lucy; "but, you know, I am older than you, and it was too late for me to join you; and I have no special aptitude."

"You don't know till you have tried," said her friend; "and for want of an aim your whole life will be frittered away."

Lucy sighed, and acknowledged that there was some truth in it.

Mrs. Tabor was sitting by, smiling at the discussion. She was quite in the confidence of the band, who always thought her criticisms worth listening to; though Isabel and her set were a little apt to set aside the opinions of those older than themselves, on whom the new lights were supposed not to have dawned.

"There is nothing," she said, breaking in upon the dialogue, "that may not be pursued from frivolous and unworthy motives. Yours are neither, my dear," she pursued, nodding to her daughter's friend. "To redeem your time, and do good in the world, are the best incentives you could choose; but then you must not learn to condemn others who do the same things in a very different—possibly in a humbler way. You must not forget that there is nothing which the motive may not render worthy of the highest."

"Thanks, mamma, for coming to the rescue," said Lucy.

"But don't you think that by making virtue cheap and easy you make it hardly any virtue at all?" said Isabel.

"I do not think virtue can ever be cheap enough, or easy enough," said Mrs. Tabor.

"Simply to do good," said Lucy, "sounds very easy; but it is the most difficult thing in the world."

"Doing good used to mean giving in charity," said Isabel, with a merry glance at Lucy; "and we know now that that sometimes means doing positive harm." (One of Lucy's charitable objects had just turned out a failure.)

"Now I'm not going to be condemned wholesale," said Lucy.

"You give for the mere love of giving, Lucy—now, confess that you do."

"Willingly," said Lucy.

"But such charity is not disinterested," replied Isabel.

"Perhaps not; I did not claim for it any lofty title," said Lucy; "though disinterestedness is my pet virtue, and I don't think there can be any real greatness without it."

"That is my own feeling," said Mrs. Tabor. "So many fail and fall short of excellence for the want of it, unable to resist the temptations to cultivate social and other kinds of success, instead of the true success, of which that is but the echo. That will lie among your temptations, Isabel."

Isabel blushed, and played with a glove out of the boxful which Lucy was mending. "That's a bit of work I can't abide," she said. "I wonder you have patience to go in for it so thoroughly."

"They are not my own," said Lucy, simply.

"Oh! that's still worse. Whose are they?"

"Our next-door neighbour's."

"Ada Lovejoy?"

"Yes."

"Why can't she mend her own gloves?" said Isabel; "it's too bad to put it upon you."

"I offered to see to her things," said Lucy; "for, you know, if you let everything go as she does, you must either look like a sloven, or spend a great deal of money; and she is so absorbed in her work that she has not a moment to spare. She practises twelve hours out of the twenty-four, I am sure."

"I wish I had some one to mend mine," said Isabel. "The younger ones only cobble them, and I don't know what to do since Miss Adams left. She was so good-natured; she never wanted asking."

Miss Adams had been governess to Isabel's younger sisters; but had gone home to nurse her mother, who was ill.

"By the way, how is Miss Adams's mother?" Mrs. Tabor asked.

"I believe she is better," said Isabel; "only it is almost a pity, I think, that she has got over it, for the doctor says it is sure to return next winter, and every winter, until it kills her."

Nothing more was said, and Isabel Story took her leave. Then Lucy, blushing for her friend, and conscious of the trouble on her mother's face, went to her and whispered, "You must not think she meant to be so hard. Isabel is very fond of her mother, and would nurse her as tenderly as Miss Adams."

"I doubt it, my dear. That little speech of hers shows a tone of mind which I dislike and dread—a spirit of impatience with the weak, the useless, and the suffering, which is spreading nowadays, and which is certainly not the spirit of Christ."

Lucy sat and mended Ada's gloves till dinner-time; and dinner-time brought her father and the daily duties she did for him—little enough, but then he would have missed them so much. Then in the evening came Ada, and soon after her Arthur Wildish, and the business of the evening commenced.

Mr. Tabor was very fond of music; but even he had enough of it, and would sometimes beat a retreat. Singing singly, or altogether, one by one, or in pairs, the three would remain round the piano till it was time to separate for the night—a fact of which they very often needed a gentle reminder.

Arthur Wildish had accepted his second rejection by Lucy with a better grace than might have been expected. Yet, in spite of this, he was as much at home in the house as ever.

"What can he be thinking of?" was Mr. Tabor's reflection; "surely not of going on as before."

"He has asked Lucy, it seems, if she objects to his coming, and she has answered no. But I believe they are not going on as before," said that wise woman, with a little smile.

"What then?" asked Mr. Tabor, lifting his eyebrows.

"I believe he is coming for somebody else," she answered.

"You don't mean Ada!"

"Yes, I do."

"Rather awkward, I think," said Mr. Tabor, reflectively, "rather awkward."

"I shouldn't interfere if I were you, but let things take their course," said his wife.

"No, I won't interfere," answered Mr. Tabor. "Lucy hasn't done him much harm after all." And unconsciously, but rather unfairly on the whole, Mr. Wildish went down a whole row of pegs in Mr. Tabor's estimation.

And this was why sweet, unselfish Lucy sat and mended little Ada's gloves, and saw to her ribbons, &c. She knew what a quick eye Arthur Wildish had for the little details of dress, and that he took a pleasure in seeing Ada look nice.

"She loves no one else at least," thought Lucy, "I wonder if she will love him when she knows."

CHAPTER XLI.

ASHMEAD GRANGE.

After Mr. Tabor's return, Philip, too, had a holiday, quite in the dead season; and though his sister-in-law wanted him to come with her and her children into Scotland, he declined, and went and hid himself in some out-of-the-way place, where nobody heard of him until he came back again, bronzed with the sun, but thinner than ever, as also were the soles of a considerable supply of boots which he was in possession of before he started. He certainly had not estimated the inexorable cost of shoe-leather before setting out.

The long vacation was over, and the business of the legal year was about to open briskly for the firm of Tabor and Tenterden. Among other matters,

they had coming into court a will case, which promised to be of considerable importance—the case of "Hindley *v.* Baselow." It was coming into court contrary to Philip's advice. Mr. Hindley, the nephew, was convinced that he should be able to prove his relative insane at the time the will was made, and determined to go on at all hazards, so that Messrs. Tabor and Tenterden had no alternative save to lose their client or conduct his suit for him. And as some connections of Mr. Hindley were old and valued clients of the firm, a good deal of pressure had been brought to bear upon the mind of Mr. Tabor, who was thus led to entertain a much more favourable opinion of its success than his partner. Philip, too, when pressed, had made the admission that such a life as old Mr. Baselow's was insane from beginning to end, though only as all sin and folly, and confusion and beastliness are insane. The old man living down there on the dreary flat, adding acre to acre and field to field, with no enjoyment save possession, and never raising his eyes higher than his own swine-troughs, was essentially mad to Philip's apprehension. But that was not the view likely to be taken by an enlightened British jury. And he also pointed out that Mr. Baselow had been able to transact his business up to the end, and moreover to make that business pay. He knew the number of his sheep and the count of his cattle, and nobody about him had ever managed to cheat him with impunity.

Beatrice and her husband were coming up for the trial, which was fixed to take place early in November. They had had a good deal more of each other's society lately than either of them had bargained for, and they had found it a very different thing to be companionable for a leisure hour in the evening in the stirring London streets, and to be alone for days and weeks together in a lonely house on the Essex marshes.

From the first, their neighbours—at least, all who had the remotest claims to respectability—held aloof. The new-comer's antecedents were well known, and were not in his favour. None of the small proprietors or farmers of the district, who had been his equals, had ever been within his inhospitable doors, and it was not at all likely that they would seek the society of a son of his, holding at the same time so equivocal a position—a position from which it was not impossible that he might be ousted any day. On these grounds the respectables ignored Ashmead as much as ever.

Now at this period of his life there was nothing John Baselow craved for so much as respectability. He held it to be the most independent, the most comfortable, the most enjoyable state of being, and he desired to begin a career of respectability at once. Therefore, on the very first Sunday of their stay at Ashmead he drove his wife, very prettily dressed, over to church, and almost gained by so doing the suffrages he so much desired. Almost, but he and Beatrice had had a quarrel on the way thither, and he looked so savage and morose, and his beautiful wife so unhappy, sitting as she did as far apart from him as possible, that before the service was over their neighbours had drawn the worst possible auguries concerning the future of the pair, and had set Mr. Baselow down as a worthy son of his worthy father. Of course they compared notes when they came out of church, and set the ball of scandal going.

"Poor thing, she is to be pitied,—and she so pretty," said one kindly matron, with young married daughters of her own.

"He's his father's son—a lowering villain," said her plain-spoken husband; "best have nothing to do with them."

"She looks quite ladylike," said a younger dame; "I should like to know where she orders her bonnets."

"Perhaps she was a milliner," said another, coming pretty near the mark. "You know, if she had been a lady, she would never have married him."

"And see how he treats his foster-mother," said a third.

"Ah, by-the-way, what has he done with her?" was the reply—a question to which there were various answers and surmises returned.

On this latter point rumours began to circulate. People shuddered as they heard it whispered that he had shut her up in one of the empty rooms at the top of the lonely old Grange, and meant to keep her a prisoner there for the rest of her life. People shuddered and called to mind the horrid stories they had read of neglected creatures kept thus in inhuman misery, till released by death from the custody of cruel relatives. Then it was reported that she had gone mad, and that Baselow had taken her away and shut her up in a lunatic asylum. Thus the old house was in a fair way of getting a worse reputation than ever.

Now, the only truth there was in these stories would have told rather in favour of John Baselow than otherwise. It was true that he had shut her up and taken her food to her with his own hands; but it was because she had several times appeared in a condition of helpless intoxication. When she was comparatively sobered, he had entreated her to go away with him peaceably, that he might place her with decent people, who would see to her, while he paid the charges of her maintenance. But she declined this provision, saying she would rather go into the union; so that he took the liberty of locking her up, and then of deporting her, greatly subdued by a continuation of enforced abstinence from strong liquors, to the neighbourhood of London, where he settled her in respectable lodgings, and paid her board and all other necessaries, making provision with the utmost care for her comfort and safety. The sobbings and ravings which had been heard at

the Grange were but those of a tipsy woman; but then respectable people could not possibly distinguish.

Money, too, was scarce at the Grange. There was plenty of everything else, but there was little cash that John Baselow could lay hands upon, and everybody knows that without money it is useless to begin to try to be respectable. They could kill a sheep or a pig, and have as much pork or mutton as they pleased. There were ducks by the dozen, and green peas by the bushel; and John was very fond of duck and green peas, and, for that matter, so was Beatrice. There was milk, butter, eggs, flour, in abundance; but there were things only to be bought for money, and when there was no money, they had to be got on credit, and credit was difficult to obtain down there it seemed.

Then one half the house was unfurnished, and the other half not fit to be seen, as Beatrice said. If she had been allowed, she could have given pretty strong evidence as to the filthy condition of the late Mr. Baselow's house—evidence as pertinent as any in showing the condition of its owner's mind. The wainscoted drawing-room was a mere receptacle for old lumber, of which there seemed to be a preternatural quantity. Other rooms had been used as storerooms, and were in a shocking condition. One ground-floor chamber was stained with blood from floor to ceiling—the blood of pigs which had been slaughtered here. The dining-room was, indeed, the only room that had remained intact. The furniture there had resisted tear and wear better than the rest. It was of dark, solid mahogany, with chairs and sofas of horsehair, little the worse for wear—that is, with the exception of one, which Beatrice, with a look of disgust and aversion, caused immediately to be expelled. The long dining-table and the ponderous sideboard, though coated with dirt, were intact, and Beatrice had them rubbed till they shone like mirrors. Four blackened pictures decorated the walls of this apartment, destined to be her only sitting-room. A grim-looking lady in turban and ruffles, and a villainous-looking man in a blue coat and brass buttons, represented, or misrepresented, the Mr. and Mrs. Baselow of an earlier generation; and two girls in what appeared to be white frocks, with the shortest of short waists, the one holding out what seemed like a black apple, the other, a rose of the like hue, did the same for the long-forgotten sisters of the dead miser. Not a book, not an instrument, not an ornament was in the house; they had all been destroyed long ago, with the exception of two queer goblets that stood on the high mantelshelf, and had the faculty of making distorted reflections of everything that was within their range. The very chairs became objects of horror, with crooked legs and bent backs when they stood opposite; and as for the human face divine, it was rendered hideous beyond expression. Beatrice would have swept them away likewise; but they amused her husband, especially when they annoyed her by making her face at once ridiculous and detestable.

Beatrice did the best she could for this dismal apartment, cleansing and brightening whatever would cleanse and brighten, and filling earthenware jugs and basins with such garlands of roses as were worthy of china and Sèvres. It gave her employment for a week or two to do this, and do it likewise for the bedroom and dressing-room which she had selected. It was even more difficult, for the miser's bedroom had been squalid beyond description. The hangings had dropped piecemeal, eaten by the moths, which nearly put out the candles the first time they were lighted, and the carpet was gone from the same cause, the remains of it lying in a corner of the lumber-room. The chairs—they had once belonged to the drawing-room, for the seats and backs were embroided with wreaths of flowers on a ground of drab cloth—probably the girls whose effigies were in the dining-room had worked at them for years, summer and winter—were half eaten up. Slender-legged toilet tables and washstands had given up the ghost, and were lying, wormed through, among the lumber. A broken chair held a brown earthenware basin, and a cracked glass hung on a nail above had sufficed for old Mr. Baselow.

It was wonderful, the improvement Beatrice made with the materials at her disposal, and a few inexpensive purchases. For the rest nothing could be done until the case of the will was settled. Then John Baselow intended to furnish the house in first-rate style. But in the meantime the only glimpse of happiness which visited Beatrice was that which came to her in the course of making those rooms in the old house habitable for herself and her husband.

(*To be continued.*)

REST AND PEACE.

DUSKY twilight and darkest night—
These are the hours for rest:
Close the sad eyes, for the aching light
Has faded away in the west.

Trouble, sorrow, and cruel pain—
For all that is better not—
Ye are over, and Rest returns again—
Peace after the battle fought.

Peace!—yes, the peace of an answered prayer,
Not oblivion's easeful rest;
Like the peace and rest of the old, old air
I heard on my mother's breast,

When a little child, long, long ago,
Tired out with my lessons and play,
Listing her lullaby, soft and low,
On her loving breast I lay.

IANTHE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 14. ST. PETER. PART II.

Chapters to be read—Parts of Matt. xiv., xvi.

PETER'S WORDS (I.) Read Matt. xvi. 13—20. (1) *Confesses Christ.* Ask whom the Jews had been expecting to come; why did they want a deliverer? Refer to the tribute-money (Matt. xxii. 21), and the frequent mention of Roman centurions. Which of our Lord's names showed His office as Prince? Messiah (Hebrew), or Christ (Greek), both meaning *anointed.* But was His kingdom of this world? Whom did the Jews first think was the Christ? Where was John the Baptist now? Refer to John's testimony to Christ (John i. 29). Others thought He was Elijah, because of prophecy in Mal. v. 5. Show how they ought to have known better, because Christ's miracles and teaching (John v. 36), besides the witness of Scripture (John v. 39), spoke plainly of Him. Jesus now asks disciples its opinion of Him. Who answered? Show how bold and full and clear Peter's answer was. What made him so certain? Because not only had testimony of John and miracles of Christ, but went about with and lived with Christ; therefore Peter had witness in himself revealed by "the Father." Now see the result of his confession of Christ. (*a*) *His nature is changed.* No longer merely Simon (a hearer), but Peter (a stone). Upon him, and such as like him are strong in faith, Christ will build His Church. Ask how this was fulfilled. At his preaching 3,000 believed and formed the infant Church (Acts ii. 41). (*b*) *He is to have authority.* By his strong faith he will open the kingdom of heaven to many (Acts x. 34; xv. 7); he will make laws, punish, settle matters in the Church in Christ's name (Acts v. 9; vi. 2, &c.) Why was he thus honoured? Not for any good in himself, only as "Peter"—*i.e.*, made strong by faith, could do anything. Were these promises to him alone? Does he claim them for himself above others? No; they were for all Christ's ministers, who through faith receive power (see 1 Cor. iii. 7, 11).

(2) *Rebukes Christ.* (Read Matt. xvi. 20—23.) What would Peter want to do at once? Was he allowed to go out and use his power of persuading men that Jesus was Christ? Why not? Show that the people having refused the evidence are not to have more teaching now; besides, the disciples want more instruction. They *have* received Christ's earlier teaching; must now hear new things. What are they? What strange words! Surely Christ, the anointed Messiah, can conquer enemies. What does Peter say (ver. 22)? How is he answered? Show why this was. Peter before, speaking God's words, was blessed; now speaking his own words is a tempter like Satan. Wherein lay his fault? (*a*) *Conceit:* thinking he knew all about Christ; only knew part—His power as seen by miracles, not His atonement by means of pain and death. (*b*) *Love of ease.* What was his mind full of? Reigning, power, glory; did not like to hear of suffering and death. But sin could only be put away by death of Sinless One; therefore when speaking thus was speaking in Satan's cause, who would have triumphed had Christ not died.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) Ask what we must think of Christ. Not merely as man, great example, but as Christ, Son of God. What effect this faith will have upon us—make us strong in working for Christ, teaching others about Him, building up His Church. Are we doing this? (2) Christ requires His servants to be like Him in suffering. No cross, no crown (Rom. viii. 17). If shrink from suffering are not His.

II. PETER'S DEEDS. (1) *Walks on the water.* (Read Matt. xiv. 23—33.) The story being well known the teacher will not need to dwell much upon it. In a few vivid words bring before the children the scene: the dark night; the raging storm; the apparition on the waters; the well-known voice; Peter's leaving the ship; the others all crowding to see; the few steps in safety; the fear, cry for help, rescue; return to the ship; the calm; the adoration of the sailors (ver. 33). Then draw out the following points: (*a*) *Peter's boldness.* Have seen his strong faith in Christ. How is faith shown? (James ii. 14.) This walking on sea a wonderful sign of what Christ's power can make a man do; but Peter did greater things than these afterwards (Acts v. 15). (*b*) *Peter's fear.* Why was he afraid? Because looked away from Christ to the waves: his faith failed. So did Abraham's when in Egypt (Gen. xii. 11). (*c*) *Peter's cry:* his sinking made him again turn to Jesus; he had *some* faith, though only a little. Was Christ ever called upon in vain?

(2) *Denies Christ.* (Read Matt. xxvi. 69—75.) This story, too, is well known. Remind how Christ had foretold the denial. Ask what led to it. Fear of man—of ridicule, perhaps of death. Had been specially warned, prayed for, still fell into sin because trusting to himself, instead of seeking Christ's aid.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Show children how must cling to Christ, not merely in sunshine, but storm; not merely on Sunday in religious services, but in week; exposed to ridicule, reproach for Christ. If endure, are happy (1 Peter iv. 13), like Paul and Silas singing in prison (Acts xvi. 25). If deny Christ, liable to be denied by Him (Mark viii. 38).

Questions to be answered.

1. What sort of a prince were the Jews expecting?
2. Explain the word Christ. When was Christ anointed, and for what offices?
3. What confession of faith did Peter make, and how was he rewarded?
4. What led to Peter's rebuke of Christ?
5. Describe his walking on the water.

PRESENT PAIN FUTURE GAIN.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

FOR the next two days Lilian worked away at her sketch more steadily than she had ever been known to apply herself to anything before. It was a point of honour between the two that neither was to see the other's drawing till it was complete, so that no little curiosity was felt by the young artists as to the result of their respective efforts. But at last both were finished and submitted for inspection. Uncle Barnard was to be kept in ignorance of whose individual hand had been at work, so that he might give a true and impartial judgment.

How Lilian's heart beat when he took up the topmost drawing. It was with the utmost difficulty she remained silent while Uncle Barnard scanned her work so leisurely.

"Beautiful! upon my word," he exclaimed presently; "it's almost like a photograph."

This was certainly a tribute to the faithfulness of the representation, if nothing else; but Uncle Barnard was not much of an artist.

But there was Bertram's drawing yet to be seen. Uncle Barnard took it up and slowly lifted the tissue paper.

"The other is beautiful, but this, I should say, is perfect," was Uncle Barnard's fiat, and Bertie's picture certainly was wonderfully well done. Both were carefully finished studies, but there was an unmistakable difference; Bertie had certainly won.

There was no further time to be lost, so preparations were set on foot at once for his departure, but, before many days had elapsed Bertram could see that his mother was greatly distressed; her face bore the traces of sleepless nights and many tears, and he was grieved to see how greatly she dreaded the parting.

"Are you so averse to my leaving, mother dear?" he asked suddenly one day, prompted by the sight of her sad, tearful face.

"I am trying to think that it is the best thing for you, dear," she replied, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Are you not quite sure, then, that it is?" he demanded.

"Not quite," she replied; "but perhaps that is a little selfishness on my part, for I cannot bear the thought of my poor boy being so far away from me, suffering I know not what anguish of body or loneliness of mind, and I unable to soothe or tend my darling. You know, Bertie, I have always been your nurse, and I do not fancy that you are strong enough to do without my care."

"Why, you poor, silly, darling mother, have you been storing all this grief in your heart, without letting me know anything about it?" he exclaimed tenderly, kneeling down by her side and placing one arm lovingly round her. "What treason! I have hit on a suitable punishment. Your ugly, tiresome, deformed Bertram shall be bound to your apron-strings for ever. He utterly refuses to quit your side. Let me see how you bear up against the sentence," and he turned his mother's face towards him, and looked at her with his large expressive eyes, full of the tenderest devotion.

"My dear boy, I cannot accept such a sacrifice at your hands. My fears may be groundless. God grant that they may be."

"Sacrifice!" echoed Bertram; "I repudiate such a notion. You are treating me shamefully, putting all the love on your side, and crediting me with none. I really won't stand it, you most unjust of mothers. Acknowledge your injustice and crave my forgiveness if you wish to preserve peace among us."

"This is but the decision of a moment," she continued, smiling at his enthusiasm; "you would soon repent it," she added, arguing as much with herself as him.

"So you would drive me away from you," he answered. "And what should I do without my mother? We must all have been mad ever to have thought of such a thing. I have been so well lately that I have only thought of myself as in tolerable health, and ignored the probability of my having another terrible bout of illness. Mother mine, you have brought me to my senses; it is not too late to get Lilian's things ready if we work hard. Good-bye for the present, I am going to inform the household generally, and my father in particular, of the change in our arrangements, and expect to see Lily execute a jig on her head as a token of her delight.

"May I change my mind about going? I am afraid after all I am not strong enough," he asked of his father, and beyond a little reprimand for not having made up his mind sooner, no objection was made.

Bertram had spoken truly, when he denied feeling disappointment. His devoted love for his mother having been roused to an extraordinary degree, and being at that moment paramount, he was rendered incapable, for the time being, of any other strong feeling, but when this ebullition had calmed down, he began to realise that it was really a very keen disappointment. His visit to Rome was to furnish him with an inexhaustible fund of knowledge, to strike the key-note of future achievements, to be in fact the opening up of a new career; and now all these day-dreams must vanish. "Oh! but what a

wretch I am," he said to himself, when these ideas began to intrude themselves upon him. "I am placing my craving for knowledge in the scale against my mother's love for me, when one is light as dust in comparison to the other." At this moment his eye fell on the school motto hanging over the mantelpiece. "I wonder whether my present pain will be my future gain," he thought. "I doubt not that it will be, for I feel that my decision is God-directed."

Lilian could scarcely believe her ears when she heard the good news, and so much was she taken up with the idea of becoming Aunt Barnard's adopted daughter, that it was not until the time of departure drew very close that she began to have some sad thoughts in connection with leaving her childish home. "But it is only for two years, and that is not such a very long time," she argued with herself.

The leave-taking was, of course, rather sad. Mrs. Watson was too affectionate a mother to bear easily the parting from any of her children, but her intense thankfulness that Bertram had been left behind prevented her from feeling so acutely as she might otherwise have done.

Lilian's first letter was dated from Paris. She was enchanted with everything; she had turned out a capital sailor, and had quite enjoyed the trip across Channel, but poor Aunt Barnard had been terribly upset. They had already seen some lovely scenery, and were going to stay a day or two in Paris to see some of the sights. A little postscript added that she wished she knew a little more French, at which Bertram laughed, and remarked that Lilian was soon beginning to find out the value of study.

In Lilian's letter came a slight description of some of the sights she had seen in Paris. "It is so different from London," she wrote; "the streets are so wide and the buildings so handsome, and the people, oh, so beautifully dressed! I never saw anything like it before. We have been to see lots of churches, which I didn't think were very interesting, though they certainly were very grand, especially La Madeleine and Notre Dame; and at one very old church called St. Germain's, we were told that by its bell the signal was given for some dreadful massacre—that of the Huguenots, I think. We have seen lots of statues," Lilian went on. "I never saw such a place of statues; there are whole galleries full of them, besides those in the streets; but I really cannot see what there is in them for so many people to run after, for they all have very large waists, and their hair twisted into ugly little nobs."

"Poor Lily, she is incorrigible," laughed Bertie after the letter had been read, and just a little feeling of bitterness crept into his heart that Lilian, who understood it so little, should be having an opportunity that, if it had been his, he would have so keenly appreciated.

The next letter they received was from Florence. It contained an account of more beautiful scenery, grand churches, monuments, and sculpture. The sight of mountains seemed to have struck her more than anything she had yet seen. "You cannot imagine how grand they are," she wrote; "they seem to reach from heaven to earth. We have tried one ascent, but I did not enjoy it at all. It was terribly cold, and felt frightfully dangerous."

No more letters came from Lilian until she had reached Rome, and then they were so full of wonderful things she had seen that it would take up all my space to give an account of them. She saw St. Peter's—most gorgeous of cathedrals; and the Vatican, which contains some of the rarest works of art the world has produced.

Uncle and Aunt Barnard settled down finally in a charming villa on the outskirts of Rome. And then Lilian found time for a little home-sickness, which, however, soon wore off as she became taken up with masters and studies, which seemed to have become more genial to her. Music was her chief passion, and she seemed to be in a fair way of attaining excellence in it. "The music in the churches here is so lovely," she told them, "that no one who has heard it could possibly forget; but you must not imagine that we are neglecting our own church in this Roman Catholic country. It is quite a treat to hear an English service so far away from home." By degrees a smattering of Italian crept into her letters, which drew from Bertram the remark, that Lilian would "turn out an accomplished young lady after all."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

127. How many times is it recorded that God appeared to Solomon?

128. Who are compared in Scripture to "a deaf adder?"

129. St. Paul, in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, records one appearance of our Lord's after His resurrection which is given by only one of the Evangelists. Which?

130. Give two reasons recorded in the book of Deuteronomy why God delivered the Jews from Egyptian bondage.

131. Quote two passages from St. Paul's writings to show that Christians should pray for those in affliction, and endeavour to succour and comfort them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 304.

113. "Agony" (Luke xxii. 44).

114. Matt. iv. 11; Luke xxii. 43.

115. 1 Cor. xv. 45.

116. Jehoiakim (Jer. xxii. 18, 19).

117. St. Luke's (x. 1).

118. "The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner" (Ps. cxviii. 22).



TO A MOSS-ROSE IN CHEAPSIDE.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

WHAT you, you flush our city air,
You, Summer's boast and pride;
You born to show all things most fair
Less fair by your sweet side!

What with our feverish thirst for gold
Have you, sweet thing, to do?
Where all things else are bought and sold,
Rose, will they barter you?

Why not? O welcome, welcomed come,
Of hidden Nature speak
Of whom all else is here so dumb,
Our thought of her grows weak;
Show us with more than this poor life
Of streets we have to do;
Adieu to all the city's strife,
I'm far, sweet rose, with you.

What pleasant thoughts you bring to-day!
What leafy country hours,
Haunts where the long day dies away
From grass-plots heaped with flowers!
With fountained lawns my eyes you bless;
Trim walks I loiter through;
In peace and garden quietness
I dwell, sweet rose, with you.

Ah, now a cottage front you bring,
A porch cool shadows fill,
Up which sweet honeysuckles cling
And wander at their will;
The vine is green, and you I see
The casement peeping through;
The glowing summer moon for me
Is flushed, sweet rose, with you.

O quiet thoughts, stay with me, stay,
You leafy summer hours!
Ah me! but life must deal to-day
With other things than flowers!
Come, city thoughts! come, work and care!
Adieu, sweet dreams, adieu;
Of thoughts full poor must be the share
I give, sweet rose, to you.

O drooping bud! O weary change,
This grey and stony street
For all that to our eyes is strange,
All yours were wont to meet!
Yet I too, Nature's child, I pine
Her far-off face to view;
As weary are these thoughts of mine
As those that wither you.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IRINA had returned to London about a fortnight when the day arrived for Ruth's departure; Maurice was going too, partly to escort Ruth, and partly to see Mr. Leighton, who had already written him a very cordial letter, and wished to see him. Accordingly, one day early in October, Stephen drove Maurice and Ruth to the station and for some time the three walked up and down the platform, waiting for the train. When it arrived at length, and Maurice and Ruth were seated in the carriage, Stephen stood with his hand on the door, talking to Maurice, while Ruth listened silently, and looked wistfully at Stephen's sad face, which appeared almost sadder when he turned to her with a smile, and said, "Ruth, this departure is different from your last. You never looked happier than now."

Ruth's happiness seemed of rather a doubtful cast, for her eyes filled with tears, and she answered with a quivering lip, as she put out her hand, "I don't like going away from you though, Dr. Rae."

The train began to move. Stephen waited on the platform until he could no longer see Ruth looking out. When the little station was out of sight, Ruth sank back on her seat with a sigh.

"What is the matter with my little Ruth?" asked Maurice.

"I don't know," she answered tremulously; "I don't know whether I feel happy or unhappy."

"Isn't that treason to me?" asked Maurice, smiling.

"No. But I can't help thinking that Dr. Rae looked so sad. I don't know what is the matter with him."

"Is it not natural that he should look sad when you are going away? You seem hardly to recollect your importance to every one."

"Oh, Maurice! if I didn't recollect my importance to you, should I be as happy as I am?"

"I was setting myself aside, because I regarded that as a matter of course. But I have often noticed your tendency to disregard your own influence on others."

"That is because I feel as if I did not have any. I am so dependent on others." Then Ruth suddenly looked up with a laugh, and said, "I never could have lived a Robinson Crusoe life; it would have killed me."

"You would have been

> 'A flower born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

In that case what would have become of me? I should have lived and died a bachelor."

"No, you would have seen some other girl that you would have cared for. I don't think you are of the bachelor type."

"Then you don't regard my choice as any compliment to you especially. From that I am to infer, I suppose, that it is merely chance, your preference of me."

"Yes, in one sense. Because, Maurice, I don't think there is only one man in the world that I could

have loved. Of course, now, I could never love any one else but you, only in the first instance circumstances decide the question."

"My darling child," said Maurice, who had been listening with some amusement to Ruth's avowal, "this certainly does not sound like the romantic love one reads of in books; it takes down my pride, and humbles me considerably."

Ruth smiled, but then became grave again, and began very earnestly, "Maurice dear, I do want you to understand, and not to laugh at me. It isn't a prosaic idea at all, really; it only shows that sympathy is wider spread. And love is sympathy, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Maurice, "I agree with your doctrine in reality; but I like to make you talk about things. Do you know why?"

"No."

"For two reasons. Firstly, because sometimes you are shy with me, and I mean to cure you, so that I may have the benefit of all you *can* say if you will; secondly, because then the expression comes into your face that you used to have when you were dreamy, and would never tell me what you were thinking about. I used to try and catch that look in sketching you."

CHAPTER XIX.

Maurice took up his abode in London for the ensuing year, and as soon as he was settled he began to work hard at his painting, which had lately been somewhat neglected. In the spring he sent some pictures to the Academy, which were highly spoken of in the papers, and Ruth collected all the notices she could lay her hands on, and treasured them carefully, as some compensation for the fact that all the pictures were sold, and that she would not be likely to see them again.

In the summer Ruth went to Manchester, on a visit to Mary and Dayrell, and stayed there long enough for Maurice to grow impatient at the length of her absence. The consequence was that he came down unexpectedly and after a few days carried her off to the Willows in triumph.

One evening Maurice was going home with Ruth, up the stream from the Forsters'. He rowed diligently for some time, then resting on his oars, he said exultingly, "Only three weeks to-day, Ruth!"

Ruth looked up from the water, in which she had been idly dabbling her hand, and sighed in answer.

"This has been such a short year! I almost wish we were going to have another like it," she said presently; "no, I don't, except——"

"That you *do* repent a little," suggested Maurice, smiling.

"No, I only feel as if by making any change we should break the spell of happiness."

"You superstitious little goose!" laughed Maurice. "What calamity does your vivid imagination conjure up?"

"Nothing especial, and of course, really, it will be more perfect than ever, as we shall live so near, because we shall see Mrs. Rae and Stephen so often. Do you know, Maurice, I think it would be nice if we came down here at once, just because of that," said Ruth, laughing.

"It is better as it is," answered Maurice, rowing more vigorously again, and looking gravely at Ruth for a minute before he said, "Darling, I think you ought to know, now that Stephen has decided upon it, that he is going away."

"Going away!" echoed Ruth in dismay; "when?"

"In about a month. Have you never heard him speak of wishing to go to France, since the war broke out?"

"Oh, Maurice! is he really going there? I have heard him speak of it, but I never thought he meant it seriously." Ruth turned quite pale as she spoke, and then suddenly exclaimed, "Can't he be persuaded not to go? It is so dreadful!" She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

"I have dreaded telling you this, dear child," said Maurice, tenderly. "I waited until I knew it would be impossible, even if desirable, to keep it from you. Stephen is quite determined now."

"Maurice, I must try to persuade him—but it is sure to be of no use. What can be done?"

"Nothing, dear. Remember he wishes to go. He will be happier if he does so. Why should you try to oppose it, or be so unhappy about it?"

"I am afraid, Maurice," sobbed Ruth, "there will be danger, won't there?"

"A doctor is not necessarily exposed to great danger. It depends upon where his duties lie. You must not at once look on the dark side of the case, Ruth. Look at mother. Is she not devotedly fond of Stephen?"

"Yes."

"She knows he is going, and yet she is cheerful, and does not attempt to persuade him to remain. Stephen has told her all about it, so run in and talk to her, and hear all she has to say."

Maurice jumped out of the boat and then turned round and helped Ruth out. "Stephen would not like to see your pale little face," he said as he kissed her.

"Maurice, the spell is broken now," she whispered.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. Ruth looked up quickly, and seeing his pained expression, added remorsefully, "No—no, I don't mean that, because it can never be in one sense—never." And she put her arm round his neck and clung to him, so that Maurice could not doubt her earnest words.

A long talk with Mrs. Rae that evening, and another with Stephen when she went out for a drive with him the next morning, besides the overwhelming sense of happiness, which Ruth felt in spite of

herself, restored her to something like her ordinary condition, and the days glided away, bringing the wedding nearer and nearer.

Letty Heath and Maude Ashleigh were to be Ruth's bridesmaids, and Jack Forster the groomsman.

"It seems to me as if all the world were going to be at your wedding, Ruth," said Mrs. Rae one evening, as they were seated in the garden, "you ought to feel honoured."

"The honour is chiefly Maurice's, I think," answered Ruth.

"Not at all," said Maurice.

"Oh! but I like to think so, because I am very proud of your having so many friends. I wish I could be a spectator of the wedding, to see how pretty it will look."

"If you were only a spectator it would not look pretty."

"Oh, Maurice! don't be silly," said Ruth, laughing; "and rude too. Think how pretty Mrs. Rae will look, and Tina, and Maude, and—everybody. I mean all the ladies. Oh, Stephen! I meant to tell you to be sure not to have your hair cut on your forehead again, it will be just the right length by then."

"I will remember your injunctions," replied Stephen, opening a book which lay on his knee as if to read, but after all watching Ruth as she laughed and talked, while his thoughts were dwelling on the wedding day. Not on the wedding itself, but on the parting which would follow it. He could not shake off his thoughts, and presently rising, he walked into the house.

"Why is Stephen so much away now? It is worse than ever!" exclaimed Ruth, a few days later, as he hurried off from dinner, in order to keep an appointment in the town.

"I suppose he is preparing for his absence next week, and perhaps even for his final departure," replied Maurice. "He is gone to see Dr. Lambert, who is to take his practice."

"I should have thought that after his return from London there would have been plenty of time for that. It seems to me I shall hardly see anything more of him," sighed Ruth, as she and Maurice strolled into the garden, where they remained until it grew dark, and then they went in, and Ruth sang and played.

The next few days seemed to pass by very quickly, as they often do before any great event, and now there were only two more days before the departure of the Raes, and of Ruth to London, where the Ashleighs, Heaths, and Forsters were to follow the day before the wedding.

The evening had passed in conversation and music, and Stephen had been at home all the time—a rare occurrence now.

"Oh! how I should like to sit up much later," said Ruth, "I don't like to break up such a nice evening."

"Nice evenings come *every* evening though," replied Maurice, smiling.

"Stephen isn't always at home," said Ruth, a little mischievously as she came up to where he was standing, to say good night. "I do appreciate your being at home, you see."

Stephen kissed her in answer, and when Ruth mounted the stairs at the bottom of which they had all been standing, he turned towards his study, saying, "Maurice, I want to speak to you."

Maurice followed Stephen into the room and closed the door, then flung himself into the arm-chair and waited for his brother to speak.

Stephen was standing with his arms folded, in front of the fireplace, and after a pause he began: "You know I had intended leaving in about a fortnight;" and then he stopped abruptly, looking at Maurice, who said, "Yes?" in a questioning tone.

"Well, I have altered my plans. I find I must go immediately—early to-morrow morning." He spoke quickly, and in a constrained voice, unlike his usual tone.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Maurice, impetuously. "What do you mean, Stephen?"

"That I must go to-morrow morning."

Maurice's eyes were fixed upon his brother's face, and as he looked at the rigid mouth and contracted brow he suddenly sprang to his feet, and putting his hands on Stephen's shoulders, said breathlessly, "Why must you go?"

There was a pause. That pause confirmed Maurice in a suspicion which had haunted him at times, and which he had shaken off, but it now rose up so vividly that he felt he must know the truth, as the suspense was worse than the knowledge would be.

"Stephen, do I know why? Tell me quickly." He said this in a harsh, peremptory tone, looking at Stephen all the time.

"Maurice, I have told you all I have to tell."

"Are you keeping nothing from me?" asked Maurice, eagerly; "if I thought so I should be happy; but——"

"Be happy," replied Stephen, in a calm, steady voice.

"It is impossible now that I believe my happiness has caused so much trouble to you. You don't deny that it has caused you trouble," added Maurice, with a convulsive sob. "Then it *is* true, Stephen?" He threw himself down into the arm-chair, and exclaimed passionately, "If my death could make you happy, I would——"

"Maurice, think what you are saying. Your life, your happiness, are not your own. If anything can cause me pain, it is that you should say anything that would pain Ruth. You have no right to wish a single difference in all that has happened."

Maurice made a gesture of impatience, and was

about to answer; but Stephen placed his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Let me speak."

"I cannot: every word cuts me. I have a right to wish that you had not loved Ruth, or that she had loved you," said Maurice, fiercely.

"No; to alter what is, would be to alter Ruth herself—and, my brother, you cannot wish that. Listen to me for a minute longer," continued Stephen, "even though I go now because I cannot bear the pain of wishing her good-bye, I firmly believe this love to be the greatest blessing of my life. I can't realise it now, but nevertheless it is so. Let me keep this treasure that I could not part with, and don't grieve for me, Maurice."

Stephen's eyes filled with tears as he looked at Maurice, whose smothered sobs were so passionate and uncontrollable, "Can I ever forgive myself for letting you know this?" he asked sadly; "I meant to keep it a secret all my life."

Maurice looked up into Stephen's face, and his breast heaved as he tried to speak again; but he could not form the words that he wished to say. Springing from his seat, he flung his arms round Stephen, and they met in one long fervent embrace. Then Maurice turned to the door, and left the room.

Neither Maurice nor Stephen slept that night, and as soon as it began to grow light, Maurice dressed himself that he might accompany Stephen to the station. As the sun rose, and cleared the white mists from the valleys, shining more and more brilliantly every moment, the two brothers walked to the station to catch the first London train. Until the train came up they had not talked much; for Stephen could not trust himself to give a message to Ruth, and Maurice was too sad to converse; but just before Stephen stepped into the carriage, he turned back again, and taking Maurice's hand, said, "Give my love to Ruth—and, Maurice, don't let her think me unkind."

"She will not, and, believe me, she shall not, Stephen. Write soon. Good-bye."

Stephen grasped his hand. "Good-bye, my boy! you know all that I wish you."

Maurice turned away and walked slowly home. How to break the news to Ruth he could not tell. He thought of a thousand ways of breaking it to her, but they all seemed so abrupt, as if they would make the shock too great for his sensitive little Ruth to bear. When he arrived home, he stood in the garden, longing, yet dreading for her to come out; and then he had a restless desire to go away, and come back when she knew it. But no—nobody but himself should tell her.

At last there was a little trilling song in the house, the sound travelled gradually downwards, and Ruth appeared, singing "Summer is a coming in." Maurice heard the words as she danced across the lawn.

> "Prophet of the merry throat,
> Loudly sing, cuckoo;
> For thou bring'st, whene'er thou sing'st,
> Good tidings, ay, and true."

"Oh, Maurice! how early you are," she exclaimed, breaking off her song as she drew near. Maurice stood quite still; he could not go to meet her. Ruth stopped when she had come nearly up to him, with the wondering and rather frightened expression that made Maurice blurt out suddenly, in spite of his carefully-arranged speeches,—"I have been to the station with Stephen; he has gone away this morning."

"To France?"

"Yes." *(To be continued.)*

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

III.—WITH THE CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

THAT great invading French army of nobles, gentry, artists, traders, handicraftsmen, of which some account has already been given, was added to from time to time, even as lately as the Revolution, and the restoration of the dynasty after the downfall of Napoleon, when a strange reaction against the Protestants was commenced, partly as a pretence for concealing political animosity. The department of the Gard was once more the scene of horrible atrocities, against which Lord Brougham invoked the aid of the English Parliament, and obtained the help of Austrian bayonets to protect the people, who were being murdered, tortured, or outraged, in defiance of feeble local authorities. But by this time there was a new generation of the first great Anglo-French colony in London. Spitalfields had grown to the dimensions of a township. Bethnal had begun to lose its greenness. There was, as there still is, a remarkable settlement about Soho. "Petty France" was as well known as the exhibition of needlework in Leicester Square, or Mr. Salmon's wax figures in Fleet Street.

Those poor refugees who fled to escape from the horrors of Sainte Guillotine, or the ruthless cruelties at Nismes, came to brethren many of whom had never seen the glowing valleys and golden fields of Languedoc, whence their forefathers escaped only with life and hands to

work. They had preserved their national characteristics; they attended churches and chapels where the pastors still spoke in their native language, and where they had established schools for their children; but they had settled down to a quiet, though a busy life, in the heart of the great workshop of the world, and only a few of them—principally the gentry, some of whom had regained a portion of their property—felt frequent or urgent impulses to return. More than a hundred and twenty years had elapsed since the "Royal Bounty" had been expended in the relief of the 27,000 *émigrés* who yet were without any permanent refuge for the destitute, the sick, the aged, and the insane among their number. This was in 1688, and it was not till nearly twenty-eight years afterwards that any regular institution was organised. The earlier refugees had become aged or had died, after having obtained such temporary help as could be afforded by subscriptions or the large benefactions of their more wealthy fellow-countrymen. Still, the later emigrations increased the number of applicants for permanent relief. At last, in 1718, a great concourse of French refugees assembled in a chapel which formed a special portion of a building only just completed, but which had already received the dignity of forming the subject of a Royal charter granted by His Majesty King George I. to his "right trusty and right well-beloved cousin, Henry de Massue, Marquis de Ruvigny, Earl of Galloway, and a number of trusty and well-beloved gentlemen, all naturalised refugees, who made the first governor and directors of the "Hospital for Poor French Protestants and their descendants residing in Great Britain;" otherwise known as the French Hospital, but soon to be spoken of with simple pathetic brevity as "La Providence."

The idea of founding such a charity was due to a distinguished refugee in Holland—no less a personage than M. de Gastigny, Master of the Hounds to Prince William of Orange; a ruddy, jovial-looking gentleman withal, whose portrait, should you go to see it, will set you wondering whether he could ever have been classed among the "sour sectaries" to whom it was the fashion to attribute a disregard of social pleasures. A bequest of a thousand pounds sterling from the bluff keeper of the kennels was to be divided into equal sums—£500 for the building, and the interest of the remaining £500 to be spent on its maintenance.

Not a very adequate provision, truly, for any such purpose; but sufficiently suggestive to set the more prosperous members of the great Anglo-French colony to increase the amount. The astute Master of the Hounds must surely have foreseen this result when he left this legacy to the management of the trustees of the already existing relief fund, still miscalled "the Royal Bounty." They exhibited that prudence in money matters which is a French characteristic, and let the thousand pounds accumulate for eight years, after which a general subscription was invited from successful merchants and traders, while with a just appreciation of the benefits which had been conferred by these good citizens on the land of their adoption, some wealthy Englishmen added their contributions to the general fund.

Thus it came about, that a piece of land was purchased in the Golden Acre—a queer old half-countrified precinct of St. Giles, Cripplegate—that a building was erected for the reception of eighty poor persons, that a charter was granted, and that the new charitable association was consecrated in the new chapel by Philippe Menard, the minister of the French Church of St. James's and secretary of the enterprise.

This was, indeed, something worth working for. The aged or afflicted poor among the refugees were no longer mere mendicants living on precarious alms. Out of their abundance the more prosperous gave cheerfully. In 1736 another adjoining site was purchased, and another side of the great open quadangle of garden ground was built upon, so that by 1760 the "Providence" numbered 230 inmates. This, however, was its culminating point of usefulness. Religious persecution had diminished, and at length may be said to have ceased altogether. Even as early as 1720 only 5,000 persons required relief from the "Bounty," so that eventually the trustees were enabled to devote part of it to the assistance of those who fled from the Revolution—many of whom were the descendants of those who had been the persecutors of the Protestants. The great industrial colony, prudent, temperate, and industrious, had almost grown beyond its earlier needs—and all that it required was that some adequate provision should be made for infirm or aged men and women, who being widowed or unmarried, and without means of support, required a refuge in which they might peacefully end their days. The same causes which had diminished the number of applicants had also reduced the amount of current subscriptions, so that some portion of the building was removed, as being no longer necessary, and in order to secure a sufficient endowment an Act of Parliament was obtained, empowering the directors to let their land on building leases. By that time the neighbourhood was known not as "the Golden Acre," but as St. Luke's, and on the ground once purchased by the Marquis de Ruvigny and his trusty and well-beloved companions, grew Radnor Street, Galway Street, Gastigny Place, and part of Bath Street, while the number of inmates was reduced to sixty—that is to say, about twenty men and forty women, all of

whom were to be above sixty years of age, of French extraction, and professing the Protestant religion. It was a queer old range of building, that retreat; pleasant enough, perhaps, when as a rather blank series of red brick houses, it looked across its own formal walled garden to the pleasant fields and open country, but strangely silent, and with a crumbling, dreary look about it, when the lunatic asylum of St. Luke's dominated all the surrounding tenements of a crowded, sordid neighbourhood. Only the initiated could easily find the little low black door that opened in the bare wall, and led to the large irregular space, which was laid out in weedy beds and stony borders, distinguished by an air of decay rather than of production—especially where in certain dank corners a tangle of sapless stalks and tendrils indicated some faintly hopeful attempt to rear an arbour, in which persons of robust imagination might fancy they were sheltered from impending blacks that issued from the manufactory chimneys close by. The visitor to this out-of-the-way corner of the great city, seeing the old people walking up and down the paved causeway in front of the row of crooked-paned lower windows, or airing themselves at the doorsteps, might be excused for the fancy that they had the imaginative faculty of children; and were expected to "make believe" a good deal before they could quite reconcile themselves to the notion that this dingy area of quadrilateral plots and paths, in which the wet stood in small puddles, was ever a "pleasaunce" gay with garden blooms, and smelling of knotted marjoram and fragrant thyme. Yet there were still evidences of the invincible cheerfulness of the old French nature, among the old creatures with faces streaked like winter apples, and hands which, even though they trembled, were swift of gesture and of emphasis.

There were old fellows there who had still about them indications of true comeliness and grace that distinguished them from all vulgar surroundings;—ancient gentlemen, who would go out on wet days to sweep away any rainpools that might lie before the doors of the old ladies, and so besmirch an otherwise immaculate shoe. It should be remembered, too, that there was no livery there. Those who had some one to help them to the garb of gentility wore what pleased them; those who were dependent on the charity for clothing, were neither bound in one pattern, nor condemned to the uniform of poverty. Neat or lively cotton prints, or warm stuff gowns, with proper hose and caps and kerchiefs, for the women; plain Oxford mixture, black, steel grey, or brown, for the men, and each one measured for his suit. Those who entered there were not the recipients of a dole grudgingly conceded. It was no poorhouse, but the "Providence." Even ten years ago there were some evidences of the old meaning of the place in the remnants of the antique furniture which adorned the queer rooms. They were not wards or dormitories, but veritable bedrooms; and each one had its own peculiarities, even in the bedsteads with spindle posts and dimity hangings, the boxes and cupboards, and special chairs which distinguished it from the rest. Some of these things had evidently been heirlooms either of the institution or of the individual; and, indeed, the preservation of individuality was a cheerful feature of the place, despite its dim and somewhat dreary surroundings.

The Board Room was, in its way, one of the most extraordinary apartments in London: with its tables supported by a tangled puzzle of legs, its high-backed, polished chairs with leather seats, worn till they reminded one of the cover of an antique ledger bound in unfinished calf; its wonderful old black-framed prints representing the meetings of the Huguenots in the Clerk's field in the times when men and women carried their lives in their hands, and dragoons rode congregations down and slashed them with sabres as they fell. Its dimly-seen portraits of the noble, broad-browed, dark-eyed Ruvigny (the first governor), who refused to go back to France even at the invitation of the King; of the gentle Pastor Menard, with high, capacious forehead, and calm, strong mien; of hale, shrewd, ruddy Gastigny; and of some men of later date, with Frenchman written in every line of their finely-marked faces.

The little room set apart as a chapel—a barely-furnished place enough, with desk and raised platform and plain seats—was venerable because of all the meaning that lay in its studied absence of all ornament, and because of the intensity of meaning that it must once have had to the sad-eyed men who crowded into it, some thinking, perhaps, how it had come about that they could stand there without a hand upon the hilt of a sword.

There were even, at that later time, old men and women in the dim old building who could repeat family legends of the emigration—for they lived to a great age, these French folk, many of them being still alert of eye and ear and foot, even though they had heard the click of the shuttle and the rattle of the loom eighty years before.

Some of them have survived the old place itself; for while they are in a new home, the ancient building has changed, if even it be not altogether dismantled. The leases paid good interest, and eight years ago a new French Hospital arose—away from the dingy old precinct of the Golden Acre.

To see this later "Providence" aright, you must come through the very heart of that neighbourhood which was once the great Silk Colony, thread

the bye-ways of Poverty Market, note the tall silent houses where the looms no longer rattle, nor the sharp whirr of the shuttle stirs cage-birds to sing; pass along the debatable land lying on the edge of Shoreditch, where human beings live in sties built in the backyards of other houses, in streets that are still with the blank silence of misery and want. You should pass among pigeon and dog fanciers; call in at certain dingy, slipshod taverns, where at night a slouching company will meet to hear bullfinches pipe for wagers, and where starving men and women stand and drink away the pence that are all too few to buy food for the starving brood at home, and so are flung upon the sloppy counter in exchange for the drugged drink that feels like food and fire in one. Through Bethnal Green, with its "townships" and its "Follies," extending in sordid rows of tenements built to one dreary pattern. Over districts which, only a few years ago, were fields and open spaces, leading to farm lands and hedgerows, and so away to the great expanse of marsh land where the dappled kine wade knee-deep in the lush pastures, and the stunted pollards stand like patient fishermen upon the river's brink.

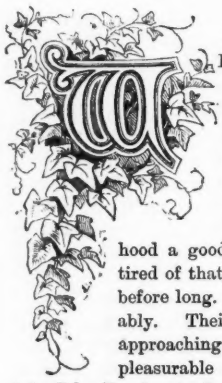
(To be continued.)

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

REPENTANCE AT LEISURE.



WHEN she had set things as right as it was possible to set them at Ashmead, Beatrice and her husband found themselves with more leisure on their hands than they knew what to do with. They drove about the neighbourhood a good deal at first, but they got tired of that, and of each other's society before long. The days lagged interminably. Their only interest was in the approaching trial, and that was not a pleasurable interest. It began also to take John Baselow to London frequently, much more frequently, Beatrice began to understand, than there was any necessity for, and she was thus left in absolute loneliness to chew the cud of reflection during many a long bright summer day.

There was the garden—a homely one, it is true, for old Mr. Baselow had preferred the useful to the ornamental, but even he had had some sympathy with the luxuriousness of Nature—and the rose bushes still blossomed round the cabbage and potato beds. Beatrice had gathered them diligently at first, but now they withered neglected, as they had been used to wither. There was an old orchard, whose moss-grown trees still bore downy plums and rose-cheeked apples; but Beatrice saw the fruitage form, and swell, and plump, and colour as the days went by, till she almost hated the sight of it, so much a part did it seem of the dreadful monotony. All round lay the flat meadows, and the long, low horizon, unbroken save by a line of feathery willows marking where a streamlet crawled along, or stagnated, or by a cluster of roofs round a grey church tower. There was plenty of life about the place. Cows calved and sheep ran about with their lambs, pigs littered and countless broods of chickens, and ducklings were brought forth, but Beatrice took no interest in anything of the sort. When she had made up with her clever fingers the last new bonnet or gown, for the materials of which she had had a journey to London, almost the only thing worth living for, her occupation was gone, and the terrible weariness of having nothing to do took possession of her.

In default of servants—for good servants were not to be had without the prospect of regular wages, and besides would not have been likely to put up with the accommodation at Ashmead, so that the pair had had sense enough not to seek to introduce them in the present stage—in default of servants a man and his wife had been brought in from one of the cottages on the property. The man was a labourer—a great, rough, hulking fellow; the woman, a small, slight, rather pretty-looking creature. They had one child, a girl of ten, who was thrown into the bargain as it were. The man was to be allowed to go to work as usual, and the woman was to earn the house-room and food of the family. In her girlhood the woman had been a respectable servant, and she was remarkably quick and clever, as was also her little girl, so that Beatrice was better off for service than she was at all aware of. But she was by no means a gainer by Mrs. Baffles' society. She, poor thing, had had so doleful an experience of marriage, that she was not only ready to pour out the sorrows she had endured, but to prognosticate the like sorrows to all who had entered on the same evil estate. Three of her children had been born dead through overwork and ill-usage. She had been beaten; she had been starved; she had almost been frozen to death, and she was but seven-and-twenty, and she poured out her desperate experience of matrimony for the benefit of her sympathising mistress, Beatrice being forced into sympathy by solitude. Mrs. Baffles had already formed a very



"It was empty"—*p.* 346.

bad opinion of her master, and it was she who had set afloat the rumours concerning his cruelty to his mother, in which she herself firmly believed.

One day John Baselow had left Ashmead early and gone up to town by one of the morning trains, saying that he would not return that night. After a long day's absence Beatrice did not make returning home as agreeable to him as he thought he had a right to expect. He had just replenished his purse by the sale of some of the stock, and had promised himself a little pleasure, as a reward for the not very pleasant business which he had to transact in seeing the lawyer who was managing his case, and in the periodical visit to his mother's quarters, in order to pay her board, which he had guaranteed a month in advance.

He might say what he chose about business, however, Beatrice knew that he was bent on pleasure, and she wanted to share it. She had asked to go up with him, and he had refused to take her. But that was no reason why she should stay moping there all by herself. She could surely go up to town without asking her husband's leave. She wanted to know how they were getting on at home—whether Jerry had recovered (poor Geraldine, on whose grave the grass was growing green already); whether Ada still lived with her cousin, and what father and mother and Albert and his wife were about. The desire to see them had come upon her often of late. She was discovering, rather to her dismay, that she had a heart after all, and that the memories of home were stirring it strongly.

To-day, no sooner had she begun to long for home, than she resolved to gratify her longing; and no sooner had she formed her resolution than she began to act upon it. She dressed herself without delay in her plainest and quietest things, and started off for the station, about a couple of miles off from the house. She was so far fortunate that she almost immediately caught a train, and modestly seating herself in a second-class carriage, was soon whirling along the line to London.

When she arrived at the London terminus, she hailed an omnibus and proceeded on her journey. Ere long she reached the familiar main road, and was set down close to the door of the house which she had left as Beatrice Lovejoy. She hurried up to it, oppressed by a feeling of consciousness for which she could not account, and which made her shade her face with her parasol, and keep her eyes steadily fixed on the ground. At length she stood before it, and was about to lift her hand to the knocker, but she had almost fallen forward, for the door stood wide open. She advanced a step or two and looked into the front parlour. It was empty. It seemed as if the painters were in the house, for there stood on the hearth a bucket and a brush, but no one was there. She stood still for a moment, and the life she had lived there passed before her eyes with a vividness she had never before realised the possibility of. Turning away, she passed up the stair, which echoed as the stairs of empty houses echo. She looked into every room; each seemed to have some old story written on its walls. A feeling of loneliness, of desolation, almost made her weep. She quitted the house without knowing what she should do next. Timidly she ventured to knock at the next door and inquire where her friends had gone to. The woman who opened it recognised her, but treated her as a stranger, evidently more than doubtful of her respectability. Beatrice asked if she knew where her neighbours had gone to? It was a difficult question to ask, for it revealed her ignorance of what she ought certainly to have known—the abode of her own parents. More than ever doubtful of her, the woman answered that she knew nothing about them, adding that she always kept herself to herself, a statement which she made as if it contained the sum of human wisdom.

Beatrice turned away, hiding her hurt. She was feeling faint, for she had breakfasted early and lightly, and had still a long journey before her, so she went into the shop of a third-rate baker and confectioner, and bought a penny bun, with which, and a glass of cold water, she regaled herself, debating in her mind the while whether or not she should cross London's extreme breadth, and seek from Fanny some information concerning her family. She had just made up her mind to do this, when, turning a corner, she ran up against her husband. But for the actual contact causing both to start and stare, they would have passed unrecognised and unrecognising.

"What are you doing here?" cried John Baselow, in a voice of angry astonishment; "I thought you were safe at home."

"I am safe enough here," replied the reckless Beatrice.

"I ask you what you are doing here?" he shouted.

She looked at him defiantly. "I have been to see my father," she said.

"What business had you to come without letting me know?" he replied, thoroughly enraged.

"I did not think of it till after you were gone," she answered. Her instinct told her that the tug of war had come, and that if she yielded she would be this man's slave for the rest of her life. They stood still, glaring at each other, and Beatrice did not flinch.

"Well, and where are you going now?" he asked.

"Home," she thought fit to answer. She did not care to pursue her purpose that day.

"You'll be sorry you married me if you do this sort of thing often," he said.

"For that matter," she answered, "I'm sorry enough already, and I mean to do as I please."

Beatrice certainly was not a manageable person at the best, reckless and defiant she was still less so. She looked dangerous.

"The sort of woman to get a man into a regular mess," was her husband's flattering opinion of her.

He turned with her, however, and saw her into the omnibus, and on leaving her he touched his hat mockingly, an action of which she took outwardly no notice, but which roused her passionate and vindictive temper to the utmost.

Once at home, Beatrice gave way to her passion, and indulged in fits of hysterical rage and weeping. Calm succeeded storm, and storm succeeded calm in her ill-disciplined mind, till she had completely worn herself out; then she went to bed and fell asleep from exhaustion before the evening light had faded from the sky. How long she had been asleep she did not know, but she was suddenly awakened by the crash of some heavy body falling. She started up, and listening intently, thought she heard a suppressed scream. She jumped out of bed, and opening her bedroom door, stood rooted to the landing, while the man and his wife below carried on a horrible altercation. Beatrice's blood was rising and her heart beat wildly as she heard the poor creature pursued and taken, pleading all the while to be let alone for fear of waking the mistress. Beatrice was brave; she hastened back to her room, threw on some clothes, and went down-stairs, making as much noise as she could.

"There's the mistress coming," she heard the woman say, who immediately came out of the kitchen and met her on the stair, entreating her to return.

"He will murder me—he will murder both of us!" she whispered. But Beatrice went on. She paused, however, on the threshold and looked in. The drunken wretch had flung a chair at his wife's head. That was the cause of the noise which had resounded through the house and awakened its sleeping mistress. There he was, a strong, terrible beast, and Beatrice wavered, though he looked cowed when he saw her. Just then she happened to see the key in the lock outside the kitchen door, and adroitly, and without the least appearance of terror, turned it on him, and left him to his own reflections, commanding his trembling wife to come and sleep in her room, where she made a bed for her on the floor.

Beatrice was learning to make herself formidable, if need were. In the morning she went down and released her prisoner, waking him at the same time, and threatening, to his dimly apprehensive mind, a number of penalties unknown to the law, if ever he transgressed in the same way again. At the same time she resolved that nothing should induce her to stay another night alone at Ashmead.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"HINDLEY *v.* BASELOW."

THE case of "Hindley *v.* Baselow" was not a *cause célèbre*. It was very quietly disposed of, one dark November day, at Westminster Hall, in a thinly attended court. Beatrice and her husband were there, and Beatrice looked unusually beautiful under the veil which she kept over her face to hide the flush of anxiety and excitement that had settled upon it. Both she and her husband had suffered a good deal during those final weeks of waiting—neither of them confessed to the other how much; neither of them sought the sympathy of the other. John Baselow was doubtful of the issue of the case, on which for him so much depended, because he was doubtful of his father ever having any good intent toward him, and he had naturally communicated his doubt to Beatrice; and Beatrice had not assured him that it would make no difference to their happiness, as most young wives would have done, fully believing also in their own anticipations, however fallacious. Neither had he whispered, as married lovers will, that with her he held a prize greater than wealth or worldly inheritance. There was certainly no romance about Beatrice and her husband. The question which had absorbed them day and night was, whether they were to be sent back from whence they came, into the crowd of strugglers for bread, or were to grasp the reality of that wealth and position, whose semblance had been tantalising them for those months past. They coveted wealth now as they had never coveted it before. There was no longer any possibility of happiness for them apart from it. They positively shuddered at the prospect of the life which might once have satisfied them both—he at his desk in the City, she at the cares of the little household which a City clerk could maintain. They were each too selfish to imagine what the depth of the other's disappointment would have been in the event of the loss of their cause, else they would have displayed a little more sympathy when the end came—a sympathy which might have gone far to sweep away the barrier which was rising between them. The case broke down even before all the witnesses had been heard on the side of the defendant, the jury declaring themselves satisfied that old Mr. Baselow, up to the time of his decease, was in full possession of his faculties.

Philip was in attendance at court, and but for him so would Fanny Lovejoy have been. She had proposed bringing Ada and Lucy, as they were very anxious to hear the result; but a hint from Philip had sufficed to keep them away. Philip was a purist, and he feared that the facts of this man's impure life might be brought out during the trial, and therefore desired to keep Lucy and Ada away from it. But Fanny was to bring them to the Hall in the afternoon when the trial was expected to be over, and Ada was to meet her sister there for the first time since her marriage.

Beatrice had made another effort to see her family. She had written to Fanny, and ascertained the address of the lodging to which her father and mother had removed. Ada had refused to communicate with her. Ada was like a musical instrument of great

compass, passive till struck, and then capable of waking up into tones of wrath, as well as of love. And her wrath was the wrath of love. She loved Beatrice still, though her heart was hot against her for her cruel desertion. Beatrice's mother, too, resented her conduct, and refused to be a party to the reconciliation which Beatrice sought.

The latter had no sooner received the address sent to her by Fanny, in as formal a manner as possible, for Fanny, acting under Ada's influence, was no longer slipshod and undecided, than she set her husband completely at nought, and announced her determination to go and see her parents at once.

"Very well," John Baselow had answered, "do as you please; but mind, I have nothing to do with them. I don't want any hangers-on of my own or yours either."

The home of the Lovejoys had been once more completely broken up. Albert was going about idle, with very little prospect of doing anything else, only that Philip, whom he had so deeply maligned, was interesting himself to obtain some kind of appointment for him; and Albert's wife and children had been joyfully taken possession of by her relations, who most devoutly hoped that some special providence might intervene to prevent the necessity of their ever being again a burden to their husband and father.

Therefore Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy had taken lodgings for themselves and for Albert in a small house, not so far removed from the centre of things, and the old people maintained themselves and their son as best they could. Mr. Lovejoy had, at Philip's instance, succeeded to the post vacated by his son; but where the son had been barely tolerated, the father was speedily on a footing of special favour with every one in the office, from the highest to the lowest. The responsibility, if not the emolument, of his office filled his imagination. He magnified it, and it magnified him. He was delighted with his position, with his occupation, and with his associates, who were, for their part, delighted with him. Mr. Cator looked up to him as an authority on affairs of domestic economy, which he could discuss freely with a man who was able to dignify the humblest subject, as Mr. Lovejoy dignified it.

When Beatrice, in pursuance of her determination, visited the address she had obtained, she found her mother all alone, and the reception she met with was not quite affectionate. Mrs. Lovejoy was sweeping out her rooms in attire which, to her daughter's mind, was ostentatiously menial; Beatrice guessing shrewdly that her plain cotton gown and coarse holland apron were protests against the gentility of the rest of the family.

Mrs. Lovejoy offered her daughter no salutation, either by word or act, and left her to open the conversation.

"How are you, mother?" said Beatrice, who was proud and uncompliant, but knowing that her mother was the same, had come prepared to eat a certain amount of humble pie.

"I'm very well," said Mrs. Lovejoy, stiffly.

Her mother treated her as a stranger, and she looked like one there in her nice dress, which was not so fine as it was fresh and bright; nevertheless she went on, "I made up my mind," she said, "that I would come and see you in spite of him."

"In spite of whom?" her mother asked, knowing perfectly well who Beatrice meant.

"My husband," was the answer.

No response save a contemptuous "hem."

"Won't you speak to me, mother?"

"Best not, perhaps," Mrs. Lovejoy answered; "I've got little to say you'd like to hear."

"How's father?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And Ada? I suppose she's with her cousin still."

A mere nod of assent.

"And Jerry?" Beatrice went on.

This time Mrs. Lovejoy turned upon her daughter a never-to-be-forgotten look of anger and of sorrow.

"Jerry is in her grave."

"Oh, mother! I did not know," cried Beatrice, the tears coming as she looked down at her bright dress.

"Then you ought to," said her mother, sternly, and turned upon her with a volley of reproach. "I wouldn't mind the way you left us," she cried, "if you had not been so hard to her. If you had been a good sister to her, she might have been alive and well. I blame you for her death. I tell you it lies at your door."

"Blame me!" said Beatrice, trembling, but really unconscious of fault.

"Yes, you," her mother retorted. "Do you remember when she caught that first cold, you wouldn't lend me money to get her a pair of boots, and she got her feet wet and wet again, and it was the death of her?"

"Mother, I didn't know it would hurt," said Beatrice, stung to the quick; "you know she has often and often had wet feet before, and they did her no harm; and, for that matter, so have I. And you know, too, that when I lent you money I never got it back again, and had to go without decent things myself. I hadn't a chance unless I turned hard."

"Well, you've had your chance then," said her mother, turning away.

"I always meant to help you if I could," said Beatrice. "Do you want any money?"

"None from you," replied Mrs. Lovejoy, neither to be won nor bought.

"I've saved this," said Beatrice, holding out her hand with some coin in it; but her mother would not see, and she was obliged to return it to her pocket, deeply mortified. "Good-bye, mother," she added, without sitting down in the house.



(*Drawn by* W. BUCKMANN.)

"But at last his work of love was ended."

See "MY VIOLIN"—p. 349

"Good-bye," repeated Mrs. Lovejoy, sitting down as soon as Beatrice had left, and indulging in some rare and bitter tears. But when Mr. Lovejoy came home, and heard that Beatrice had been there, he rejoiced. Only too placable and ready to forgive, he was sorry that his wife had treated their eldest girl so harshly. "Look at the way she left us! "repeated Mrs. Lovejoy. "Have you forgotten that you nearly died of it?—fell down in the street in a fit; and Jerry—that she died because of her sister's hard-heartedness—have you forgotten?"

Mr. Lovejoy had not forgotten, but he needed to be reminded of the dark side of things, and he was quite willing to consign them to oblivion; and so he had written to Beatrice, and lamented his absence on the occasion of her visit. Such is human nature, however, that Beatrice valued that letter less than she would have done her mother's slightest word, and so she had never come again, and she had not seen her father till she saw him sitting opposite to her in court, trying hard to encourage her by look and smile, and contributing in no small degree to the excitement under which she laboured.

When the case was over John Baselow rose from his seat, and leaving Beatrice's side without so much as a congratulatory pressure of her hand, went over to speak to his lawyer. Beatrice, too, rose and left the court, walking calmly and steadily, but with a faintness at her heart which almost blinded her, and made her feel that she wanted her husband's arm to lean upon. It was her father who met her in the doorway, made way for her, and led her out. Standing on the steps of the court, he took both her hands in his and said, "God bless you!" The simple words moved and melted her, and she stood for a moment clinging to him, while one or two dry sobs shook her frame, while from the bottom of the hall Ada saw them, and hastened toward them where they stood.

Fanny had duly escorted Lucy and Ada thither at the hour named by Philip, which was that of the rising of the court, and they had paced up and down under its spacious roof but a very little time when the case was concluded, and Arthur Wildish hastened out to communicate the tidings to the little party. He knew they were coming, and with even more than his usual restlessness had rushed out of court several times to see if they had put in their appearance. And at last he had been rewarded by seeing Fanny sailing into the hall with a young lady on each side of her. Then he had hastened back to hear the conclusion, and be the first to carry the report of it. And there he was, striding down the hall in his gown and wig, his gown flying out behind him in the eagerness of his movements, crying as he reached them, "The case is won!" completely forgetting that, in identifying his interest with Ada's, he was separating himself from that of Mr. Tabor and his respected client. But, then, he had managed to decline being junior counsel on the other side, without violating the etiquette of his profession.

(*To be continued.*)

MY VIOLIN.

FASHIONED in the years of bygone ages,
By the mighty Stradiuarius' art!
Watched o'er by the music-loving sages,
Of their very lives and beings part!

On the mountain-side the tall tree, bending,
Gave itself a sacrifice for thee;
And the sough of light winds softly blending,
Sighs sometimes in thy sweet melody.

All the woodland sounds, the birds' sweet singing,
Rustling of the spring and summer breeze,
Often now are in thy tones heard ringing,
Learn'd long years since from the forest trees.

And the great Italian thought and pondered
Over thee for days and weeks and years;
Hoped sometimes, then feared, and ever wondered
What the end of all his hopes and fears.

But at last his work of love was ended,
Perfect every graceful curve and line.
Forth into the world by love attended
Went the violin I now call mine!

Mine I call thee! but not mine thy feeling,
And not mine thy wondrous moving art;
And not mine thy passion past revealing,
Touching chords long silent in my heart.

Many who have played on thee are lying
In the long sleep, peacefully at rest;
But their best and noblest thoughts undying
Ring out to the world by thee express'd.

All the best of each by thee is treasured,
All the wrong that might have been undone;
And 'tis thus as years roll on, unmeasured
Is the thrilling sweetness of thy tone.

In the case with purple velvet lining,
Gently lay I thee with tender care;
With the light of long years brightly shining,
Shedding over thee a radiance rare.

H. OSBORNE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 14. ST. PETER. PART III.

Chapters to be read—Parts of John xxi.; Acts ii., iii., ix.

INTRODUCTION. A good many events in St. Peter's life have been necessarily passed over. Let the children name some—*e.g.*, his being sent to prepare the Passover, his being with Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane and at the Transfiguration his cutting off the ear of Malchus, and running with St. John to the sepulchre. Ask what all these teach us about him—viz., that he loved to be *with* Christ, and to do something *for* Christ. What did this show? love and devotion. Did these ever fail?

I. PETER FORGIVEN. (Read John xxi. 15—19.) Bring the scene before the children. The apostles after Christ's resurrection return to their fishing; never idle, though apostles. Christ in the morning on the shore, just as before when Peter was called by Him; the net cast into the sea; the draught of great fishes; John recognising Christ first, but Peter jumping into the sea in his haste to reach Him: then the dinner, and after that the conversation. What did Christ ask Peter—how often? why three times? How must love be shown? who are Christ's lambs? (Ps. xxiii. 1; John x. 16.) How was Peter to feed them? (1 Peter ii. 2.) Did he like the question being put three times—why not? Was it meant to show a doubt of his love? how did Peter answer—boastfully or humbly? What a change in his manner! Then show the prophecy as to Peter's end; had been bold, free fisherman; going where he liked, doing what he liked; now called to work for Christ; must give up his own will, be carried into strange places, such as prison, and at last be crucified like Christ. Must suffer all things for Christ. All this a proof of his being forgiven. If Christ not cared for him, would have left him alone; being forgiven, must live and die for Christ.

II. PETER PREACHING. (Read Acts ii. 14—28.) Ask how long Christ was on earth after His resurrection; where the apostles saw Him; where He ascended; what they did then (Acts i. 12); what they were waiting for—how long they waited—how they spent their time; who was chosen in Judas' place. Then describe the scene of the descent of the Holy Ghost; the rushing wind and the cloven tongues; the strange languages. Ask what the people thought was the matter; then refer to Peter's first sermon. (*a*) *The text* (ver. 17); a quotation from Joel ii. 28, 32, showing that the Spirit had been promised, and was now come. (*b*) *The heads.* Point out how he appealed to them from their beloved Old Testament Scriptures as to Jesus Christ; what proof had He given of His Divine mission? how did He fulfil the Scriptures? Who spoke of the resurrection? Did David refer to himself? why not? had any one else been raised up without seeing corruption? then to whom must David have referred? Who were the witnesses of Christ's resurrection? Besides, where was Christ gone? had David ascended? No; therefore this same Jesus was exalted as both Lord (or King) and Christ, the anointed Prophet and Priest. (*c*) *The application.* (Read ver. 37—42.) How did the people feel? Why? what was their great sin? What question did they ask, and how did St. Peter answer? They must do three things. Ask what these were. What comes first? Explain "repentance" as a change of life including sorrow for the past; then they must be baptised in the name of Christ: why was this necessary? From Rom. x. 10, and Acts viii. 37, show that this was for the outward profession of belief in Jesus as the Son of God: and then the third thing was to "save themselves" from a wicked people—*i.e.*, to live holy lives.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *Doctrine.* Ask why the resurrection of Christ so important; from 1 Cor. xv. 10—19, show how all our hopes are based on it. Christ, the risen, ascended Saviour, sending down the Holy Spirit, the centre of our belief and worship. (2) *Practice.* What effect should this belief have upon us? As He rose, we shall rise, What for? How then should we live? In readiness for the judgment; we must have repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

III. PETER WORKING MIRACLES. (Read Acts iii. 1—12.) Question on this familiar story, and show how both in speaking to the man and afterwards to the people (ver. 12) St. Peter disclaimed altogether any power or virtue in himself; but in all pointed to Jesus Christ. Was this like his conduct before? Still bold, but boldness with meekness the truest boldness. Show also how eager he was to teach the people; he took this and every opportunity to set before them the life and death of Jesus Christ; he tells them plainly and boldly how they killed Christ (ver. 15); but shows how He is the Prince of Life, who blesses men by turning them away from sin (ver. 26). Then read Acts ix. 32—43, to show the kind of life Peter led, going about all the churches—*i.e.*, congregations—everywhere doing good, healing the sick, teaching the people; in all things "feeding the lambs," and copying Christ's example.

Questions to be answered.

1. How did Christ show that He forgave Peter?
2. How was his death foretold?
3. Describe Peter's first sermon.
4. What great doctrine did the apostles preach?
5. Name any miracles worked by St. Peter.
6. Describe his character after the Resurrection.

PRESENT PAIN FUTURE GAIN.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

THE beautiful long summer days waned at last and merged into winter, and winter in its turn gave place to spring, before any important event occurred to break the quiet routine of Bertram's life. He was sitting one beautiful afternoon with Miss Banks and his mother in the schoolroom, his fingers lazily employed in making garlands of primroses for the little ones, his soul engrossed in the beautiful poem his mother was reading.

"It is simply inimitable," he said with a sigh when she had finished, alluding perhaps to some hidden ambition. "I wonder whether Goethe was ever satisfied with himself. I should think not, for that would imply a certain limit to his genius, that I should be loth to assign to him, and would deprive him of a quiet heroism with which all men of great achievements are invested in my mind."

"What a hero-worshipper you are!"

"Thank you, mother," he replied laughingly; "I have Carlyle's authority that hero-worship implies something of the heroic."

Their conversation was interrupted by a hurried request that Mrs. Watson would go at once to her husband. Bertram followed his mother from the room with an anxious heart. Their worst presentiment had not pictured the truth. His father was lying on the floor in a terrible fit.

He was taken up from the place where he lay, to his bed, and recovered consciousness only a few minutes before he died. In this interval he bade his wife and child, who had never quitted him, a touching farewell, begging Bertram to watch over and guard his mother, and endeavour by his affection to console and cheer her in her sorrow. Bertram was deeply affected by this proof of his father's faith in so young a lad as himself; and he made a resolve to be worthy of the trust reposed in him, calling on God to witness the sincerity of his intention. In this solemn moment his heart was full of thankfulness to the kind Providence that had enabled him to receive his father's dying blessing and injunction, and appointed him to stand by and sustain his beloved mother in her bereavement. What were all the pleasures that learned Rome could afford in comparison with so great and holy a joy as had been afforded him? Truly, what he had gained was far beyond the past pain he had endured.

At first Mrs. Watson was stunned by her loss, and it was well that she had Bertram by her to think and act. He it was who executed the painful duties which inevitably occur at this sad time, doing all with a premature wisdom that had ever belonged to him.

From the will, which was found among Mr. Watson's papers, it appeared that the family would be left with a comfortable provision, but this was not really the case. The will had been made several years back, and since then matters had considerably altered. After a long and anxious period of waiting it was announced that Mr. Watson had died possessed of only a few thousand pounds, which would yield them a sum of about £150 a year, wherewith to bring up and educate a family of six young children.

It was therefore necessary to quit the far too expensive house in which they were living, to retain but one young servant, to dispense with Miss Banks' valuable services, and in every possible way to curtail their household expenditure. In spite of these alterations, it was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Watson could manage to make ends meet. She had just a little too much to expect help from her friends, and quite too little to do without it. It grieved Bertram sorely to see her denying herself even necessaries, so that her children might not feel want. His spirit fretted and fumed at his inability to do anything for her. Throughout his life he supposed he must be a burden to her, for his shrunken body and delicate health quite unfitted him for taking an active part in the race of life. In the bitterness of his soul, he almost wished that he might die out of a world where he was of so little use, but only a care and trouble to those he loved best. So deeply had these morbid feelings taken root in his sensitive nature, that his mother's loving assurances of her inability to provide the children with a suitable education without his able help, or to conduct her business matters without his clear-headed judgment, failed to comfort him. He was indeed suffering pain now, and without, so far as he could see, any prospects of its bringing him future gain.

A six months' trial proved their means to be indeed insufficient, and after a good deal of anxious deliberation, it was decided to start a little school, but from a variety of causes this plan failed to realise their expectations, and was obliged finally to be given up, a few private pupils that Mrs. Watson obtained being the only addition to their narrow income.

It occurred to Bertram to appeal to Mr. Barnard, who had been away over two years, and was becoming a rich man; but both mother and son shrank from asking more of friends who were already devoting a large sum to the bringing up of one of the family; so they eked out their slender means as best they could, living the brave life that so many live unheeded and almost unsuspected.

As Bertram's boyhood passed away, the knowledge of his unfitness for any bodily work pressed still more

heavily upon him. His health was really affected by the weight that hung on his spirits, and even his mother's tender love was insufficient to disperse the melancholy that was gradually creeping over him.

His mother came in one bitter cold evening from teaching a distant pupil. He jumped up with outstretched hands to welcome her back, instal her by the fire, and take her bonnet and cloak from her. She had a parcel in her arms, which she handed to Bertram, bidding him open it at once and see whether she had fixed upon the right thing to please him. It contained a number of one of the higher class magazines, an expensive luxury which they had not indulged in for many months.

Bertram's delighted face showed how well he was pleased. "I will read aloud to you," he said, and opened the book at an essay on one of his favourite poets. "Do you remember I once wrote an essay on the same subject?" he asked his mother. "I shall enjoy this immensely. I wonder whether the author has chosen the same aspect of the poet's life as I."

He commenced reading, but broke off suddenly to notice that a certain remark was almost exactly the same as one that occurred in his own essay. He then read on to the end, commenting that it was strikingly written, but hardly complete. After this the book was thrown down, and he fell into a fit of musing; a light had dawned upon him; for several succeeding days his pen went busily to work, nor was it laid aside till an important-looking document had been folded and sealed, and sent on its way to the office of a certain magazine.

He turned back from the post-office with a light heart. His spirits, as easily raised as depressed, were buoyed up with a hopefulness that never admitted a thought of disappointment.

But, alas! the looked-for answer failed to make its appearance, and as the weeks passed away his last hopes died out, giving way to a deeper despondency.

When at length the tardy missive arrived, he was beyond the reach of the good tidings it brought, being laid on a bed of sickness.

The family doctor, a kind-hearted old man who had known Bertram from his babyhood, was at a loss to know what kept his patient in so miserably weak a condition, when there was no apparent cause.

"Do you know," he said suddenly one morning, "I have heard all about your attempt at authorship?"

"My unsuccessful attempt," Bertram replied, wondering where the old man had got his information, for he had kept the secret from everybody.

"Your unsuccessful attempt!" echoed the doctor in surprise. "Why, I just now met my friend Baring, the editor of the ——, and he told me he had received an essay from a young author who signed himself Bertram Watson, that he was delighted with it, that he had written to tell him so, and invite him to contribute other articles to his columns.

"Can it be true!" exclaimed Bertram, starting up with flushed and eager face. "It must be a mistake; I have received no answer from Mr. Baring, and it is nearly three months since I wrote to him."

"The letter may be down-stairs now," suggested his friend.

This was true. An inquiry from Mary the servant discovered the fact that a letter had come for Master Bertram, when he was so bad, and had been lying on the mantelpiece ever since. It confirmed Dr. Butler's good news, and rendered Bertram the happy possessor of a cheque for five pounds.

From this day Bertram began rapidly to recover. He had found his sphere at last. This he felt was the one pursuit he was fit for—in fact, the only one that was open to him.

Mr. Baring made his acquaintance before long. He became very interested in his history, and gave him much and valuable help in the beginning of his literary career. His highest ambition—that of relieving his mother of her anxieties, and helping towards supporting her in comfort, instead of being supported by her—was in a fair way to be realised; and when he remembered the past suffering which had been the means of discovering to him his true vocation, he could not but admit the perfect truth of the proverb which still spoke to him from his bedroom wall.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS

132. That the Lord Jesus Christ should be "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence" was predicted by Isaiah. Quote a passage from St. Matthew's Gospel to show the fulfilment of the prophecy.

133. Which of the Evangelists records the histories of the woman that was a sinner and of the repentant thief?

134. Where is manna called "corn of heaven?"

135. Quote a passage which seems to show that the idolatrous kings of Judah consecrated horses to the sun.

136. One of the Evangelists records an additional fact respecting Simon the Cyrenian, who bore the cross. Name it.

137. Where is it stated that the prophet Nathan wrote histories of the reigns of David and of Solomon?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

119. Rom. x. 19.

120. Ishmael (Gen. xvii. 20).

121. John xii. 37, 38. "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (Isa. liii. 1.)

122. Joel ii. 25.

123. Ephesus (Acts xxi. 29).

124. Matt. xxii. 37, 38; Mark xii. 29, 30.

125. By Nathan he was called Jedidiah (2 Sam. xii. 24); by his mother he was called Lemuel (Prov. xxxi.)

126. Luke xxiii. 34.



SAD TIDINGS.

OVER the distant hills twilight is creeping—
Swift come, O blessèd night,
Crush out the day too bright,
Let me forget the light in quiet sleeping.

Many a weary day for tidings longing—
Lo! they have come at last,
Undoing all the past,
And memories thick and fast round me are thronging.

Hark! from the old church tower solemnly swinging,
Chimes out the curfew-bell
In slow and measured swell,
Like a responsive knell Hope's requiem ringing.

Not one faint life-hued ray over me gleaming—
Cruel the letters stand,
Writ with an iron hand,
Traced with a fiery brand, or—am I dreaming?

Dreaming! a fancy wild, night visions weaving
Out of some story old,
Of a heart stern and cold;
All through the thirst of gold his true love leaving.

Dreaming! no—all is true, and I am waking—
All the past glitters bright
With an unearthly light,
Crowning with roses white my sad heart-breaking.

Darker the present now—dark grows the morrow—
Heavy the clouds roll round,
With muffled thunder sound,
All the world's brightness drowned in the heart's sorrow.

Broken earth's lilies now, yet kind is Heaven,
Bitter the cup to drain,
Hard the fight to maintain,
Yet God shall soothe the pain of a heart riven.

JULIA GODDARD.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XX.

RUTH seemed as if she did not quite understand. She still looked at Maurice, as if she were going to ask a question; then suddenly staggered towards him. He caught Ruth in his arms, and carried her into the house. She did not faint, but Maurice laid her on the sofa, and bending over her, said gently, "My darling, speak to me. Forgive me for telling you so suddenly."

"Yes, Maurice," answered Ruth, absently, "Why did he go?"

Maurice did not know what to say. "He was obliged to go," he replied after a pause.

"Oh! but, Maurice, he has not said good-bye. He could have done that," she cried vehemently. "It is cruel of him."

She turned away, and hid her face in the pillow.

"Ruth, you must not think him cruel; you must not if——"

"If what?" she asked, raising her head.

"Nothing, nothing."

"Yes, there *is* something, Maurice. Did he leave any message for me?"

"He told me to give his love, and to say you were not to think him unkind."

"How can I help it if he doesn't explain why he didn't say good-bye? You know—you can tell me! Oh, Maurice! I shall be miserable if you don't."

"I can't, my own Ruth; don't ask me," said Maurice, kissing her forehead.

Ruth started from the sofa, her eyes flashed, and she stood up with her little hands clenched convulsively. "There is some mystery that you are hiding from me. You tell me not to think Stephen cruel, but I do; and you are cruel not to explain it all if that would make me think him not cruel. Why can't you tell me?"

"It would pain you, darling," answered Maurice.

"You are paining me now. Nothing is so bad as thinking Stephen unkind, and feeling as if he didn't love me," sobbed Ruth. "Maurice, I hardly know what I am saying; I spoke angrily, but it is because I am so miserable. Forgive me."

Maurice drew Ruth's head on to his breast and said tenderly, "I will forgive you if you will leave off crying."

"Tell me. It is so dreadful to feel as if—as if Stephen had left off caring for me."

"Does it look as if that were the case now? Think again, dear," said Maurice; "if he had not cared for you, would he have avoided saying good-bye?"

"Well, it can't be anything else; because he said good-bye to you, and he loves you; so why shouldn't he do the same to me? Maurice, do answer me," said Ruth, vehemently, freeing herself from his embrace, and standing before him again, trembling partly from simple excitement, and partly from anger which she evidently tried to suppress.

Maurice could not bear to see her look at him with her flashing eyes, which generally looked so gently and lovingly on him. "Do you guess nothing?" he asked.

"No; I wish I did," answered Ruth, impatiently.

"I wish you could trust me enough not to wish to know more. To believe that Stephen does love you, and never to do him injustice by thinking him, of all men, cruel;" and Maurice's voice was husky, and Ruth stretched out her hands to take his, while her eyes still sought his face with an eager look which told that she was not yet satisfied.

"It is because he loves you too much, Ruth, that he could not bear to say good-bye," said Maurice. "He loves you too much to be happy; but he prizes your happiness above his own, and, Ruth—my little Ruth," he cried, as she fell against him with closed

eyes and pale face. She did not hear him call. The continued strain, following the shock on hearing that Stephen had gone, proved too much for her, and she fell into a dead faint.

Never before had Maurice realised to the full how dear Ruth was. As she lay before him on the sofa, she looked so fragile and pallid that there was something almost deathly in her appearance. He was not alarmed, but he shuddered as the mere idea of her death came home to him, and he gazed on the unconscious face, longing passionately to see a look of recognition.

Maurice rang the bell, and when Susan came, sent her to fetch Mrs. Rae, who appeared almost directly, and by dint of their mutual attentions Ruth soon revived enough to look up and smile at them; but then she lay in a prostrate state, not speaking, but holding Maurice's hand, and every now and then kissing it gently.

"It seems like a dream," she said, after some time. "Is it really, really true?"

"Yes, really, darling," answered Maurice, with a sigh. "You had no idea of it till now, had you?"

"Never. It does seem so utterly impossible for Stephen to—to care for me—in that way, Maurice; and oh! how I wish he never had!" she exclaimed, hiding her face in the pillow again.

"If he were here he would not let you say that. Last night he told me that I had no right to wish anything different. He said my happiness was not my own, and, Ruth, he would tell you the same. Stephen is the noblest man I ever knew. He thinks so much more of our happiness than of his own grief."

"Yes, he does," answered a trembling little voice. "When did you know this? Did he tell you last night?"

"Yes; but he would not have told me if I had not guessed it already. He only said that he was going away, and then I knew why it was, in an instant."

"When did you guess it, Maurice?" asked Ruth, still speaking in a wondering, suppressed voice, as if she could not yet realise the state of things.

Maurice paused, and then kneeling down beside Ruth so that he could look into her face, he answered, "In the summer, darling, when you thought that I disliked you. Thank Heaven, I can tell you now all the remorse I feel for the pain I must have given you, and all because I thought you loved Stephen. I was jealous, Ruth, of *him*. I behaved like a brute, and now when I know how he must have suffered, when he saw how things really stood, and remember how he behaved, I can hardly bear the reproaches that rise before me. Ruth, Ruth, why did you love me? I am not worthy of you as he is." All the doubts and self-torturings which Maurice had undergone he could keep from Ruth no longer; but when she drew his face down, and running her fingers through his hair, told him she could not bear him to speak like that, with a bewitching tremor in her voice, how could Maurice help being comforted? And how was it possible for either Ruth or Maurice, even when they thought of Stephen, to feel anything but happy, as they looked into each other's eyes, and there read the bright future that lay before them?

(To be concluded.)

THE HARVEST OF LIGHT.—I.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., ISLINGTON.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Ps. xcvii. 11.

ONE of the advantages of poetic expression is that its metaphors suggest more than literal description can convey. Therefore it often suffers by comment, just as a rose suffers by botanical dissection: the text is better and more suggestive than the sermon. Ideas of truth and of privilege are conveyed, rich in instruction and comfort, just because they suggest rather than define. "Light," for instance, as a poetical expression for intelligence or joy, conveys a great deal more meaning than precise terms could do. It presents the idea beautified and illumined, the atmosphere as well as the form, the feeling as well as the truth: it is thought glorified. The term "sown," again, which, according to the older commentators, is a poetical expression for "reserved or treasured up," something which in due time the righteous shall reap, as men reap a harvest—is far more suggestive both of results and of processes than any literal assertion could be.*

Had the Psalmist merely said, "The righteous is now in darkness or sorrow, but by-and-by he will be enlightened and comforted," how cold and prosaic his assertion would have been. But when he employs the metaphor of light as sown seed, he suggests a whole world of laws and beauties. There is a *process* which prepares for his joy; truth must be deposited as seed, culture must be bestowed, else it will not fructify into a harvest. There is an intervening *period of faith*, during which the righteous must wait and hope before

* Modern critics maintain, however, that it simply means "scattered." Light is scattered along the path of the righteous man, so that he walks in it.

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' Eastern clime,
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearls."

the harvest fruit can be reaped. And there is a kind of *natural certainty*, that if the sowing be faithful, and the culture diligent, the harvest will at length be gathered, the silent processes that are secretly going on will duly be developed. The waiting interval is not wasted. It is not waiting merely—it is preparation, growth, ripening, without which the seed corn cannot be multiplied into the harvest.

How much more such metaphors suggest than they express! The thought is full of undeveloped meaning, ever unfolding in forms of poetic beauty; it appeals not to the understanding only, but to the imagination, and the heart.

In the poetry of the Psalms, moreover, there is often a reduplication of the idea; it is presented under a second metaphor, slightly different from the first—sometimes for the sake of explicitness, sometimes for the sake of emphasis. For example, in the eighth verse the Psalmist tells us that "Zion heard, and was glad;" instantly explaining what he means by adding, "The daughters of Judah rejoiced." The doubtful reference of the metaphor "Zion" being explained by the metaphor, "the daughters of Judah." So here, any doubt we might have as to the meaning of the first term, "light," in the first member of the sentence, is removed by the use of the word "joy," as its equivalent in the second. Light and joy are identical. Light is the joy of the understanding, joy is the light of the heart. So, again, if there be any difficulty in identifying the "righteous" as those for whom light is sown, it is removed by the phrase "upright in heart," which is employed as its equivalent. So that interpreting the one designation by the other, we get the beautiful definition of a "righteous" man, that he is a man who is "upright in heart;" suggesting the distinction between a man who merely does right acts, keeps his outside life correctly, and a man who keeps his heart upright; does right things because he loves them.

God has nothing comforting to say to a man who is not upright in heart; no sowing of light can produce a harvest for him. A man who is righteous in outward appearance only, who is consciously wearing a mask to make men believe that he is a lover of righteousness when he is not, is not the man to whom God's promises are addressed; he is not the man in whom any good spiritual processes can be carried on, in whom any good seed can fructify; whatever may be the foliage that covers the field, the soil is essentially bad, and even good seed sown in it must perish.

If a man be consciously insincere, his own consciousness must neutralise all spiritual processes, keep him from all joyous appropriation of God's promises; neither in public worship, nor in private prayer, nor in reading the Bible, nor at the table of the Lord, can he sympathetically and fearlessly draw near to God, and take into his soul the joy of God's love and help. The real joy of religion is necessarily the exclusive privilege of the upright in heart—the man who receives whatever good seed is sown into a good and honest heart, into feelings and desires that are in sympathy with it, and who sincerely and earnestly nurtures and cultures it, so as to make it fruitful. He only deals faithfully with God's sowing; he only has the religious faith and feeling that can patiently wait in long trials, and trust in dark hours, until the day of sorrow be past, and the day of gladness dawn.

Whatever, therefore, the sowing of which we may have to speak, it must be borne in mind throughout that its fruitfulness depends upon the faithfulness of the heart that receives it.

The psalm is one of triumph; it supposes victory over adversaries. They who triumph are God's saints, who are delivered from the machinations of the wicked. God delivers them. He appears in majesty, and destroys all who oppose Him; and the psalm describes His coming and its effects.

It is a psalm that in their Babylonian exile the pious Jews might sing. It would comfort them in their long waiting, and be fulfilled to them in their deliverance.

It would have another fulfilment in the coming of Christ, and in the long, dreary time that preceded it, during which men, like good old Simeon, waited and prayed, and the close of which is indicated by his triumphant *Nunc dimittis* in the Temple.

It has had many fulfilments since, when persecutors have afflicted the Church, or strenuous opposition hindered it, signally overcome at length by God's merciful interposition: so that, like the apostles returning from before the discomfited Sanhedrim, the Church has uplifted its shout of praise.

In our individual histories, too, it has had fulfilments, when, after long sorrow and darkness and fear—with no gleamings of light or ministries of comfort; our hearts, like a field through which the ploughshare has been driven, torn and rugged, all its beautiful things buried in the rough furrow—light and comfort have come. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The seeds of good things were being sown for us. It was only the process of germination that was going on. The hidden seed was quickening and swelling, and now its shoots have parted the heavy clod, and the field of our life is covered with a vegetation of life and beauty and joy.

It is not, however, said that light is *reaped* by the righteous; that is not always the experience of their life here. It is the universal experience of the righteous only hereafter. But light is

universally sown here for the righteous, and the reaping for them is certain—only it may not be here, only hereafter. Even when the most is enjoyed here, it is only the first-fruits; the full, affluent harvest of blessedness is enjoyed only by the redeemed in heaven.

But although light and gladness are not our certain portion here, processes are going on which will produce their abundant harvest hereafter. This is the comfort given to us; whether we enjoy here or not, the enjoyment is preparing. This is but the sowing time, the time when light is sown; the manifold knowledge and purity and blessedness of which light is the symbol. From this thought we derive our patience and strength for the process. What matters the darkness now, the ignorance, adversity, sorrow, if it be the sowing time of light for a future harvest? It is but the interval between sowing and reaping. There may be many a day of frost and snow, of drought and tempest —these are the dreary months of the year, when nights are long, and days are cloudy, and winds are keen. But summer beauty and autumn richness will come by-and-by. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit."

In order to *reaping, there must be sowing in kind.* "As a man soweth, he shall also reap." If he would reap light, he must sow light. "He who sows to the flesh, of the flesh reaps corruption; he who sows to the Spirit, of the Spirit reaps life everlasting." Men are ever sowing for the harvest of the future, seeds of some kind or other. A man is made to reap of the iniquities of his youth; or he enjoys the fruits of his industry and virtue, both in what he possesses and what he himself is. The seeds that we sow produce their appropriate social results on the one hand, and they develop into a rich harvest of character, of noble affections, and capabilities on the other.

Emphatically, therefore, must it be said that only for the righteous is light sown. The husbandman sows grain of the kind that he expects to reap. His seed is good grain as well as his harvest. Light is truth and purity. If a man do not sow truth and purity, he will never reap a harvest of spiritual good. The harvest that is his joy consists in noble affections, spiritual discernments, holy capabilities, a high godly consciousness, appreciating communion with God; and these are the natural fruits of spiritual seeds, nurtured through manifold processes. Thus the righteous man sows light: he already possesses in part that which by-and-by he hopes to reap in its fulness. He sows light in order that he may reap more light still. There may be darkness, but it is not all darkness; there may be sin, but it is not all sin; there may be sorrow, but it is not all sorrow. The harvest of light is for those, and only for those who sow light, who sincerely and earnestly break up the fallow ground, and sow the precious seed.

Bearing these general conditions in mind, let us look at a few illustrations of this great law of sowing and reaping.

I. Sorrow for sin is a sowing for light. It is the first of a man's right religious feelings; indeed, a man's sense of sin is the measure of his godliness. It is his consciousness of his wrong moral state, of the sins that separate between him and God, that pollute and destroy his soul, that keep him from the enlightening and quickening and sanctifying influences of fellowship with God.

But the consciousness of this is hopeful. He is not as he once was, "dead in trespasses and sins," "alive without the law," without a care or thought about spiritual things, save such as the sting of conscience causes. A true and earnest desire for holiness has been quickened within him. He mourns over the evil that he does; "the law of his mind wars against the law in his members." In his entanglement he cries for help, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Like Peter, he weeps bitterly; but like Peter, too, he could almost reply to the challenge of his Lord, "Thou knowest that I love Thee." There are in him the seeds of the holiness that by-and-by will wave as a harvest over the soil of his life. It is seed in its first quickening, swelling, and growing, and putting forth shoots. As yet his new life is feeble; he is overcome by circumstances; he yields to temptation; holiness is a struggling imperfection. It is life in its feeble rude beginnings, but it is a true life; that will pass through its stages of development, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

Let, however, the man who is struggling with sin fairly recognise that he is struggling. Let him not pervert this awakened sense of sin to the conclusion that he has no holiness at all. Because he has not attained to his ideal of Christian character, he may not conclude that he is without right feeling altogether. The very desire for right feeling is right feeling. There may not be in him all the degrees of Christian excellence, but there may be some degree. He may not be a "man in Christ," fully developed in Christian feeling and strength, but he may be a babe in Christ—very ignorant, very feeble, often yielding to temptation, and painfully conscious of his failures; but a true life may be begun in him, which by God's blessing shall develop into manhood. You do not say that there is no life in the newly-sown field because the harvest does not wave over it, or even because the first flush of green is not visible. This is the seed-time of our life, not its reaping; the time of the harvest is not yet.

This does not mean that we are not to be impatient and humbled at our imperfect holiness. No true life can be satisfied with its imperfections. But it is one thing to understand the first processes of spiritual growth, and another to say that there is no growth at all. The test of true life is not the degree of its attainment, but the vigour of its growth. Attainment will vary with Christian standing. It were an anomaly and an anachronism for the harvest to be reaped at the seed-time, for the babe in Christ to bring forth the fruits of the aged saint.

The only question for such is, Has he come to Christ at all? Do the beginnings of the new life manifest themselves in a quickened feeling of sin? Does he kneel before the cross imploring God's mercy? Has the Spirit of God stirred up his soul to holy solicitudes and strivings and prayers? If so, he has, so to speak, sown light for a future harvest, deposited seeds that by-and-by will spring up a luxuriant crop. They may be deposited in a cold uncongenial soil, and have to struggle with bleak and bitter winds; there may be choking thorns and entangling weeds to be pulled up, and fowls of the air to be kept off. Infinite care and culture may be necessary to make the crop grow at all. But if the righteous desire and effort be there, the blade will gradually appear above the brown clod, the stalk will grow stronger and stronger, the ear will form, and the full corn in the ear; and, all adverse influences overcome, the harvest will ultimately wave in rich and beauteous fruitage. For this the sowing and the culture are preparing by natural laws of the kingdom of grace. Repentance is every day renewed; faith is ever growing to a stronger habit; resolution is becoming more firm and persistent; prayer more quietly true and confiding; habit more naturally and unconsciously religious; consecration more entire, easy, and joyous; the heart more tender, holy, and devout. The harvest of life is thus simply the development into perfection of its seed corn. The motions and workings of the Spirit of God, too, are freer and fuller through our growing sympathy and habit. Light and truth break forth from God's Word more fully and gloriously through our increased power of spiritual perception, while our communion with God is more intimate and spontaneous. Thus inward growth and the outward ministry of Divine things conspire to fill us with religious light and filial confidence, and Divine love. All this is but the fructifying of the seed of light sown, and righteously nurtured.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"When He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

THEY bore him forth, her only son, and dead,
Herself a widow! The brave, manly arm
That should have sheltered her from want and harm
Was cold and powerless. Her last hope fled,
Out by the city gate she sadly sped,
To lay him in the quiet sleeping-place
Where slept his fathers. So, by God's high grace,
Do heroines stand e'en now by grave or bed.

"Weep not," the Saviour saith; and though the eye
Of all around be wet, what time the dear
Departing one lies stretched on bed or bier
The cheek of those brave women still is dry.
Faith points their vision up to God's blue sky,
Where live the miscalled dead. Nay, visions bright,
In haunted homes, through the still solemn night,
Act o'er this scene at Nain. The lost ones are so nigh!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 14. ST. PETER. PART IV.

Chapters to be read—Parts of Acts iv., x., xii.

INTRODUCTION. Refer to the wonderful miracles of St. Peter mentioned in last lesson, showing how Christ's words were fulfilled, that the apostles should do greater things than even He did (John xiv. 12). Now they get into trouble because of their miracles.

I. PETER BEFORE THE COUNCIL. (Read Acts iv. 1—22.) Ask what great doctrine the apostles taught? Who did not believe in the resurrection (Matt. xxii. 23)? Sadducees wanted, therefore, to crush the disciples. Now describe Peter and John before the council. (*a*) *The court.* Explain that it was a council of seventy elders of the Jews; high priest presided (Acts xxiii. 2), who decided questions about

Jewish law. Had power to punish, imprison, &c., but not now to put to death. When had they seen that assembly before? Contrast the two occasions: *then*, fearful, downcast, lookers-on, saw calm fearlessness of Jesus. What would Peter especially be reminded of? *Now*, they the prisoners, bold, full of faith. What made the difference? The power of God's Spirit. Remind how Christ had foretold a trial like this (Matt. x. 19), and had promised His support. Now His words came true. (*b*) *The question and reply.* Asked by what power did the miracle. How did Peter answer? Ascribes to Jesus, whose claims to be Messiah, rejected by them, had been established by fact of resurrection; also took opportunity to preach about Jesus as only hope of salvation. What did all this show? Great boldness; and whence learned? Ask the effect of this boldness? The fact of the miracle being so clear could not punish apostles. Yet they fear such preaching. What can they do? Try threats. What use are they (ver. 19)? Apostles realising presence of God and His protection, will not fear men (Ps. xxvii. 1). (*c*) *The result.* How had Peter left council-hall before? How now? What makes difference? Before, trusting to own strength, now to power of God; before, puffed up by thinking of his past fidelity, now prays for grace to be more bold. Prayer answered, and great boldness given (ver. 29—31).

Application. Sometimes children questioned about their religion—why they do or don't do something unusual. Must ask for boldness to speak exact truth, must not be afraid. God promised to help. Holy Spirit will make bold, and put words in mouth.

II. Peter sent to Cornelius. (Read Acts x. 1—16.) Ask about Cornelius? Remind of other good centurion who came to Christ. What do we call all who are not Jews? To whom was Gospel first sent? Yet were many promises to Gentiles. Remind of first Gentiles who saw Christ (Matt. ii. 2). Yet seemed a strange thing to Jews that any should be saved besides them. Called a great mystery (Eph. iii. 6). Apostles had to be taught that Gentiles were equal to Jews in God's sight. Now turn to Peter, staying for a time quietly at Joppa. Describe his going out to pray on flat housetop, looking down on little sea-side village—sea with ships spread out before him; then the trance—sort of waking vision. Remind how often at this time God spoke in dreams, and ask for instances. Tell how many animals were classed as unclean by Jewish ceremonial law. How often was vision repeated? What other message came three times to him? Would remember this, and see typical meaning in vision. God has cleansed the Gentiles; they no longer to be avoided; law been altered; so determined to go to Cornelius. Now read Acts x. 44—48, and ask result. He went, preached, set before them same subjects—life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. They believed, received the Holy Ghost, and baptised in Christ's name.

Application. Children apt to despise others in inferior position or with less abilities. Show how all are equal, how blessed we may be to others. Peter's office as apostle helped him much in teaching Cornelius and his friends; at first they even going to worship him! So must be careful to keep down pride and prejudice, remembering how many will rise and condemn us in the great day.

III. Peter in prison. (Read Acts xii. 1—17.) The story is probably familiar. Question upon it, and then bring out the following points. (*a*) *Peter's peace of mind.* Sleeping calmly, though in prison and knowing death at hand. What does it show? Conscience at rest, and heart at peace with God (Rom. v. 1). (*b*) *The prayer of the Church.* Show how fervently they prayed, yet so little expected an answer immediately and exactly as they prayed, that doubted if it was he when released. (*c*) *The mission of angels.* Remind of how often sent to *aid—e.g.*, Christ in wilderness, Elijah in desert, Daniel among lions; so now. (*d*) *The deliverance.* All God's doing. Angel opened doors, &c. Sometimes God works by man's hands, sometimes does all Himself.

Practical lessons. (1) *Trust in God* not misplaced (Ps. lxxxiv. 13). Peter afraid on sea, bold at council, calm in prison, had learned lesson, and put whole trust in God. (2) *Benefit of prayer;* Peter's on house-top for Jews, was made blessing to Gentiles. Now his friends' prayer for him prevails while he sleeps. Pray without ceasing.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe Peter and John's appearance before the council.
2. How did they reply to the questions put to them, and what was the result?
3. To what Gentile was Peter first sent? How was he shown that he ought to go?
4. What lessons does this teach us?
5. Notice any points with reference to Peter's being in prison.
6. Give two practical lessons.

FANNY'S FORTUNE:

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

"GOD bless you, my child!" repeated Mr. Lovejoy, soothingly; "and I hope you and your husband may live long and enjoy your good fortune."

Was it good fortune after all? Beatrice doubted it, standing there, leaning on her father for support; doubted it for the first time—not, alas! for the last. But to have somebody to believe that it was good fortune was something; and there was Ada advancing also—Ada and a barrister, who had stood opposite to her all day, and had evidently taken the greatest interest in the case; a friendly interest, too, Beatrice had thought, for she had more than once gained encouragement from an exulting flash from the eager blue eyes of the handsome stranger when a point was made in their favour.

But how did Ada come to know him, and to know him intimately it seemed? He was talking to her with animation, and she was answering with ease, and with the slightly imperious air which Ada unconsciously wore. And how lovely the girl had grown! A pang, almost of envy, shot through the heart of her sister; for was not Ada free as well as beautiful—free, and not likely to part with her freedom as she had done? One more glance sufficed to show her, penetrating as she was, that this man was Ada's lover.

"Who is he?" she asked, mechanically.

"Who is who, my dear?" asked her father, slightly bewildered.

"The gentleman with Ada," said Beatrice.

"Oh, his name is Wildish," replied Mr. Lovejoy in a whisper; "and he is engaged to that young lady behind, Miss Tabor, Mr. Tabor's only daughter."

"The young lady with Cousin Fanny?"

Mr. Lovejoy nodded. "She is very pretty, is she not?" he added.

"Not so pretty as Ada, and Mr. Wildish is of the same opinion," said Beatrice, cynically, much to her father's alarm, as she began to descend the steps to meet them.

The girls kissed each other, and Mr. Lovejoy introduced Beatrice, who stood surrounded by the little group, when her husband came out to look for her. It was Mr. Wildish, conspicuous in the midst, in his wig and gown, who drew her attention to him. She turned, and he beckoned to her rather boorishly, and did not advance. Quite deliberately, she said good-bye, and went to join him, her father, after a moment or two of hesitation accompanying her.

Mr. Lovejoy saluted his son-in-law with his usual courtesy; but Beatrice did not introduce him. She was sufficiently glad that her husband was civil, and he *was* civil. It was his habit to be civil to gentlemen, and Mr. Lovejoy, dressed in his best, and enjoying the triumph—the only one indeed to whom it came as a triumph unalloyed—looked and (what is more) felt as a gentleman.

"Who are those people?" he said to Beatrice, as he led her away, when her father had left them.

"They are my friends," she replied coldly, adding with some exultation, "the old gentleman is my father."

"Why didn't you say so?" growled her husband.

"I thought you didn't want to have anything to do with them," she answered.

And the two left the hall, George Baselow murmuring something unintelligible, but unpleasant, leaving the group standing as Beatrice had left it, variously impressed by their behaviour.

Almost immediately Philip joined the party, and attached himself to Fanny, as he found that Mr. Wildish intended doing the honours of the hall to Ada, who it appeared had never been there before, Lucy, who had been frequently, remaining also by Fanny. With them he continued to walk up and down, evidently a little impatient at the length of the dissertations bestowed upon Ada, an impatience which was not lost upon Lucy, and which added to her constraint in Philip's company. She was painfully shy with him now. It was one thing to sacrifice her feelings—as she had dreamt of—to raise him from the depth of dishonour, to shield him from despair, and quite another to suffer him to discover that he was loved unasked, though worthy. And ever since that confession of hers, which had been passed over in such delicate silence that she could scarcely believe she had made it, she had been morbidly afraid of betraying herself, and actually overdid her coldness and reserve. But Philip only set it down to indifference. She was answering him at random, not because she was anxious to conceal her interest in the speaker, but because she had no interest at all in him or his speech. It vexed him to think this, and then he was angry with himself for feeling vexed.

Instead of feeling profoundly relieved at what had taken place, as his friends expected him to be, Philip had been gloomier than ever. A stain rested on his name which could never be removed. That stain was the sore point with him now. It had wounded him in secret before, but now that it had been re-



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Could this little chit have discovered her secret?"—*p.* 363.

vealed to other eyes it hurt him still more. It bled anew, like a wound from which the bandage has been removed before it was healed. Had he been able to carry out his plan it might have been otherwise. He might then have felt that he had redeemed the wrong as it was intended that it should be redeemed, and that it would live in no memory save his own, and there only as a thing blotted out for ever. But he had been defeated, and that defeat involved disgrace. Not that he was one of those who pass lightly over such wrongs provided they pass unpunished. The unpunished and unpunishable dishonesties were perhaps more hateful to him than any other; but he may well be pardoned the sophistry which would have substituted, in such circumstances as his, his own virtue for his father's crime.

As it was, he said to himself that he was dishonoured,—that the burden which he had taken upon his shoulders had been removed only to substitute another which never could be lightened, and which he would ask no one to share with him.

What a contrast he was, pacing up and down there moodily, to Arthur Wildish, who was so light, and bright, and full of wisdom too in all the lighter affairs of life. He could not help seeing the contrast himself, and making an effort to be gay.

But instead of rewarding his effort, Fanny heaved an immense audible sigh, which checked him at the outset. He had fancied that Fanny increased his constraint, as cyphers increase the sums they are added to on either side the balance, and he could hardly help laughing when she heaved that tremendous sigh.

Lucy looked grave. "We are tiring you to death, Fanny," she said, meaning that they had exhausted the physical powers of their kindly chaperon, which was the truth.

But Philip chose to read the little speech in his own perverse fashion. He shook hands hastily with both her and Fanny, and saying, "I will send Mr. Wildish to you," left them, and cut that gentleman short in his prelections, by sending him back to Fanny, telling him and Ada that both she and Lucy were tired of waiting.

Fanny, of course, protested that she was not tired in the least, and was taken at her word. Arthur Wildish wanted to stretch those long limbs of his by walking with Ada under the lamplights, and the party were at Charing Cross before he found the cab which they had proposed to call.

Meantime Arthur had found out that Ada had not seen the abbey even. "I should like to be the first to show it to her," he said. "Will you and Lucy come with us to-morrow?"

He said this to the good-natured Fanny, whom he was intent on victimising, and Fanny promised—she would have promised anything in the stage of exhaustion which she had reached through maintaining the perpendicular for some hours, and so they were driven home for the present.

On the morrow, however, they were all under way again for Westminster. They were to meet Arthur in the hall, where he was, of course, waiting for them, and from which they crossed over without delay to the abbey.

It is like passing into another world to enter that place. The dim light, the awful beauty, the solemn hush rendered audible, as it were, by the sound of subdued voices and chastened footfalls, strike the hearts of most with reverential feeling, and under this influence the little group stood still within the sacred precincts, before advancing, each experiencing the momentary check to the current of their thoughts. Lucy felt the simple and sincere devotion which was natural to her, but Ada almost drew back with a look of trouble on her face. She said afterwards that it seemed to take away her breath like the attempt to sing in a key too high for her. Arthur was speedily absorbed in observing Ada, but Fanny, who had not recovered from the fatigues of the previous day, no sooner saw herself within reach of a comfortable seat in the vacant chancel, than she hailed it with unfeigned thankfulness, and declared her intention of sitting there and waiting till her companions had gone the round of the cathedral. And Fanny did not think it strange when Lucy proposed to remain with her. Something of eager light in Arthur's face, something which she had seen there before, told her that it would be acceptable, that he would like to have Ada all to himself. Was it unnatural that she should feel a little chilled at heart to be thus set aside? It was not that she wished Arthur at her feet again, as some might have done. It was a deeper feeling—the feeling that love itself could change, that touched her with sorrow, and made her glad that she could sit there by her silent friend, and indulge in thoughts too deep for words or tears.

Ada and her companion were speedily out of sight, and long before they had returned, Fanny was fast asleep, with her chin upon her breast, and Lucy had lost herself in the wide regions of reverie. They both started when the pair reappeared, Fanny from her slumbers, Lucy from her waking dream. The latter looked for some change in Ada's manner; but change there was none. She had had all the freedom and unconsciousness of a child about her when she disappeared with Arthur down the aisle, and she had the same freedom and unconsciousness still. Surely he had not spoken. Or (for he was looking graver) was he doomed to disappointment in this quarter also? There was a third possibility which struck Lucy: perhaps Ada had accepted him as coolly as she had accepted his presents and his attentions, without in the least understanding how much it involved. It was a possibility which roused all Lucy's sympathy on behalf of her quondam lover, and she watched Ada in the hope of discovering the least sign of affection for him, but in vain. What she did discover showed

her that she was right in her surmise that Ada had appropriated her lover without remorse.

When the two girls were alone together that evening, "Lucy," said Ada, abruptly, "I thought Mr. Wildish was engaged to you."

"No, dear," replied Lucy, "there was never any engagement between us."

"So he says," returned Ada.

"Has he said anything to you?"

"He wants me to be engaged to him," said Ada, smiling.

"Well, dear?"

"I told him I didn't mind," said Ada, "if you didn't care for him. He will take me to concerts and all sorts of places. Why wouldn't you be engaged to him, Lucy; don't you like him?"

"Not well enough, dear, and I don't think you do, or you would not talk in that way," said Lucy.

"How much ought I to like him?" said Ada, laughing; "and how am I to know when I like him enough?"

"Absurd child!" said her companion; "you will know when you feel it—when you like him better than anybody else in the world."

"I don't like him as I liked Jerry," she said, her eyes swimming till they became infinitely tender.

"This is different," said Lucy, gently. "Can't you understand, Ada. Do you like to be with him better than to be with any one else?"

"I like best to sing to him," said Ada.

"That is something," returned Lucy; "but, perhaps, it is only for the reason that he can best appreciate you."

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully; "but sometimes when I sit by myself I like it better, for I fancy that I am singing to thousands, and they all feel just as he felt one night when he knelt and kissed my hand. And do you know, he wants me to give up being a public singer altogether."

"You will do it, Ada," said Lucy, to whom nothing would have been more easy—nay, more desirable.

"I don't know," said Ada. "It seems to make me greater and better to think of it; there is all the difference"—and she laboured for expression—"between my common life and that other life, that there is between this house and yon great abbey."

The speech, almost beyond her own understanding of it, was not beyond her listener's sympathy. "I am glad you do not care for money, Ada, as I once thought you did."

"I think I only care so much for it because I care so little," said Ada. "When he promised me everything that riches could give, I did not care at all."

"I am glad of that," said Lucy. "You will try and love him for himself, dear, will you not? He is very good; I know very few better."

"Only Philip," said Ada.

Lucy blushed crimson. Could this little chit have discovered her secret? But Ada only spoke her own late appreciation of Philip's worth.

"But why should Arthur want me to give up being a singer?" Ada added discontentedly.

"Because he wants you all to himself," said Lucy.

"That is selfish, isn't it?" said Ada, laughing. "I don't think I want him all to myself."

"Then you had better tell him so at once," said Lucy, gravely, for it was clear to her that, whatever Arthur might fancy, Ada remained unwon.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE BAZAAR AT ST. LUKE'S.

Mrs. Torrance congratulated herself on the cessation of her cares for the present. Ellen's matrimonial prospects seemed once more in complete abeyance. Philip, it is true, had not been banished in disgrace: his honourable character had to be acknowledged; but it was not difficult to do this when Philip held aloof. The obnoxious papers, which had led to the former frequency of his visits, had been disposed of. The very boxes in which they had rested had been removed out of their places under the book-shelves; and where they had been the polished floor shone clear and vacant. There was nothing special to bring Philip to the house uninvited, and, as he was not invited, nothing brought him. So that on this score Mrs. Torrance's mind was at rest.

It was equally at rest on Mr. Huntingdon's account. Clara Huntingdon was a frequent visitor; not so her brother. His absence was more marked than Philip's, for as he had come for no special reason, there was no special reason for his ceasing to come. He seemed to have delegated to his sister the duty of visiting Ellen; and, indeed, he had taken it for granted that she would not wish to see him. It appeared likewise to Mrs. Torrance that the clergyman had no intention of getting married. It was rumoured that he was about to take a small house in the neighbourhood, and bring up his father and mother to live with him there; and Mrs. Torrance soon obtained confirmation of the rumour from the lips of Clara herself.

The winter set in, and Mrs. Torrance began another set of curtains, having finished the others for "dear Julia," justly flattering herself that they would stand the tugging they were sure to get from Julia's children; and Ellen worked for those same children, read her novels, did her housekeeping, saw her quiet neighbours, and went to church on Sundays, the even tenor of her days unbroken. Her mother looked at her face, always mournful in repose, and saw no trouble there. And Mrs. Torrance began to feel dull.

There was no one to come in with the news of the day, and to get up a dispute with which would last till bedtime. There were no squabbles with servants, no disasters to children. The house was dull, so was

the neighbourhood. It was too respectable. There was not a scandal to be heard of, and Ellen discouraged even gossip—had not liked her asking Clara about her brother's intentions with regard to taking a house. Mrs. Torrance began to languish for a little excitement; and, lo! the excitement was at hand.

It came in the shape of a visit from Mr. Huntingdon and Clara, who called together to ask Mrs. Austin to take a stall at the forthcoming bazaar. The ladies of the congregation of St. Luke's had proposed a bazaar for the purpose of raising money for a spire to the church, which had been left unfinished as well as in debt. The debt was still crippling the modest income of Mr. Huntingdon, and he had given his consent to a mode of raising money which he was assured was by far the easiest and most successful. He was not very clear as to what it meant; but he was told that he need give himself very little trouble about it, the ladies would manage it all, with the assistance of the very active churchwardens, whom they had enlisted in the cause. Clara was quite clear about it, and did not like it; but did not think it wise to interfere against it. Ellen, too, was a novice at this sort of undertaking, and would have declined the honour, but her mother interfered. Mrs. Tabor was to take a stall, and there was nothing to hinder Ellen from doing so. It was just what Mrs. Torrance liked—plenty of work, and plenty of gossip and rivalry, and trying of spirits, and so the interview ended in Ellen accepting the post.

The preparations were warranted to take months, and did. Mrs. Torrance laid aside her curtains as much too homely, and took to all sorts of herculean labours, and Ellen who disliked fancy work, dutifully laboured under her directions, doing endless grounding, as the least objectionable, seeing that it left her free to follow her thoughts. Mrs. Tabor and Lucy were equally busy, and Fanny began works innumerable, which Ada was called upon to finish. The whole terrace was kept busy, and numerous other terraces, rows, and roads besides. It must have been a perfect boon to the neighbourhood in the employment of so many idle hands.

Endless were the resources, boundless the ingenuity of the workers. They did wonderful things in worsted, in beads, in silk, in thread, in straw, in paper. The new corner shop, opened by a pale, sad-eyed widow with two slim, delicate girls in their first mourning, did an unexpected and increasing trade. The shop was named the "Fancy Repository," and had been in a state of extreme stagnation until the bazaar was inaugurated. But the widow had good taste and her girls had supple fingers, and besides supplying the materials above mentioned, they had to sit up many a night executing the work which their customers had planned and intended to finish, and adopt as their own. So the widow was able to pay her Michaelmas rent when it was called for, and could see the rate-collector enter her shop without trembling where she stood, because the amount in her little money-box was so sadly inadequate. She even welcomed the rate-collector with a smile, and in her heart she blessed the bazaar, and in this instance, at least, it proved a blessing.

During the winter several working parties were held in the drawing-rooms of the little coterie of Park Villas, parties at which a variety of useful articles were manufactured by fair fingers, and thrown into a common stock to be divided among the stall-holders. They were very quiet parties, and the amount of work done was not inconsiderable; but though they were called "Bees," they had very little resemblance to the American institutions of that name, which last through a long summer day—nay, several of them—accomplish thoroughly some great piece of work, and require immense preparations in the way of providing sustenance for the workers. Here they had a dish of tea and some thin bread-and-butter at four p.m., to enable them to go on for an hour or two. There was much reading, too, of "poems" and "selected passages," generally by an elderly lady, and so thoroughly dull and decorous were the meetings, that Lucy Tabor, laughingly listening to Mrs. Torrance's animadversions, suggested, that, instead of "Bees," they ought to be called "Drones."

But one occasion was illuminated by a novelty. Ada Lovejoy played and sang to the company, a larger one than usual, which had assembled at Mrs. Austin's. Her singing was, of course, very much admired, but one lady remarked rather loftily that she was too much like a public singer, and somehow it oozed out that to be a public singer was poor Ada's ambition, and she was thereupon privately tabooed, only, happily, Ada did not understand that it was so; her friends, however, understood it for her.

The next evening Ada spent at the Tabors', when Arthur Wildish was there, and she gravely informed him that she had made her debut—had appeared in public for the first time.

"And never told me," he said angrily, for some of the contemptuous things that had been said had reached his ears.

Instead of explaining her innocent little jest, Ada, resenting the tone in which he had spoken, chose to stand upon her girlish dignity. "Why should I tell you?" she said, raising her stately little head, and giving the least possible sniff with her delicate little nose, whereupon there ensued a pretty little lovers' quarrel; which, however, was not made up at parting as it ought to have been, in spite of Lucy Tabor's explanations.

(*To be continued.*)

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

III.—WITH THE CHILDREN'S CHILDREN (*continued*).

YES, the present "French Hospital"—the New Providence—was built nine years ago in the border-land beyond the Weaver's Garden, that great garden and pleasure-ground known as Victoria Park. It is the only garden left to the descendants of those old craftsmen who once dwelt in houses every one of which had its gay plot of flowers, its rustic arbour, or its quaint device of grotto work, built up of oddly-shaped stones and pearl-edged oyster-shells. Do you think there is now no remnant of the old French folk left? Come for a stroll among the grand beds and plantations of this East-end playground, and you shall see. On holidays and, alas! on those days when (to use the expressive term handed down from prosperous times) the weaver is "at play"—that is to say, waiting for woof and weft, and so wiling away the sad and often hunger-bringing hours—you will see him, with his keen well-cut face, his dark appreciative eye, his long delicate hands, his well-brushed, threadbare coat and hat; and the mark of race is plainly to be noted in his intensity of look and his subdued patient bearing. He comes of a stock which had it not been of the hardiest and the most temperate and enduring in the world, would have disappeared a century ago. On Sunday mornings, when the bells are sounding round about him, he is to be met with lingering (with who shall say what inner sense of worship) by the strange shrubs and flowering plants, or standing with a pathetic look of momentary satisfaction on his lean, mobile face, to mark the rare glow and gush of colour made by the blooms in a "ribbon" device of flowers on a sunny border by a dark background of cedar. But come and see what his forefathers might have called, in their Scripture phraseology, "the remnant of the children of Israel;" the old inmates of that French Hospital founded so long ago when De Ruvigny was the "beloved cousin" of George I., and Philippe Menard preached at St. James's; when the Duchess de la Force brought donation after donation to the work, and Philippe Hervart, Baron d'Huningue gave £4,000, all in one splendid contribution, to the building fund. Could they have seen (who knows that they have not?) this great French chateau rising beyond the park palings in a neighbourhood fast filling with houses, but still open to the air that blows from the Weaver's Garden and from the great expanse of land leading towards the forest, they would have recognised the familiar style of those grand mansions which in France succeeded the castles of the feudal nobility when Henry Quatre was king. The high-pointed roof with its irregularly picturesque lines, the quaint towers and spires, the slate blue and purple, and rosy tints of colour in slope and wall and gable; the various combinations of form and hue changing with every point of view, make this modern copy of the old French chateau a wonderful feature in any landscape, and the unaccustomed visitor seeing it as it stands there in its own ornamental ground, surrounded by a quaint wall decorated in coloured bands, wonders what can be the meaning of a building so full of suggestion; and if he be of an imaginative turn, may fall into a day-dream even while he peers through the gate that stands by the porter's lodge.

But let us pass through this gate, and so up to the entrance-hall, and we shall seem to leave behind us not only the Weavers' Garden, but most things English. The hall itself, paved with encaustic tile, leads to a flight of broad, shallow steps, beneath an arched ceiling of variegated brick and two screen arches. These steps conduct us at once to a central corridor, extending for the entire length of the building, and rising to the greatest height, of the open roof of timber with its lofty skylights. In front of us is a double stone staircase, one branch being for the old ladies, the other for the men; and immediately at the foot of the former division is the entrance to the refectory, a large handsome dining-hall, where, at two long tables, this wonderful company assemble, only the very infirm having their meals carried to the upper ward, where they are waited on by paid attendants. Separate staircases are provided for the servants of the establishment, whose rooms are in the tower above the main wards—or rather, let us say, principal apartments, for they are not so much wards as a series of twenty-two large bedrooms, linen-rooms, and two bath-rooms. The steward of the hospital, a venerable gentleman with the courteous air and speech of some seneschal of olden time, has also his own apartments, reached by a third stair, his sitting-room and office occupying a space close to the entrance. On the right of the main staircase and at the end of the corridor is the ladies' sitting-room, a fine high-windowed light and lofty place, admirably warmed, as indeed all the building is, and so furnished that at each large square table four old ladies can sit and have not only ample space for books or needlework, but on her right hand each

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can open a special separate table-drawer with lock and key, wherein to keep such waifs and strays—shreds, patches, skeins, and unconsidered trifles—as children and old women like to accumulate. There is another day-room beside this, and a similar, though not quite so large an apartment is provided for the men, both rooms being furnished with sundry books and a few periodicals of the day, amongst which, it may be noted, that THE QUIVER holds an honourable place in the regard of this simple family. It must not be forgotten though that many of the old gentlemen have grown accustomed to the use of tobacco, and here in the basement is a smoking-room, quite out of the way of the ordinary sitting and dining-rooms, and not far from the laundry and drying-rooms, which form an important part of the establishment. But, hush! there is a hymn sounding yonder in the refectory; a hymn sung by voices many of which are yet fresh and clear, though the singers number more than eighty years of life, and of life that has often been hard and full of heaviness. It is the grace before meat, and the hot joints, with the fresh vegetables from their own garden, have just come up from the big kitchen by means of a lift to the serving-room. There are no servants to wait at table, and the family dinner-party is a private one, inasmuch as it is the custom here for the most active of the inmates to agree among themselves who shall be butler, or *beaufetière*, for each day during the week. So the dinner-time goes pleasantly and quickly, the meat, the vegetables, and the capital household beer, of which each man has a pint twice a day, and each woman half a pint, being the only articles that require serving.

The good old-fashioned family custom of everybody having his or her own tea-pot is observed here. A great gas boiler stands on one side the refectory, and a row of convenient lockers on the other; and each inmate has tea and coffee from the stores, while bread and butter are also served out for consumption according to each individual fancy, and not in rations at each meal-time. Thus those old ladies and gentlemen who have spending money, or friends to bring them some of the little luxuries that they so keenly appreciate, can add a relish to their breakfast or to the evening beer.

We will not go in while they are at dinner, for there are those here yet who "might have been gentlefolk" but for the mutability of our mortal affairs. Stay! here come the old ladies, with old-fashioned curtsies, which are more than half a bow, and not a mere vulgar "bob." There is no mistaking some of their faces. You may see their like in French pictures, or in old French towns still. Some of them with eyes from which the fire has not yet died out; with deftly-moving fingers; with a quick, springy step; with an inherited remnant of the French *moue* and shrug, as they answer a gentle jest about their age and comeliness.

"Eighty-four; and I don't know how it is, but I don't seem to see so well in the dark as I used. When I went out to see my brother-in-law, I was quite glad he came part of the way home with me."

"Turned eighty, but I can't get up-stairs as I used to do."

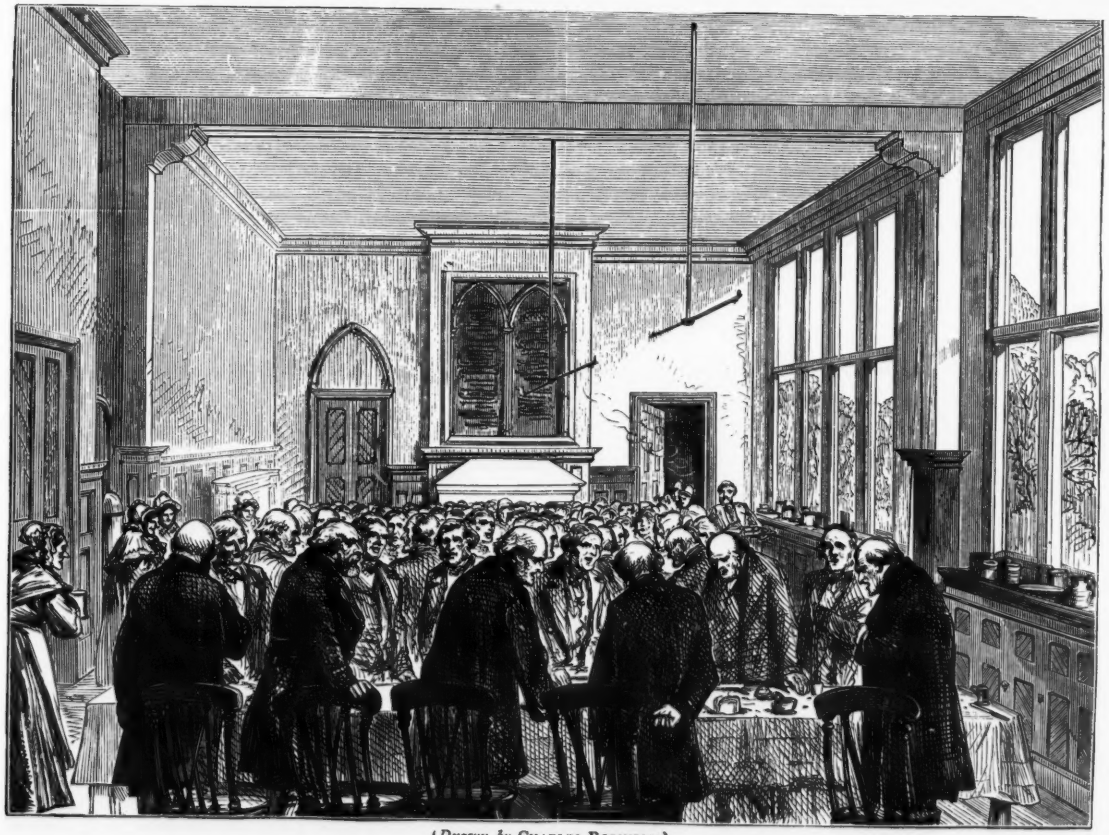
"You speak French, madame?"

"Pas beaucoup, monsieur;"—this from one of the only two actual French women now in the establishment, the rest being lineal descendants only. The oldest, who is now going quietly and with a very pretty dignity out of the refectory, is ninety-four, and can not only hear a low-toned inquiry, but answers it in a soft pleasant voice. She bears the burden of years bravely, but the burden itself has perhaps been heavy; and she speaks in a mournful tone, as one looking forward to a mansion among the many—to a house not made with hands, may sometimes speak when even the grasshopper becomes a burden.

As to a young person of sixty-five or thereabout, nobody regards her as having any real business to mention such a trifling experience of life; while of the men—most of whom seem to have filed off for their pipe or newspaper—one remains finishing his dinner, for he has been on duty for the day, and is now winding up with a snack of bread-and-butter and the remainder of his mug of porter—a stoutly-built, hale, stalwart-looking gentleman, who, sitting there without his coat, which hangs on the back of a chair, might pass for a retired master mariner, or a representative of some position requiring no little energy and endurance. I fancy, for the moment, that he must be an official appointed to serve or carve, and employed on the establishment.

"Eighty-four," and one of the old weaving colony of Bethnal Green. There can be no mistake about it. Every inmate provides certificates and registers enough to make the claim undoubted; and as to the right by descent, half the people here carry it in their faces, and to the initiated, are as surely French, as they are undoubtedly weavers.

The morning here begins with family prayers, which the steward reads from a desk in the refectory, and so the day closes also. The Sunday services are in the chapel, and such a chapel! To those who remember the dim, barely-furnished room in the old building at St. Luke's, this gem of architectural taste and simple beauty at the end of the main corridor comes with no little surprise. Its beautiful carved stone corbels, mosaic floor, and charming ornamentation; its broad gallery entered immediately from the upper floor, so that the feeble and infirm may go to worship



(*Drawn by* CHARLES ROBINSON.)

AT THE FRENCH HOSPITAL, VICTORIA PARK GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

"*ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS*"—*p.* 366.

directly from their sleeping-rooms; its glow of subdued colour and sobered light from windows of stained glass; its simple decorations, and its spotless purity, are no less remarkable than the plainness which characterises the general effect. It is to be noticed, too, that there is no "altar," but "a table;" that neither at the back of the communion nor on the carving of the lectern, nor even in the windows, is there to be seen a cross. Where the Maltese cross would occur amidst the arabesques of the stained glass, we see the fleur-de-lis. French Protestantism has, perhaps, not yet lost its intense significance, at all events here, in this chapel where the service of the Church of England is observed, and an ordained clergyman ministers to the family of the children's children of the ancient persecuted people of Languedoc, the symbol under which the Protestants were burned and tortured and exiled has no place. This is probably in accordance with the traditions left by De Ruvigny, by Gastigny, by Menard, and by their successors, whose portraits still hang in the fine board room of the new Providence.

Of course, no contributions or subscriptions are now asked for to support this old French charity. With it are associated one or two gifts of money, such as that of Stephen Mounier for apprenticing two boys; and the bequest of Madame Esther Coqueau for giving ten shillings monthly to ten poor widows or maidens; but the directors do not seek for external aid. To the charity when it was first chartered was added a portion of the accumulations of the benefactions of the French Church at Norwich, and it may here be mentioned that at Norwich, where a contingent of the army of refugees had settled, the Society of Universal Goodwill was also established by Dr. John Murray, a good physician, who strove to extend to a large organisation a plan for relieving distressed foreigners. This was but ninety years ago, and it was less successful than its promoter desired, so that part of the funds accumulated were judiciously handed to another admirable society in London, of which I shall have something to say, "The Society of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress."

POLLY THORNE'S NEW FROCK.

CHAPTER I.

"I DO so hate sewing, mamma I *wish* you would let me put away my work," sighed little Edith Carson, as her needle came unthreaded for about the twentieth time that morning.

"But I want you to learn to like it, Edith, which you will never do if you put it by each time you come to any slight difficulty. I want my little girl to be useful, and able to help me when I require her to do so. You will like work well enough in time, dear, if you are patient and persevering."

"No, indeed, mamma, I am sure I never shall; I hate it more and more every day; and I think it is not kind of you to make me do it in my holidays."

"Hush, Edie," said her mother, reprovingly, "you should not speak to me in that way; it is not for you to judge what I think fit to do. You know I am not giving you any lessons to learn during these holidays; but as I do not like your being quite idle the whole day, I wish you to work with me for an hour every morning; surely there is no great hardship in that."

"But, mamma, I don't see what use there is in learning to work. I am too young to make my own things yet, and when I am grown up, of course I shall only do fancy work, like the young ladies who come and stay with you sometimes."

"Then do you suppose that those ladies, when they are at home, do only fancy work?" asked Mrs. Carson, smiling.

"Yes, I should think so," said Edith.

"What will you say, then, when I tell you that Miss Wilson, who stayed with me last winter, makes all her own dresses, besides helping to make her little sisters'? She has a very busy life at home, and I asked her to come here because I thought it would be a rest to her, and she told me she had scarcely touched a piece of fancy work for six months. Now, Edie, what do you say to that?"

The child was silent for a moment, then she said, "Well, but I should never be obliged to do that, you know; papa is so rich that we can always pay other people to do our things for us."

"Papa might not always be rich, dear," her mother said gravely. "Do you not remember last year when poor Uncle Fred lost all his money, and had to give up his beautiful house and go and live in a small cottage, whilst Cousin Mary had to take a situation as governess? Yet your uncle was a much richer man at one time than papa is now. And even if we can afford to pay people to do our work for us, it is no reason why we should not learn to be as useful as we can. God did not give us hands and fingers that we should merely use them for our own amusement, Edie."

"Well, I am sure nothing will ever make me like plain work," was poor Edie's reply; "and it does look so nice and bright out of doors, do, please, mamma, let me go and play with Tom now. Ah, here he is!" as a good-looking boy about twelve came bounding in at the door, his cheeks glowing from the fresh air.

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"Do come along, Edie; I have been looking everywhere for you," he said to his sister; "and here you are poking over that horrid work, instead of being out in the garden."

"May I, mamma?" asked Edith, her eyes shining with delight at the prospect.

"Yes, you may put your work away now, and run off into the garden with Tom; but take care not to get wet in the snow, or you will be taking cold."

Delighted with the permission to put away her work a little earlier than usual, Edith ran up-stairs to put on her cloak, and to follow her brother into the garden for a romp, for she and Tom were great friends, and were never so happy as when together.

That evening there was a dinner-party at Mr. Carson's house, and Edith, after her tea in the nursery, went up into her own little room to be dressed in the pretty new white frock with rose-coloured ribbons, which was laid out in readiness on the bed. Like most other little girls, she was very fond of having new things, and was standing admiring her pretty red sash when Jane, the nursery-maid, came in to dress her. She looked so sad, and seemed so quiet, hardly taking any notice of Edie's merry talk, that at last the child turned round and asked her what was the matter.

"Why, you have been crying, Jane," she exclaimed; "what can have happened to you? and I have not heard you singing about the rooms at all to-day either. Are you ill?"

"No, miss, thank you," replied the girl; "but I went home yesterday and found mother in a deal of trouble, and it made me cry so. Father has been ill, and lost his place, and poor mother is so put about, she does not know which way to turn to get food for the children."

"I am so sorry, Jane; but why don't you tell mamma about it? she would be sure to give them something to eat," said little Edith.

"Your mamma has been so kind before, that I could not think of troubling her again. But, Miss Edith, I could not sleep last night for thinking of poor little Polly and Jim crying for food, and mother not able to give it them. And so cold, too, for they could not have a fire, except just to cook a bit of supper for father, because he is so ill;" and the poor girl began to cry again at the recollection of the pale, hungry faces of the little brother and sister she had seen the day before.

Edith was a kind-hearted child, and very fond of Jane, who had been with Mrs. Carson some years, and was a very good and faithful servant. Her parents were most respectable people, and Edith knew that they had lived in great comfort, so that she was much shocked to hear now from Jane that they were actually in want of food.

"Do not cry, Jane," she said. "I will tell mamma to-morrow all about it, and she will give you some money. To-night, you know, she is busy with the dinner-party, but in the morning I will tell her. And did you say your little sister was really crying for food? How dreadful that must be!" and Edith thought of the good dinner she had had that day herself, and of the beautiful sweetmeats and fruits which she had seen on the dining-room table, when they were laid out for dessert.

"Thank you, Miss Edie," said Jane, as she finished tying the pretty red sash; "but you must not let your mamma think that I wanted you to speak to her; she has always seemed so good to me that I would not for worlds impose upon her kindness."

Edith did not quite understand what Jane meant by the last words, but she would try to remember them, and ask her mamma to explain them.

She did not enjoy herself as much as usual that evening, for she could not help thinking a great deal about the poor little children who had cried from hunger; and as she was eating a cake and a piece of preserved ginger at dessert, she suddenly began wondering whether they had gone to bed without any supper, and wishing so much that she could have sent them some of hers. I am afraid that little Polly and Jim would have liked something more than the cake and preserve, which were quite enough for Edith Carson after the good tea she had had that afternoon.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

138. Show that Job attributed his troubles to the Almighty.

139. When our Lord "saw a fig-tree in the way, and found nothing thereon," says St. Matthew, "but leaves only, He said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away." State an additional particular recorded by another Evangelist.

140. Where do we read that the Lord Jesus followed the occupation of a carpenter?

141. When our Lord was on the cross many "of the women that followed Him from Galilee stood afar off." Who were the women who stood *by the cross?*"

142. Name a prophet who during the Captivity was told by God not to mourn when his wife died.

143. Quote a passage from the Old Testament which tells us that there was joy in heaven at the creation of this world.

144. Where do we read that the camels of the kings of Midian were decorated with chains of gold?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 336.

127. Twice (1 Kings iii. 5; ix. 2).

128. The wicked (Ps. lviii. 3, 4).

129. St. Luke (xxiv. 34); 1 Cor. xv. 5.

130. "Because the Lord loved you, and because He would keep the oath which He had sworn unto your fathers" (Deut. vii. 8).

131. Rom. xii. 15; Gal. vi. 2.



AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

A MOSSY, mouldering terrace of white stone
Fences the undulating garden ground,
Its sun-dry marge with verdure overgrown,
With here and there a group, or vase, alone;
Columns with creepers closely clustering wound,
And ivies laced along a sunny mound;
Raised banks of grasses, squares of careless flowers;
A stately cypress walk, and one which ends

Where plays a fountain, where an old vine bends
Upon each side in two leaf-lighted bowers:
Anigh a peacock fans his pompous plumes,
Smoothing the spots, like sunflowers, and the rings
Amid their iridescent purple glooms;
And from a poplar, rustling grey in air
Above the hidden willowy hollow, where,
Insellient, a limpid rivulet cool
Swerves to its foamy fall into a pool
In the wide field, a bird exuberant sings.

T. C. L.

CHILD RUTH.

BY BEATRICE LEIGH HUNT.

CHAPTER XXI.

"HOW late the postman is this afternoon, Maurice!" exclaimed Ruth, who was standing on a chair at the window, so that she could see over the garden wall part of the road leading toward the village.

"The watched pot never boils," said Maurice, laughing and walking to the window. "Come and sit quietly with me until he arrives, I must go to the studio."

Ruth with the assistance of Maurice's hands sprang from her chair, and accompanied him to the studio, where he was painting a picture for the Royal Academy.

The autumn and winter had passed away, and now Maurice and Ruth were quite settled in their home, at a distance of about a mile from the village, on a hill which cost the old postman many a grumbling complaint when he had to ascend it sometimes simply to deliver a letter at "Mr. Maurice's" house. Such was the case this February afternoon, when after all the other letters were delivered a foreign letter directed to Mrs. Maurice Rae still remained. The postman dawdled rather, talking to a neighbour part way up the hill, little knowing or caring that Ruth was impatient for his arrival. The impatience was no compliment to himself.

At length Ruth heard the garden door creak, as it slowly opened, and, regardless of the chilly air and wet gravel, she stepped out of the studio window and met the postman. How well she knew the writing on the envelope which he placed in her hand.

"It *is* from Stephen!" she exclaimed joyfully, as she bounded into the room again, and began with great eagerness to break the seal, supremely unconscious of Maurice's amusement at her failure to do it quickly. This was the first letter which Ruth had received from Stephen. His letters had been either to Mrs. Rae or to Maurice, though he had always sent messages to her, and finally, the promise of a letter. When at last the refractory seal was broken, Ruth sat down on the ground just where she had been standing, and began to read.

"MY DARLING RUTH,—I have often wished to write to you since I have been away, and now that I am coming home again so soon, I can allow myself to write. I dare say you wonder what I mean by that, and I will tell you.

"When I had Maurice's first letter I was shocked at its contents, though if I had thought reasonably, I might have known that he would be unable to help telling you the cause of my sudden departure. It made my heart ache to think that I should have cast a shadow over the wedding, which, as the precursor of your happiness, should have been unmarred by one sad thought. I made a resolution not to write to you until I could tell you that you had no cause to think sadly of me, and not to come home until I could write such a letter. I know, darling, that if I had told you not to grieve, but could not conscientiously tell you that you had no cause, it would be worse than useless, with you.

"Now I can say with perfect truth, with perfect remembrance of the whole past, that I feel no pain, and no regret, except the knowledge of the suffering I have caused to those I love. You will believe me, and let me cherish that past from which I have grown, not a 'sadder,' but a 'wiser man.'

"I am longing to come home again to my countrymen and patients, but above all to those whom I can call friends. Very soon, perhaps sooner than you expect, you will see

"Your loving brother,
"STEPHEN RAE."

When Ruth had finished her letter, she rose, and gave it to Maurice to read, and stood with her hand on his shoulder re-reading it herself. Then Maurice looked up, and said, "Does that make you happy?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, smiling, while the tears stood in her eyes. "Maurice, what does Stephen mean by saying sooner than I expect?"

"What he says, I suppose."

"No, dear, be serious. I mean what time will he come?"

"That I can't say. I should think he probably means in two or three days."

"Perhaps to-morrow!" exclaimed Ruth, with a bright flush in her cheeks. "I shall have to keep within these walls until he comes."

"Pardon me, I should not think of allowing that," said Maurice, calmly.

"Do let me, Maurice. It would be so dreadful if Stephen came while I was out."

"There will be no need to run that 'dreadful' risk. Trains are not coming in every hour of the day, and you certainly must not injure your health you know, Ruth."

"You ridiculous boy! As if staying in a day or two would do that. If so, you are in danger of ruining yours, for you have not stirred out of the house to-day. Now I tell you what you must do. Go and call on Dr. Lambert."

"Do you wish me to, really?" asked Maurice, smiling.

"Yes, because you have been rather rude not to

call before. I think you ought to call. He will have returned from his rounds by the time you arrive, and Maurice, if ever I meet him by chance on the road, I always feel so uncomfortable, knowing what a long while it is since you have been."

"Then I will go. Give me my hat and coat quickly before my determination wears away," and Maurice, laughing, kissed Ruth and set off.

Ruth went into the drawing-room and seated herself at the piano; where in the twilight she began singing some of her own songs. While she sang she thought of Stephen, and almost unconsciously began the symphony of a very great favourite of his. It was a quaint little song, which she had composed when she was quite a child, and it took her memory back to the very first time that she had visited the Raes.

The night that Ruth had composed this song, she had found to her great consternation that Stephen had been standing in the doorway, listening. Was it the recollection of this that made Ruth suddenly turn her head towards the door? And was it the vivid likeness to the previous scene—the song, the firelight, the darkness in the hall—that made her fancy that Stephen stood there now?

Ruth stood up and then remained motionless, but only for a moment. The figure advanced, and Stephen clasped Ruth in his arms.

"That song was like a welcome, and like a promise that the old times shall return," were Stephen's first words, as Ruth led him to the sofa. "You are not angry with me for listening to it this time? are you?"

"Angry? No, but don't remind me that I was so silly before, Stephen," said Ruth. "When I had your letter this afternoon I did not know you meant so *very* soon."

"I was a little uncertain, as I thought I might have to spend a few days in London with Tina; but mother is not very well, so we thought it best that she should come away from London directly. That is why we came to-day."

"Nothing much the matter I hope? When I heard from Tina she said mamma continued well."

"I don't think London agrees with mother, and I find her weaker than when I went away. She is very weak, though I think the return home will do her good."

"And your return," said Ruth. "I have more faith in that than in anything else. Your return will do good to everybody," she continued eagerly. "You don't know how anxiously you have been inquired after, and how your return was longed for by all your patients."

"I am only too glad to come back myself," replied Stephen. "Not that I am sorry for one moment that I went away, because I am now more fit for my position; I have learnt a great deal during my absence."

Ruth looked into his face as the flames flickered brightly and lighted the whole room. The lines there had deepened, and in the brown wave of hair that lay upon his forehead the grey hairs were glistening.

"Learnt a great deal?—yes, and suffered too," she added mentally, as she unconsciously stroked the lock of hair, while her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Stephen.

"Your hair is grey," answered Ruth, while a great tear fell. Stephen drew her toward him, answering, "Don't cry, Ruth, for that. I am fonder of the grey hairs than of the brown." In spite of the smile with which Stephen spoke, Ruth heard and understood his more serious tone. She kissed the hair fondly, and then kneeling down beside him, looked up with an answering look of smiling gravity.

When Maurice came home, he entered the room perfectly unconscious of Stephen's presence; and when he saw him, how his face lighted up with joy! Their meeting was so affectionate, so unusually demonstrative for men, that it made Ruth feel inclined to cry; for she then for the first time seemed really to know what they had both gone through She had known Stephen must have suffered, but though she knew that Maurice had too, she did not realise the extent of his suffering, or of his love for Stephen, until she saw his face at that moment, and heard him say, "Stephen, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you," in a voice that told the anxiety, the pain, and the pity which he had felt for so many months, but which he had concealed from Ruth, lest she should have suffered more.

After a few minutes' conversation, Stephen said he must go home, and Maurice and Ruth accompanied him, as they were desirous to see Mrs. Rae; and once more in the drawing-room at the Willows, Ruth sang a number of songs, until Mrs. Rae, being fatigued with the journey from London, went to bed.

"I will come again to-morrow to see if mamma has quite recovered from her fatigue," said Ruth.

"Yes, do, she will be glad to see you, especially as she will be a great deal alone," answered Stephen, as he, Maurice, and Ruth stood at the garden gate. "She could not have a better companion than you."

"Good night," said Maurice; "there need be no more good-byes now."

"No. How little we prize the words good night, until we know what a real good-bye is," added Ruth, and she repeated Maurice's good night with a dreamy lingering over the words that struck her with a new and beautiful meaning.

Stephen turned into the house again. It seemed so peaceful after the life he had been leading, and even the glimpse into the immediate future, which as a doctor he saw, could not disturb him. He could hardly regret that his mother should die soon, now that her life was completed,—that she

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was happy in seeing her children happy, that her duties were fulfilled, and that her husband had gone before her to that happy country, where pains and parting are unknown.

The next morning, when Ruth returned from the kitchen, where she had been giving her orders, she found Stephen in the breakfast-room with Maurice.

He rose and came to meet her, and the expression on his face made her exclaim, "Is anything the matter? Stephen, is mamma ill?

"No, Ruth, not ill; she has said good-bye to us," he answered gently.

Ruth burst out crying violently, and it was some time before she could say through her sobs, "Stephen, it is so sudden!"

"No, dear, it is not sudden or unnatural. You must not cry so, when we have only ourselves to grieve for. It is much better that it should happen now, than that mother should have lingered on a long time in suffering. When I went to speak to her before starting on my rounds, she called me to her and told me that she was very happy, and that she had nothing to wish for, except that we should not have our happiness disturbed by her gaining hers completely. We must all try to remember her wish," added Stephen, stooping to kiss Ruth, and then letting her go to Maurice, who was leaning his arm on the mantelpiece, and his head on his arm, but had listened attentively to all that Stephen had said.

"Poor Stephen; it is harder for him than for us, Ruth," said Maurice, after Stephen had left. "He *will* be alone now."

Stephen would live at the Willows alone, but solitude was not irksome to him, and he was so much with his patients, and so much with Maurice and Ruth, that he had very little even of solitude.

THE END.

THE HARVEST OF LIGHT.—II.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., ISLINGTON.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Ps. xcvii. 11.

STRUGGLES with ignorance are a sowing of light for a harvest of Divine knowledge. "We know only in part," but the instinct of knowing urges us on, and our partial knowledge is the means of higher attainment; just as the alphabet which a child learns is the means of advancing to the wisdom of a sage. Our knowledge does not extend to all truth; but we are so constituted that we can follow on to know even God Himself. Our least knowledge, our feeblest light, is but a lower degree of the knowledge which fills those who know as they are known. We can never perfectly know God, but we can know Him in part—know Him to the extent of our created capacity; and our knowledge of Him is not merely regulative, it is true and valid. It is an earnest, a rudimentary sample of the future. It is as the seed corn to the harvest—the same in kind, only less in degree.

How God has prepared for our future knowledge, sown truth so that it shall spring up in harvests; hidden light in darkness, so that at the appointed time it shall break forth! He has sown the soil of the Bible, so to speak, with profound, inexhaustible truth. There it lies, a buried thing, its full meaning and glory to be recognised only a thousand years hence; quietly, unsuspected, buried, as it were. Hidden as seed, Divine meanings lie in the old Book—treasure hid in a field. We dig, all is dark and lifeless.

Christ is born. At once all the prophecies concerning Him, hitherto inscrutable, are flooded with light. The seed of prophecy becomes in history a harvest of light. Men are compelled to confess that it was God-buried truth.

Deep spiritual truths are uttered—as, for instance, by our Lord to His disciples. They understood not the things that He spake to them. His resurrection revealed to them a whole firmament of spiritual meanings. "When ye have lifted up the son of man, then shall ye know that I am He." Then there is the purifying of spiritual vision by teaching and discipline. Scales of prejudice and carnality fall from our eyes, we see spiritual meanings, in familiar records, where before we never suspected them. "The spiritual man discerneth all things." Thus the Bible means more and more to each succeeding generation, more and more to each individual man. Light and truth are ever breaking forth from it, and chasing away great forms of superstition and social evil; and society becomes more spiritually intelligent and pure. The harvest of virtue, religiousness, freedom that we are reaping now, was sown by Christ and His apostles; and our children's children will reap a richer harvest than we do. Things that are mysteries, to us will be clear to them. We puzzle over them, we ask of one another, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" And, lo! the seal is broken, and the stone rolled away; and looking in, we see an angel of light.

What a revelation of *God Himself*, for instance, there is in the Bible, if we could but interpret it. Not the stern, avenging God of the earlier books, nor the gracious, benevolent God of the Psalms; but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

What infinite depths there are in His Fatherhood—deep below deep. How we are continually discovering them! Our fathers suspected no further meaning beneath their interpretations. How far the tenderness and love of our conceptions transcend theirs! nay, are we not ever transcending ourselves—rising on

"The stepping stones of our dead selves to nobler things?"

Are we not continually discovering new and more spiritual meanings in the Bible and in God? Not that there is more there than there was, but that we can see more. We are ever reaping the harvest of what has been sown for us.

Or take our *own nature*—our own spiritual necessities, privileges, and possibilities. God has sown the soil of our own spiritual nature with great religious truths—mysterious instincts, intuitions, sympathies, yearnings, ever developing spiritual knowledge and consciousness. How gradually we come to know ourselves, and the rich experiences of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. How much of the realisations of spiritual life is as light sown—a process going on that will be a harvest by-and-by! God is ever leading us to higher knowledge of Himself—to richer spiritual experiences; spiritualising our affections, developing our spiritual resources, revealing the heart of His love to us, filling us with all the fulness of God.

III. The discipline of sorrow is a sowing of light.

God's painful providences are often the most inscrutable to a religious man. "Wherefore do the wicked prosper," and he, God's loving child, "cleanses his heart in vain, and washes his hands in innocency?" He walks in darkness, and has no light. God's mercy is concealed rather than manifested. "All these things are against me."

And yet what harvests of light are often sown for us in providential darkness. How signally it was so for Jacob. The bereaving of which he complained was God's mysterious preparation for the salvation of his household. None of God's ways are entirely dark—there is light in *Him*, if not in *them*. We may not understand what He does, but we can trust Him who does it. The thing itself seems all darkness; its mystery is impenetrable; its aspect towards us hostile and relentless; it comes down upon us like an avalanche; we cannot avert it, and it will not spare. If we did not know something about God, we should speak of it as a stern, inexorable fate—a cruel, unfeeling power. But we know Him to be infinitely wise and loving—a Father of unspeakable tenderness and pity—and this thing is in His hand, and is His doing. It is He who ordains for us this experience, wraps around us this thick darkness, lets fall upon us this heavy stroke, tears away from us this precious possession.

What do we say? Why that, however terrible or mysterious, nothing shall shake our faith in Him. It is easy to imagine some loving purpose, some wise process of which we are ignorant; it is not easy to think Him cruel or heedless. Our faith believes that in this great darkness God is sowing light for us, and that by-and-by it will be a harvest of light. Other men's light may turn to darkness; our darkness must turn to light. "All things are working together for my good," if, that is, I do but love God. Only a righteous use of sorrow, again, can cause it to fructify a harvest of light.

IV. Patient labour is a sowing of light. In the pulpit we sow, and for years the precious seed may be hidden, and apparently lost. In the school we sow, and the child may pass into the man, and no fruit be visible. In the mission field we sow, and one sower after another falls in his furrow, and the seed still lies buried. In our families we sow, with tears and prayers, and our children grow up impenitent and ungodly. In many fields of work the sowing must be patient and reiterated before the harvest is reaped—"One soweth, and another reapeth."

But what precious seed we sow—seed of light, the intrinsic quality of which is to enlighten and purify. The hidden germination may be a long and weary process, but the harvest-time will come. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

V. Finally. Death is a sowing of light; it is precious seed that we put into the grave—the seed of light, that we sow for the harvest of the resurrection. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." When we follow to the grave a righteous man, the thought of life is dominant over the thought of death. How strangely joy mingles with grief; how light from the celestial city shines upon the dark river. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness;" he has sown in darkness, and the harvest is terrible. But "the righteous has hope in his death." All is light about him, within him, before him. "To die is gain." If you stand by his death-bed, no thought, no feeling of darkness is possible. His joy is "unspeakable, and full of glory." He sees heavenly visions, he hears heavenly songs. Not his the cry of terrible pathos, "More light! more light!" It is a glory that death cannot touch. The earthly tabernacle falls away, and the glorified spirit is revealed, radiant with life and joy. So pure and rational, and yet so unearthly and transcendent, that he seems to be treading the threshold of heaven, rather than that of the sepulchre. We "commit his body to the earth, in

sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection at the last day." "Light is sown for the righteous."

Thus the mystic process is ever going on; preparation for greater holiness and happiness is ever being made. We reap to day what we sowed yesterday; we sow to-day what we shall reap to-morrow; we sow in youth what we reap in manhood. Our life has many harvests, the seed we sow a manifold reproductiveness.

Happy he who sows and reaps only light. Happy he who, by constant sowings of light, is ever advancing in knowledge and sanctity—growing in grace, realising richer experiences of spiritual things; sowing and reaping together—reaping the fruit of the past, sowing the seed of the future. Should we not, then, be patient during the sowing-time, and while the process of fructification is slowly going on? We may not doubt because we cannot see. We are not reaping light, but we may be sowing it. Sorrow may be the dark clod in which the precious seed is deposited, and out of which our most glorious harvest of light may break forth.

What a blessed hope it is! The light of the righteous is ever increasing, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." The light of his joy may not "crackle like thorns under a pot," but it is an ever-kindling, steady flame. His are not the pleasures of sin, but they are the more solid satisfactions of happiness. He may have his hours of darkness, but they are sown with light for his future joy. His joy is not a mere outward excitement passing with the exciting cause; it is an inward life whose springs are in itself. If he fail of joy, it is only through unfaithfulness to his own principles. It is a great prospect. Ever reaping light in God's presence—making fresh discoveries of God, fresh advances in blessedness.

What are we sowing in our life? We are told of some "who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" they, therefore, are sowing darkness for a harvest of deeper and more terrible darkness still. Let us "sow to ourselves in righteousness;" let "the word of God dwell in us richly;" let us be faithful to every right feeling and desire—to the lightest touch of God's Spirit; do not let us "rebel against the light." Then, whatever the present darkness, and the weeping sowing, the precious seed is in God's keeping. He gives the sunshine and the rain, and orders the fructifying chemistry of the earth and the atmosphere; and when the process shall be finished, there will be a glorious harvest of light.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. No. 15. OUR LORD. PART I. CHRIST A CHILD.

Chapter to be read—Luke ii. (parts of.)

TO THE TEACHER—It is not intended in these lessons to go through the life of Christ, but simply to take up such parts as may exhibit His character in different circumstances of life, and as such be useful to children.

I. THE INFANCY OF CHRIST. (Read Luke ii. 1—18.) The story being familiar, ask a few questions upon it, pointing out the *place* of Christ's birth as fulfilling Micah's prophecy (Micah v. 2); the *cause* of Mary and Joseph's being at Bethlehem—the decree of the Roman Emperor Cæsar for a census; the *time*, just at the end of the reign of Herod the Great; the *heralds* of His birth being angels, and His first *visitors* the shepherds. Ask of what *family* Christ was to come, and remind how David the shepherd-king had kept flocks in these same fields, and sung of Him who was to be made lower than the angels (Ps. viii. 5). Now ask for any other circumstances of Christ's infancy—viz., the visit and offerings of the wise men, the flight into Egypt, and the presentation in the Temple when forty days old.

Ask the object of Christ's birth at all. What name was given by the angel before His birth? Why then did He come? But *how* did He come? Why as a babe born of a poor mother in worst lodging of all in the village? No child but He could choose how and when to be born. What does this show? Was this condescension to teach Himself or to teach us (2 Cor. viii. 9)? See then how Christ even as an infant is an example, and show how wrong it is for children to be discontented because they have not everything they want.

II. THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST. (Read Luke ii. 40—52.) How old was Christ when last heard of Him? Nothing more heard for twelve years. Lived quietly at Nazareth with Mary and probably John the Baptist. What relation was John to Him (Luke i. 36)? Remind how John's parents being very old were probably dead, and so the cousins brought up together. Now at twelve taken up to Temple for first time. What for? Ask how often all Jews had to go up to Jerusalem? Which feast was this? Ask a few questions as to the institution of the Passover, asking of whom the Paschal Lamb was a type. Tell the children that fourteen was usual age for children to go for first time, but that very forward children allowed to go at twelve. Show how this agrees with Luke ii. 52. Notice the following points as to our Lord's conduct at this time.

(1) *He loved the Word of God.* Picture out the scene of Christ's being lost; the large company of friends going home all together for protection—Christ missed—the search amongst the tents—the eager inquiries of friends—the return to the city—the search continued—the Temple reached—the little side-room—the grave doctors learned in God's law—perhaps some of the same scribes who searched the Scriptures at Herod's bidding to see where He should be born (Matt. ii. 4). Picture our Lord seated in the midst, eagerly asking questions—anxious to learn—unlike most boys hurrying over lessons—so increased in wisdom as well as stature (ver. 52). Ask why He loved God's Word? Show how all who love God love His Word; reminding of David (Ps. cxix. 97), Timothy, and others. Bible is as the voice of God to us.

(2) *He loved the house of God.* Probably been most eager to go. So afterwards always attended worship in the different synagogues. Most children can remember delight of first going to church: is there the same delight now? Why do we go to church? If Christ worshipped God, how much more need have we! Let children seek a blessing in the worship of God and hearing His Word and it will be sure to come.

(3) *He was obedient to His parents.* Ask what His mother said when she found Him, and how Christ answered. What was God's business for Him there? To learn and increase in wisdom. What an example to idle children! Then went and lived at country village till thirty years of age. Show how different this to many now—so eager to leave home quite young—so restless and impatient at the least thing said. Ask what commandment teaches this obedience, and show that it includes submission and respect not only to them, but to all in authority over us.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *Contentment.* If are poor and humble, only like Christ. He not a bit less happy for being so, nor need we be. (2) *Perseverance.* He increased in wisdom—how often children idle and careless; seem to make no way in goodness, or wisdom, or anything else. All this fitted Him for future life, and so will it us. The child is the father of the man.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the circumstances of Christ's birth.
2. Name the other incidents of His infancy.
3. What were the three great feasts of the Jews?
4. Give three points in our Lord's character in which as a child He was an example to us.
5. Give two practical lessons.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BAZAAR AT ST. LUKE'S.

THE winter had passed away into a late and wintry spring, and the early summer had come at a bound. In the last days of May, amid sunshine and soft winds, the trees had shaken out their leafy banners, and the flowers had come in troops as for a festival. The first three days of June had been fixed upon for the holding of the bazaar in aid of the building of the spire of St. Luke's, and as it was to be held under canvas the state of the weather had been a source of much anxiety to its promoters. It was a hazardous experiment, that of erecting tents in the meadow behind Park Villas, and trusting to the tender mercies of an English sky; but it was a matter of necessity, not of choice. There was not a public room to be obtained—there was no such thing in the district; how should there be? There was no public life there. It was an assemblage of units who had hardly a tie to each other, and who cultivated toward each other scarcely a sentiment more human than a feeble curiosity.

The preparations were to be completed by noonday on the first, when the bazaar was to be opened by an ex-Lord and Lady Mayoress—or rather by the latter, imported for the occasion. From earliest dawn the ladies had been busy arranging their stalls, and they had really succeeded in making a very fair display. There were suspended above them the inevitable festoons of red and white roses in the still more inevitable glazed calico; but more than all the colours of the rainbow glowed on the tables beneath, and on the persons of the fair holders of the stalls, while the gardens and conservatories of the entire neighbourhood had been laid under contribution for the supply of flowers, which had been placed under the care of the younger ladies.

At noon the bazaar was duly opened and the proceedings commenced. Elderly ladies made their appearance, surrounded by bevies of daughters, and made limited purchases. Younger mammas brought troops of children, who invested in dolls and other playthings, and speedily betook themselves to the sward outside, the sunshine, and the music. Lucy and Ada with their compeers got somewhat dispirited as the afternoon wore on. The elderly ladies and the children did not want their bouquets, and pretty button-hole nosegays were out of the question. For once Mrs. Torrance became a source

of consolation to her friends and even the public; she occupied a prominent position in front of her daughter's stall, in the arrangement of which she was making minor improvements continually. Over her head, displayed bannerwise, was her *magnum opus* in the shape of a large hearthrug, on which was depicted a life-size lion with his feet on the yellow sand of the desert, and his head under the shadow of a palm-tree. For grandeur of conception and delicacy of execution in the shadings this work was the admiration of all beholders, and Mrs. Torrance was justly proud of it. It was one of the great features of the bazaar, and was not to be sold but raffled for before its close. Sitting under it, Mrs. Torrance comforted all who came to her by her way of saying, "Wait till gentlemen come."

About five o'clock they came dropping in, the younger and more zealous, who had dined on a mutton chop in the City, along with the elder and more obtuse, who had yielded to pressure, brought a pocketful of silver coinage, and intended to get home in half an hour or so to a comfortable dinner. The proceedings of these latter gave the utmost satisfaction; they bought their own roses at sixpence a piece and stuck them in their button-holes. Pincushions, needle-cases, book-markers, and what not were offered to their notice, and met with promiscuous purchasers, at least until one complacent buyer had paid the penalty of his indiscriminateness by thrusting his hand into his pocket, and bringing it out again with a rapid change of countenance, stuck over with needles like a species of porcupine, a treacherous article of the needle-holding class having given way in the interior of that receptacle.

Then the papas as a rule departed under promise, alas! in many instances of a speedy return, but the brothers remained. They were only beginning to enter into the spirit of it. Their own sisters might not be particularly interesting, but other people's, were, and some of them were very pretty besides. Lucy and Ada were doing a thriving trade, for the young gentlemen were highly discriminating, and whereas paterfamilias was content with a sweet smile and a pretty timid request to purchase, they seemed to prefer to make their purchases from the hands of the prettiest of the saleswomen, and this greatly to the disgust of at least one spectator who had recently come upon the scene.

"What has brought Philip here?" said Lucy to herself, as she caught sight of his tall figure in the doorway. Mr. Tabor had just passed in, not unnoticed, for he was surrounded at once as a fresh victim.

No one had asked Philip; though everybody had asked almost every creature known to her, no one had thought of asking him. Perhaps for that very reason he was there. Mr. Tabor had been talking over some business with him, and had said abruptly, "By the way, I dine in solitary state this evening; you might come up and help me through it—my womankind are to be at the fancy fair. I must go and join them for an hour in the evening, but you needn't go unless you like." And so Philip was there; and he stood in the doorway, surveying what he was pleased to call "Little Vanity Fair," with what he believed to be calm indifference.

Calm indifference, indeed! There was not a man—no, not a woman there—less calmly indifferent to anything that affected his fellow-creatures, however lightly. Presently he has noticed Lucy, looking flushed, and, he thinks, happy, with Arthur Wildish by her side. She is decorating him with one of her nosegays. That is all a matter of course; but Philip glances behind him with a vague desire to retreat from the stifling tent. He sees Mrs. Austin sit down with a slight air of weariness, leaving the business to her mother, and he thoroughly sympathises with her. He will go over to her and ask if he can be of any use. A very pretty girl accosts him, making a little display of her bright eyes and pearly teeth as she offers him a rose, and his "no, thank you," is so harsh that she blushes crimson and feels inclined to cry. A very plain child is wearily parading a not very distinguished-looking doll at the low price of half-a-crown, and Philip startles her by saying, "You look very tired," and by becoming an unsolicited purchaser, and immediately bestowing his purchase on a disconsolate little girl, who had lost her pocket-money in a raffle for a doll bride and bridegroom, with four bridesmaids and a clergyman complete, and thereby greatly enlarging her views of the possibilities of life.

If any one had told Philip that he was to play a prominent part in the affairs of the bazaar, he would have scouted the idea; but nevertheless such was his fate. He had made his way, with some difficulty, to Mrs. Austin's side, and asked politely if he could be of any use to her. She was about to thank him, declining his services, when Mrs. Torrance turned round upon them, and declared that she could make him of the greatest possible use.

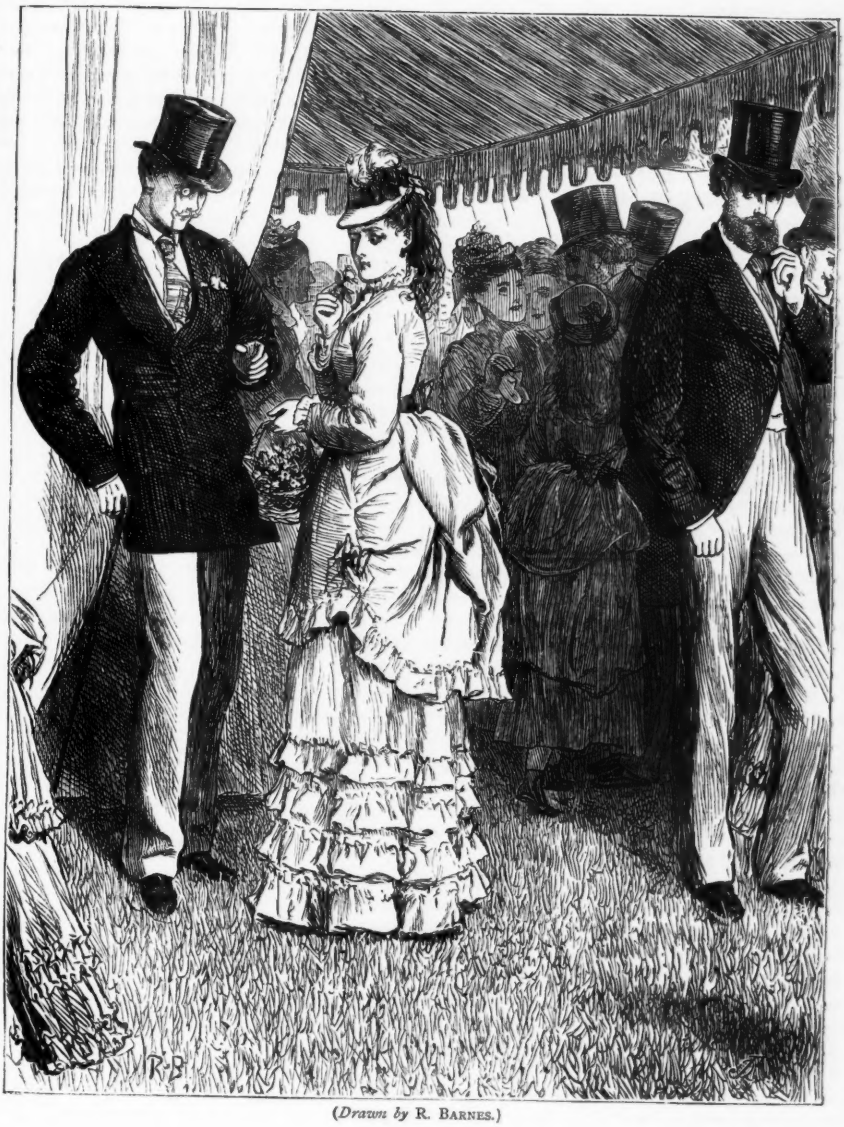
"Pray command me then," said Philip, gallantly, and he was taken at his word.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Torrance, in business-like fashion, "will you be good enough to take down that lion?"

Philip looked up at the work of art overhead, and answered, "Certainly."

"Here is a chair to stand upon," she continued, and forthwith Philip was standing on the chair, the observed of all observers, taking down the bulky trophy.

"Now you must take it round and get subscribers for it," said Mrs. Torrance, volubly. "Here is a pencil and book for our list. You must make up the number of subscriptions to forty; forty half-crowns make only five pounds, and it would be cheap at that."



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"He made a pretence of declining"—*p.* 379.

"But what am I to do?" asked Philip, helplessly.

"Only get people to give you their half-crowns by hook or by crook," said Arthur Wildish, coming up. "Shall I help to invest you as Knight of the Lion?" he added, laughing.

There was a good deal of chaffing as to how Philip should display his lion, some suggesting that he should place it on his back; but at length he was sent out to make the tour of the tent with the rug over his arm in stiff and massive folds. It was a position unlooked for and undesired; but Philip bravely determined to make the best of it, and mulcted Arthur Wildish of four half-crowns on the spot.

Arthur followed in the track of the lion, seeming to have no particular duty of his own, and both the young men came to a halt at the side opposite to which they had started. Just there a piano had been placed, in order that there might be music within if desired, in the intervals when the band was not performing without. The daughters of a local professor of music had been engaged to sing and play. Now one of these young ladies had become quite ill in the course of the afternoon, and had been obliged to go home, much to her younger sister's dismay and trouble. The poor girl had done her best single-handed; but a little programme of the music had been printed, and in it was a duet which of course she could not sing alone. Ada, who was one of her father's pupils, learning her difficulty, without consulting any one, and without considering her own feelings in the matter, at once volunteered her help. Therefore, just before Philip and Arthur had reached the spot where the piano was, Ada stood up with Marian James to sing.

There was a pause and a hush as her clear soprano voice rose above the general babblement, and floated the words distinctly over the heads of the crowd. Philip paused for pleasure, for it had not occurred to him to question Ada's position there, and he was astonished to find that she possessed so great a talent; but his companion's face expressed both displeasure and pain. He had been holding aloof from Ada. He was wearing a rose of Lucy's in his button-hole, and he had remained near the latter as much as he could venture to do ever since he had entered the tent; but he had failed in his purpose of piquing Ada. She had appeared totally unconcerned, and now she was openly breaking with him, throwing down the gauntlet of defiance in public as it were.

Now, the truth was that Ada, in her perfect simplicity, had never thought of him at all. She had not been jealous of Lucy, she had been perfectly unconcerned at his desertion, having been herself fully occupied, and she was singing away there, delighting everybody and herself included, not at all from defiance, but from pure pleasure in the exercise of her voice, for which she had found opportunity in obliging her teacher's daughter. A number of young men had drawn nearer and nearer, and now crowded round the performers, and the cessation of the song was hailed by a round of applause. One young man made himself particularly objectionable to Arthur by adding his rather noisy shouts of "bravo! bravo! encore!" to the little tumult.

Just then the sounding of a little bell by Mr. Huntingdon in person, and the announcement that the closing hour had come, put a stop to the music and the tumult also, and Arthur Wildish, saying good-bye to Philip, rushed out of the tent.

"He must have some other engagement," thought Philip, as he made his way back to Mrs. Austin, with his lion over his arm and his unfilled list in his hand.

"You will do better to-morrow," said Mrs. Torrance, consolingly.

"But I shall not be here," said Philip, bluntly.

"Nonsense," said Mrs Torrance; "you have done very well," she added, looking at the list. "You must come and see it awarded, you know."

"Must I?" he said in a vague way, and looking at Mrs. Austin.

She only answered, "If you have nothing better to do, which I think is unlikely;" but he thought she looked so sweet and wistful as she said it, that he turned abruptly to Mrs. Torrance, and said, "Well, I will come."

In spite of herself, Ellen's face lighted up, and Philip saw it, and in spite of himself felt happier.

The Park Villa party now assembled together. Mrs. Tabor came from the other tent, looking very fresh and bright, Fanny, who had been acting as her satellite, sailing after her, and Mrs. Tabor immediately invited them all to a little supper, as frankly accepted as given, upon the spot. But Philip was truly puzzled when there was a general inquiry as to what had become of Arthur Wildish, and no one, not even Lucy, could tell.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UNDER THE ELMS.

THE second day of the bazaar promised to be still more successful than the first. The day was, if possible, more brilliant, and the visitors more numerous and liberal, still it was not till after four o'clock p.m. that the real business of the day commenced. Then the victims of what some one has called "a pleasant species of robbery" began to make their appearance, and to judge from the reappearance of many of the sufferers they really had taken pleasure in being victimised. The moment a new-comer entered the tent he was seized upon by one or more young ladies, notebook in hand, and made to put down his name to one of some dozen or two subscriptions which had been started, and before he had made the round of the stalls he was probably in for them all. Philip, who had duly reappeared, went at once to his post, and

took charge of the famous lion, which he found to be an immense protection to him, as no sooner was he assailed with any proposition to subscribe for some article, than he met it with a counter-proposition to go in for his own.

On his first round he encountered Arthur Wildish in the doorway, who nodded rather grimly and exclaimed, "You here again!"

"I believe I may say the same to you," retorted Philip, gaily.

"Yes, you may," said Wildish, savagely. "I wasn't coming near the place again; but I couldn't stop away," he added with characteristic candour.

"It seems to have its attractions," said Philip, and he looked over in Lucy's direction.

"Yes," said Arthur, comprehending the glance to a certain extent; "she is always the same," and he heaved a great sigh. He had somehow taken it for granted that Philip knew all about the cessation of his hopes concerning Lucy. He was aware, however, that he was ignorant of his new attachment, which under the circumstances he had not been able to mention.

"And there is that young niece of Miss Lovejoy's," continued Philip; "she has completely fascinated the gentleman who encored so madly last night. He must have lost his heart, by the way he is losing his money to her."

"Impertinent jackanapes!" exclaimed Arthur, hotly, and involuntarily starting forward.

"He is a harmless enough fellow," said Philip. "I have been watching, and his attentions are perfectly legitimate. He has bought a succession of bouquets, each of which he disposes of as speedily as possible by presenting it to some lady of his acquaintance, taking care that she is either sufficiently elderly or sufficiently juvenile not to mistake his intentions. He is now investing in sixpenny scent-holders, and you can trace his path by the perfumes he pours forth."

Instead of laughing, Arthur groaned, and left his friend wondering what was the matter with him.

On went Philip with his lion, making very little progress, for he was a bad beggar, and the competition was waxing hotter and hotter. Each time he passed Lucy he expected to find Arthur Wildish by her side; but no. Lucy was always standing alone. What could Arthur be thinking of? He seemed to be following the young gentleman who had just invested in a fresh supply of scent.

In some roundabout way the latter had managed to obtain a formal introduction to Ada Lovejoy, but as yet he had taken no undue advantage thereof. He had asked Ada if she was going to sing, and Ada had answered no; that she merely sang to supply the place of Miss James, who had been obliged to go away, and that another had taken that lady's place, so that there was no further occasion for her services.

So far all was well; but it is not in the nature of things to stand still at that or any other point—certainly not in the nature of youthful feelings, and those of Ada's admirer got warmer and warmer, and as they did he became more and more demonstrative, and began to attract towards both the subject and object of them more attention than was desirable.

Finding what she considered a good opportunity, Mrs. Torrance took it into her head to lecture Ada on the score of flirtation—an offence of which she was perfectly guiltless, and also to warn her against offending Mr. Wildish, who, she frankly insinuated, was a great deal too good for her. Most girls would either have defended themselves, or been vastly irritated by the tone of the old lady's remarks, hurried as they were. Ada, however, was not irritated; she took the rebuke quite mutely and meekly, as far as appeared on the surface. She was incapable of irritation. Almost all feeling with her took the form of passion, and a passionate pain was kindling in her heart. She had been slow to notice Arthur's desertion, for she was not exacting in a petty way; but now it forced itself upon her, and she was unable to divine its cause. But if it should be that he was too good for her, as Mrs. Torrance seemed to say, that he was rich and well-born and well-bred, while she was poor and low—none of them knew how poor and low she had been—instead of courting him, she would cast him off. Perhaps he would look down not on her, but on hers, if he knew all. She would have nothing more to say to him, she thought, and wondered why the thought should give her so much and such sharp pain.

While she was suffering from it, her admirer drew near among the moving crowd, closely followed by the seemingly aimless Arthur.

The young man hovered a little, and Ada held towards him a basket of flowers, which was swinging in her hand.

He made a pretence of declining. "I think I have done enough in that way; don't you?" he simpered.

Not the least little smile dawned on Ada's face as she answered, "Yes, but here is a very fine one. I am sure you will have this," and she drew a beautiful blossom from the group in her basket, and met a savage look from Arthur as she did so.

The young man leant towards her and whispered something. It was—"I will, if you will put it into my coat."

Arthur did not hear, but he saw. He saw Ada about to hand the blossom over to its purchaser. But, instead of doing so, she crushed it in her hand and fairly turned her back upon her admirer, while her basket fell at her feet.

It was Arthur who picked up its scattered contents and stood shielding her from observation till she had recovered her composure. Then he took a rather wilful and unwilling little hand upon his arm, and

led her away, ostensibly and rather ostentatiously, to get some refreshment.

The refreshment (not altogether unworthy of the name) consisted, in the first instance at least, of a walk up and down outside under the elms, where the same wilful little hand underwent the tender operation of having a thorn extracted, the pain of which had to be healed with kisses yet more tender.

Ada seized the hand of the healer and kissed it in turn.

"So you do care for me at last," he said.

"A little," she answered, with her lips, but her beautiful eyes, suffused and glistening, said a great deal more.

"Not a little, Ada. With you it must be 'all in all, or not at all!'" he said.

"All, then!" she exclaimed; "only I have nothing to give. The all is yours. You are rich and learned, and I am poor and ignorant—I don't think you know how poor and ignorant. No, I can't take everything and give nothing," she continued, drawing back from him.

But he was not to be repulsed now. He seized the little hand once more. "Nothing to give, Ada, when you give yourself! And you are rich," he added, with a more passionate admiration than he had ever bestowed on gentle Lucy Tabor; "you are rich, Ada—you have genius."

"And I can give you that," she said, with sudden inspiration. "I will never play or sing to anybody but you."

He smiled. "You have convicted me of selfishness," he answered. "No—no, Ada! you shall be free. We will have faith in each other."

"But you did not like my playing yesterday," she said.

"I thought you did it to vex me, after our controversy on the subject."

"No, but I kissed that rose to vex you; only"—she hesitated, she could not express, or even understand, the sudden awakening which had come to her, partly from her own act, partly from the love and sorrow that had conquered every smaller feeling in Arthur's face, as she had been about to do what, to his refined taste, was a thing unwomanly; only Ada at the moment was a child in thought and feeling. She would never do such an act again.

They went back to the tent radiantly happy, Ada looking tenfold more lovely in that rosy dawn of love and joy; but they passed in unnoticed and mingled with the crowd. Arthur was too delicate, with all his demonstrativeness, to make a parade of his triumph.

"Where have you been?" said Philip, coming up to him. "I have been looking out for you to invest you with the order of the lion," and he flung that huge trophy over Arthur's shoulder.

"I have been under the elms," said Arthur, pleasantly; "am I to have it?"

And Philip answered, "Yes. Go and lay down your prize at your lady's feet."

(*To be continued.*)

BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—I.

THE GRAVE OF DR. JENNER.

BERKELEY CASTLE, town, and Church would each supply abundant topics for a special article. But the noble work accomplished by Dr. Jenner is more important than Norman keeps, Gothic piles, or ancient borough annals. We must, therefore, for the present, pass by the seven hundred years of history, the story of the regal murder, and the long line of traditions which are associated with the feudal stronghold raised by Henry II. for Robert Fitz-Harding. Nor can we pause to describe the style of the church, the sculpture of the monuments, the sites of the ancient chantries, or the architectural details of the Berkeley Chapel, where the lords of the castle have been buried since the fifteenth century. The grave of Jenner, in the chancel, makes Berkeley Church more famous than many a stately pile, where "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" attract the wondering gaze of the artist and the architect.

Let us now consider the life and labours of the kindly-hearted physician who was the means of conferring on mankind the greatest boon of which medical science can boast.

Edward Jenner was born at Berkeley, on the 17th of May, 1749, in the vicarage, his father, Stephen Jenner, being then vicar of the parish. A tablet in the church records his death, December 9th, 1754, when the education of the child was entrusted to an elder brother, Stephen. Dr. Baron says the family was "of great antiquity" in Gloucestershire. This may be so, but the earliest name in the ascertained pedigree is that of Stephen Jenner, of Standish Court, who died 1667. Young Jenner was placed, when but eight years old, in a school at Wotton-under-Edge, in the neighbourhood of which the boy's taste for natural history was first strongly shown. His early medical education was received in the house of Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon at Chipping Sudbury, and while here young Jenner's attention was first drawn to the preventive powers of vaccination. An accidental remark of a young woman, a patient of Mr. Ludlow, led the surgeon's apprentice to commence the long series of experi-

ments and observations which won for medicine a great triumph, and for Jenner a long-enduring fame. The small-pox was raging in Sudbury; everybody was alarmed; but the girl confidently observed, "I can't take it; I've had cow-pox." This short statement turned the student's mind to the subject for life. Leaving Sudbury for London, Jenner became a pupil of the greatest of English surgeons, the famous John Hunter, then at St. George's Hospital. The teacher soon detected the talent of the pupil for close observation, and the collector of the great Hunterian Museum, now in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was naturally interested in a student who was, even then, noted for his zealous studies in natural history. So highly was Jenner's knowledge in this department appreciated, that he was employed to arrange the botanical and other specimens brought to England by Captain Cook from the South Sea Islands, and was even offered the post of naturalist on the second voyage in 1772. Jenner declined, resolving to devote himself to his profession in Berkeley and its neighbourhood.

When he had thus selected his home, he married, in 1788, Miss Catharine Kingscote, with whom all went happily to the end.

It seems proper, at this point, that we should briefly describe the means by which Jenner was able, like another Prometheus, to bestow a great remedy on the human race. The young woman's remark at Sudbury. to which reference has been already made, led Jenner to ask whether a substitute for inoculation could not be found. Even this artificial production of a terrible disease had not been without advantages, as it was proved that out of each 250 persons inoculated, only six died on the average; whereas out of each 250 who took the small-pox in a natural way, about forty-two died. The annual mortality from this horrid plague in Britain was estimated at 40,000, even so late as the year 1806. But even inoculation had its foes; it was preached against from the pulpit in London; one sermon, delivered in St. Andrew's, Holborn, asserting the practice to be "a diabolical operation," and kinting that the "boils" produced on Job's body by Satan were simply the small-pox pustules. This, at least, showed small-pox to be very ancient. It cannot be surprising that inoculation should be dreaded by many, or even stupidly opposed by a few, as it appeared to produce rather than to destroy the small-pox.

To Jenner's mind, then, the question was ever occurring, Can this awful pestilence be annihilated? He found there were many country people round Berkeley who could not take the small-pox; who went about fearlessly while the plague was raging round them. He ascertained that all these privileged people had caught a disease, called cow-pox, from the cows they milked. The infection seemed to be harmless, and yet was a wonderful preservative. "Cannot this mild antidote be given to all?" was the great question which the Berkeley physician answered.

Vaccination seems to have been used before the time of Jenner, especially by the country people in the dairy counties; and the vaccination of a girl appears to be referred to in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1725. But so little was the remedy employed until Jenner gave the great impulse, that no English dictionary appears to have contained the word "vaccination" until Mr. Todd inserted it in his edition of Johnson. Jenner's great merit, therefore, is not so much that of a *discoverer* as of a *promoter;* for it was owing to his sagacity, self-denial, and perseverance that the world was made to feel the value of a long-neglected preservative. The very attempt to persuade men that vaccine lymph could save them from the horrors of small-pox required no little courage. Some smiled at his supposed credulity; others settled the whole matter at once by calling it a vulgar superstition. A local association of medical men, who met for the discussion of professional subjects, were so "bored" by Jenner's persevering introduction of vaccination as a topic for their debates, that these gentlemen were inclined to request him to withdraw from the association. Even his firm friend, the philosophic John Hunter, was at first disposed to treat the subject as unworthy the attention of a scientific man.

Jenner was not daunted, and made the 14th of May, 1795, memorable in the history of medicine, by then taking the vaccine lymph from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, a dairy servant, and vaccinating with this matter James Phipps, a boy eight years old. He subsequently inoculated this boy with small-pox, but without effect, and published the details of the case in July. We scarcely know whether readers will class James Phipps with the heroes or the martyrs when they learn that the boy was inoculated no less than twenty times, and was on every occasion proof against small-pox. Having made numerous and most decisive experiments, Jenner published, in 1798, his "Inquiry" into the protective value of vaccination, and thus fairly put the subject before the world. The following year he published "Further Observations," to meet objections raised against his scheme. These works were almost immediately translated on the Continent, and such was the torrent of communications poured upon him from all quarters, that Jenner described himself as "the vaccine clerk to the world."

In the course of his investigations a startling fact became known; that the various eruptions called chicken-pox, swine-pox, cow-pox, small-pox, and even the "grease" in the foot of the horse, were only modifications of the same disease. He

vaccinated his own child with swine-pox, producing simply the common results of vaccine lymph. A cow was covered with the blankets taken from a small-pox patient, and the disease was developed in the animal in the form of the common cow-pox eruptions. Lymph from these produced in a child the simple results of ordinary vaccination. Mr. Tanner vaccinated a cow with the "grease" from the horse's heel, producing the common vaccine pustules. Jenner, therefore, inferred that the poison of small-pox became modified and deprived of its virulence by passing through the bodies of animals.

These speculations did not interfere with the extension of the new remedy; the people round Berkeley came to his house by hundreds for vaccination; and the Jennerian Society was established in London, 1803, to distribute proper vaccine lymph over the country. In about eighteen months no less than 19,352 "charges" of the vaccine matter were given *gratis*, from the central office in Salisbury Square. Some notion of the zeal with which vaccination was adopted may be formed from the statement by Rowland Hill, at the anniversary of the Jennerian Society in 1806. The popular preacher then declared that he had vaccinated above 5,000 persons. By that year the remedy had been extended to the Red Indians of America on the west, and to the people of Ceylon on the east. The spread of vaccination was, of course, promoted by the published reports of its preventive and ameliorating powers.

Jenner's attention was early drawn to the mortifying fact that his great remedy was not always a complete safeguard against small-pox. He carefully examined all such cases, and frequently found that unsuitable lymph had been used; and most earnestly did he warn practitioners on this point. Is it not to be feared that these warnings have been somewhat neglected? While writing these lines we have before us the statements of the public journals respecting numerous deaths from small-pox, both in London and Paris. We also read a communication from the great-nephew of Jenner, in which he says, "Dr. Jenner was *continually renewing* his matter from the cow . . . and was very particular in regard to the health and constitution of the person he vaccinated;" and then adds, "Numbers of arms I have seen were so vaccinated that the eruption would have no more influence in protecting from small-pox than a common boil."

Jenner was, however, aware that, under very peculiar circumstances, the best administered vaccine lymph might fail, as even an attack of small-pox does not always exempt from a second seizure.

Some easily-explained failures of vaccination, combined with the intense fanaticism which often belongs to thick-headed prejudice, raised a storm of opposition against Jenner. Dr. Squirrel published a work, entitled "Pernicious Consequences of Cow-pox;" and a Dr. Rowley printed "500 cases of beastly *new* diseases produced from cow-pox," and illustrated his arguments by two portraits, one showing how a vaccinated boy had become "ox-faced," and the other representing a girl afflicted with a terrific skin disease. Dr. Moseley boldly supported the assault by calling vaccination "a diabolical conspiracy," and by describing the awful case of one who had been operated on by Rowland Hill. The result of this clerical vaccination was the growth of something "very like cow's hair" on the body of the luckless patient. Dr. Rowley tried to import a little theological bitterness into the discussion by gravely assuring the horror-stricken public that vaccination was "a profane violation of our holy religion." Dr. Gillum added to the fright by a mysterious hint that "the stoppage of the small-pox might bring back the plague;" while another gentleman gave utterance to the solemn metaphysical dogma, that "the Creator had permitted two evils to exist—Bonaparte and vaccination!" Such was the excitement produced by these extravagant statements that large placards were posted about London, warning people against vaccination. The College of Physicians published a declaration in favour of vaccination; but this did not wholly allay the terrors of the multitude.

POLLY THORNE'S NEW FROCK.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN she first awoke the next morning, Edie had quite forgotten all about Jane's story, but the sight of the nursemaid's face soon recalled it to her, and whilst she was being dressed she asked a good many questions, so that she might be able to tell her mamma all about it. She was so full of it, and so impatient to begin her story, that it seemed to her as if her mamma was a longer time than usual in giving her orders, and arranging different things about the house, but at last Mrs. Carson was ready to sit down to her work in the morning room.

Then Edie began at once, and told her all she had heard from Jane, and how sorry she felt to think of those poor children who had not food enough to satisfy their hunger, whilst she had more than she could possibly want, and all sorts of good things besides. Mrs. Carson listened with great interest to

her little daughter's story, and then rang the bell at once for Jane, from whom she heard a good deal more. It seemed that the girl's father had been out of work for some weeks, having been very ill, and all his savings had been spent in getting medicine for himself and food for his wife and children, so that now there was nothing left for them. They had not liked to write and tell Jane their troubles, because it would have seemed like asking her mistress to help them, and it was only when she went to see them on her holiday that she found out the state to which her parents were reduced. She said her father could not get well, because he was fretting so to see his children suffer, and also at having lost the good place he had before his illness; her mother, too, was getting quite ill from want of the good food to which she had always been accustomed.

Now Mrs. Carson was not a woman to *talk* about kind actions without *doing* them, so she at once made up her mind how she could best help these poor people, and then set about doing it. She ordered the carriage to be at the door immediately after luncheon, as Jane's home was some miles off, and had some strong beef-tea made for the sick man, as well as some good wholesome food prepared for his wife and children.

Edie begged very hard to be allowed to go with her mother, but this Mrs. Carson would not allow, as she did not know what sort of neighbourhood she was going into.

It was late before the carriage returned, and Edith was standing idly looking out of the window, drumming with her fingers upon the panes of glass, when she saw it drive in at the gates. She ran to the door, but was quickly driven back by the icy cold wind that blew in fresh off the snow, which still lay thickly on the ground. Mrs. Carson shivered as she came in, though she had warm wraps on, and had been in a closed carriage. She kissed Edie, who ran to meet her, and then sat down by the fire to drink a cup of hot tea.

"Well, mamma, were the little boy and girl very glad to have something to eat? and is the poor man better? and will he soon be well again?" she asked, all in one breath.

"One question at a time, Edith," answered her mamma, "though I hope I may say 'yes' to all you have asked. The poor man has been very ill indeed, but I trust that with care and proper treatment he will soon be well again. It was very sad to see them all, sitting in a room without any fire this bitter day; the little boy had just cried himself to sleep, and the girl was trying to help her mother with some work, but her poor little fingers were so cold she could hardly hold it, and she had to keep breathing upon them, to try and put a little warmth into them. They were all very grateful to me, and I think I left them a good deal happier than I found them. I stayed there whilst I sent John with the carriage to buy some coals, and they had a good fire just lighted when I left."

"Oh, mamma! how kind you were to them; Jane will be so pleased when she hears it all."

"I was very glad to have the power to help them, Edie; papa and I often say that the greatest happiness we have is that of being able to help others with our money. I told Mrs. Thorne she ought to have let me know before she got into such a sad state; she might have known I should have helped her."

"Mamma," said Edith, after a moment or two, "I wish I could help them too. I am so sorry I spent all the money papa gave me on my birthday, and I shall not have any more till Christmas. But do you think you could *lend* me some, that I might buy a frock for that little Polly?"

"No, dear, I could not do that; it would not be your present if you had to borrow the money for it. We can only *give* what is our own. Perhaps you may think of some other way in which you may help those poor people."

"But you always tell Tom and me that you like us to give away some of our money," persisted Edie in rather a discontented voice.

"So I do, my child; I always encourage you to do little acts of kindness when you have the means; but I should never like you to borrow money to give away. When you are older you will see what I mean. And now I must go and change my dress; papa is not coming home to dinner to-night, so I am going to be very busy."

When Mrs. Carson came down again she brought a large parcel, which she opened, and which contained a quantity of warm, thick, grey linsey, besides some flannel, and a few other things.

"Are those for Mrs. Thorne, mamma?" asked Edie, as she saw her mother undoing the parcel.

"Yes, dear; this nice linsey is to make a dress for her, and one for Polly. She told me she had put by some money to get winter clothes, but had spent it all on her husband's illness, so I bought this as I came home. She is too busy now to make the things herself, so I am going to help her, and to set Jane to work too."

Mrs. Carson's busy fingers had soon cut out part of the little girl's frock, and she commenced her work, whilst Edie sat on a stool by her side, doing nothing. Something was evidently going on in her mind, for she watched her mother very closely for some time, and seemed as if she wanted to say something, but did not quite know how to begin.

At last Mrs. Carson said to her, "It is a pity, Edie, that you do not like work; you might have helped me with this little frock, and I should have got on so much faster; it is nice soft work, too."

To her mamma's surprise Edith burst out crying, and hid her face against the arm of the chair. "Oh! I am so sorry I have been so naughty about work,

mamma, and if you will only let me do some of the frock, I will try and do it *so* nicely."

Mrs. Carson laid down her work, and drew her little girl on to her knee, smoothing the pretty curls back from her face as she kissed her, saying, "You shall help me as much as you like, my darling; you can work almost as well as I can when you take pains, and I think the pleasure of helping to give this poor child a new, warm frock will be so great that you will not mind not being very fond of sewing. That was what I meant when I said you might help in some other way than in giving money; but I thought I would wait and see whether you could find it out for yourself. Now we will set to work, and see how quickly we can make this frock. You shall hem it at the bottom, whilst I do the sleeves."

So Edith began her task at once, and the evening passed away so quickly and pleasantly that she could hardly believe it was really bedtime when Jane knocked at the door to say she was quite ready for Miss Edith. Mrs. Carson had been telling her little daughter such amusing stories about what she used to do herself as a child, that the time had flown away rapidly, and Edie was forced to admit that she had really quite enjoyed herself, and had no idea she could have done so much work in a couple of hours.

The next morning was a wet one, and finding it impossible to go out, Edie settled herself by her mamma's side, beginning her work again entirely of her own accord; and as she thought of the pleasure it would give Polly Thorne to receive a present of this nice warm frock to wear instead of the thin cotton one she had on yesterday, it seemed as if she could never get on fast enough.

The frock was very soon finished, and very pleased and proud did Edie feel when her mamma thanked her for her help, telling her that without it it would have taken her so much longer to finish it, that Polly would most likely have had to wait another day before getting her dress. As a great treat Edith was allowed to accompany her mother on her next visit to the Thornes' cottage, and herself to present the frock to little Polly; whose delight on finding that it was intended for her to wear was more than enough to make up to Edie for her many hours of hard work. As she drove home again with her mamma she confessed that she had never felt so happy as when Polly was thanking her for the frock—or rather Polly's mother, for the child herself was rather shy, though her eyes shone brightly with pleasure, and she turned the new frock over and over in her hand, as if she could not look at it enough.

And from that day Edith Carson quite changed her mind about not liking plain sewing; she became a most useful little girl, and was always ready to help her mamma in any acts of kindness, always declaring that the time passed more quickly when she was making something for other people, until at last she became such a capital little workwoman, that she wondered how it was possible she could ever have disliked such a pleasant employment.

I hope my little girl readers will all follow her example, and they will soon learn that nothing gives in the end such true and lasting pleasure, as giving happiness to others.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

145. Name two individuals—one from the Old and the other from the New Testament—who, although wicked persons, were at least once in their lives possessed of the prophetic spirit.

146. Where were the children of Israel encamped when the spies were dispatched to "search the land of Canaan?"

147. In what respect does the Lord's Prayer differ as given by St. Matthew and St. Luke?

148. It is recorded in Exodus that the patterns of the ark of the covenant, with the mercy seat, cherubim, &c., were exhibited to Moses in a vision on the mount. The same fact is twice referred to in the New Testament. Give the three passages.

149. That the Lord Jesus Christ was descended from David is stated both by St. Luke and St. Matthew. Quote a passage to the same effect from one of St. Paul's Epistles.

150. Where do we read that when Joseph was cast into prison his "feet were hurt with fetters?"

151. How many of the Evangelists relate the circumstances connected with the night of our Lord's nativity?

152. "There shall come a Star out of Jacob," said Balaam. Quote a passage from the New Testament in which our Lord speaks of Himself as a Star.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 352.

132. "And they were offended in Him" (Matt. xiii. 57).

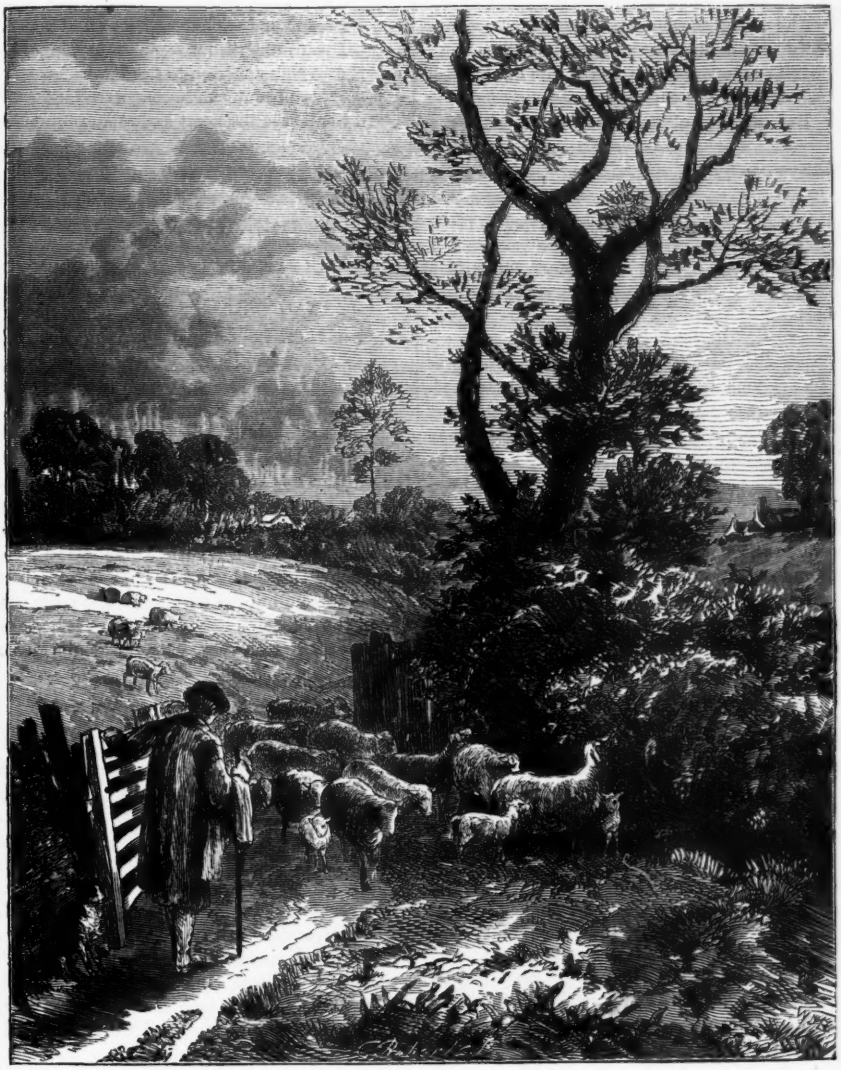
133. St. Luke (vii. 36—50; xxiii. 39—43).

134. Ps. lxxviii. 24.

135. 2 Kings xxiii. 11.

136. We learn from St. Mark that he was "the father of Alexander and Rufus" (xv. 21).

137. 1 Chron. xxix. 29; 2 Chron. ix. 29.



THE SHEPHERD.

AH! happy shepherd, I would give—
What would I not?—like thee to live,
With Nature for a bride; to be
Alone in haunts where none might see
Our wooing, and where none might hear
The secrets whispered in mine ear.
For thine the joy at morn to trace
The rapture on her beauteous face;

To gaze upon the midnight skies
And drink the glory of her eyes.
To hear her voice in glen and wood,
In lisping stream and roaring flood;
And when, through gleaming fires, she speaks
In thunder to the mountain peaks.
Ah! happy shepherd—happy lot,
To live and dream where care is not;
With conscience clear and spirits light,
With health attendant day and night;
Untouched by all the woes that crown
The luckless dweller in the town.
Like some caged bird that longs to flee
From cruel bondage and be free;
That sick of heart, yet now and then
Breaks into song, where busy men
In ever-restless, countless hosts
Pass to and fro like soulless ghosts,
I pour, unheard, my hapless lay,
And sigh and sigh to flee away
Where bounteous Nature, ever kind,
Shall ease the heart and soothe the mind.

G. O.

OUTWARD AND INWARD RELIGION;

OR, "ROOT DOWNWARD, AND FRUIT UPWARD."

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

Isa. xxxvii. 31.

"'UPRIGHT and downright,'—this was your father's motto, my lads, and let it be yours!" Such were the bracing words of a fine old English gentleman to his boys, on sending them to Rugby School; and such in a spiritual point of view, may suitably form the motto of this paper. I would here urge the adoption of *that* religion which is found in the golden mean between the excitements and sensationalisms of all kinds, and in all sorts of directions, which characterise the present very unreal, but very demonstrative, age. I would here commend that deeply-rooted principle that stands the wear and tear of time and weather; that withstands the winds and waves of trial and temptation; that lifts its head serenely above the reach of storms and tempests; and brings forth its fruits, "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." The longer we live, and the more experience we gather, the less are we likely to think of mere profession, and the more we learn to prize the actual possession of grace and truth—that steady-going pace that, without excitement or stimulant, without sudden spurt or extraordinary demonstration, but simply fed on the "daily bread" supplied from heaven, and in the strength of that food, goes steadily on, and wins the race at last. This is what one of our Collects calls serving God "with a quiet mind." It is the gentle life of the soul, minding its own business, doing its own duty, growing in grace day by day, and "perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

"Outward and inward Religion." Some might imagine my purpose to be to decry and depreciate outward religion; but it is not so. "Outward *and* inward"—"root downward, and fruit upward;" I uphold *both*. These two include cause and consequence, seed and harvest, root and branch, leaves and fruit, inside and outside; and why should either of these ignore or despise the other? They are joint witnesses: where there is fire, you need not advertise the fact, for there is the heat of the fire to tell its own tale. Where there is air, you need not publish abroad that it is so, for life is there as its result. Where there is water, behold the outward and visible sign, the verdure of the meadow land. Possession does not ignore profession, but it necessarily implies it. The tree does not hide its fruit, but it rather manifests it. Moses' face shone with the brightness of the Lord, because he was in communion with God upon the mount. When the alabaster box of ointment is broken, the house is filled with the odour of the ointment:

> "You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Yes, it is outward and inward religion, both; hidden, and yet made manifest; unseen, and yet made known; "the hidden man of the heart," and yet "known and read of all men." Are these contradictions? are they contrary, the one to the other? No; for a genuine outward religion is but the activity of the inward life, the outgrowth of the inward root. Inward religion is love, faith, fear, trust, and a true heart. Outward religion is prayer, praise, reading and hearing God's Word, and keeping the commandments of God. If, indeed, the two are brought into competition, and I am asked whether of the twain I would prefer, I unhesitatingly choose that which is inward—in the heart. Inward religion must be always true; but outward religion may be sometimes false. Inward religion deals with the substantials, outward religion with the circumstantials, of faith and worship. Outward religion must of necessity be occasional or periodical: we cannot always be in church, nor always on our knees; such communion with God must be limited by time and circumstances. But inward worship is the ever-burning

lamp in the heart, which is the shrine of the temple of the body—the lamp of God, that must never go out. Wheresoever outward and inward religion co-exist, there everything will be included—the whole man, "body, soul, and spirit;" root and branches; the inward oil, and the light thereof. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify (not *you*, but) your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16).

Be it remembered, then, a true and genuine outward religion is the outward manifestation of the inward life; the external development of the inward root; the harvest grown up from an adequate seed-sowing. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." These two together must be always consistent the one with the other—"acceptable to God, and approved of men" (Rom. xiv. 18). If only to illustrate this a little further, let us see what they would be, if severed and apart, each from the other. Separate the twain; and then, what follows? Outward religion would be like a railway train without the engine. There it is, full of passengers and busy traffic; but no engine to draw it—you must return the people their money, and there is no dividend. Then, inward religion, by itself and apart, is like the engine without the train. There it stands, puffing and blowing, and all steam up; but what use is it? There is no traffic, and no gain: it doesn't pay its expenses. Outward religion, apart and alone, would be like a clock-dial without the works; what possible use could it be? And inward religion, by itself and alone, would be like the clock-works, in due order of working, but no index hands to the dial-plate. That clock might work on most regularly within, and greatly "edify itself;" but it would be incapable of ever telling to any passer-by what was the time of day. In a word, outward religion without inward religion would be hypocrisy; and inward religion without the outward manifestation would be as the seed "abiding alone," and bringing forth no fruit. But both together constitute a *power*, vital and fruit-bearing—"root downward, and fruit upward."

And this is according to the analogy of nature in trees: every tree must have a double growth; inwardly, in the root; and outwardly, in the branches. We can see only the outer growth, but surely we must know that for every new offshoot of the branches, there must be a corresponding offshoot of the fibres of the root; spreading its roots like Lebanon, and extending its branches to the river. This is the secret seed-growth of which our Lord speaks in the parable, "As if a man should cast seed into the ground, . . and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how" (Mark iv. 26, 27).

> We know not how, but grace when given
> Doth ripen all the soul for heaven.

And even thus is it with religion in the soul; it must first be inward, and from within it must begin to grow. The root is hidden; and that root must spread and deepen itself, must hold the soil and drink of the springs of water, and imbibe the vitality of the soil; and only thus can any root grow and multiply and fill the land.

"Taking root downward, and bearing fruit upward," was originally addressed to the Church of Israel. It is now a spiritual promise to the Church of God; and, descending to particulars, it is a promise or command to each individual soul. It thus belongs to each of us. There can be no growth in grace without the root of grace. There are no endings without beginnings; and that which is begun within us must be of God, and He will also make an end. "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

> The evening shade, the noonday sun,
> The trunk, the branch, the bud, the fruit;
> No end can be, if ne'er begun,
> And that beginning is the root.

There is, undoubtedly, an outward religion which is in vain; and it is this that has brought the profession of religion into disrepute. The New Testament teems with testimonies to this effect; and the ministry of our Lord especially so. It was an age of Pharisaism, and of outward observances, consisting of the style of dress, the length of prayers, and a highly demonstrative worship. Making clean the outside of the platter, and "straining at gnats," their righteousness stood in carnal (*i.e.*, outward) ordinances, and in the commandments of men. Now, against all these was the great mission of Jesus. "Mercy and not sacrifice" was His cry; the "spirit," and not the "letter," was His prescription. "For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Therefore, Christ pursued religion to the inward parts, from the outward acts to the inward motives that produced the acts. For example, the sin of murder—we are free from that, no doubt; but are we as free from envy and hatred and malice and jealousy, which are the seeds of murder? The sin of adultery, no doubt, we would abhor; but what of the thoughts of evil, or the glance of the evil eye, which, if only abstained from at the first, the bitter end had never been reached by any. The sin of theft we would, doubtless, regard as mean and wicked; but have we not the seeds of covetousness and selfishness and extortion already largely developed in us? Thus the searching words of Jesus awoke their echoes in all men's hearts, because each man's conscience told him how much of sin was lurking there—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Hence the difference between what we may call "highway prayers" and "fig-tree prayers." The former were those of the proud and self-sufficient

Pharisees, who ostentatiously prayed "in the synagogues and in the streets" (Matt. vi. 2), that they might have glory of men. The latter were as the prayers of Nathanael, when (as is supposed) in the seclusion and solitude of the shade of the fig-trees, he retired for prayer and devotion, and thus was seen by the All-seeing Eye; and was pronounced to be "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile" (John i. 47, 48). It is such as these that God, who is a Spirit, seeks to worship Him.

Hence, also, the rebuke administered by our Lord to the self-righteous of His age: "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. v. 20). Their religion was all externals, and no inward root. It was not as fruit naturally growing from the root and fatness of the tree, but it was rather as the fruit of a "Christmas tree," put on or taken off at pleasure. Therefore was stress always laid by our Divine Lord on inward and spiritual religion. When He spake with the woman of Samaria, all turned on this: "Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father;" in this mountain by all means, or in Jerusalem, if you will, but not there *only;* for there is *no one place* to which God's Presence is confined. "God is a Spirit," and, as such, is everywhere (John iv. 21—24). In the conversation with Nicodemus, again, everything turned on this—the inward religion as the source and root of all. The "new birth" was a phrase perfectly familiar to Nicodemus, as a Jewish teacher. The rabbis taught that the heathen, when circumcised, were newly-born.* Nicodemus was ready enough to apply the expression to the heathen; but that it could at all apply to himself—a Jewish ruler, a circumcised child, already born of Abraham's seed—*that* he could not and would not receive. And so remote was his idea as to any necessity in his own case, that he actually fell back on the allusion to the bodily birth, thus preferring to interpret our Lord's words by the unlikely and the impossible, rather than apply them to himself, in their spiritual sense.

Thus, then, did Jesus, our Divine Teacher, ever lay stress on that which was inward and spiritual, because this, and only this, was the source, the root, the cause of all true religion. Thus, also, the apostle rebuked Jewish pride, and the merely external religion of his day, "For he is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God" (Rom. ii. 28, 29). These words, once for all, laid the axe to the root of a merely external covenant; yea, more, the apostle elsewhere turns the tables altogether, and appropriates to the Christian the claim of the true circumcision: "For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh" (Phil. iii. 3).

This inward root is planted of God. "The seed is the Word;" and the soil is the human heart; "whose heart the Lord opened" (Acts xvi. 14). The seed, thus planted, is watered by heavenly and earthly means, "the dews of heaven above, and of the earth beneath;" by grace, by the power of the Spirit, by the Word of God, by the means of grace—(ordinary and extraordinary means); and through all these "God giveth the increase" (1 Cor. iii. 7); and that increase is outward—"root downward, and fruit upward." It is fruit *on* the tree, and *from* the tree; to be gathered and enjoyed for our own satisfaction, and that of others, in holy, active, useful lives, spending and being spent, as the tree is; for what nourishment it receives, it gives; and thus are we also challenged to do—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

Thus, then, let us do. From the inward and genuine root of faith, rooted and grounded more and more, let us bring forth the blessed fruits of faith and holiness, more and yet more abundantly.

* "Nicodemus knew, indeed, the language of the prophets respecting circumcision and the renewal of the heart (Deut. x. 16; xxx. 6; Jer. iv. 4; Ezek. xi. 19, 20; xxxvi. 26, 27); he might also be familiar with the circumcision of Jewish proselytes as new-born children."—*Lange.*

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

ESTHER.

"The Jews had light, and gladness, and joy, and honour."—Esther viii. 16.

STAR of thy people's hopes, whose lambent ray
Shone unexpected 'mid the gathering gloom,
As shines some orb of hope above the tomb,
Prophetic of the Resurrection Day!
Even these distant times their homage pay
To her whose history still reads pure and bright,
And charactered in letters all of light,
What time the Purim Feast brings holiday.

How often God by unexpected ways
His lofty purpose works! How seldom man
Can probe the inner workings of God's plan!
How lips of babes and sucklings perfect praise!
Who his own destinies will dare appraise,
Or say God hath no work for him to do,
No mission whereunto He calls him? who
Ignore the high vocation God on each one lays?

M. D.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART II. THE TEMPTATION. PART I.

Chapter to be read—Matt. iv. 1—11.

INTRODUCTION. Tell the children the old story of the Romans and Albans—old feud; great armies collected; agreed to decide by combat between three on each side. At last one champion of Romans defeated enemies and left victorious. Ask how long had been enmity between God and Satan (Gen. iii. 17); and servants of Christ (seed of woman) and evil spirits. Going to speak of single combat between chiefs of two armies. Who are they? Satan, called prince of this world (Eph. ii. 2, vi. 12), and Christ, Prince of peace (Isa. ix. 6). Ask what is the cause of the quarrel: the soul of man.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read Matt. iv. 1—11.) (*a*) *The time.* Ask the children what had happened to Christ just before; what had descended upon Him, and whose voice had been heard? what was He declared to be? Directly afterwards undergoes temptation. Show how similarly after church services, special prayers, we seem more tempted than at other times: why is it? because when "filled with the Spirit" would be a noble prey for Satan. But the same supply of the Spirit will help those who "watch and pray" to overcome. Remind of parable of Sower. Ask who caught away the seed of the Word as soon as sown, and show the need of special watching after special times of prayer, &c. (*b*) *The place.* Ask who fasted in the same wilderness of Sinai for same time. Point out difference between Moses and Christ; he on the mount "talking to God," so that his face shone with glory; Christ alone with wild beasts (Mark i. 13), talking to Satan, hungry, faint, &c., so as to realise the most solitary and painful position in which man can be placed.

II. THE TEMPTATION. (1) THE FIRST. *To doubt God's care and love.* Ask what "If Thou be" means (ver. 3) *i.e.*, Can God be your Father and thus let you starve? Also, food is needed—take your own way to supply it—*i.e.*, doubt God's love, and provide what you want in any possible way. Now ask why Christ fasted. To sympathise with poor whose fast so often is compulsory. Any one who has gone long time without food would sympathise better with a starving man. So Christ in all points like us, and can feel for us. THE ANSWER (ver. 4). Turn to Deut. viii. 13, for meaning of reply. Ask how long Israelites were without bread; what food they had, and how obtained. Ask how Elijah was fed in unusual manner by ravens, and he and Moses kept alive without food at all. So Christ would not doubt God's love, because no food.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Show how poor or those in trouble often tempted to doubt God's love. Can He be Father and make me suffer? But show from Heb. xii. 7 how this is proof of love. Also instance cases in which might be tempted to supply ourselves unlawfully—such as a man stealing money to obtain medicine for sick wife. Only one way to resist; full trust in God's love, and appeal to His Word. "Thou shalt not steal." "Man doth not live by bread alone." God can and will provide in His own time and way.

(2) THE SECOND TEMPTATION. *To presume on God's care* (ver. 5, 6). Remind of prophecy that Christ would *suddenly* come to the Temple (Mal. iii. 1). Temple now crowded, as at all feasts. God would take care of Him as promised (Ps. xci. 11, 12); the Jews would believe in Him, hail Him as King, and acknowledge as Messiah. Notice how this was also a temptation to do things in unlawful manner. How was it a temptation? To hasten on time for His being hailed as King, instead of waiting patiently, and to do so by presuming on God's care. Point out the words Satan left out, "in all thy ways." Ask when Christ was kept safe from the rage of the people (Luke iv. 30); but was this in His way—*i.e.*, a right thing for Him to do? THE ANSWER. From previous lessons ask meaning of "tempt." Must not "try" or provoke God—*i.e.*, take our way to bring about God's promises. Remind of Jacob; promised the blessing; took his own way to get it; but had life-long punishment.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) Show how careful should be in way we apply Scripture, referring to warning in Rev. xxii. 19, to those who "take away from" God's Word. Great sin to do anything pleading an authority of God which He has not given. (2) The danger of presuming on God's love. In path of duty will always be kept safe, but must not place ourselves in temptation. Contrast Lot, who chose to live in Sodom, amongst idolators; his troubles and dangers; with Daniel, who was placed amongst idolators, and by his example and influence won over the king to fear the Lord. So with children. Show the importance of choosing a situation amongst god-fearing people, with religious privileges, &c. May be kept safe if go and live amongst ungodly, but run great risk to souls, and have no right to expect it.

Questions to be answered.

1. At what time and what place was Christ tempted?
2. What was the nature of the first temptation?
3. Name any other persons kept alive without food, and narrate the circumstances of each.
4. What lessons do we learn from the first temptation?
5. What was the nature of the second temptation?
6. What lessons may we learn from it?

XUM

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

IV.—WITH THE STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

DO we ever try to realise the full meaning of the declaration that they who are afar off shall be made near by the blood of Christ? Surely it does not stop at the nearness to God by redemption, for the only true redemption is Christ-likeness, and nearness to God assumes nearness to each other in the exercise of that loving-kindness which is the very mark and evidence of our calling.

It would be well if we sometimes ceased to separate by our vague imaginations "the next world," or "the other world," from the present world, which is, perhaps in a very real sense, if we could only read the words spiritually, "the world to come" also;—as it is obvious that the world means the people around us—ourselves, those who are near and those who seem to be afar off; and no world to come that could dispense with this identity would be of any particular significance to us as human beings.

Let us then, for the present purpose, try to see how effectually Christ-likeness should bring near to us those who are afar off, by taking us near to them; how He who came not to destroy but to fulfil, looks to us to entertain strangers; and to "be careful" in the performance of that duty, as to Him who will say either, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," or the reverse.

At the beginning of the present century, with the exception of the French Protestant organisation, there existed in London no established association for the relief of destitute foreigners who, having sought a refuge here, or being, as it were, thrown upon our shores, were left in distress, hunger, or sickness,—unheeded, only obtaining such temporary casual relief as a few charitable persons might afford, if by any chance their necessities were made known to them. At that time the foreign Protestant clergy, to whom alone many of these destitute men and women could apply for relief, were themselves mostly the poor pastors of congregations consisting either of refugees or of artisans and persons earning their livelihood by precarious labour connected with the lighter ornamental manufactures. The means at their disposal for charitable purposes outside their own churches were consequently very small, and they were unable to render any really effectual assistance, even if they could have undertaken, what would at that time have been the difficult task of verifying the needs for which relief was claimed.

Some attempt had already been made by Dr. John Murray, a good physician of Norwich, to extend to London the benefits of his "Society of Universal Goodwill;" but the scheme had been only partially successful. To him, however, the credit is due of having striven to give definite shape to an association which was afterwards to take up the good work of caring for strangers. The foreign Protestant clergy settled in London met to consider how they might best organise a regular plan for relieving the wants of those who had so often to apply to them in vain; and having settled the preliminaries, which were heartily approved by several foreign merchants and others, who were willing to assist in any scheme that would include inquiry into the circumstances of those who sought assistance, called a public meeting in order to found a regular institution. This was on the 3rd of July, 1806, and the result of the appeal was the formation of the society of "The Friends of Foreigners in Distress." By the following April, a committee had been formed and the Charity was in working order, nor were funds long wanting with which to commence the work in earnest. The cases requiring relief were so numerous, however, and the demands on the society's resources were so constant, that though some large donations were afterwards obtained from senates, corporations, wealthy merchants, ambassadors, noblemen, and Royal benefactors, a considerable subscription list became necessary in order to enable the society to grant even partial relief to cases the urgent claims of which were established by careful inquiry.

There is a wonderful suggestiveness in the list of "Royal Benefactors (deceased)," headed by his late Majesty King William IV., and her late Majesty the Queen Dowager Adelaide. More than one of those Royal donors themselves died in exile; and several of those who shared their misfortunes, and were their faithful followers, have shared the small benefits which the society had to bestow. "His late Majesty King Charles X. of France" contributed £300; "His late Majesty Louis Philippe," 100 guineas; the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, £25; and his late Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., £50: while their Magnificencies the Senates of the Free German Towns, as well as the humbler companies of London's citizens, appear to have given liberally. Notwithstanding all this, however, the Society has not been able to retain funded property to any considerable amount, and it is to the annual

subscription list—to which our Queen contributes £100, the Emperor of Germany £100, and the Emperor of Austria £100—that the charity must look for support. Unhappily there are evidences that these annual subscriptions are fewer than they should be. There seems still to be some reluctance on the part of the general public steadily to support an effort which has a very distinct and pressing claim upon Englishmen, who pride themselves, justly enough, upon the free asylum which this country affords to foreigners, and who appear ready to give largely in the way of occasional aid. The disparity between the number of handsome donations and of very moderate annual subscriptions is a painful feature of the society's report, and even public appeals have hitherto been followed rather by increased applications from persons recommending cases for relief, *without accompanying the recommendation with a subscription*, than by any decided augmentation of the funds. The Friends of Foreigners in Distress are principally to be found amongst prosperous foreigners in London, and doubtless this is no less than just; but until larger aid is given by the English public, we have no particular reason to include this association in any boastful estimate of British charity.

That the committee does its work carefully, and that cases of distress are relieved only after due inquiry, and with no such careless hand as would encourage idle dependence or promote pauperism, is evident enough to anybody who will take the trouble to inquire into the method of assistance. Let us go and see.

Perhaps not one Londoner in a thousand could tell you offhand where to find Finsbury Chambers. It is probably less known even than Prudent Passage, or what was once Alderman's Walk; and may be said to be less attractive than either, for it is a dingy, frowsy, little out-of-the-way corner in that undecided and rather dreary thoroughfare —London Wall. It is, in fact, a space without any outlet, and looks as though it ought to have been a builder's yard, but that the builder took to erecting houses on it as a speculation which never answered, even though they were let out as "chambers;" that is to say, as blank rooms and sets of offices, the supposed occupiers whereof committed themselves to obscurity by causing their names to be painted on the doorposts, and leaving them there to fade till time and dirt shall wholly obliterate them.

And yet it is in one of these lower rooms, occupying the ground floor of No. 10, that a good work is going on; for here, in an office almost representatively bare and dingy even in that place, the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress holds its weekly meetings of directors, and the secretary, Mr. William Charles Laurie, or his assistant, Mr. C. P. Smith, gives daily attendance (Saturdays excepted), between eleven and one o'clock. Assuredly, the funds of the charity are not expended in luxurious appointments for its headquarters. Even a German commission agent just commencing business could scarcely have a more simply-furnished apartment. The objects which first strike the visitor's attention are a row of japanned tin candlesticks, meant for the use of the board at any of their Wednesday meetings which may be prolonged till after dusk. The furniture, if it was ever new, must have been purchased with a regard for economy in the very early history of the society. The work is evidently so organised as to require no long daily attendance. The place is furnished only according to the temporary necessities of business quickly dispatched. Neither in official salaries, nor in expensive official belongings, are the funds of the institution wasted.

The system is, in fact, simple enough, and is conducted on the principles laid down by the first meetings of the committee above seventy years ago, with one important exception. Formerly, applicants for relief must have been for some time resident in England; but changes in transit, and the more rapid intercommunication of nations, have made it necessary that some ready aid should be granted to those who find themselves cast upon the terrible London wilderness without a friend to help them, ignorant to whom to apply for help, and little able even to make known their sufferings.

Every Wednesday, then, the directors meet for receiving applications for relief, and reports of cases that have been investigated by the Visiting Committee.

The plan adopted is to issue to the governors of the charity a number of small tickets, each of which, when signed and bearing the name of the applicant for relief, entitles the latter to apply to the weekly committee for an investigation of his case. Every subscriber of a guinea is regarded as a governor for a year, and there are, of course, life governors also. Both these are entitled to recommend cases either for what may be termed casual relief, or for election as pensioners to receive weekly assistance (of from 2s. to 5s., and in cases of extreme old age or great infirmity, 7s. 6d. a week), sick allowances, or passage money to enable applicants to return to their own country.

It may easily be believed how even a small weekly contribution will often save a destitute man or woman, or even a poor family, from that utter destitution which would result from the inability to pay rent even for a single room; while in cases of sickness, the regular allowance even of a trifling sum will enable many a sufferer to tide over a period of pain and weakness, during which the small earnings are either reduced or cease altogether.

In cases of urgent necessity four superintendents are appointed from the board of directors, with the power to grant immediate relief; and of course many applicants receive temporary assistance from the governor who recommends them, until their case is investigated by the committee, and the worthy and indefatigable "visitor" Mr. Mohrman.

After the expulsion of the Germans from Paris during the late war, that little dingy quadrangle in London Wall was filled with a strange crowd of lost and helpless foreigners, whose condition would admit of only a temporary inquiry, and indeed needed little investigation, since want and misery were written legibly enough in their faces. For a large number of these, passage money had to be paid, and the relief was continued till the press of refugees from France abated. There was a special subscription for the relief of these poor creatures, raised chiefly among German merchants living in London, and even now the society has to extend a helping hand to some who still remain.

Any one wandering by accident into Finsbury Buildings on a Wednesday forenoon, would wonder what so many subdued and rather anxious-looking men were waiting about for in such an out-of-the way locality—some of them leaning against the wall inside, others sitting in the bare room, just inside the barer passage. Every one of these has had his circumstances carefully inquired into, and is in attendance to receive what may be called temporary relief. During the last official year 150 homeward passages have been paid, and in the two years from 1871 to 1873 the number of persons who received relief was 21,333, who with their wives and families represented perhaps above 12,000 souls. During the year 1,983 grants were made of sums varying from less than 10s. to 1,324 persons, 10s. to 431, 15s. to 47, £1 to 135, and so on to £5, which was allowed in six instances, while sick allowances were granted in 292 cases. One important and suggestive feature of this excellent society is that it numbers among its members not only subscribers to other charitable institutions, but members of the medical and legal professions, who frequently render their aid to applicants free of expense, in order either to relieve them from suffering, or to protect them from the errors or impositions to which their ignorance and helplessness might expose them.

There is no restriction either as regards creed or nationality, and though each case is matter for inquiry, the only persons disqualified for receiving relief are those who are detected as impostors—persons who are deemed to have sufficient support from any other source, those who cannot give a good reason for having come to this country, and proof of their having striven to obtain work and to labour for a maintenance, those who are proved to have been guilty of fraud or immoral practices, and beggars or drunken, dissolute persons.

As regards the numbers of persons who have received relief since the institution was founded, there is the tremendous total of 21,645 applicants on behalf of 129,299 individuals. What an army it represents! Of these Germany (which till recently included Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia) represents 71,913; Sweden and Norway, 9,422; Holland, 8,878; France, 7,339; Russia, 7,006; Italy, 5,415; Belgium, 4,578; Denmark, 4,215; the West Indies, 1,716; Switzerland, 1,685; and so on in a diminishing proportion till we come to "Central Africa!"—a very recent case, no doubt.

Can any one question the good that has been effected by an institution so careful not only to relieve with rigid economy, but also to do its work on so truly voluntary a principle? If the temporary and comparatively casual aid afforded to poor and destitute strangers works so beneficially, however, the pensions, to which only very extreme cases are elected, are even still more in the nature of help given to those who are ready to perish. Here are some specimen cases:—

A watchmaker of Frankfort, seventy-four years old, and nearly seventy years in this country, disabled by paralysis, with a wife, who is a waistcoat maker, unable to compete with the sewing-machine; one son, twenty years old, who, having some small situation, lives with them, pays the rent, and "does what he can;" a boy of fourteen who works as an errand boy.

An Italian looking-glass maker, seventy-three years old, and fifty-three years in this country. Has lately lived by making light frames, but health and strength fail, and he is suffering from asthma. His wife, an Englishwoman, and aged sixty-six, works as a charwoman. He has two sons, each married and with large families, so that they can do nothing for him.

A French widow, sixty-seven years old, and thirty-two years in this country, and paralysed for the last thirteen years. Her only daughter, who is in delicate health, earns her "living" by needlework, but can only gain enough for her own maintenance.

These are only three of the first cases in the last official report of pensioners recently elected, and they are not selected because of their peculiarly distressing character. When it is remembered that this society, for the most part, has not sufficient means to grant more than *two shillings a week* in the way of relief, and when we take the trouble to observe that in the majority of cases where a pension is granted, the recipients have been so long resident here that they may be said to have lost their nationality in ours, will it be too much to ask of England—alike the asylum for the



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"It took so very few words after all"—*p.* 396.

persecuted and the teacher of liberty and of charity —that the "Friends of Foreigners in Distress" shall be regarded as the friends of all of us alike in the name of Him of whom it was said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

But I have not quite done with the pensioners. I must ask the reader to go with me to Lower Norwood, where amidst a strange solitude, that is almost desolation, we will visit three ladies of the *ancien régime*, one of whom at least, began life nearly ninety years ago as a fitting playmate for the daughter of a king.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

THE third and last day of the fair was a Saturday, and the bustle and excitement were consequently at their height at an earlier hour. Philip's services had been in request, and there he was again, muttering that old monosyllable of his, but unable to resist the attraction which drew him thither. On this occasion, however, it was a rather different kind of attraction from the merely social and friendly one which had prevailed with him hitherto. It was an attraction of strangely conflicting pain and pleasure. At the close of the previous day he had made a discovery, or at least half believed that he had made it. What could Wildish mean by presenting the lion, which ought to have been handed over to Lucy, to Ada Lovejoy? He had promised to lay the trophy at the feet of his lady-love. What could it mean, save that Arthur was wavering in his allegiance to Lucy—nay, that he had already deserted? Philip had no sooner entered upon the scene than he set his powers of observation to work upon the problem. In the first place there was Arthur in his highest spirits. He, and Ada, who seemed to have wound up her own concern, were "flying round," as our cousins phrase it, helping everybody. Presently they withdrew to the smaller tent where the refreshments were served, for the purpose of devoting themselves to Mrs. Tabor, whose stall, with one or two others, was there. There was everything to confirm Philip's suspicion, and he felt duly indignant at Arthur's conduct. It was despicable. But he felt yet more indignant and despiteful towards the recreant, when he saw, or thought he saw, that Lucy was suffering under it.

Lucy and her flowers were, indeed, suffering from neglect. They were drooping, and she was downcast, for she felt the neglect as any other simple, natural girl would, and the more she felt it the more she shrank into herself. She was, in truth, too modest and too sensitive to engage in the unbounded solicitations which were going on around her, and in which the loudest and most persistent were the most successful. She, as well as Mrs. Austin, had sat down before their respective stalls in despair, for nothing was now to be done except by a pressure which they could not bring themselves to use.

But at length the ordeal was over, ladies and gentlemen took their departure laden with the spoils of the day. The things that remained were packed up and left in charge of servants. The very decorations were being taken down, and the men were in waiting to remove the tents, the stall-holders and a few of their friends remaining up to the last.

"What a lovely evening!" exclaimed one after another as they emerged upon the grass under the fast fading light of a serenely beautiful sky.

"I should like a breath of fresh air," added Lucy, putting her arm within her father's. "It is so calm and sweet, let us go just to the top of the slope."

"Won't it tire you, my love," said her father, "after all the standing about you have had?"

Lucy assured him it would not, and he led her away over the field, while Mrs. Tabor went home, intent on the third and last little supper with which she intended to regale the labourers. Mrs. Torrance and Fanny accompanied her, passing before the rest of the party, whom they believed to be bringing up the rear. But they were following Lucy's example, and straying over the field, Arthur Wildish with Ada, and Mrs. Austin following with Philip.

The evening was indeed lovely. The last streak of colour was fading from the sky. Its depth, its serenity, its tenderness, were unspeakable. The moon was rising over a clump of trees on the height. One or two stars shone up in the dim blue sky, and the air seemed to grow still and solemn with their distant light. Perhaps it was by contrast with the scene they had quitted that the feeling of the hour should penetrate the hearts of each. They hushed their voices, or walked on in silence.

"I dare say you are glad it is over, Lucy," said Mr. Tabor, after pause.

"Yes, papa," she answered, with a sigh, "I dare say I am."

He smiled. "It seems doubtful," he said.

"I am sorry to feel glad then," she returned.

"One of your paradoxes, Lucy."

"I can't very well explain what I mean; it is the feeling of everything coming to an end and finding us weary, that makes us feel sad, I think."

He would not answer her; his heart was feeling sore for her, and he sought to speak in a lighter way. "No wonder you are weary," he said; "weariness is the natural concomitant of a great deal of labour with very little result."

"But we have got a great deal of money, which we should not have got otherwise," said Lucy, seconding his effort, and trying to speak gaily.

"Why not?" said her father. "It would have been quite as easy for every one to have given what they have spent during these three days, and then you would have had a great deal more money, besides the saving in time. But you had to supply them with inferior motives, such as rivalry, love of display, and even cupidity."

"Oh, papa! you are too severe," said Lucy. "Many gave their work who had little money to give, and others bought it out of all sorts of kind motives, besides pleasure in its beauty."

"Well, there is good and evil in everything, Lucy," said her father, "and in everything the good is to the good, and the evil to the evil, that is it I fancy."

When they reached the little knoll they stood still, and turned to look back over the field. Ada and Arthur were coming up to them slowly, prolonging the new-found pleasure which they felt in being near each other—earth's most perfect pleasure, that of loving and being beloved. Further off, having lingered behind these, were Mrs. Austin and Philip. The latter had lost all the natural gaiety which, during those days, had lightened the prevailing seriousness of his character; a gaiety which had been a fresh revelation to his companion, who did not know that it had once been his chief characteristic. He had sunk into silence.

"How still it is," said Ellen softly. "That sky is like a promise of peace."

> "Peace, it is only a promise,
> Fulfilled in heaven to be;
> Only a broken rainbow
> Over a troubled sea."

He repeated the lines in answer.

"Whose are they?" she asked.

"Some little-known poet," he replied, "who has had his share of disappointment and sorrow, and has summed up his experience in these four lines."

"And yet peace is not joy," she said. "They only seek it who have no hope of bliss."

"A sad wise valour is the best complexion," he replied. "Do you know whose that is?"

"George Herbert's," she answered quickly. "I know his 'Temple' by heart, I think."

"He is the one religious poet I love," answered Philip. "In this, as in other things, Mrs. Austin, you and I are strangely in accord."

She was silent. Her companion little thought how the words had thrilled her.

He was looking before him at Arthur and Ada. Something in their attitude struck him. "What is the meaning of that?" he asked, indicating the pair before them.

She did not at first understand.

"They look like lovers," he said, indignantly.

"They are, I believe," she answered, smiling.

"Has Mr. Wildish given up Lucy Tabor for her?" he asked.

"I think it was Lucy who gave him up," she answered; "or rather, would have nothing to say to him. There was no giving up in the case."

"They were engaged, surely?" he said.

"Never," she replied.

"Are you quite sure of it?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

"Quite, quite. I have received Mrs. Tabor's confidences in the matter, and there never was any engagement," she answered.

"Then I have been making a profound mistake," he returned. "Mrs. Austin," he went on, "your sympathy is so true and sincere, that I do not mind telling you that I have loved Lucy Tabor all my life, and that till I die I feel that I shall never love another."

The gathering darkness kindly veiled the white sorrow that smote Ellen Austin's face. But it also hid the new light that dawned there with more than mortal beauty. A joy came to her keener than the anguish, mingling with it, so that she could not tell which was the anguish and which the joy. She could hold the cup of happiness to his lips which was denied to hers.

"You loved her when you were children," she murmured, "and you love her still. Are you sure your love is unreturned?"

"She loved me as a child; but that is quite another thing," he answered. "She seemed to care more for Mr. Wildish than for me." (Oh, Philip!)

"She never cared for Mr. Wildish at all; of that I am quite sure. But she cares for some one. It never struck me before, but it may be for you," said Ellen, thoughtfully. The idea—it was hardly an idea, it was the instinct of a supreme moment—grew upon her.

"How do you know that she cares for some one else?" he asked.

"I received a hint to that effect from her mother. Till this moment I have held it sacred. I never even tried to guess her girlish secret; but just now I feel sure that it is you. I had the same feeling for a moment when I saw you together on the night of the party."

Her companion was silent, but he was hastening onwards with increasing swiftness. Ellen could scarce keep up with him, and together they reached the little knoll, in advance of Arthur and Ada.

When they had all stood for a few minutes in the brightening moonlight, Lucy proposed going back. "We have loitered so long," she said; "mamma will be wondering what has become of us."

Lucy had loosed her hold of her father's arm, and was about to take it again, when Ellen gently stepped between them, and putting her arm within Mr. Tabor's, fairly carried him off, leaving Philip to take possession of Lucy and to follow them.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FROM STARLIGHT TO GASLIGHT.

Mrs. Tabor had been quite ready to sit down to the supper, which had been set, by her directions, with all manner of tempting viands for her guests, and so they had gone at once into the dining-room. The servant had turned up the gas, and they sat down, expecting the rest of the party every moment.

"What can have become of them?" "What can they be about?" were echoed and re-echoed in various tones of wonder and impatience, as the minutes past, and the dining-room clock showed that the best part of an hour had gone.

At length, however, they made their appearance, Mr. Tabor entering first, followed by Philip and Lucy, and all three seemingly affected by the change from starlight to gaslight, for they came in blinking like owls, as Mrs. Tabor afterwards remarked. But two of the party at least were making their slightly dazzled sensations a cloak to cover confusion of another sort, as that acute lady was presently to discover.

"Here you are at last!" she exclaimed heartily. "What have you been doing?"

"Having a moonlight walk," replied Mr. Tabor innocently, making for an arm-chair.

"And what have you done with Mrs. Austin?"

"Oh, she is too tired to come in. She hopes you will excuse her. She is quite worn out with her exertions," said Mr. Tabor. "She was hardly able to speak from exhaustion."

"Do let us have some supper now," said Mrs. Tabor; "I have been starving all day on a bit of dry chicken. Be as quick as you can, Lucy," she added, seeing her daughter quitting the room; and she motioned to the others to take their seats at the table.

But Mrs. Tabor's comfortable arrangements seemed doomed to overthrow on that particular evening, for Philip, in a grave aside, had asked leave to speak to Mr. Tabor in private for a few minutes, and Mr. Tabor, who had not had time to subside into his chair, had started up with a surprised "certainly," and led the way out of the room.

Of course, Philip had not intended to say a single word to Lucy on his way back to the house, except what the simplest friendship warranted. He was in no position to claim Lucy, even if she did care for him, which was a matter of uncertainty. And indeed, if he had chosen his own way, he would have kept aloof from her that evening, and they would all have come back exactly as they went forth. But to find himself standing beside her, with just enough of light to meet a timid, nay, half-frightened glance, and to take her hand and place it on his arm, and feel it tremble there; to walk on in silence, with the stars shining as if they shone for very sympathy with pure and fervent love; to sigh and hear the faintest sigh in answer, was more than Philip's philosophy could bear. And it took so very few words after all. He began caressing the little hand that lay upon his arm, with the old gentle fondness, and though it trembled more than ever it was not withdrawn. Then he murmured, "Lucy," and in the one universal language of love the word meant more than a million could have expressed in any other. And Lucy answered, "Philip," and in that strange language it meant exactly the same. Taken together they stood for, "I am yours and you are mine, for we love each other."

Then they paused for a moment and clasped each other's hands, and linked together thus they came on through the happy darkness.

But it was like Philip not to be able to sit down to his supper in peace, and allow Mr. Tabor to do the same; but to insist on making a clean breast of the matter first. No wonder either that Lucy had fled away to the sanctuary of her own room at the first hint of what was impending. Mrs. Tabor was in despair. It seemed as if that supper of hers would never get itself eaten, for again the time passed and again the question was re-echoed, "What can they be about to keep us waiting in this absurd way?" If she had only known, I think she would have joined Lucy, who was looking out of her window over the dim fragrant fields and shedding some happy tears, and have forgotten all about her supper too.

And meantime Philip was explaining that he had been to blame, and had said what he intended not to have said, and done what he intended not to have done; because while he was Mr. Tabor's debtor he could not seek to marry his daughter.

And Mr. Tabor had listened for a few minutes, and had then put a stop to that part of it by giving his hand to Philip and telling him, not without emotion, that he had made him a happier man than he thought it likely he should be again.

And when Philip again adverted to that debtor and creditor account, and signified that he must remain unmarried till he was a free man, Mr. Tabor silenced him by saying that he should have it all his own way in that particular, and that he had no objection to keep Lucy a few years longer. "She is not one, I think," he added, "who will suffer from a long engagement. Her mother never did, and I am glad to find her happiness secure, as we old folks could not secure it," and Mr. Tabor sighed over the

inevitable. Then they shook hands over it once more and went into the dining-room.

This time they were received in silence. I think the expression of both their faces, so gravely, tenderly happy, told the whole story. However, Mr. Tabor said, looking still more explicit intelligence at his wife, "Mamma, will you go up to Lucy?"

Then after a little pause, during which Mrs. Torrance was unusually vigilant, and Fanny fell to nodding in her chair, not having found anything special to interest her, Lucy re-appeared, followed by her mother. And Lucy's fair cheek was flushed, and Mrs. Tabor's eyes honestly red with crying, but nothing more was said. Only everything was known even to an onlooker like Mrs. Torrance, though everybody seemed so subdued and quiet. And the supper was eaten at last, and the strangers dismissed, for the one who remained was no longer a stranger but a son.

It was like opened paradise to Philip to find himself set in that family circle, and made a part of it, another link in the golden circlet which promised to be the more united that its links were so few. Lucy might almost have been jealous of it had it been in her nature to be so, at the share which her father and mother seemed to have in her lover's heart.

Little was said concerning the event which had so changed their relations to each other, very little indeed of all the happiness they felt was expressed in words. As soon as Mrs. Torrance and Fanny were gone, Mrs. Tabor went over to Philip, and managing to put her plump hands on his high shoulders kissed him and said, "God bless you, Philip!" That was all. But the four sat late and long talking as only the nearest who are also the dearest talk in loving confidence, and when Philip rose to go Mr. Tabor would have had him remain. "We can give you a bed," he said, "if you will stay, and it is very late."

"Too late," replied Philip; "but my poor old landlady will not get a wink of sleep if I do not return." He had been amusing them with the details of his life in lodgings. "And Mary," said Lucy, "will lie down on the door-mat. You had better go," she added, always considerate for others, and her mother seconded her, and so Philip was sent home, and had a long walk in the starlight, and surely those stars were softer and brighter than any he had ever seen before.

Mrs. Torrance had returned home in a very amiable mood. Instead of feeling aggrieved at having had to wait for her supper such an unconscionable time, she felt delighted at the accidental arrangement which had enabled her to witness the little scene, which had conveyed so much to her thoroughly initiated eyes. To be present on such an occasion amply compensated her for any amount of waiting.

Of course she was in haste to retail the intelligence she had gathered; and if her daughter had retired to her room, she was quite prepared to follow her thither to communicate it to her. She found her in the library, however, waiting there to receive her. Ellen was lying on a couch, out of the circle of the lamplight, and Mrs. Torrance immediately sat down in front of her and began with great volubility.

"The moment they came into the room," she went on, "I saw that something had happened from Lucy's manner; and when the gentlemen left the room together I felt quite sure of it. When they came back, and Mrs. Tabor was told to go and fetch Lucy, I knew it was all settled, everybody seemed so satisfied. Well, I suppose it is a very nice arrangement, as Mr. Tenterden may have the business some day, but I never cared much for him. He has behaved very well, no doubt, but he can't have anything but what Mr. Tabor chooses to give him. It's worse even than that," she went on, thinking aloud; "he must still be in debt, paying off that money. I think Lucy has got a very poor bargain."

"Mamma, I am very tired," sighed Ellen from her sofa; "I think I shall go up-stairs at once, if you don't mind."

"Very well," said her mother, a little discontented with the seeming lack of interest with which Ellen received her story. "Dear me, child!" she added, "I declare you are looking quite ill. You are white as ashes. How little you can bear!" she ran on, as Ellen rose to leave her. "Just look at me. I am as fresh as possible, and I stood about twice as much as you did."

Ellen Austin kissed her mother mechanically, while these last words sounded dreamily in her ears. Somehow or other she reached her own room and flung herself into a chair that stood in the window. There was light enough in the summer heavens, and it streamed into the room, and threw across the floor panes of silver, barred with black. In the light again she sat, pale and motionless as a statue, looking over the garden, and across the field to the little slope toward which she had walked with Philip.

And close at hand, with only the partition wall between them, Lucy Tabor was sitting in the moonlight too, and looking in the same direction, lost in happy dreams, from which she roused herself to undress and sink into happy slumber.

But Ellen sat far into the night, till the moon had well-nigh run her course, and the stars alone were high. Not in wilfulness and rebellion, not indulging in the wantonness of passionate sorrow, but gaining resignation and peace. She was not a child to wear herself out with stormy weeping, and though a few heavy tears would fall—a sad relief—she strove to restrain them. Her tender and dutiful spirit bent meekly in acceptance of her lot, and so she could murmur, as this chapter of her life was laid aside with her garments, "At least there is no regret."

(To be continued.)

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—III.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S HIGHBURY; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations."—1 Peter i. 6.

THE life of a Christian is a kind of paradox. "He is sorrowful," as the apostle says, "yet alway rejoicing." He is the only man who really enjoys existence, and yet he would not stay here alway, for he feels that this is not his rest. He is the only man who understands the real power of sin, and truly shrinks from it; and yet he is the only man who can regard sin as a vanquished foe.

Something of this paradoxical tone appears in the passage before us. St. Peter is writing to persons who are evidently passing through a great fight of afflictions. They are suffering now; they are expecting to suffer ere long more keenly still. There is a "fiery trial" awaiting them. It will come upon them soon. Under these circumstances they are naturally depressed. How could it be otherwise? But at the same time there is a deep-seated feeling in their breasts which underlies the sadness, and which is not disturbed by it—the feeling that they are begotten again to a glorious inheritance, and that they are kept by the power of God, to become in the end possessors of it.

In examining the words, then, let us consider, first, the sadness, and afterwards, the rejoicing.

(1) It is worth while observing that the apostle allows for the mental depression so frequently caused by sorrow. "Ye are in heaviness," he says. Some good people trouble themselves because they find their spirits giving way, their hearts weighed down by the pressure of the load which is laid upon them. They take themselves to task for not being always in a cheerful frame of mind; and thus they increase unnecessarily the acuteness of their trial, the weight of their sorrow. Would it not be well for them to consider that the body plays its part in matters of religion; that the spirits may sink and no harm be done; that we may be depressed, and yet never really question the lovingkindness and tenderness of our heavenly Father towards us? The Psalmist says, "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust." God does not forget our feebleness; He compassionates it. He does not judge harshly of us, because we are "in heaviness," when we are passing through manifold temptations.

Another thing may be noticed: the trouble is "for a season." To those who are suffering, suffering seems painfully long; but after all it is only for a time. Sooner or later the end comes; and what the length of the trial shall be is decided by the unerring wisdom and infinite love of our God. The refiner sits by the crucible watching the process, and watching the fire by means of which the process is being carried on. As the scum rises to the top, he clears it away, leaving the pure metal behind. But when the work he has in view is done, he removes the fire. He does not allow the flames to blaze a single moment longer than is absolutely necessary. God determines what the length of the "season" shall be; but anyhow *it is only for a season.*

"If need be," says the apostle; that is, "since there is a need for the trial." Sometimes we are enabled to connect our trouble with a particular fault or sin, and then we feel that we are suffering special and necessary discipline on that account. And perhaps, if we were perfectly honest with ourselves, the connection might be more frequently traced. But at other times we cannot explain, except in a general way, why we are severely dealt with. Yet, as the apostle says, there is a need for the treatment to which we are subjected. The trial does not befall us by chance. It has been directed by unerring wisdom to some particular end; and happy shall we be if we succeed in learning our lesson—in understanding what especial message the Lord our God is sending to us.

(2) Lastly we consider the "rejoicing." In spite of the sadness, there is a deep-seated fountain of contentment in the Christian's soul. He has the assurance of his heavenly inheritance. He has peace, in the sense of reconciliation; peace, in the fact of having found his home and repose in the bosom of God. Disturbed, overclouded that peace may be sometimes—but still it is there. His condition does not depend upon his own variable moods, but upon the word and the love of his heavenly Father. They tell us that out on the open sea, when the wildest storms arise, and billows run high, and fleets are tossed like corks upon the waves, it is only, after all, the *surface* of the water that is troubled. Below the confusion and the tumult lie calm depths which no wind can ruffle, no current disturb. Have we not here an emblem of the Christian heart? That heart is sensitive enough; it feels pain and sorrow keenly—more keenly, perhaps, than others; it is oftentimes saddened, troubled, depressed; but under the troubled surface lies a profound contentment, a restful feeling which the world cannot give, and can never take away.

WILLIE'S SISTER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"COME along, Jenny; do walk quickly, or they'll see which way we go. What a time you were dressing."

"Yes, I couldn't help it; nurse would put on this clean frock. How far shall we have to walk, Willie?"

"Not very far; Tom says it's only three miles."

"Three miles! why, I don't think I shall ever be able to walk so far as that."

"Yes, you will; only let's be quick and turn this corner, then no one will be able to see us."

Willie and Jenny Howard were the only children of the Squire of Marshden, a pretty little village in one of the midland counties of England. They were left motherless when very young, but had been very carefully brought up by their father, and taught together by him until Willie was ten years old, when it was deemed advisable that he should go to school, in order that he might mix with boys of his own age. He was accordingly driven backwards and forwards every day to a large school in the neighbouring town. He got on very well with his lessons there, and liked it; but his father, who watched him very narrowly, begun to feel concerned, after he had been there a year and a half, at discovering symptoms of selfishness growing upon him: he was not quite so gentle with his little sister as he used to be; not that he meant to be unkind, but from sheer thoughtlessness. Forgetting her want of strength—for she was a very delicate child—he wished her to join in rough games such as they played at his school, and became quite put out if she pleaded fatigue, saying he wished she was like other girls.

Mr. Howard was called away from home, just before the time of which I am writing, in consequence of the severe illness of a friend, and on leaving charged the servants to take every possible care of the children during his absence.

Now Willie had heard from the boys at school of a fair that was going on at some little distance from his home, and had received such glowing accounts of the doings there that he came home full of it one day to his sister. His exaggerations of the previously exaggerated accounts he had received from his schoolfellows quite filled Jenny's mind with the conviction that it was, indeed, something wonderful to see, and she fully joined in his desire to go.

"Oh, I do wish papa was at home to take us," said she. "Do you think it will be over before he comes back?"

"Yes, long before; why, he told nurse, in his letter this morning, that he shouldn't be home for a month."

"Shall I ask nurse to take us?"

"No; she would spoil all the fun. We should have to walk about all the time, taking hold of her hands; and I should feel dreadfully ashamed if we met one of the boys, to be seen led about by a nurse; besides, she would be frightened to death of the guns. I can't bear old women. No, I tell you what we'll do—we'll go alone."

"But we mustn't."

"Yes, we may if we don't tell any one. Papa promised me a long time ago that he would take me to a fair as soon as I was old enough. I'm sure he wouldn't mind our going; and if we don't, we may not have another chance."

"I think we had better not go alone, because there are so many gipsies at fairs, and you know they often steal little children."

"I should just like to see them trying to run away with one of us. They only take stupid little children of five and six, who don't know how to take care of themselves. No; we'll pretend to go for a walk, as we always do on half-holidays, and then go off to the fair; but whatever you do, don't say a word about it to any one."

It required much persuasion on Willy's part to convince Jenny that it would be quite right for them to go without letting any one know, for she had always been in the habit of confiding every little thing to the nurse, whom she loved almost as a mother; but Willie persevered, and finally gained his point.

The following Saturday afternoon, after collecting their little savings together, they started off on their journey along the fields, thinking they were less likely to meet any one they knew by that way than if they went along the high road. They walked along very briskly for some time in the highest spirits, Jenny trying her hardest to keep up with Willie's long, quick steps; but her breath became short, and she was at length obliged to ask him to walk a little slower. He did so very unwillingly, saying at the same time, he wished she wasn't "such a puffy old woman."

"Why, you're more like an old woman of eighty," said he, "than a girl of nine."

"I can't help it, dear Willy. I do wish I was strong like other little girls."

"Yes, so do I. Why, there's Tom Ramned's little sister Lucy plays cricket splendidly, and can walk as far as he can."

"Wouldn't you like to have Lucy for a sister instead of me?" said Jenny, sadly.

Willie looked round at the little serious, flushed face for a moment, then said, in a very different tone, "Why, of course I wouldn't like any sister better than you; although Lucy is strong, she isn't

half so kind as you are; she never gives Tom any of her pocket-money, like you do me."

A delighted, most loving smile passed over the little girl's face, as she caught hold of Willie's arm and stood on tiptoe to kiss him, saying, "If you will only sit on this stile just two minutes, I shall be able to walk as fast as you."

Willie consented, and they sat down. They had become very warm whilst walking, but after having been seated some little time, Jenny commenced shivering. It was one of those days on which people, deceived by the shining sun, and forgetting to watch in which direction the wind blows, go out in thin clothing, and come home with colds. The sun was shining brightly when Jenny's nurse dressed her in a pretty but thin dress, never thinking, of course, where she was going, nor that she would sit on a stile when overheated, allowing the cold wind to play havoc with her delicate chest. But so it was; the poor child, as she laughed at the idea of shivering on such a warm day, little guessed of what it was the forerunner.

With renewed vigour they started off again, and I am afraid Willie was almost glad his sister felt cold, for it was an extra inducement to make her walk faster in order to get warm; he went faster and faster, until in his excitement he again forgot Jenny's weakness.

"Oh, do come along," said he; "we shall never get there if you don't walk faster."

"I wish I had never come. Is it much farther? Nurse will be so cross if we're late."

"But we shan't be late if you're only quick."

"Oh! do look, Willie! I can see some people in the air in things just like boats; there's another—oh! there're a lot of them going round one after the other. Let's run."

Willie did not want twice inviting to do that; he started off at once, taking advantage of Jenny's excitement; but they soon had to content themselves with walking again.

"I saw such a lot of vans going there this morning," said Willie, "with large pictures outside; there's a giant and a dwarf there, a man who eats fire, and no end of other things; there's one man that lets a big snake crawl all about him."

"Oh, fancy, seeing a real giant! I wonder if he is as big as the one in 'Jack the Giant Killer;' I shall be so frightened if he is."

"But they won't let him touch any one, you goose; he is put in a place by himself, and people only go and look at him. We're very nearly there now, it's just round that turning."

When they arrived at the fair they were perfectly bewildered; poor little Jenny was quite frightened at the sight of so many rough-looking people, and at the loud harsh voices of men, calling out with their utmost strength about the wonders of their different entertainments, and between each speech making most deafening noises by beating on immense gongs. They went in to see the giant and the dwarf, the fire-eating man, a wonderful conjuror, and Willie was in a dreadful way because, after having paid for seeing those and bought some cake, they had exhausted their little capital, and would not be able to see some beautiful wax-works that were to be shown in the evening. They were both so excited that they thought nothing of the time, but went about in the crowd until evening, Jenny clinging as tightly as she could all the time to Willie's arm. He was pushing his way through a group of men, when, on looking up, he caught sight of his father's groom. He was terrified, and tried to hide himself; but before he had time to do so the man came up to them, and immediately began scolding Willie, and taking hold of a hand of each, led them out into the road. Fortunately he had a conveyance waiting there for him, as he had just gone in to look at the fair on his way home from the nearest village; so after having frightened both nearly out of their lives, he put them into it and drove homeward.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

153. Where do we *first* meet with the word "temple" in Holy Scripture?

154. How many of the Evangelists record the fact that a crown of thorns was placed on the head of our Lord before He suffered?

155. Quote two passages from the Acts of the Apostles which indicate that Mary the mother of Jesus was descended from David.

156. "And the men, which Moses sent to search the land, and made all the congregation to murmur against him, died by the plague before the Lord." Name two of the spies who were not thus cut off, and give the passage in which this is stated.

157. Which one of the sacred writers refers to the lion as "the strongest among beasts?"

158. Where does the prophet Isaiah record blessings promised to those who keep the Sabbath?

159. Jesus was born at "Bethlehem of Judæa" (Matt. ii. 1). Name another Bethlehem mentioned in the Old Testament.

160. In his instructions to Solomon respecting the Temple and its furniture, David informs his son whence he obtained the patterns thereof. Quote the exact words.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 368.

138. Job xvi. 11.

139. St. Mark (xi. 13) adds: "For the time of figs was not yet." See Matt. xxi. 19.

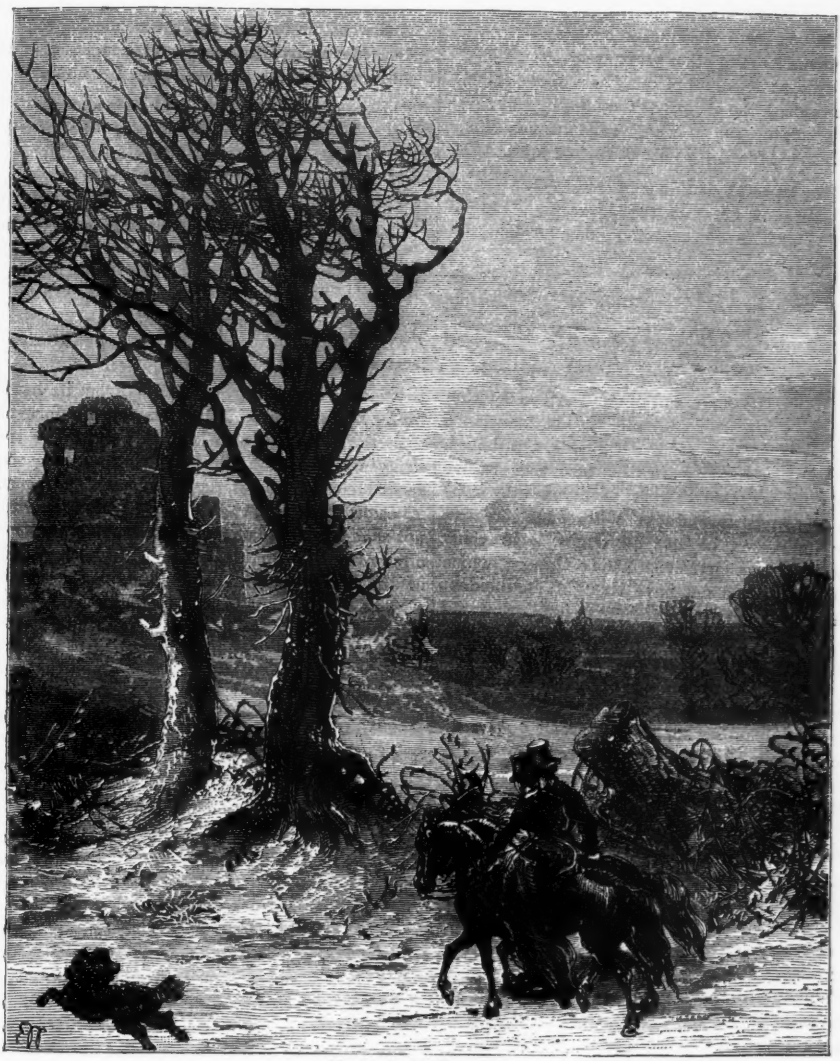
140. Mark vi. 3.

141. See John xix. 25.

142. Ezekiel (xxiv. 15—18).

143. Job xxxviii. 7.

144. In Judges viii. 26.



(*Drawn by* E. WAGNER.)

FLEETING.

"He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

NOTHING on earth continues in one stay—
Day ever moves to night, and night to day;
Spring chases Winter, Summer treads on Spring,
Then at the voice of Autumn spreads her wing,
And flies afar—then, all their glory past,
Through naked branches howls the wintry blast.

Nothing on earth continues in one stay—
The sordid grub turns beautiful and gay,
See how she flutters in the summer sun;
But look again, her joyous race is run;
The sun is veiled, the storm beats fierce and loud,
And her drenched pinions serve but for a shroud.

Nothing on earth continues in one stay—
The raven locks of other years are grey;
The eyes, as keen and piercing as a bird's,
Peer through the glasses at the mingling words;
The mind, too, suffers change; the memory fails,
Halts at old faces, tells her twice-told tales.

Nothing on earth continues in one stay—
Bad men grow worse, or learn to weep and pray;
Around us falls the deepening gloom of night,
Or dayspring mellows into perfect light;
The children of the kingdom sin and die,
The blood of Jesus makes the far off nigh.

Nothing on earth continues in one stay—
Death comes at last, and turns us into clay;
Loosed is the silver cord; the golden bowl
And wheel lie broken; and the wondering soul,
Borne far away, from scenes and thoughts of earth,
In joy or woe sees Him who gave her birth.

There good and bad continue in one stay,
'Tis outer darkness or eternal day;
No rust in heaven to dim the precious gold,
No sin, to make the loving service cold;
No hope in hell; no Saviour to redeem,
Then seek the Lord to-day, for life is but a dream!

THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE CAREFULNESS.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—John vi. 12.

THIS command of our Lord to "gather up the fragments," is not mentioned by the other Evangelists, although all agree in the fact that twelve baskets of fragments were gathered up. The union of such carefulness with such creative power impresses, beyond all doubt, a heavenly character on the narrative. It is a thing of which an impostor would not have thought, an incident which no mere invention of human intellect would have devised. "Nature, as the mirror of the Divine perfections, places everywhere before our eyes the same combination of boundless munificence and of frugal economy in unfolding her riches and imparting her blessings."

The miracle here narrated of feeding the five thousand is well calculated to teach us many important lessons. We are especially reminded by it of the infinite benevolence of the Lord from heaven, of His unfailing compassion for the sorrowing children of men, and of His ever-constant wish to minister to their necessities, and to do them good. And we ought further to be reminded by it of our own want and spiritual destitution, of the aspect of Christ Himself as the bread which came down from heaven, and of His infinite fulness; a fulness which dwells only in Him to supply every need, satisfy every desire, and fill up every aching void in the human soul.

But our business here is chiefly with this command of our Lord, with the principle it involves and the truth which it teaches. "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

The command, of course, indicates a desire in the mind of Jesus, for He could not command that which He did not desire. And since it was the desire of Christ, it must have been a desire in the Divine mind, the desire of God. From its nature, we may justly regard it as coming in the form and with the authority of a law. We can, it is true, easily conceive the Divine Being, under some special circumstances, desiring, commanding and effecting, in regard to man, that which He might not see fit to do at another time or under different circumstances. But the clause which is here added as the reason of this command, "that nothing may be lost," seems clearly to indicate a principle in the mind of God—a law of the Divine government.

These words, then, are suggestive and indicative of such a law, the evidences and operation of which are not confined to material objects, but enter into the spheres of the moral and spiritual, and claim for it a place and an influence in our consideration of every department of the Divine dominion. We may learn some truth to do us good if we consider this law in operation, and glance at some illustrations of it in the spheres of nature, providence, and religion.

I. Look at it *in the sphere of Nature*. In the works which God has made, and in the physical processes which, in His wisdom and power, He is constantly carrying on, this principle is abundantly manifest. Even although science is but yet, so to speak, in its infancy regarding many of the laws of the material world, enough is known to show very impressively the operation of the principle that nothing is lost. And every successive discovery may be shown to be, either directly or indirectly, a further development of this law. Amidst all action and reaction, amidst all production and decay, in life or in death, nothing is absolutely lost. The water that is spilt upon the ground, or the passing shower that descends upon the earth,

is not lost. It will either sink into the soil to promote vegetation, or be evaporated into the atmosphere to minister to the component parts of the air which we breathe. Those leaves which strew your path so thickly in the autumn, when all vegetation begins to die, are not lost. Their finely-wrought and beauteous texture may perish, but their very decay and decomposition minister to the verdure, beauty, and abundance of the returning foliage of succeeding seasons. The very fuel which is consumed in the fire is not lost, for apart from its influences while burning, the gases which it engenders and the ashes which it leaves, minister in other departments to the harmony and perfection of Nature. So with the breath which we inspire and then exhale, impure and loaded as it is with the carbon of the animal frame, although unfit again for healthful respiration, it is not really lost. The impurities which it contains are needful to vegetable life, and the vegetable world returns it again purified and fit for the organs of man. The compensations of Nature in her various processes are wonderful indeed, and the more minutely that they are examined, the more clearly is the evidence seen that nothing is lost. The very storm which descends with violence, engaging the elements of Nature in the fiercest warfare, while it may partially injure vegetation, and appear, for the time, to destroy the hopes of the husbandman, is not lost; and oftener than not its influence is felt in the destruction of atmospheric agencies which, if allowed to operate, would have cast the shadow of famine over the land. There are many things in Nature which we may not be able to see, or penetrate, or comprehend; but in the wisdom and goodness of God nothing is lost. And surely, in reference to all such matters, where we have to deal with the blessings of Nature or the bounties of Providence, we are thus impressively taught the impropriety and the evil of needless expenditure and thoughtless waste. But there are still more important exhibitions of the principle than these.

II. Think of it *in the sphere of Providence*. It is of the highest importance for us practically to recognise the Divine supremacy in all departments of His dominion. The God of the Bible is the God of Nature and of Providence. The wisdom that inspired the sacred Page is the wisdom that presides in the world of matter and in the circle of events. There is much in Providence beyond the reach of our comprehension and the power of our unravelment. Yet there is enough, obvious and intelligible, to testify to us the operation of the law that nothing is lost. If it be true that God numbers the very hairs of our heads, and that without His permission or knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground, then we may be assured that nothing of all those influences and agencies, those circumstances and events which we call Providence, will be lost. They are all tending to mark out some purpose in the history of individuals, families, and nations. That circumstance which we may regard as trifling and of no importance, that event which may pass before our eyes or in our own experience without evoking thought or exciting feeling, that incident of yesterday which is gone to be no more remembered, is not lost in the arrangements of the Almighty, but serves a purpose in our lot, and has a place in the completeness of our life and in the course of our destiny. Nothing is lost. The constant application of this truth would exercise a mighty practical influence on us for good.

If we trace the history of Moses—his being placed in the ark of bulrushes, and his discovery by Pharaoh's daughter, may seem to us marvellous incidents, especially in connection with his subsequent training in the court of the Egyptian king, his education in all the wisdom of the land, and his participation in the refinements and luxuries of a royal palace. Yet nothing in his history was lost. He was to be the leader and lawgiver of Israel, and it was meet for him to have a proper training for such a post.

In like manner if we trace the history of David, from his father's sheepfold to the throne of Israel, or the history of Abraham, from his departure from his country and his kindred until he was gathered unto his fathers, nothing in either case was lost; for the one was thereby fitted to be the king, and the other trained to that unhesitating confidence in God which was to make him the father and the pattern of the faithful in every age.

And so, if we pass from individuals to nations, the same truth holds good. It might seem to us a strange thing to send a nation who were to be the conservators of God's truth and worship on the earth into bondage for several centuries at the very outset of their history—to subject them to the cruelties of oppression and the degradations of a hard slavery; but now we know that nothing in that bondage was lost upon their future history. Thereby they were to acquire the habit of obedience, and to come forth as a new material prepared to receive the mouldings of a master-hand and the impress of a governing mind. And in ages afterwards, amidst their many provocations and repeated rebellions against God, why send them as a punishment to a different and distant land to remain in exile and bondage for a period of seventy years? Nothing in that exile was lost: for apart from its influence on themselves, thereby the God of Israel became known amongst nations who otherwise would not have known His name or had the evidence of His moral glory; and the world was thus better prepared for the advent of the promised Redeemer.

Whether we see it or not, then, we may be assured of this, that in the ways of Providence nothing is lost. The most trifling incident of life may be the crisis of our being, the turning-point of destiny. Nothing ought to be disregarded by us; and the devout study of events, the earnest contemplation of Providene, would tend materially to make us a wiser and a happier race. That we have no control over much that we may see or feel or hear of, is no reason why we should not seek to watch the control of God. He doeth all things well; and as nothing comes by chance, so nothing is lost in the universe of influences and events. But we advance to a higher region, and

III. Consider this truth *in the sphere of Religion.* Religion is the grand business which lies between the soul and God—that which pertains to the spiritual and the eternal interests of man. The design and practical influence of Divine revelation are to form the human character anew, and subdue the world to God. The religion of Christ carries on and works out the Divine purpose in reference to the individual and the race. It is well for us, and it will be for our safety and encouragement in this grand purpose and process, to see and feel that nothing is lost. God's word, and the moral influences which directly or indirectly it sets on foot, never return to Him void. In our relations to God and eternity, there are many manifestations of this law. It holds good in the formation of individual character, in the exercise of personal influence, and beyond these, in the furtherance and progress of the Divine purposes on the earth.

We see it (1) in the formation of individual character. Here, assuredly, nothing is lost; a truth which, alas! we are ever prone to forget. God has so formed our moral nature, and has so adapted moral agencies, and surrounded us with moral influences, that absolutely nothing in our course or character can be said to be lost. Apart even from the direct and immediate bearing which every man's conduct may have on his everlasting welfare, there is a positive connection between every thought of his mind, every emotion of his heart, every word of his mouth, and every action of his life, and his progress in that which is good or that which is evil. No unholy desire, no impure imagination, is lost. No vain thought, no sinful passion, is lost. No idle word, no wicked deed, is lost. We may treat these things with indifference as they pass. To spend an hour in foolish talk or sinful company may appear a matter of small importance. To indulge in a little deceit, or envy, or pride, or slander, may appear a matter of trifling moment; peradventure, it may promote our own purposes, or serve our own reputation. And in the world's opinion it may be so; but we may be assured of this, that nothing is lost of all that we do. Every sinful indulgence gives a touch to the character, filling up its rugged outline and preparing it for destruction. Every bad thought and deed makes the heart worse, and the power of depravity stronger. It may be the action or the exercise of a moment, but it abideth ever. So, on the other hand, every holy aspiration, every righteous victory over sin, every resisted temptation, every noble deed of self-denial or benevolence from love to Christ, purifies the conscience, strengthens virtue, and gives additional beauty to the character. No secret prayer, no silent tear, is lost. No holy desire or sacred sorrow is lost. No kind word, no liberal action, is lost. Everything good that is thought, or said, or done, tends to make us better. This is an invariable law in the formation of character, especially where Divine revelation and religious influences are enjoyed. Every touch of the artist's chisel develops a new beauty, or impresses a new feature on the form and appearance of the marble statue. So every holy thought, every lofty aspiration, and every virtuous action is like the stroke of the Divine chisel upon the character of man. When the statue is finished and the form perfected on earth, it is removed to adorn the palace of the Eternal King. Nothing in the process of preparation is lost.

We find it also (2) in the exercise of personal influence. That influence may be unconscious; very generally it is so. Where we exercise conscious influence, we do not wish it to be lost. It is the exercise on our part in some sense of power. But every man, especially in the sphere of morals and religion, where means of grace are enjoyed and Christian profession is made, is exercising an influence on those around him when he is not thinking of such a thing. Every one has an unconscious influence. And here is that which concerns us all very deeply. We have just seen how every word and act of ours tells upon ourselves; but it behoves us also to remember that every such word and act tells upon others.

"It is not those alone who purposely try to corrupt others that exert such an influence." No one can live without exerting influence. We may not see the effect now or at once; it may be as the seed cast into the soil, which first must die ere it can bring forth fruit. But we cannot live in this world and escape responsibility in this matter. Others are continually receiving impressions from our conduct and character. We are the sources of emotion, thought, affection, action in and to each other. Nothing that we do or say in the presence of others is lost. God has arranged it so, and it appears the more strongly as we come within the light of Christian principles and privileges. This is a truth of the highest importance for us, and it should be impressed upon our minds. It is at once awfully solemn and highly encouraging.

Here, for instance, is a Sunday-school teacher, careless, cold, irregular. He may think it a small matter to be often five minutes late at his post, or to come unprepared to his class, or to indulge in some frivolous remark or foolish jest with his neighbour, or to make fun at the supposed oddity of another; but nothing is lost. His influence tells to him unconsciously, but it tells powerfully for evil on the children of his charge. Here is another teacher—diligent, prayerful, earnest, kind, and always prepared to welcome his class. His influence also tells; but how different the result. No earnest appeal or encouraging smile is lost; no kind word or faithful rebuke is lost; no angry frown, no hasty reproof, no careless jest, is lost. This law holds good if anywhere in the sphere of personal influence. We are either infusing good or evil into the souls of those around us, and influences are continually streaming forth from us. Of what sort are they?

In this law we see the true philosophy of doing good. It is for ourselves to seek to be good and godlike, to cultivate a character that will of itself, by its very presence and contact with others communicate good. That is what God especially intends for His people. They are made the depositaries of His grace, that they may be the lights of the world, and "the salt of the earth." Let us evermore seek that our character may communicate good, as the sun communicates light and heat, for we may be assured that nothing going forth from us is lost.

This law holds good also (3) in the furtherance of the Divine purpose in the world. We advance from man's relation to God and to his fellow-man to see this law operating in God's revealed relation to our fallen race. His purpose, made known to us in the Gospel, is to bring back the world unto allegiance to Himself; not only to restore man to His favour, but to His image, to make this a happy world again in which His will shall rule, and His moral glory pre-eminently shine. The religion of Jesus is itself a proof of this principle in the moral government of God. This world had revolted from His rightful rule. It harboured guilt, rebellion, sin. The creature formed in His image had become His avowed, yet insignificant foe. But, although immensity teemed with worlds, and although creating power might have summoned into existence new ones to celebrate His praise and to show forth His glory, yet this globe, amongst the least of all, was not to be lost. He might have left it to itself, or blotted out its rebel existence for ever; but Jesus Christ came, and the incarnation of the Deity in Him was the grandest testimony to the universe that nothing is lost. Even the rebellion of man and the rebellion of hell were to show forth His praise. And nothing in the life of Jesus—humble, poor, despised as He was—was lost. Sometimes we may be tempted to ask, Why all His suffering, ignominy, agony, and tears? Why not majestic pomp, and indisputable authority, and glorious royalty on the part of the Messiah on earth? Assuredly nothing in His sorrow or His suffering was lost. "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." And so through this Divine mediation, we believe the greatest possible number will be saved. Infinite wisdom and infinite goodness only are the limits. In the Divine economy nothing will be lost that can be saved. All will not be saved, but God puts it to man and says, "Whosoever will, may come." And so in the history of the Church, and of the progress of Christianity, there are many dark spots and bloody periods which provoke our wonder, and sometimes excite our doubt; but we may be well assured that nothing has been, that nothing will be lost.

Such is the Divine purpose, and all God's people are intended to be fellow-workers with Him in this glorious plan. They can help, and here is the encouragement—nothing in their help will be lost. The anxious efforts of the mother in the training of her wayward boy, the earnest instructions of the teacher in his thoughtless class, the expostulations and appeals of the pastor, are not lost. They all tend to carry on the work and carry out the purposes of God. There may be opposition and indifference, but labour is not really lost. There may be persecution, but effort is not lost. No means or instrumentalities used in God's service are absolutely lost. Neither the humble prayer nor the penitential tear, nor the widow's mite, is lost. Every tear and sigh is treasured up. The immediate fruit of labour may not be seen by us. The seed which we sow may be carried by the winds of Providence to a distant clime, or down to another generation, but no seed from God can possibly be lost. And everything that we do in the cause of truth, in the spread of righteousness, and in the kingdom of Christ tends to further the Divine plans and to consummate the glorious purposes of God. Hear the heavenly maxim, and act upon it, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Help the cause of God and humanity on the earth, and be encouraged by the assurance that no effort or sacrifice of yours will return unblest.

JAMES SPENCE, D.D.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH THY LIKENESS.

I SHALL sleep soundly when the day is done,
A rest will come to me, a deep repose,
After the troubled tumult of my life,
Its feverish pleasures, and its bitter woes.
I know not *where* my resting-place will be,
Nor *when* the slumbrous spell may on me creep;
At morn, or noon, or eventide of life,
I only know that I shall surely sleep.

I shall awake! The grave is not the end,
Neither of soul, nor yet of soul-less clay;
Death is not ceasing—my heart tells me this,
And Thou hast told me of a waking day.
I know not when it comes, but soon the blast
Of the loud trumpet shall my slumbers break,
It may not be for many hundred years,
Yet surely as I sleep, I shall awake.

I shall awake! And with Thy likeness too,
Not with this sin-marred soul and sensuous frame,
The perfect spirit within the perfect form,
Changed, glorified, yet all in all the same.
So shall I rise, I cannot picture yet
The glorious body Thou wilt fashion me,
I only know that when I sleep in death,
After Thy likeness shall my waking be.

I shall be satisfied! Oh, wondrous thought!
I, ever hung'ring like the restless sea,
Thirsting and longing for each untried good,
Can I be satisfied? Yet this shall be,
I hunger for deep love! and Thou art Love,
I thirst for life! and endless Life is Thine,
I long for good! and Thou art perfect Good,
And all Thou hast and art will then be mine.

I shall be satisfied! No want, no void,
No more wild cravings for a fuller bliss,
Will my soul then be narrowed to a state
Of lesser instincts, lower hopes than this?
Filled not by having more, but seeking less?
Ah, no! not thus, but one exhaustless tide
Of deep calm joy will set towards my soul
And fill it; so shall I be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied! Not here, not now:
Now one eternal "Why?" doth vainly vex
My soul with riddles, whose answers are not found,
And here dark doubts and mysteries perplex.
Oh! much I long for light! But I will wait;
Light will come to me and all good beside
After that deathly sleep to which I go,
When I *awake*, I shall be satisfied. A. E. A.

BERKELEY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—II.

THE GRAVE OF DR. JENNER.

JENNER became famous in foreign countries; five medals were struck in his honour. His request was a word of power with Napoleon, in the midst of all his triumphs; and when the allied sovereigns visited London in 1814, the greatest military and political men eagerly sought an interview with the Berkeley physician. What were his rewards in England? He had received the degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrew, and afterwards from Oxford, and naturally wished to be a Fellow of the College of Physicians. This learned body formally intimated to him that he must pass the preliminary examination, which was mainly *classical!* As Jenner was then a member of twenty-six medical institutions, and famed through the world, he resented this, exclaiming, "No; not for John Hunter's museum." To put such a man to construe a chorus in Sophocles may seem an original mode of acknowledging his merits.

As Jenner had spent much money in carrying out his numerous experiments, many friends advised that application should be made to Parliament for a national grant. It was therefore proposed, in 1802, that Parliament should vote £10,000 to Dr. Jenner. The grant was not only vigorously opposed, but one M.P. sagely remarked that the physician should have kept his discovery *a secret*, and thus have made his fortune! The money was, nevertheless, voted by a *majority of three*. The grant was not paid for two years, and then about a thousand pounds were deducted for fees, while another thousand was absorbed by the costs of the petition. Many men felt this to be a very insufficient acknowledgment of services which had benefited the whole human race. Above six thousand pounds were subscribed in India; and in 1807 the Marquis of Lansdowne carried a motion for a further grant of £20,000. Sixty voted for the grant and forty-three against.

At Berkeley Jenner inhabited the remains of an old monastic foundation—a house still called "The Chantry"—close to the churchyard. The detached

church tower rose close to his shrubbery, and was gradually clothed with ivy planted by Jenner, and said to have been brought by him from the ruins of Tintern Abbey. He was accustomed to vaccinate the poor of the neighbourhood in a summer-house close to this shrubbery; where, during an outbreak of small-pox, nearly three hundred persons would sometimes assemble.

The last years of Jenner's life were happily spent in professional occupation, in watching and aiding the spread of vaccination, and in the study of natural history. The first decisive intimation that the close of his useful life was at hand was given on the 6th of August, 1820, when he was attacked by an ominous giddiness while walking in his garden. But the end did not come until the 26th of January, 1823, when a paralytic stroke, which had seized him on the preceding day, ended the life of Dr. Jenner. He was buried in the chancel of Berkeley Church, on Monday, 3rd February, though many had urged that so great a benefactor of the human race should have a grave in Westminster Abbey. It is better as it is. Berkeley was the field of his victories, and to Berkeley is justly given the honour of guarding his tomb.

How was it that the attempts to raise a statue to such a man were so feebly supported? With considerable efforts, a statue was raised in Gloucester Cathedral; and after many attempts and disappointments, a public statue of Jenner was placed in Trafalgar Square, London, and uncovered by Prince Albert on the 17th May, 1858. This memorial was subsequently removed to Kensington Gardens.

The character of Dr. Jenner may be described in a few words. Great kindliness of heart, perseverance in benevolent objects, and deep religious feeling were his most evident moral qualities. His office, as the great vaccinator of the world, engaged much of his time and attention, and his chief relaxations were found in the cultivation of his garden and the study of natural history. His observations and notes on the habits of animals were continued to the close of life, and his paper "on the migrations of birds" was read at a meeting of the Royal Society, ten months after his decease. He had little taste for science, especially for subjects connected with mathematics; but this defect was not accompanied by any vagueness or feebleness in his reasonings on medical subjects. Jenner had acquired a habit far more important for general purposes than ability in abstract logic; this was a power of close observation. Every new aspect of Nature, any peculiarity in vegetable or animal life, and each special variation in the symptoms of disease were instantly noted in a small book which he always carried with him. To this important habit he owes his great fame, and he continued the practice of thus "making notes" to the last day of life. The final entry, written the evening before his fatal attack of paralysis, refers to the effects produced on a friend by severe cold.

Some one may ask, what sort of a man was this famous doctor in appearance? The answer is short; there was nothing remarkable either in his face or manners. A kindly, quiet, and unaffected man, he looked just what he was—a simple-minded, educated English gentleman. It is said that the few portraits which exist give a very imperfect idea of his countenance, which, though not characterised by any remarkable intellectual expression, indicated benevolence and quiet thoughtfulness. The best likeness of Jenner is said to be given by the bust at Kingscote Park, Gloucestershire. The world, probably, requires neither marble nor painter's colours to keep his fame ever fresh. Each person saved from the small-pox plague, every epidemic of this terrible pestilence checked, and even the possible deliverance of mankind from the desolating infliction, are, and will be, the noble monuments of Jenner's life and work.

The grave of such a man would add a deep interest to a Westminster Abbey or a Notre Dame, and it will certainly secure for Berkeley Church an honourable mention in the long and diversified history of human progress.

THE BLIND MAN OF BETHSAIDA.

"And He cometh to Bethsaida; and they bring a blind man unto Him, and besought Him to touch him."

IN all the miracles of healing performed by Jesus the condition was one and the same: faith on the part of the recipient, or at least on the part of those who brought the sufferer to Him. Sometimes He wrought with means, sometimes without means. Very often He wrought readily and with words of blessing. Once He wrought as it were reluctantly and with expressions almost of harshness. Very often He wrought instantaneously and completely: the word or the touch, or both combined, was followed immediately by the cure. The circumstance which distinguishes this miracle is the progressiveness of the cure. We see that Christ wrought this miracle gradually, and by two successive operations carried the work of healing to its accomplishment. True, we perceive something similar to this in other cures, as in that of the man

born blind, who only after he had been to Siloam to execute there the injunction laid on him, "came seeing" (John ix. 7). In this instance, however, the steps of the progress are more marked than in any other.

"When He had spit on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw aught." When the healing hand was first laid on this blind man the result was imperfect and inconclusive. Till now he had been in utter darkness; now he can not only see the light, but can perceive objects, certain moving forms about him, but he has not the power of discerning their shape or magnitude. His vision is but partial and incomplete. He sees things, and they are in motion. Trees he should have accounted them from their height, and men from their motions. To his half-enlightened eye a man might be a tree: the walk of the one might be the sway and swing of the other. But the Great Physician leaves not His work unfinished: He designed not to leave him in this state of incompleteness. He would have Himself remembered and trusted in, not as one who can half heal, but as one whose power and whose love is infinite.

"After that He put His hands again upon his eyes and made him look up; and he was restored, and saw every man clearly." This is the second and final step in this miracle. The merciful and gracious Lord, all whose works, like those of the original creation, are not halt and maimed, but very good, thus completed the work He had begun. With what gratitude must the eyes thus opened have looked on Him who had caused blank nothingness to give place to light peopled with objects—who had transferred his helplessness to independence, and from a life of dull monotony into a life of conscious vigour and of sweet enjoyment—who had literally brought him out of darkness into His marvellous light.

"And He sent him away to his house, saying, Neither go into the town, nor tell it to any in the town." Our Lord had led the blind man out of Bethsaida to heal him, and tells him not to enter the place again after he is healed, and in order to show the emphasis of this injunction St. Mark adds that an additional command was given to the effect that he should not "tell any in the town. The first command contains the second, for it is certain that if he did not "go into the town," he could not "tell it to any in the town." How very different this to the command Christ gave to the man out of whom He had cast devils: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion upon thee." Perhaps other works of power had been performed here, and no heed was paid by the inhabitants of the town to these evidences afforded to them that a mighty Deliverer had visited them, and would do them good, if only they would receive Him. This may be a reason why Christ will not allow this man to go into the town to noise abroad what has been done for him. The town was spiritually blind, and would not discern Christ, and is therefore left in its darkness.

The healing of the blind man is an example to many of their spiritual experience. The hand of Christ may have been laid on them, not only in bringing them within the sound of His Gospel and the strivings of His Spirit, but also in some deep inward convictions, in true repentance for sin, in hearty prayer for pardon and amendment. But not all at once are old errors put to flight, and not all at once do they see clearly; for a time there may be clouds which, drawn across, bedim their vision: they see men, but as trees, walking. Yet in good time Christ completes the work which He has begun; He who was the author becomes the finisher of the healing process in their case; He lays His hands a second time on them in answer to their prayer of faith, and the result is that objects before misty and inaccurate, become clear and distinct. J. R.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER L.

QUITS.

ON the Monday following the bazaar, Mr. Huntingdon sat reading in what served for study, dining-room, drawing-room, and all. His sister Clara sat opposite to him, reading also, when the servant brought in a couple of letters, and handed them to her. The first which she looked at was addressed to her brother, and was deeply edged with black, so that when Clara had read the postmark—"Norwich," her hand shook with the quick apprehension of a sensitive organisation, as she handed it over to him.

"A letter from home," she faltered, "and I don't know the handwriting; but somebody is dead."

He tore it open, and exclaimed, when he had glanced at it for a moment, "Poor old Symmonds! he is gone at last."

But Clara was already reassured, for her own letter was from her mother, and contained the intelligence of the death of a distant connection, resident in their neighbourhood.

"I am summoned to the funeral," said Mr. Huntingdon.



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"You will win her yet"—*p.* 411.

"You will go?" said Clara; "mamma hopes you will be able."

"I think I ought," he answered. "We have had very little to do with the family, and they might think it unfriendly—a keeping up of old misunderstandings and rancours—not to go."

"How strange!" exclaimed Clara, still going on with the reading of her letter; "his wife died only a week ago. You know she was young enough to be his daughter."

"Yes, his grandchild almost. He must have been nearly seventy when he married, and more than eighty when he died."

"Eighty-five," said Clara, referring to her letter. "But who has invited you?" she continued. "He was always surrounded by her relations."

"It is his lawyer, who is also executor," he replied.

"Perhaps the old man has left you a legacy," suggested Clara.

He smiled, and shook his head.

"Well, we had better settle about your journey at once," she said.

The funeral was to take place on Wednesday, so that it was desirable that he should start on the morrow, and take up his quarters at home, returning on Friday evening, so as to leave a day free for preparation for Sunday.

Mr. Symmonds, to whose funeral Mr. Huntingdon was summoned, had married an elder sister of Mrs. Huntingdon's something like half a century before. The two families had been very closely united during the lifetime of this lady; but she had died childless, and her husband had subsequently married a young woman quite in the lower rank of life—in fact, the servant who had waited upon his wife in her last illness. The girl, who was very good-looking, had been tempted by his wealth and position, and by the likelihood that she would very soon be left rich and free. She had obtained great influence over him, and alienated him completely from the family of his former wife, surrounding him with her own relations, while these held aloof.

Clara saw her brother off to Norwich on the morrow, and beyond a note received on Wednesday to satisfy her as to his safe arrival, she heard no word of him, till he presented himself to her on Friday evening, as they had settled. She was at the window watching his arrival. He jumped out of a cab with an air of unusual alacrity, and ran up-stairs to find her at the door.

Taking her thin white face between his hands, he kissed her breathlessly.

"Well?" cried his sister eagerly, for there was good tidings in his face.

"Well, Clara," he re-echoed, "old Symmonds has left everything he had in the world to me."

"Is it possible?" cried Clara, overwhelmed with the tidings.

"It is true," said her brother, drawing her to him, and setting her down on the couch beside him. "It seems he had made a will several years ago, leaving everything to his poor wife, and merely putting in my name in case of her dying before him, an event which did not seem at all likely to happen. And yet that was just what did happen. She was nursing him in his last illness, when she herself had a sudden seizure, which carried her off before him—she in the prime of life, and he tottering for years on the brink of the grave. If she had lived a week after him, instead of dying a week before him, everything would have gone to her relations. We had a rather unpleasant scene with them after the funeral. They abused the old man terribly, though, as I pointed out to them, they could hardly blame him for a disposition of his goods, in the case of his wife's death, which did not touch them, but his own relations. He has some remote ones, I fancy, somewhere in the North. But for the insertion of my name he would have died intestate, and they must have come in for the property."

"And how much is it?" said Clara.

"It is not nearly so much as was supposed," replied her brother. "Some of his investments, it seems, turned out to be failures, and altogether those that remain bring in some five hundred a year."

"But that is wealth for——" she was going to say, "us," but the word was but half uttered, and she substituted "you."

"Why not 'us,' Clara?" he asked, reproachfully. "It has always been 'us' hitherto. Is it to be so no longer? Am I to be allowed to take everything, and give nothing?"

"Yes, it is 'us,' Charles," she returned, smiling up at him; "we are rich if you are rich. But some one else ought to share it with you. This will alter all our plans, will it not?"

"I think not," he said; but a vivid and painful flush came to his cheek, and burnt there. He looked on the ground, and remained silent.

Clara laid her hand upon his arm caressingly. "You must not let us stand in the way of your happiness, Charles," she said, with grave tenderness. "Remember that your happiness is our most precious possession—far dearer to us than all the wealth in the world. I am sure I speak for both our parents, as well as for myself, when I say that you must not allow yourself to carry out arrangements for our comfort which would interfere with any other prospect of yours."

"I have offered to make a home for you here," he said, "and I cannot disappoint you. The old folks are looking forward with pleasure to joining us in London before the year is over."

"I speak for them as well as for myself," she returned; "and I am sure we could not be happy if we withheld you from making a home for yourself,

and having a wife and children of your own, as you might have now. Besides," she pleaded, "wherever we three are together we can make a home; only you took me up here, and we could not manage in that way much longer."

"You are always generous, Clara," replied her brother; "and the truth is, I am in a painful dilemma." He paused, and looked more embarrassed than before.

"I wish you would tell what there was between Mrs. Austin and you, Charles," said his sister in a low voice.

"I will tell you," he answered; and he told her how he had believed he was not unacceptable to her, and how he had proposed to win her, having enough for his wants and for those who were strictly dependent upon him, and calculating upon the wealth she would bring to maintain her position as his wife, and give her all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed; how he had learnt that she must renounce that wealth upon making a second marriage, and how he had been obliged ignominiously to retreat from, almost to retract his proposal.

Clara listened with a troubled face; the recital pained her exceedingly. She knew too well that she herself had been one of the hindrances in her brother's way. But she put aside all thoughts of self as she answered, "You must go to her again, Charles, and prove to her that it was herself and not her money you wanted. And," she added sweetly, "I have never seen any one yet whom I should like so much to have for a sister."

"Ah, Clara, it is ten times more difficult to go to her now. How can I ask her to renounce wealth for me, when I was afraid to risk anything for her?"

"If you were afraid of risk, it was the risk of her comfort and your own duty, Charles. I think you have an excellent plea. A man has no right to risk not being able to provide for his own house, nor yet being unable to do his duty to his parents. These are risks which no high-minded woman would wish him to run."

"I think I shall send you to plead for me, Clara," he answered, smiling. "You always know how to say the right thing in the right place."

"Perhaps I may plead for you," she replied; "but not now. You must lose no time in pleading for yourself."

"When do you think I ought to see her?" he asked.

"There is no time like the present," replied Clara; "I should go to her this very evening if I were you. Now you are going to have some tea;" and she rang the bell, and sent him off to his room with the air of mock authority which she often assumed with him.

Their meal was a very quiet one, and Clara kept away from the chief subject which filled their thoughts, and asked him to give her all the details of the last two days, which he did.

A very anxious hour was that which followed for Clara Huntingdon, when her brother had gone upon his mission. Those who are engaged in active effort little know what the hours of waiting are, which are to bring events over which the waiting ones have no control, but which may alter the entire tenor of their lives. And in giving up the life which her brother had planned for her, Clara knew how much she was yielding. The life to which she returned with her rapidly-aging parents was an altogether stagnant one. All its movement came from the books she read, or the thoughts that stirred in her own soul. With him she had all the interests of an active life added to these, for Charles Huntingdon had no friend save her. He consulted her in all his difficulties, whether they came from without or from within. She had been in the habit of receiving the minutest details of his life—a habit begun to interest her in her long confinements, and continued because on his every thought and action her spirit threw its own clear, illuminating light. It was no small thing for her to renounce such a position as this. To renounce it in favour of one whom she considered unable or unworthy to fill it would, however, have been more difficult still. He, too, had given her much in exchange. He had brought all the brightness and freshness into her life. He had been her strength and her stay from the time when he left his bats and balls to wheel her about the garden, where he could hear the shouts of his companions in the field beyond. There was only one other to whom she could betake herself—the Friend who is closer than a brother to those who are able to realise His Divine companionship, as she could realise it.

And now on her brother's return, too early, she wisely judged, to betoken success, she was ready to meet him without one thought of self, and to sympathise with him in any event. In answer to her inquiring look he only shook his head. It was failure. Before the evening was over he had told her all that had transpired.

It had been very difficult for Mrs. Austin to reject Charles Huntingdon after she had listened to the confession which he had to make. But about the mistake under which he had laboured she said nothing, acting in this with her usual delicacy; feeling that it would only embarrass him the more to be made aware of it. She had been very delicate and very kind, and had softened her rejection so much, that Clara, after listening to her brother's recital, instead of sympathising with his dejection, said brightly. "Now you are quits. My dear Charles, you will win her yet."

He shook his head. "It is only her gentleness, which I dare not presume upon," he said.

"We shall see," returned Clara, "you have often called me a true prophet before now."

CHAPTER LI.

A QUESTION OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.

WHILE everything went smoothly with Arthur and Ada, and not a single obstruction appeared in their path, Philip and Lucy were doomed to see the great obstacle to their union increase rather than diminish. After a variety of delays and excuses, Francis Tenterden failed to advance the two thousand he had promised, as his share of the repayment of Fanny's fortune, thus leaving once more the whole burden to fall upon Philip.

Mr. Tabor, like the cautious man he was, had been contented with Philip's proposal that he should marry Lucy as soon as he was free, while he gave up the greater part of his income, as before, to that end. Thus Philip and Lucy had entered on a long engagement, and even if Mr. Tabor had been desirous of accelerating their union—a thing which he by no means contemplated—Philip would hardly have agreed to it; he and Lucy therefore saw that happy consummation recede still further into the future, and it was impossible that they should do so without suffering a little of the sickness which comes from hope deferred.

Francis Tenterden had been engaged, even before he came to England, it appeared, in certain mining speculations, and in these he had invested that portion of his wife's money which it was possible for him to obtain. From these investments he had derived the large income on which he had been living, having only recently come to the knowledge that that income was entirely fallacious. The mines from which it was ostensibly drawn were, in fact, losing money instead of making it, and all the while they went on quite comfortably, paying the large dividend they had declared by increasing their liabilities, diminishing their assets by way of making an income. But the time had come when their credit was shaken, and it was impossible any longer to realise the money invested in them, that was sunk beyond recovery, and the two thousand pounds were not forthcoming.

Moreover, Mrs. Francis Tenterden, having learnt to distrust her husband with a deep and bitter distrust, made herself mistress of this and other facts, connected with their income and expenditure, and refused for her part to go on any longer as they were doing. She was determined that no more excuses should be offered to Philip. But instead of these a full explanation of how matters stood. She had also come to a secret resolution which she was about to declare, and which she calculated upon Philip's help to aid her in carrying into action, and that was to assume the reins of government, and to hold the purse-strings henceforth in her own hands. Ever since she had come to a knowledge of the respective parts which her husband and his brother had played in the matter of the missing fortune, she had exalted in her own mind the latter at the expense of the former. Thus it was that, rather against his will, Philip had found himself called upon to arbitrate between Francis and his wife, and to witness the change which had taken place in their relations towards each other.

"You will agree with me, Philip," she said, after Francis, acting under strong compulsion, had made a statement of his affairs to Philip—which, however, was far from putting them at their worst—"you will agree with me that even in that case we ought not to live as we are doing—at more than double our real income. But it is a great deal worse than that. I believe that we ought to set down the whole of that money as lost."

"I quite agree with you," said Philip, looking from one to the other. "In any case it would be the better course."

"Nonsense," said Francis; "because I cannot lay my hands on two thousand pounds all in a minute, you jump to the conclusion that the money is lost. Have you not had money regularly to meet all expenses?"

"But we shall not have it long," replied his wife; "and we ought never to have had it at all, I suppose. I have taken advice on the matter, Francis," she continued, while her husband looked more and more discomfited and annoyed. "I went to-day to an old friend of my father's, and he tells me that these mines are turning out ruinously."

"I do not think you ought to have taken such a step without my knowledge; you ought to have consulted me," said Francis gloomily.

"Perhaps not," she answered coldly; "but I had my children's interests at heart."

"It is not their money that will be lost, if it is lost at all," he returned.

"No," she answered bitterly. "My late husband left all that he possessed in my power. My own fortune—what I had from my father," she explained, turning to Philip, "is settled on the children, and amounts to about a thousand a year."

"I do not see that it is necessary to trouble my brother with our affairs," said Francis hastily.

"I would not like him to suppose that it was through any fault of mine that you had been rendered unable to help him, or rather, to take your share of a responsibility which ought to have fallen equally on both."

It was the first time she had spoken out plainly on the subject, and allowed her husband to see the full extent of her disapprobation. Francis felt at once humiliated and resentful. The mode of treatment which his wife had adopted was far more galling than any amount of reproach or anger. It was also a mistake on her part, seeing he was her husband, to destroy his self-respect so completely.

Mrs. Tenterden was a good and conscientious woman. She would have thought it shame and sin

to be angry, but worse in its effects than any anger was her cold, severe disapproval, and worse still, her desire to exonerate herself. It was like a sentence of separation between them, which would rise up hereafter to prevent her from stretching forth her hand to save him while he might be saved.

Much as he had learned to like, and to respect, his sister-in-law, Philip pitied his brother exceedingly. "It could do no harm to decrease your expenditure, Francis," he said kindly.

"You might as well advertise our failure," replied Francis gloomily. "We must keep up our establishment at least."

"And help to deceive people," said his wife.

Philip blushed for his brother.

"I cannot be a party to it," she continued. "I should consider that it was bringing disgrace upon my children; I wish to take a smaller house and have only a couple of servants, as the children's education and other expenses have to be considered."

"And among other expenses," said Francis bitterly, "the expense of keeping a husband."

She did not contradict him.

"You can easily find work at your profession, Frank," said Philip, with a look of the old brotherly kindness which went to that brother's soul. Philip had pointed out the one way by which Francis could redeem himself, and that touch of tenderness inclined him to accept it. There was still a struggle, but at length he yielded, and the scheme of work and of retrenchment was begun. As this story has little to do with Francis Tenterden, here we shall leave him, but not seldom in the future was Philip's hand stretched forth to help him, and recall him from wavering. Philip himself had learned the lesson of patience and long-suffering with wrong-doers.

Thank God it is not alone among the high in place and power, not alone among the learned and the famous, that there are such men as Philip Tenterden. A modern poet had described the host of mankind marching through the world as a feeble wavering line, ready to perish in the wilderness, plagued with thirst, overawed by the rocks that rise around them, divided by faction, threatening to break and dissolve but for the servants of God who lead them. They, in the hour of need, appear like angels radiant with Divine ardour. Languor is not in their hearts, weakness is not in their word, weariness is not on their brow. At their voices panic and despair flee away. They move through the ranks recalling the stragglers, refreshing the outworn, re-inspiring the brave. Order and courage return; eyes rekindle, and prayers follow their steps as they go. Thank God there are non-commissioned officers, too, among that host to whom even such a description as this would apply without exaggeration, and Philip Tenterden was of the number. He had not only striven to do right himself, but in order to set right that which was wrong he had been content to suffer for others, the great test of one who would save.

From the scene of his brother's humiliation Philip had gone straight to Lucy, in order that he might tell her at once that all hope of help in that quarter was at an end. Mr. and Mrs. Tabor were present, for Philip loyally returned their parental confidence, and looked upon them much as if they had been father and mother of his own. "One would have thought Francis had had a lesson sufficiently hard to have kept him from this," he said as he concluded, alluding to his father's ruin.

"But he did not accept the lesson," said Mr. Tabor, "and the temptation is great, and to resist it is harder still. The love of display, the desire to be rich and to seem rich, and to be and to seem richer than their neighbours, is the great vice of our class. The selfish desire riches for themselves, and the unselfish for their children; all are drawn into the vortex, till true nobleness and simplicity of life are destroyed."

"It would be more intelligible to me," said Mrs. Tabor, "if people got any comfort or pleasure out of it; but they don't."

"Some do," said Mr. Tabor cautiously; "some who are living above their means are doing it not solely for display; still it is a mistake, if not a vice. To live on a slightly lower scale might mean, even for them, greater comfort in ease of mind and freedom from anxiety. A smaller house, a servant less, a simpler style of entertainment, make an immense difference throughout."

"Yes, it is the scale that does it—not a pinch here and a screw there," said Mrs. Tabor.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Tabor, "our society is so penetrated with the love of display that all our houses nowadays are built so as to foster it. They almost all have rooms which the people don't live in, and rooms which they oughtn't to live in, that they may keep up the fiction of a large reception-room."

"Yes, and when I have seen how people managed to make a great show upon little, the slavish lives they led, the worries they went through, and even the privations they suffered, I was thankful that I never was tempted to try it," said Mrs. Tabor.

"And I hardly think we shall," said Philip, looking at Lucy.

"So much the better," said Mr. Tabor; "and I hope the time may come when people of our class will have sufficient cultivation to choose their associates not from the kind of house they live in, or the kind of table they keep, but from the manner of mind they are of, from their tastes and acquirements, and general elevation and purity of character and manners." *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART III. THE TEMPTATION. PART II.

Scripture to be read—Matt. iv. 1—11.

INTRODUCTION. The first temptation was one addressed to the body—viz., to gratify with particular kind of food when God would mortify. Then show how the second temptation was more to the mind, or reasoning powers—to argue wrongly from Scripture. Ask which is the highest part of man's nature? Why is the soul the most important? Then begin the third temptation.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read Matt. iv. 8—11.) (*a*) *The place.* Ask where Satan now took our Lord, and why. Remind of Moses taken up a mountain to be shown a glorious view; but point out the difference of being alone with God just before entering heaven, and alone with Satan tempting to corrupt the soul. Ask who made the world, showing from John i. 3 that Christ aided in creation: could He then have more shown Him than He already knew? Remind how Satan is called the prince of this world, and therefore could easily put together a dazzling picture.

II. THE TEMPTATION. (*a*) *The offer.* What did he show Christ? Perhaps an Eastern court—beautiful halls and palaces, guards, soldiers, courtiers, soft music, bounteous feasts, &c. What did he promise Christ? Could such things dazzle or tempt Christ? Remind of promise that Christ should reign for ever (Ps. ii. 8); but in what manner was He to reign? (See Phil. ii. 10; 1 Cor. xv. 25.) (*b*) *The condition.* Now notice the condition—"If fall down." Could there be any pretence for doing this? Was some slight pretext, perhaps, for first or second; could be none for this. Ask children if know anything of history of Satan. Read Rev. xii. 7—9, to show that Satan has always been ambitious—aspired to highest place in heaven; now when cast down to earth tries to induce men to worship him—*i.e.*, to put themselves under his sway. (*c*) *The answer*—"Get thee hence." Notice short and decided answer; no parley possible. Ask which commandments insist on worship of God: will He allow of divided heart—part to Him and part to world? (*d*) *The end.* What did Satan do when thus told to go? Who came and ministered to Christ? Read Ps. xxxiv. 7, to show that this was one of their proper missions. Picture out the scene. The angels in heaven watching the temptation; the news of the victory over Satan spreading through the ranks; the shouts of joy; some summoned to go down and minister to Christ—perhaps the same who announced His birth, and afterwards watched His tomb. Picture Christ lying on ground, faint, exhausted; one angel raising His head; another providing food and drink (as to Elijah in the same wilderness, 1 Kings xix. 7), whispering words of comfort—reminding of His Father's love, and of the joy set before Him (Heb. xii. 2), and of the effect of His victory in setting His people free.

III. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *The gradual nature of temptation.* Let children see how Satan begins with apparently little things, and tempts to worse things afterwards; and if he does so when resisted, what will he not do when listened to? Best plan, therefore, to resist beginnings of evil. Check little sins, lest they become great; like water when once set running soon burst lake. (2) *Need to guard eyes.* Ask for instances of the eye leading to sin. Eve, who first saw, then took; David, who saw Bath-sheba, and was led to sin; Dinah, who went out to see the daughters of the land; Achan, who saw and coveted the wedge of gold; Ahab, who did the same to Naboth's vineyard. Hence prayer should be, with David (Ps. cxix. 37), "Turn away mine eyes." Warn children against books of evil tendency, &c. (3) *The emptiness of Satan's offers.* What did he offer? Could the world and its pleasures make any one happier? Remind of Solomon, whose wives led him astray; of the rich man in the parable (Luke xvi. 19), enjoying his good things here and tormented for ever. Where are we told to set our affections, and why? (See 1 Peter i. 3, 4.) Press this home to the children, showing how little worldly grandeur can possibly conduce to happiness, and show the blessedness of contentment.

IV. SUMMARY. From the whole story draw two great lessons. (1) *Satan resisted will flee.* Remind that temptation itself, though an evil, is not sin. Christ was as pure after as before. The danger lies in dallying with sin, as Eve. Remind of Judas—covetous; kept the bag; stole the contents; led on to sell Christ. So a passionate child—not try to overcome—perhaps become murderer. On other hand, Satan resisted with authority will flee. Remind of Joseph, who would not do great sin against God. So all must strive against him. (2) *Christ helps to overcome.* From Heb. ii. 18 show the object of His temptation, to give comfort and succour to those tempted. The means to resist are the Word of God—as Christ Himself used it—and the Holy Spirit, given to all who ask. Read Eph. vi. 13, to show how God has provided us with defensive and offensive armour, and how we may come off victorious.

Questions to be answered.

1. To what part of man's nature were the three temptations addressed?
2. Describe the third temptation.
3. What practical lessons does it teach us?
4. Describe the angels ministering to Christ.
5. What lessons may be learned from the whole subject.

WILLIE'S SISTER.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE servants at the hall were very much alarmed as it became dark and the children were still out; they made inquiries in the village, to know if any one had seen or heard anything of them, but without avail; then two were sent off in different directions to try and find them, but they returned home tired, without having received any tidings of them, and all were in a state of hopeless despair. The nurse, however, could not remain indoors, but went to the outer gate. After having stood there some few minutes, straining both ears and eyes to no purpose, she was startled by the sudden dash of a horse round the corner and into the yard, with one shaft still in the strap at its side; the other servants hearing the noise were also very soon on the spot. The poor animal, panting, and one leg profusely bleeding, was taken into the stable and attended to by the coachman; whilst the nurse, in her excitement, and vaguely connecting this circumstance with the absence of the children, hastened, followed by the housemaid, in the direction from which the horse had come. They had not gone very far before they heard the sound of wheels, and stopped to listen whence the noise came, when the groom slowly approached them, ruefully dragging along the gig, with the children inside. They had not been able to see him until he came near, for it was quite dark, and neither of them had thought in their hurry of bringing a lantern; but as soon as they recognised him, and saw the plight he was in, with considerably lighter hearts they helped him draw the children home in triumph. The old nurse cried for joy as she hugged the children in her arms; the immense relief she felt at their safe return, quite overcame the curiosity natural to her sex, for while the other servants were asking the groom for a full account of everything that had happened, and were worrying the poor man almost to death with their questions, she busied herself about their tea, and did not think to ask the cause of all the misfortune until she had seen them both comfortably in bed.

Willie, although tired out, could not go to sleep for some time after he was in bed, but kept turning the events of the day over in his mind. What he had most feared was nurse's anger when she should find out where they had been, but after he had penitently told her all, instead of scolding him, as he had expected, she could do nothing but rejoice at their narrow escape—in fact, she was so kind to him that he almost forgot that he had been to blame at all in the matter, and his last thought as he turned to sleep on his pillow was that, after all, no real harm had resulted from the fair business, except that the horse was hurt, and that he would get well long before his papa came home. He got up later in the morning than usual, so that he had not time to go for his walk in the garden before breakfast with Jenny, but as soon as he was dressed he ran down to the breakfast-room, and there found the meal laid only for one. He went into the kitchen to ask the reason, and was told that Jenny was to stay in bed to breakfast, and that nurse was having hers with her. Willie, thinking that his sister had remained in bed only because she was tired, ran up to her door directly after breakfast, shouted out to her not to be lazy, and without waiting for an answer ran off to see how the horse was. When he arrived at the stable he found a strange man there, bathing the wounds, and the coachman looking on with a troubled countenance.

"Good morning, Master Willie," said he; "have you come to see poor Tommy? I'm afraid you'll never have any more rides on him."

"Oh, John!" then turning to the stranger, Willie said, "is he very bad, sir?"

"Oh, that 'e be, sir; why, yer see, it's a wonder 'e wasn't killed outright, runnin' 'is 'ead bang agin the corner of yon post. Look at this 'ere leg too; it's my belief 'e's cut through the tendon, for I never see a thing bleed more; if 'e 'as, why, it'll be all up with 'im afore a week's over. It's just a mercy ye wasn't all killed."

"Don't you think he will ever get well again?" asked Willie, his eyes filling with tears.

"Well, yer see, sir, as regards that, it all depends if 'e gets the lockjaw; but, bless yer, I've cured many a worse case nor this. And now I guess you'd better be off while I bandage 'im, it's an ugly sight for your young eyes. There now, be off and cheer up; I dare say 'e'll be all right agin some day."

Willie went into the house with a very heavy heart, to think that his friend Tommy should be in danger of dying. Finding Jenny was not yet down, he went up to her room, where he found her in bed, reading. She told him that nurse said she was to stay in bed all day, but that she thought it was all nonsense, as she did not feel very bad. Nurse understood her constitution, though, much better than she did herself, having watched by her through two or three very serious illnesses; she saw in her the first symptoms of cold, and knew from experience that when once it got on to her weak chest, there was danger. She did not send for a doctor for two or three days, wishing, if possible, to cure her without her illness becoming known in the village, lest it should reach Mr. Howard's ears; but when she found that, instead of improving, her little patient was becoming rapidly worse, she went herself to the doctor who was in the habit of attending the family,

and begged him not to let her master know of it, as she felt sure he would not be able to remain away from home if he knew his little girl was ill. He promised to comply with her request, and went back with her to see Jenny, and found she was very seriously ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Willie was quite inconsolable; her illness in any case would have been a great trouble to him, but when he heard the servants saying that it was all caused by excitement and fatigue, becoming overheated and receiving repeated chills whilst out with him, it was almost more than he could bear. He begged nurse not to send him to school, that he might be at home to do any little thing in his power to assist, and she, thinking that he would not be able to give much attention to his lessons, granted his request. Regularly every morning he paid a visit to Tommy, who in the course of a fortnight was very much better; then he would go and work at Jenny's garden, rake it over and pick what few flowers there were in bloom for her to have in her bedroom, and so anxious was he that no one but himself should touch it, that he was quite put out one day, because the gardener had ventured to take cuttings from some of her favourite plants. By the time he had finished gardening, he was allowed to go and sit by Jenny (except when she was at her worst); sometimes he read and talked to her alternately, doing all in his power to make the time of her imprisonment seem shorter. No boy of his age could have been more attentive and entertaining, or more loving and gentle than he was to his little sister, and she fully repaid him with her loving smiles of gratitude.

One day, when she was considered convalescent (it was almost a month since she was first taken ill) he was reading to her out of a story book, when he dropped the book on his lap and commenced crying.

"Why, what's the matter, Willie," said she; "aren't you well?"

"Oh yes." Then brushing away his tears, he said, "Wasn't he a horrid boy?"

"Yes; is that what you were crying about?"

"Yes; I was thinking he was exactly like me."

"How can you say so, Willie? He was a wicked, selfish boy."

"And so was I, to take you to the fair and make you walk so quickly. It was all through my being selfish that you have been ill."

"No, it wasn't. That was different altogether; you never meant to make me ill, and he hurt his brother on purpose; besides, it's all over now, I'm very nearly well again, and instead of crying you ought to be happy."

"Yes, so I am; but you nearly died, and if you had, everybody would have been right in saying I killed you;" and Willie was not far wrong, but Jenny was too kind and forgiving not to do her best to console him.

"Oh, Willie! don't talk like that, I'm sure you've been the kindest brother in the world. Nurse told me this morning that my garden looks lovely; and do you know Tommy was let out into the meadow to-day, and John says perhaps he will be well enough to ride in two or three weeks; that isn't all the good news, but I oughtn't to tell you the rest yet."

"Oh! do, Jenny; what is it?"

"Well, I think I must tell you. Dr. Simmonds wrote to papa about me the other day, told him how ill I have been, but that I was well again, and he told him he thought I ought to go away for a change; so, what do you think? Papa is coming home on Thursday, and on Saturday you, nurse, and I are going with him to Madeira, and we are to stay there all the winter. I didn't mean to tell you, until everything was ready, but I couldn't keep it in any longer. Now you must promise me not to say any more that it was your fault I was ill, because if you do I shall ask papa to leave you at home!" F. N.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

161. Give two passages from St. Paul's writings in which the word "crown" is used to describe the reward promised to Christians.

162. When our Lord was taken before Caiaphas we read that two of His disciples were also present. Who were they?

163. Give three passages from the Apocalypse in which it is revealed to us that singing praises to God is part of the employment of the spirits in heaven.

164. What reason is there for assuming that Joseph, the husband of the mother of our Lord, was dead at the time of the crucifixion?

165. How many events connected with the *infancy* of our Lord are related, and in which Gospels are they given?

166. When Caiaphas was high priest it appears that Annas shared his power. Give a passage from the Old Testament which seems to indicate a similar irregularity.

167. From which of the prophets do we learn that chambers were set apart for the use of the singers in the inner court of the Temple?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

145. Balaam (Numb. xxii.); Caiaphas (John xi. 49—52).

146. In the wilderness of Paran (Numb. xii. 16—xiii. 2).

147. "And forgive us our *sins*" (Luke xi. 4); "And forgive us our *debts*" (Matt. vi. 12).

148. Exod. xxv. 40; Acts vii. 44; Heb. viii. 5.

149. Rom. i. 3.

150. In Ps. cv. 18.

151. St. Luke (ii.)

152. "I am the bright and morning Star" (Rev. xxii. 16).



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

MAY-DAY.

I.

HALF through the night I watched the moon wade through
The lightening rain-clouds till they passed away,
And left the sky one field of shimmering blue,
Serene and cold, to meet the coming day;
The moon died out upon the twilight grey;
Then, starting up, the cock his neck stretched out
And greeted the new morn with shrilly shout.

II.

So April died away in fruitful showers,
The gentle tears that weep in smiling May,
To glad the world with odorous breath of flowers.
The cheery song of birds proclaim the day;
The snowy bloom is on the hawthorn spray:
Up! up! no laggards on this festal morn
When the young Summer with the dawn is born.

III.

Up! up! and forth amid the dewy meads
And pleasant lanes, ere yet the sun is high,
To watch the lark, as now his wings he spreads
And tuneful rises in the brightening sky;
While the brown thrush, with lowlier melody,
Carols his welcome to the breezy day,
And hamlet-folk go out to seek the may.

IV.

Oh, fresh, young life of Nature! Nursed and fed
By shower and sunshine of the changeful Spring,
Whose subtle juice through every vein is spread
To make her lusty blood flow revelling
Through the green Earth, and on her face to bring
The blush of flowers, whose bloom hath now begun
To deck her bridal with the amorous Sun.

V.

The trees grow thick with leafage, and the shade
Deepens within the forest till the Sun
Finds but scant space to look into the glade
Between the laden branches; one by one
The timid conies from the burrows run
To browse on sweet young herbs; from tree to tree
Skips the lithe squirrel ever playfully.

VI.

In the warm sunlight through the buoyant air
The painted butterfly goes fluttering,
A thing of wondrous beauty, pure and fair,
Risen from the cerements that erewhile did cling
Around its life—the dead grub mouldering;
Mysterious symbol of the life to come—
The soul resurgent from its earthly tomb.

VII.

Over the clover fields upon his quest
Roves towards the yellow gorse the humble-bee
In coat of sable, streaked with orange dressed,
And ever in the air rings drowsily
His droning chant: a cheerful toiler he,
Who lightens work with song till close of day,
When, honey-laden, home he wends his way.

VIII.

And all the world is filled with melody,
From morn till night throughout the jocund day:
The grasshopper is chirping merrily;
The blackbird from the covert pipes; the jay
Chatters and rocks upon the waving spray;
And falls upon the ear, as in a dream,
The babbling laughter of the sunlit stream.

IX.

From morn till night so speed the golden hours
Of the young Summer's birthday, till the shades
Of Eve come creeping o'er the closing flowers,
And through red seas of cloud the broad Sun wades
Down to the nether world; and daylight fades
Into grey twilight, and the twilight brings
The solemn Night upon her starry wings.

X.

But ere the twilight brings the solemn Night,
Comes from the grove the cuckoo's mellow note;
And last, in throbs of musical delight
Whose measured pulses on the ether float,
The nightingale pours from his tuneful throat
Strains that the echoing woods in love prolong
Making the darkness bright with light of song.

XI.

O love! thou wilt remember well the day
When first we talked of love, long, long ago;
'Twas the birth-morning of the gleeful May,
And forth we went a-maying to and fro
Till we grew weary, and it happened so
That neath a poplar-tree our rest we took,
Whose leafy branches hung above a brook.

XII.

Dost thou remember, sweetheart, how I brought
The water in a leaf to give thee drink?
And how my furtive fingers, toying, sought
The mazes of thy hair, and felt thee shrink
From my bold wooing, until I 'gan think
Thou heldest me as cheaply as the may,
Whose flowers thy trembling fingers rent away.

XIII.

Until at last the flush upon thy cheek
Told that thy heart was fluttered with the flame
Of kindling love thy lips not yet would speak,
Thine eyes looked up with joy, then down with shame,
And sweet desire through all my being came
To clasp thee to my breast, thy brow to kiss,
Nor didst thou chide my act, ner check my bliss.

XIV.

O wife! the passion of my love was told
To the wild song of skylark and of thrush;
And still I bless each year as I grow old,
Whitening my hair and paling thy cheeks' flush.
Yet still sweet May-day memories on me rush,
Though now a softer strain beseems the tale,
Like cuckoo's note or song of nightingale.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH:

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON. *(Continued.)*

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver. While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi."—Song of Solomon i. 11—14.

THE former of these verses, we have intimated, is to be considered as standing in some kind of contrasted relation with the verse which had gone before. "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold. We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver." The figure before us is that of a beautiful woman, who, after the Eastern fashion, is represented as wearing rows of precious stones entwined with the head-dress, and the ends of which hung down by the side of the face; and it is proposed to enrich and adorn her still further with some costly ornament of gold, embossed and studded with devices of silver. Of the two conditions of the Church, thus emblematically represented, two interpretations are open to us—one, that they represent respectively the Church under the Law, and her greater glory under the Gospel; the other, that the two conditions, of less and more magnificent attire, set forth the spiritual comeliness of the Church in the earthly state, compared with that which she shall put on when brought into the palace of the Great King in heaven. Adopting the latter interpretation, we contemplated the Church, in the last chapter, as adorned with all the graces of sanctification to which she could attain in this imperfect time-world—having her frontlet of Gospel jewels, and her necklace of Gospel gold, with her faith of burnished jasper, and her hope of sapphire blue; her patience of enduring amethyst, and her charity as a rainbow, spanning God's whole creation, "in sight like unto an emerald." We beheld her with row on row, chain on chain, with ornaments of grace about her head and chains of spiritual beauty about her neck—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, meekness—till we almost wondered what more Heaven could do for her.

But the half has not been told to us. All God's gifts are for "a great while to come." We may take up language like that of David, and say, "Who are we, O Lord God, and what are our souls, that Thou shouldest deal with us after this sort? That not only Thou shouldest give us a new heart, and a new spirit, and a new nature, and a new creation, but also that Thou shouldest write upon us Thy 'new name,' and instruct us in 'the new song,' and bring us to 'the new heavens and the new earth,' and refresh us with the 'new wine' in the kingdom of the Father." Hardly could it have entered our hearts to conceive of Christ as saying of the Church in her militant state, "Then washed I thee with water, and I anointed thee with oil, and I clothed thee with broidered work; I decked thee also with ornaments, and put a beautiful crown upon thine head," but what ineffable progressions "from glory to glory," we ask, can be included in the further promise of the Bridegroom, "We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver?"

I. In considering this promise, however, there is one incidental expression worthy of notice, and for the full import and significance of which we are under obligation to the Jews. It will be observed that, for the first time in this book, the Bridegroom in addressing the Church speaks in the plural number: "We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver," an expression which learned Rabbis would have us read in the same way as we read that sentence in the first chapter of the book of Genesis, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness,"—that is, with a latent reference to a plurality of persons in the Godhead. We have testimonies of great weight and authority to the fact that the Jews, from the earliest times, had a traditional belief in this sublime mystery. But it was a doctrine which they held in reserve; one which they spoke of only in the presence of persons of advanced spiritual culture. Here and there a pious Israelite might be entrusted with a knowledge of it, but from the nation at large it was kept secret, as a truth which they must wait for a more refined condition of "the colossal man" to acknowledge openly. Accordingly the Rabbinical rendering of this word "WE," both here and in the passage referring to the creation of man, is, "I and my hall of judgment:" "I and my hall of judgment will make thee borders of gold." Now "a hall of judgment," according to the legal constitution of the Jews, must never consist of less than "three persons," and therefore we can hardly doubt that under this subtle and ingenious allusion, their Rabbis taught—or rather *half* taught—a doctrine, which was but partially understood in their own times, and which to their posterity became lost altogether.

We may claim, therefore, to be reading this verse as an ancient Hebrew expositor would have read it, when we interpret it as expressive of some joint resolve or purpose of the Holy and

Everlasting Trinity, in regard to good things to come, whether such good things have respect to the development of Gospel promise, or the beatific disclosures of the heavenly world. Take it as referring to the Gospel, and this use of the plural form is very suggestive. For it is precisely in connection with the unfolding of the plan of our salvation—with the disclosure of all those restorative and remedial means by which fallen man was to be brought back to the favour of his Maker—that the doctrine of Three Divine Persons in the Godhead assumes all its practical value and significance. Regarded merely as a dogma of schools, as a fruitful source of metaphysical or dialectic strife, the mystery had not been worth contending about. But a DIVINE atonement is our life; a DIVINE regeneration is our life. Make either the one or the other *finite*, and we are yet in our sins. The Church could never have had her garments "bordered" with the "gold" of a perfect righteousness, nor "studded" all over with the "silver" of an infinitely sanctifying and all-quickening grace. She must still have "lien among the pots," a slave to her ancient bondage and corruption, instead of rising in all the dignity of an emancipated nature "on the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Nor less fitting would an allusive reference to the Trinity be, on the supposition that the imagery of "silver" and "gold" is meant as an emblem of the heavenly state,—that city of pure gold, garnished and studded with all bright things, Jerusalem the golden. For the distinctions in the Divine personalities must be eternal distinctions. We cannot conceive of them as adaptations to an economy; modes of subsistence assumed to meet the wants of a being, who is but an infinitesimal link in the chain of created intelligences; phenomenal presentments of the Godhead, which will dissolve and disappear when, in the sunlight of the Infinite, we shall be made like God, and "see Him as He is." They are distinctions which shall remain. The virtues of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice are illimitable. The sanctifying and upholding grace of the Divine Spirit is bounded neither by space nor time. Imagination loses itself in computing how many worlds there may be—worlds bygone, worlds existing, worlds yet to be—all benefited in ways that we know not of, by the offering of the Eternal Son of God; neither can any say to what extent the countless hosts of the glorified, now standing before the throne, are, by the continually-imparted grace of the Holy Spirit, maintained in their immortality. Enough that the Church of Christ, in her anticipations of the glory that shall be revealed, includes in that "clothing of wrought gold" which her Lord shall put upon her, a robe of "everlasting righteousness;" and in the silver wings of the dove, hovering over the river of life, the pure linen of an infinite and eternal sanctity on which spot or blemish shall be no more seen. "We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."

II. At this point the dialogue is taken up by the Church. Encouraged by the Bridegroom's kind words of commendation and promise, she renews her protestations of grateful attachment, as well as of the delight she has always found in His service, "While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof. A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me; He shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi."

Here we have Christ set forth as the comfort, and strength, and quickening power of ordinances. "While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." The table is the "feast of fat things;" the Gospel banquet of "marrow and fatness," of grace and mercy, peace and pardon, holiness and salvation—all typified, no doubt, in the blessed sacrament of Christ's body and blood. And this table Christ not only prepares and spreads for us, but, as it is further intimated, He comes and sits down at the table with us; admits us to terms of holy and ineffable intimacy with Himself. We eat and drink with our "near Friend." We hear the voice of Him who stands at the door and knocks, "His head filled with dew, and His locks with the drops of the night;" and He cries out to us "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." And then observe what follows upon this near presence of Christ with us in ordinances, whether in prayer, or in the Word, or in sacraments: "my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." Here it is intimated that, just as the genial winds blowing over the garden bring out the fragrance of the spikenard, so the presence of Christ in the soul draws out the aroma of all devout affections, causing the incense of our prayers to come up before God, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing unto God." Would that in these days, when we hear so much of mysticism, and speculation, and about the nature of "the real presence," people would only take a lesson from the Canticles. They would there learn that the presence of Christ is best discerned by the presence of "the spikenard,"—the whole soul filled with the odour of sacredness; the desires yearning after holiness; the thoughts taken off from the world; the mind lifted up to heavenly things; the spirit holding fellowship with Christ's spirit; "the heart and the flesh thirsting for the living God." "While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof."

"While the King sitteth at His table,"—so long,

and no longer. The words should lead us to distinguish between ordinances and the presence of Christ in and with them. The spikenard is ours while fellowship with Christ is ours. If the King should withdraw from His table, grieved by our negligent participation of His feast, offended at our slight appreciation of His love, driven away by our worldly and unspiritual tempers, wearied by our cold formality and heartless worship, then is discernible no longer the presence of the spikenard. It remains locked up in the alabaster box. He is gone on whose head love should have poured out the ointment, and made the room to be filled with the smell thereof.

And what is this "spikenard?" Why, it sets forth the anointing of the Holy One, supposes all the powers of the regeneration to be in a state of quickened exercise; not dead things, like withered flowers that have lost their savour,—not useless things, like unbeaten spices, from which come no balmy smell: but grace in action; the work of the Spirit, evidenced by the fruits of the Spirit, diffusing an odour around it, "as the smell of Lebanon, as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." Hence the words are added, "Sendeth forth the smell thereof," for herein is a note that in the ordinances of worship we have Christ present with us—namely, that there is a diffused spiritual fragrance, filling the place where we are sitting, and perceived by all that sit at meat with us. Men will take note of us "that we have been with Jesus;"—more than that, that Jesus has "sat down" with us. If we are of those who love to sit with the King at His table; if we have spiritually eaten of the bread of life; if we have entered, by the power of faith, into the full mystery of the Incarnation; if we have had that fellowship with the Spirit which feeds all our springs of duty, and strength, and service; in a word, if we have had Jesus Himself feeding us with that bread of which it is declared that "if any man eat, he shall live for ever," the "smell thereof" will make itself felt. The Spirit will come upon the soul as "the dew upon herbs." The revived graces of the soul will sprout up in all their quickened and regenerate strength. They will shed a holy fragrance on our daily path, and, being "strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus," we shall cause "the savour of His knowledge to be made manifest by us in every place." "While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof."

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

V.—WITH THOSE WHO ARE LEFT DESOLATE.

THERE is something about the aspect of Nature as seen from the railway station at Lower Norwood on a damp and misty day which, if not depressing, can scarcely be regarded as conducive to unusual hilarity. I speak guardedly because of my respect for the district, and lest I should in any way be suspected of depreciating any particular locality as an eligible place of residence. In the latter regard I may mention that the immediate neighbourhood of Lower Norwood Station is not at present converted into a small township by the erection of long rows of tenements on freehold or long leasehold plots. My remarks apply only to the general outlook from the road, amidst an atmosphere threatening drizzle and beneath a sky betokening rain. As far as houses are concerned, there seemed to me on the occasion of my last visit far more probability of pulling down than of building. In fact, I went for the purpose of inspecting a whole series of very remarkable tenements which I had heard were soon either to disappear from the oozy-looking green quadrangle of which they form three sides, or were to be converted to another purpose than that of the dwelling-places of a few elderly ladies who occupy one dreary side, whence they can look at the desolation of the closed houses on the other.

It will not be without regret that I shall hear of this intention being carried out, for the houses are devoted to the sheltering of alms-folk; and the alms-folk are the elder pensioners of that admirable association, the Society of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress, which, for above ninety years, has been doing its useful work among those who, but for its prompt and judicious aid, would feel that they were "alone in a strange land."

As a part of its original provision for the relief of some of the applicants who, after long residence in this country, had fallen into a distressed condition at an age when they were unable any longer to maintain themselves by their own exertions, the society instituted the alms-houses at Lower Norwood. There is now an impression among the directors of the charity that their intentions may be carried out in future by some better method than placing a number of aged and frequently infirm persons in a comparatively remote group of dwellings, where they are peculiarly lonely, and

lack frequent personal attention and general sympathy. There can be no doubt that almshouses have frequently been associated a little too closely with that monastic or conventual practice with which they mostly originated, and that the retirement, almost amounting to seclusion, into which the inmates of such places are removed, may be very far from affording to the aged the kind of asylum which they most desire. Alas, in many instances, to be placed in an almshouse is to be put out of the way,—to be conveniently disposed of; with the inference that every possible provision has been made for comfortable maintenance. Thus, susceptibilities are quieted. The aged pensioners are supposed to be periodically visited; their wants attended to by somebody or other who "sees that they are all right," and the whole matter is conveniently forgotten, except when a casual traveller passes a quaint, ancient, mouldy-looking, but still picturesque block of buildings, and inquires to what charity they belong; not without a kind of uneasy fancy that there is a custom in this country of burying certain old people before their time—shutting them out of the light and warmth of every-day companionship; or, to change the metaphor, making organised charity a kind of Hooghly, on the tide of which the aged, who are supposed to be nearing the end of their mortal life, are floated into oblivion until the memory of them is revived by death.

It is no part of my intention to represent that the almshouses at Lower Norwood bear such a significance, but the conditions to which I have referred appear to be so inevitable where places like these are concerned, that I cannot question the good sense of the directors of the charity in determining to supersede them, and to carry on the work by annual or monthly pensions only. On behalf of the few remaining inmates of these queer, half-deserted, and failing tenements, it could be wished that the proposition could be acted on at once, and a more comfortable provision be made, at least, for those who wait on, with the constantly deferred hope, doubly heart-sickening when so little time is to be counted on, in which something will be done before the houses themselves, crumbling to decay, become but a type of their own forlorn old age.

It is with some such thoughts as these that I stand at the entrance to the green, with last year's weedy aftermath still dank and tangled with wind and rain. The queer little one-storied dark-red houses of the quadrangle bear a melancholy resemblance to a set of dilapidated and discarded toys, the box for which has been lost. They are built too, on a kind of foreign-toy pattern, with queer outside staircases, leading to street-doors under a portico, which is the only entrance to the upper storey, the lower doors in the quadrangle communicating only with the ground-floor. The crunch of my footsteps along the moist path, gives no echo; the place seems to be too dull and lifeless even for that kind of response. The left wing and far the greater portion of the centre block are still with the silence of desertion. Peering through the dim leaden casements, I see only small bare empty rooms. There is a sense of mildew and of damp plaster peeling from the walls,—of leaky water-pipes, and a humid chill, which no glowing hearth nor bright July weather could utterly subdue. Such is the feeling with which the whole place strikes me on this leaden wintry day, when the vapour from the engine on the railway trails slowly upward to meet the ragged edge of the dun cloud that streams slowly downward; when a big black dog crouches on the threshold of the village chandler's shop, to get out of the drizzle, and the butcher, who has sold out, closes his half-hatch, with the certainty that he may take his afternoon nap by the fire, undisturbed by customers.

Even when I pause before one of the little narrow portals to which I have been directed, there are few more signs of life except that at the same moment I hear other footsteps behind me, and a baker stops to deliver a loaf. This is promising, as far as it goes, and enables me to present myself unostentatiously, under cover of the baker's basket, to a lady who opens the door. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that lady has a French face, and as it is a French lady for whom I am to inquire, I begin to think I have come to the end of my quest. It is evident, however, from the surprised questioning look which greets my appearance, that visits from strangers are not of very frequent occurrence there. I can trace in the rather shrinking recognition accorded to my request to see the lady to whom I bring an introduction, the sensitiveness that belongs to that kind of poverty which has learned to endure in seclusion, reverses that would be less bearable if they were exposed to a too obtrusive expression of sympathy. It is a positive relief to be left alone for a minute, standing in that narrow lobby, looking into a room which has the appearance of a disused scullery, while my errand is made known in another room on the right, to which I am presently bidden. It is a poor little place enough; poor, and little, and dim, even for an almshouse, and scarcely suggestive of comfort though a bright fire is burning in a grate, which somewhat resembles a reduced kitchen-range, and though the table which stands beneath the casement bears some preparations for the evening meal, and the cheap luxury of a cut orange on a plate. The walls are dim, the ceiling cracked and discoloured by the evident overflow of water in the room overhead; the furniture consists of a kind of couch which

may do duty for a bed by night, and of two or three windsor chairs, one of which has already been placed for me. It is a poor place enough; and yet the lady to whom I am at once introduced is ready to do its honours with a grace and dignity that well become her appearance and her name. Madame Gracieuse B——, for more than forty years resident in England, and speaking English with a purity of accent that is only rivalled by the more perfect music of the French in which she addresses me, has passed the threescore years and ten which are counted as old age. Yet seeing her sweet calm face, her smooth, broad, intelligent brow; the mild, penetrating scrutiny of her gentle eyes; the soft hair put back under the quaint French cap, shaped like a hood; those years remain uncounted; until with a pleasant smile, only just too placid for vivacity, she tells how she came to this country in 1830, after the ruin of the fortunes of her house by the revolution which dethroned Charles X., and made her a governess in England, where so many of the old nobility sought a refuge and a home.

But before this is said, she has presented me to a third lady, to whom, indeed, my original introduction extended; already long past the limit of that short period which we call long life; for she is more than eighty years old, and by reason of the infirmity which has lately come upon her, does not rise to receive me, but remains seated in the couch by the fire. It is a very limited space in which to be ceremonious; but were this lady sitting in one of a suite of grand rooms in some aristocratic mansion, with all the surroundings to which her birth, her high connections, and the recollection of her own personal accomplishments entitle her, she might not lack the homage which too often only simulates respect.

It is possible that she may long ago have learned to assess it at its true value, for she has seen it at a court where it could not save a king from banishment; and if we may judge from a face with strong determined lineaments, a brow of concentrated power, and eyes the light of which even the recent paralysis of age has not extinguished, she has been one who could undergo exile, poverty, and even the sadder calamity of being forgotten, with a wonderful endurance.

Yes, Madame la Comtesse Marie de Comoléra, friend and fellow-student of that Madame Adelaide whose name has become historical, when your father was Monsieur l'Intendant of the Duc d'Orleans, and when you lived within the atmosphere of the French court, spending quiet days at the easel in your painting-room, or preparing the delicate *pâte* of Sèvres porcelain, on which to paint the roses and lilies that you loved, the grim visions of exile and poverty may never have troubled you. When the house of Bourbon crumbled and you escaped from the ruin it had made, you had still your art left to solace if not to gladden you; and for a time at least you lived by it, and took a new rank by the work that you could do. There were flowers in England, and your hands could still place their glowing hues on canvas. Witness those pictures of yours that now hang on the walls of the gallery of the Crystal Palace, or adorn some private collections. Witness, too, the recognition of some of our own painters when Sir Charles Eastlake was president of the Royal Academy, and when you found a friendly patron in Queen Adelaide of gentle memory. Alas, the hand has lost its cunning; and if its work is not altogether forgotten, those who look upon it are unaware that you are living here in this poor room—pensioner of a charity which, were it but supported as it might be, could better lighten your declining years. Yet I will not call you desolate, madame. Two faithful friends are with you yet. The sunset of your calm life, whereof the noon was broken by so terrible a storm, is dim enough; but it goes not down in complete darkness. Gentle and admiring regard survive even in this dull place; and with them the love that can bring tears to eyes not over ready to weep on account of selfish sorrows, and can move ready hands to tend you now that your own grow heavy and feeble.

As I become more accustomed to the subdued light of the room, I note that amidst the confusion of some old pieces of furniture or lumber there are pictures, unframed and dim, leaning against the walls. One of them—a large painting of some rare plant, formerly a curiosity in the Botanical Gardens at Regent's Park, while the rest are groups of flowers and fruit. Just opposite me, on the high mantelpiece, the canvas broken here and there near the edges, obscured by the dust and smoke that have dulled their surface, are two oil-paintings which I venture to take down for a nearer inspection. Surely they must have been finished when madame was yet in the prime of her art. Exquisite in drawing, delicate in colour, and with a subtle touch that gives to each petal the fresh crumple that bespeaks it newly-blown, and to fruit the dewy down that would make even a *gourmet* linger ere he pressed the juice, it is almost pain to think that they are left here uncared for; and yet, who knows what influence their presence above that dingy shelf may have upon the wandering thoughts and waning dreams of her who painted them when every new effort of her skill was a keen delight?

Nay, even as I hold them to the light, and in a pause of our chat (wherein Madame la Comtesse speaks slowly and with some difficulty) say some half-involuntary words of appreciation, she has risen, and stands upright by the fire with an earnest look in her face and a sudden gesture of awakened

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interest. The artistic instinct is there still, after more than eighty years of life, and the appreciation of the work animates her yet. Not with a mere vulgar love of praise (for Madame is still la Comtesse Comoléra, even though she spends her days in an almshouse), but with a recognition that I have distinguished the best of the work that is left to her to show. I shall not readily forget the sudden look of almost eager interest, the effort to speak generous words of thanks, as I bow over her hand to say farewell, and feel that I have been as privileged a visitor as though madame had received me in a gilded *salon*, at the door of which a powdered lacquey stood to "welcome the coming—speed the parting guest."

And so with some pleasant leave-takings, and not without permission to see them again, I leave these ladies—the fitting representatives of an old nobility and an old *régime*—to the solitude to which they have retired from a world too ready to forget.

If by any means for the solitude could be substituted a pleasant retirement, and for the sense of desolation and poverty a modest provision that would yet include some grace and lightness to light their declining days, it would be but little after all. Let us hope that the Society of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress may so increase its list of supporters before the roses are again in bloom, that the pictures in the dreary room at Lower Norwood may decorate some wall more worthy to receive them.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

WEDDING GUESTS.

ADA LOVEJOY'S wedding-day came round at last. It was the time of harvest—an early one, like the harvest of earthly happiness which had been yielded to her so early and so abundantly. But after all there is a great deal of such happiness in the world. Every day is a wedding-day somewhere, and everywhere there are rejoicings for the spring-time or the harvest of love. We might pass over this wedding, as no brighter and no happier than the rest. It was but the starting-point of Ada's career. Her life has yet to be lived, her story yet to be written. She was standing on the threshold of a new world, both literally and metaphorically, for on the morrow she will quit the shores of England, to visit scenes the grandeur of which it has not entered into her heart to conceive. Before she returns she will have seen all the grandest that Europe has to show of glory and of beauty, both in Nature and in Art, for the pair are to start from Paris to Rome. They are to glance at the great Italian cities, to travel through Switzerland, and to return homeward by the Rhine. She is waking to the light of a new day; may it be as calm as it is brilliant, as she stands there with her bridegroom by her side. Pale as a lily she is, and she neither blushes nor falters, but looks out with her melting eyes, like one who is seeing a vision.

It is with the wedding guests that we have most to do before we finish our story. Almost all in whom we have been interested thus far were present on the occasion. Among them, of course, was Mr. Lovejoy, who was there to give away the bride. For once in his life his dreams had been equalled by the realities that surrounded him. He was moving in the midst of the society among which he had been born and educated. Fanny's rooms, through the united efforts of Lucy and Mrs. Austin, were tastefully adorned with the choicest of flowers. That beautiful stately girl in silk and jewels, for she wore a necklet of pearls and brilliants which had been Arthur's mother's, and which had been his wedding gift, was his daughter, his darling Ada. It was more than his imagination had pictured, and it overwhelmed him. Instead of exhibiting his usual gaiety, he was trembling, and almost in tears. Next comes Mrs. Lovejoy, who has put on, under protest, the attire suitable to the occasion which has been got ready for her, but who is in no way changed, in no way mollified. Being so matter-of-fact, she is forced to believe in Ada's good fortune; but she goes no further. She will not believe that it is good fortune for her, or her husband, or the rest of the family. She is giving up another child, that is all she will allow herself to feel.

Lucy and Philip are the principal accessories—Lucy is bridesmaid, Philip is best man. Lucy is aided by other two bridesmaids, the little daughters of Mrs. Francis Tenterden, who have opportunely come home for the holidays, and have been pressed into the service.

Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Tabor, with Clara Huntingdon, are a little in the background; Beatrice and her husband are further still. There had been some debate as to whether these two last were to be asked to the marriage and the marriage breakfast. Mrs. Lovejoy's verdict had been "no;" but Mr. Lovejoy was unhappy about the exclusion. Ada sided with her father, and they had been invited accordingly. The pair having found Ashmead Grange untenable, had at length gravitated to London, and notwith-



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"And predicts for a creature so amazing the most extraordinary and brilliant future"—*p.* 427.

standing her very cold reception, Beatrice had visited her mother more than once. Beatrice was not happy, and neither was her husband. They were not happy in themselves, nor yet in each other, and the sources of their dissatisfaction were hidden from them both. They had plenty of money now—at least John Baselow had, for he held the purse, and was not over-generous with its contents. They lived in comfort, if not in splendour, and yet Beatrice could not tell why she sat and sighed over her last new bonnet; nor her husband why he felt so low and wretched that he was obliged to resort to the public-house in the evening, in spite of a conviction that it was not good for him, neither physically nor socially. The truth was, their occupation was gone. They had neither work nor society, nor resources in themselves, and their fancied paradise of leisure and idleness had turned out to be no paradise after all, but something much more resembling a purgatory. The people with whom they might gradually have come to consort were busy people of the upper middle class, who looked askance at them as idlers and nondescripts. Under these circumstances Beatrice had sought her mother, and almost pathetically asked leave to help her. Money she found she could not give, unless she gave it without her husband's knowledge, and that somehow she did not dare to do. She was losing both health and spirits in her new life, for once upon a time she would have done it without scruple. And her mother had rejected her offer, and said some bitter things about the past, which Beatrice had resented; but which went home to her conscience because of their truth. She had resolved on the last occasion never to go near her again, when she met her gentler father at the door, and was turned back with words of welcome.

And now she had come with her husband as a guest to Ada's wedding, with very mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. She was satisfied to show her family and friends to such advantage to the man she had married, and yet she regretted that marriage with all her heart. She was clever enough to know that there are things which money cannot purchase, and that her husband was deficient in these. It may be that the friendly hands held out to him and her to-day may help them to rise to higher things, to a truer appreciation of the two great talents of time and money committed to them, to a nobler estimate of the things in which purer and higher satisfaction may be found. These friendly hands will not be withdrawn in unchristian exclusiveness. Neither Philip, nor Lucy, nor Mrs. Austin will say, "These Baselows are not nice people; let us quietly drop them." They are penetrated with another and a wider and sweeter spirit—a spirit which gives a finer and more unselfish meaning to social life than is to be found in the best maxims of the world's best society.

After the service Mr. Huntingdon joined the wedding party, who "partook," as the journalists say, of an elegant "repast." He made the speech of the occasion in toasting the bride and bridegroom. It was a trifle grave, perhaps a trifle sermonising; a cleverer man might have lightened its gravity with a touch of humour, and it was almost too tender, for it left more than one or two of his listeners moved to tears. He spoke of all the wedded pair ought to be to each other, of the sure comfort, the sweet companionship of the union in its most perfect form, and then of what they ought to be to others—each home a little centre of light and heat, not selfishly shut up and caring for its own welfare only, but letting others share the genial warmth of its atmosphere of love. It was in the poisoned air of selfishness that the lamp of love refused to burn. Its sacred flame was fed by every generous thought and every pure emotion, by every sacred joy and every sacred sorrow. He spoke of the love which should be kept alive because of the long years which might be before them, and of the love which should flow forth because of the inevitable parting, till Mrs. Lovejoy's hard eyes let fall another tear, and Ellen Austin's hands were clasped together trembling.

And when Arthur had replied, and Philip had given "The bridesmaids" in a very pretty speech, Ada rose from her place and went away, followed by Lucy and Mrs. Austin, and Clara Huntingdon. The elder ladies and Fanny, together with the juvenile bridesmaids, remained, and the defection on the part of the others was caused by the necessity for unrobing and redressing the bride as speedily as possible, and getting her ready to catch the train they had fixed upon. While this was being done, Arthur had said his adieus, and was already in the hall, and when Ada came down, it was to a whirl of parting kisses, embraces, and blessings, from which she was rescued and carried off by Arthur to the carriage.

Mrs. Austin and Clara had hastened up-stairs again, with a purpose of their own. "Nobody has thought of the shoes," Clara had whispered laughingly, and they had determined to remedy the oversight. But while they were looking about for a solitary slipper, they heard and saw a whole volley fired from the upper regions, only just missing the bridegroom's head.

Then they stood still at the window, and saw the carriage roll away, and when it had disappeared the signs of emotion were on both their faces, and it drew them together. They sat down, holding each other's hands.

"One would not think there was much in common between us," said Clara, looking up in Ellen's face, with a meaning in her own, which told that she was thinking of the contrast between them—her own deformity and her companion's shapely beauty. "It is not often," she added, "that I feel the pain of isolation, that shuts me out even from feeling as

others feel, which brings to such as me the 'lowliest depth of human pain.'"

"Better even that," said Ellen, "than to have shut yourself out by fault of your own, not only from happiness, but from sympathy, as I did."

"Do not blame yourself so harshly," said Clara. "I cannot fancy you doing anything to exclude yourself from sympathy. And only see how you are loved."

Ellen knew what she meant; but Clara suddenly clasped her beseechingly, and whispered, "Could you not love him in return? He is so worthy of being loved."

"Of that I am sure," said Ellen. "It is I who am unworthy of him; it is I who cannot love him as I feel sure he deserves to be loved."

"You have heard him picture the kind of love he needs," said Clara. "I am sure you could give him that. You could give him the companionship he craves for. You could help him to be to others all that he longs to be in his life and in his work. The life of a clergyman in the midst of his people is often difficult, and it is always conspicuous. It matters so much that it should be a life of ardour and unworldliness, and not of languor and self-seeking, because of the many who will copy it. A clergyman and his wife may spread the tone of their own household through a whole district if they choose; and if that tone is a low and worldly one, whether they choose or no."

"And you think me fitted for all this?" said Ellen. "Indeed—indeed, I am not."

But Clara could see that her pleading had had its effect, and she wisely said no more.

Ellen kissed her tenderly, and they went downstairs together and joined the rest of the party, which soon after broke up.

"I shall be as lonely as ever now," said Fanny, as she stood bidding her guests adieu; but she laughed her usual good-humoured laugh as she said it, and was assured by all and sundry that she would not be suffered to be lonely,—that she was making friends, not losing them.

CHAPTER LIII.

WAITING.

A YEAR has passed away, and Philip is still working on hopefully—at least he is generally hopeful, for if his dark, despairing mood comes upon him now, it is speedily dispelled in Lucy's sweet presence. She bears the waiting better than he does—indeed, would be perfectly happy if he would only be the same. But there are times when, in common with all keenly and delicately organised natures, who have to come in contact with the rude forces of the world, he suffers. At times, when he has overworked his brain, he thinks his nervous energy is failing, and that he will fall before the end is attained. In this shadow he and Lucy have both walked of late.

Arthur and Ada are flourishing. They have long been in possession of their new home. After returning from her foreign tour, Ada sat down therein to cultivate her mind, under Arthur's directions. She read and studied; she had masters for music and for drawing, and made great proficiency, especially in the former. But there had come another master to the pretty cottage, and the new master drove out the old ones, Arthur included, and was, for the time at least, a veritable tyrant. The name of the tyrant was Master Baby. Arthur is doing some legal work, and doing it well, and much unpaid social work besides. If his friends do not come a dozen at a time, they come pretty often. In spite of Ada's youth and inexperience, there is always a good dinner, a pleasant evening, and a bed for the belated there. They have no grand companies, but a great deal of hospitable entertainment, and "it does the fellows good," Arthur says behind their backs, "to see how happy we are." Some of the fellows feel it too, and they are a clever set on the whole, whom Arthur attracts, and is attracted by. The world may be the better for some of them one day; and they are learning there that it is not only the sirens who can sing—that the cup of joy sparkles not the less, but the more, for being pure.

Albert Lovejoy is a sore grief and burden to his parents. He has become quite unmanageable. He is tied and bound by the chain of his sins so that he cannot be freed. He is one of those infatuated creatures who will do anything for drink, and whom it would be merciful to place in asylums; but, as they are supposed to be rational beings, they are left at large, to be a curse to themselves and to all who are connected with them. His health, too, is being undermined by his follies and excesses. He, too, has that fatal disease which has carried off so many of his family. His mother thinks he will not last long to trouble any one.

And the old people watch over him as well as they can. They are no longer suffered to feel the pinch of poverty; Arthur and Ada are liberal. Fanny, too, is kind, and Mr. Lovejoy still retains his situation in the office of Tabor and Tenterden, and is advancing there in estimation and usefulness. He and his wife are far more united now than ever they were in their lives. They share their last and sorest trouble faithfully, though Mr. Lovejoy escapes from it oftener and more completely while he contemplates his infant grandson, and predicts for a creature so amazing the most extraordinary and brilliant future.

But for the encumbrance of their unfortunate son, Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy would doubtless have taken up their abode with Fanny, who persists in saying she is lonely; but she says it laughing good-humouredly still, and nobody believes that she feels it.

Philip is in one of his heavy moods. He has been trying hard, on behalf of a client, to punish a highly-

respectable swindler as he deserves to be punished, and has failed; the laws of the country, according to Philip, being framed so as to afford the greatest amount of protection to respectable swindlers, and as little as possible to their victims. Indeed, he is inclined to believe in a general failure of justice throughout the universe — that things are going wrong with honest people in general, and with himself in particular, and so he betakes himself to Park Villas, and to the society of Lucy and her parents without delay. He seldom dines there, except on Sundays. The dingy lodgings have not been left behind yet; the greasy mutton chops are still an institution; but he goes there on Saturday evening and stays till Monday morning. That is considered settled.

It is not Saturday evening; however, there he is.

"I have such a piece of news for you!" cries Lucy; "you couldn't be made to guess, could you?"

"I can't guess," he says, shaking his head. "The things you are asked to guess are either so obvious that it would never occur to a sane person that they were the least of a riddle, or else they are such improbabilities that they would never occur to a sane person at all."

"This is neither the one nor the other," said Lucy, laughing.

"Philip will be sure to say he has known all along how it would be," put in Mrs. Tabor.

"No, he won't," said Lucy, confidently. "Guess."

"Won't even try," said Philip.

"Somebody is going to be married. Will that help you?" said Lucy.

"Fanny, then," answered Philip, perversely.

"I'm a good mind not to tell you at all," said Lucy, shaking her head at him.

"Very well," he returned; "I shall not exhaust myself in the effort to find out." But even with the playful nonsense the smile was coming back to his parched lips, the furrows were smoothing from his brow.

"Then I will tell you," cried Lucy, magnanimously; "it is Mrs. Austin. She is going to marry Mr. Huntingdon."

Philip started. He had not known it, he had not imagined it, and yet it was no improbability. Mrs. Tabor had, it seems, conceived its possibility; but she had kept it to herself, as it never in her thoughts went beyond a possibility. She says she mentioned it to Mr. Tabor, but Mr. Tabor refuses to corroborate the assertion. At any rate, the idea had never entered Philip's mind, and now it entered, along with other ideas which had been remote from his thoughts just then, and which startled him with their sudden rush.

"I suppose it is very selfish to think first of ourselves," he said; "but it will make such a difference to us;" and he looked at Lucy with kindling eyes. Lucy put her hands in his, and Mrs. Tabor disappeared in a twinkling. "All the difference in the world, darling," he went on, drawing her to his breast. He had not at the first realised the release it brought them. "Half of the income Mrs. Austin relinquishes falls to me, and I have but to hand it over—or rather a part of it—to your father, and I am free."

It was the very arrangement Mr. Tabor had already been suggesting as likely to be proposed by Philip; but they had left it to him to make, as a matter of course, and he did make it, and found it accepted with a heartiness which left him nothing to wish for. Mr. Huntingdon and Mrs. Austin had thought it well to keep their intention private, until they were fully prepared to carry it out. They were to be married quietly in about a month. Clara had accomplished their happiness at the cost of her own, perhaps. Mrs. Torrance had accepted the inevitable in the shape of Mr. Huntingdon, who (she speedily discovered) was manageable to any extent; but she had transferred her animosity to Clara, who was distinctly unmanageable, and whom she resolved to keep at a distance. Clara was too clear-sighted to be blind to the faults of others, and when she saw them, could not, or rather would not conceal that she did so. She would never have believed that the little ruse which Mrs. Torrance had practised in order to get rid of Mr. Huntingdon was an innocent slip of the tongue, as he did. As long as Mrs. Torrance reigns she will be more or less separated from the brother on whom her whole heart is fixed; but, perhaps, they may reign alternately; or Ellen, in security and happiness, may gain the firmness which she needs, to use her gentle force against aggression, instead of bending to it as heretofore. (*To be concluded.*)

A WOODLAND NOOK.

HERE spring all sweet shy flowers that court the shade—
Bright hyacinths that mimic heaven's blue,
The wild woodsorrel, and the pale, white-rayed
And virgin wind-flower ever fresh and new.
Beloved of birds it is, this sweet, cool nook,
And vocal 'tis with warblings morn and night;
And, singing night and day, a bickering brook
Winds glistening through it like a thread of light.
Bees hither wing from far outlying leas,
Of their one purpose—flow'ret-rifling—full,
As bees e'er seem to be. The branching trees
Stir slumberously, as though 'twas theirs to lull
All things around; and far above the rest
Of neighbouring places, Nature here seems blest.

JAMES DAWSON.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART IV. AS A MAN OF PRAYER.

Scripture to be read—John xvii.

INTRODUCTION. Having seen our Lord's example under temptation, it will be well now to see Him under different aspects, in order to trace out His example, as far as possible, in each. This lesson will speak of Him as a man of prayer, and the next as using the means of grace.

I. THE NATURE OF PRAYER. Ask for instances of men eminent for prayer, and what they prayed for, viz., David praying for forgiveness after great sin (Ps. li. 1, 2); Solomon for wisdom in governing his kingdom (2 Chron. i. 10); Hannah for a son (1 Sam. i. 11). Now ask whether Christ need ask for any of these things—reminding how He did no sin, and therefore needed no repentance (1 Peter ii. 22), He daily increased in wisdom so as to be called the wisdom of God (1 Cor. i. 24), and being Lord of all needed not to ask for temporal blessings. For what then did He pray? (Read John xvii. 1—11.) Describe the circumstances under which that prayer was said: the last night before the crucifixion—probably while in the vineyards (see John xv. 1), lifting up heart and voice to God—just before His death. Point out two things in the prayer—(1) *that God might be glorified.* Ask what might have fancied our Lord asking for—strength to bear the approaching trial, &c., but not thinking so much of Himself and His own personal feelings as that in all things God should be glorified. Ask how God was glorified by Christ—by His finishing the work given Him to do (ver. 4). What was that work? the salvation of man. Now read Luke xi. 2, to show how we are to pray for the same. What prayer has Christ taught us? how does it begin? what are the first three petitions about? Not ourselves, but the glory of God—that His name may be known, His kingdom spread, and His will be done. Then follow petitions for ourselves. Now contrast our wants with Christ's wants, and show that true prayer includes (*a*) *confession of sin.* Ask for the parable which teaches us that God accepts such (Luke xviii. 13), and remind of Abel, who was accepted because he brought the sin-offering. For examples of such, see David (2 Sam. xxiv. 14), and many others. So in Lord's Prayer, say, "Forgive us," &c. (*b*) *Faith in God,* as One who hears and answers prayer. Show the need of this by example of the Christians praying for Peter (Acts xii. 5), their astonishment when their prayer was heard. (*c*) *Submission to God's will.* (Read Matt. xxvi. 39—44.) Try and picture out the scene: a dark night; Christ with three chosen disciples—leaves them—they tired, fall asleep. He alone under olive-trees—prays—how? intense earnestness; show prayer repeated three times—what was it? that if possible He might be spared the agony coming upon Him; still asks that not His but God's will be done. Here a model for us engrafted in words of Lord's Prayer. Easy to say, not easy to feel submission. (*d*) *Thanksgiving*—for past mercies (see 1 Tim. ii. 1). Show how this has always accompanied prayers by examples of Noah on leaving ark (Gen. viii. 20), Israelites at Red Sea, &c.

So far spoken of prayers for ourselves, but in Christ's prayer in John xvii. another great part, viz., (2) *intercessions for others.* Prayer not to be selfish. God's glory concerned in others as well as ourselves—we glorify Him by means of making others know Him; hence our Saviour's prayer for His Church. Remind of Abraham praying for Sodom (Gen. xviii. 26), Moses for Israelites (Exod. xxxiv. 9), &c. For what do we pray? Their conversion to God—*i.e.*, spiritual blessings. Remind of the four men who brought their friend sick of the palsy to Christ (Mark ii. 2), of Peter's friends praying for him in prison. Press home this duty upon the children, to pray for relations, friends, &c. See James v. 17, for promises to fervent prayer.

II. THE PRACTICE OF PRAYER. (Read Mark i. 35, vi. 46; Luke vi. 12.) Show from these that Christ *rose early* to pray, though always active and busy, He made time for early communion with God. Ask what (in the Parable of Sower) were the thorns choking the seed, and show how cares, &c., have tendency to draw heart from God. Perhaps to think no time for prayer. Must follow Christ's example. Again, when tired with day's work, not hurrying off to rest, but going up a hill *late at night* for quiet prayer: sometimes so earnest in prayer as to stop all night! Suggest to children to ask themselves before get into bed, "Have I really prayed?" and if conscience says, "No," to get out and pray again. Now read Matt. vi. 5—8. Show the importance of privacy. Ask for examples of such. Isaac praying in the fields, Peter on the house-top, Paul and Silas in prison (Acts xvii. 25), and show how may pray on way, school—in kitchen, &c., as well as in crowded bedroom. Get desire for and spirit of prayer, the time and place will soon follow.

Questions to be answered.

1. Give from the Old Testament examples of prayer.
2. Show the difference between Christ's needs and ours.
3. What are the two subjects of Christ's last prayer?
4. What four things does true prayer include?
5. Give instances of intercessory prayer.
6. How is Christ an example as to the practice of prayer?

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—IV.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

"Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John xiii. 7.

THESE words were addressed to the Apostle Peter, who was greatly perplexed by the Saviour's behaviour. After "the Last Supper" was over, the Lord Jesus took a basin of water and a towel, and went round amongst the assembled disciples for the purpose of washing their feet. The action, of course, was understood by the disciples to be symbolical; but, at the same time, they thought it so inconsistent with the relation in which they stood to their Divine Master, that they were perfectly aghast at it. No one, however, dared to express his feelings, and stillness reigned in the little company, interrupted only by the sound of the splashing water and the movements of the Saviour, until Peter was reached. Then the impulsive apostle could no longer restrain himself. In a tone in which surprise and reproof were mingled, he ventured to expostulate with his Lord on what he considered to be an unworthy and unnecessary self-abasement; and then received the wonderful far-reaching reply already quoted—"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Now, there can be little doubt that the Saviour's primary object was to enable the disciples to confront the mystery of His approaching ignominious death. After all His teaching, plain and explicit as it was, they could hardly bring themselves to believe that their Master was going to die; and the *death of the cross*, with the infamy attached to it by the Jewish mind, would be sure, as Christ well knew, to shake their confidence in Him to a painful extent. He would prepare them, then, for what was coming. He would employ this strange and startling symbolical action to show them beforehand what Calvary, when rightly understood, would show them afterwards—that there are no depths of self-abasement to which God Himself will not descend for the purpose of recovering and restoring the objects of His love.

But in addition to this primary intention of the thing, the Saviour, no doubt, had in view the encouragement of His people in all ages. He meant to comfort suffering and perplexed disciples with the thought that a day of explanation was coming, in which all the reasons of all His dealings with them should be made perfectly plain.

There are mysteries in the Divine management of the world. Every thoughtful mind must have felt the presence of them, and been troubled, at times. These mysteries give occasion for the enemies of God to blaspheme, and occasionally it seems hard to provide a sufficient reply. One can, perhaps, only fall back upon our own unshaken conviction, that our God and Father in Christ is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works. And there is comfort for us in the words, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

With regard to ourselves, too, and the Divine treatment of us, there are many things which we might wish to understand. "Tell me," says the heart to God, "why Thou dealest with me thus? Give me an explanation?" "No!" is the reply; "thou canst not know now." Partly because it is impossible for us to know. The little child cannot enter into the fulness of its father's schemes and plans. Its faculties are not sufficiently developed to admit of its grasping the whole. By-and-by, but not yet, it will understand perfectly. And we are yet but in the infancy of our being. And we must leave Him, who sees the end from the beginning, and who loves us far better than we love ourselves, to judge for us what is best. Partly, also, because even if it were possible for us to know, it would not be well for us to know. We tell our little ones to trust us unhesitatingly. We think it a bad sign when a child demands a reason, before he will repose confidence. We feel that our experience and our love ought to be implicitly accepted, as the guarantees that all is well. Just so, God expects of His children: trust without explanation; belief in the Fatherly wisdom, and love, and grace, and care—even when we cannot trace out distinctly that these Divine attributes are engaged on our behalf.

And let us notice before we quit the subject, the condescension of this assurance of the Lord's. Our hearts may crave for an explanation of the Divine dealings. They do crave for it; but surely we have no right to demand it. Christ's people, however, are not His servants merely, they are His *friends!*" "I have called you friends," He says. He will not keep them out of His secrets. He will admit them into His confidence. Nothing shall be hid from them. Not now, perhaps; not immediately; but when it is possible,—when it is right,—they shall be made acquainted with the whole of His matters. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

SHAG AND DOLL.

A STORY OF TWO HOMELESS LITTLE ONES, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SHAG and Doll were little gutter children, whose short lives had been passed amidst the squalor and wretchedness of some of the most densely populated and most depraved of the many crowded courts and alleys which are to be found in London. Their father they could not remember. Their mother, a slovenly, drunken woman, much addicted to quarrelling with her neighbours, had, a short time before her death, deserted her old quarters, the place having become, to use her own expression, "too hot to hold her," and had wandered into a fresh locality, equally bad, but possessing the one recommendation, that no one there knew anything about her or her antecedents. But when, a few days later, her life was suddenly terminated by an accident, Shag and Doll were left utterly friendless and desolate, none of the neighbours knowing or caring anything about them. So the two little creatures (who perhaps were scarcely worse off than they had been ever since their mother had taken to drinking) were left to wander out, hand-in-hand, into the wide world, to beg, or steal, or starve, as the case might be.

Shag had acquired his odd name in virtue of a head of hair so thick and curly and rough that it was indeed as shaggy as any uncombed dog's head could well be. Doll's tiny features, blue eyes, and pretty flaxen locks made the name Shag had given her appear a very suitable one, especially as her whole figure was so diminutive, that, though she was nearly six years old, and Shag little more than seven, he could easily lift her, and even carry her a short distance when she was very tired.

Shag was a kind brother, and very proud of his little Doll, taking good care that she always had a clean face, even if his own were begrimed with dirt; but then, to be sure, he could not see himself, so it mattered not, as in Doll's eyes he was perfect. She never thought it possible he could be improved in any one respect; nay, she even loved that motley complexion, and that shock of tangled hair, because they were a part of him; and he was all she had to love.

Had it not been for Doll, Shag would, no doubt, by this time have become an adept in all the evil ways and practices of the boys around him; but as he seemed to live only to guard and watch over her, making her his chief, and almost sole companion and playmate, he was thus preserved from much that would have been hurtful; Doll's very helplessness, and timidity, and clinging ways serving to draw him away from those baneful influences into a purer, healthier atmosphere.

Poor little Shag and Doll! The only ray of sunlight amidst all the gloom and darkness by which they were surrounded was the deep affection each bore the other; the only bright spot in all that dreary waste of human misery, and sin, and degradation, in the midst of which they walked with weary, aching feet, was this wondrous love of theirs—wondrous because it had taken root and sprung up in that withering atmosphere of harsh words, and hard blows, and evil deeds, which had been around them from the first moment they drew their breath. Far different from the kind looks, and loving ways, and tender ministries which fall to the lot of some favoured children, who yet, with it all, have not such brave, faithful hearts as my little Shag and Doll.

Strange! but so it is sometimes, that where one least expects it one meets with the choicest fruit; that in the barren, sandy desert is occasionally found the life-giving spring of water, and the little island of freshest, brightest emerald green. And so that heavenly flower called love can flourish wherever He, the Great Husbandman, wills: by the hard, stony, dusty highway, as well as in the most carefully tended and sheltered garden; as if to show that there is no restraint with Him to work by this means or by that.

To keep out of the reach of policemen was the chief care of the little brother and sister; not because they were conscious of having committed any offence which merited punishment, but more because they had caught up the spirit of those around, who had good reason for looking upon the policeman as an individual to be diligently avoided, and unceasingly shunned.

And then, too, Shag and Doll had heard of the workhouse—heard of it as a dreadful place where the crowning misery of all would be that they would be torn one from the other. And what misfortune could be so great as that? So they felt that they, too, had good cause to keep well out of the way of all policemen, lest they should be seized and imprisoned within the walls of that terrible workhouse.

Shag had grown quite sharp through constant watchfulness, and knew the doorsteps or the arches where it would be safest to spend the night, and where he and Doll would creep in, and nestling close together get the sleep which their weary little frames demanded. But such a sleep could scarcely be called rest; for when, as daylight fell upon their eyes, they bestirred themselves, they felt their limbs aching all over from the hardness of their bed.

"Doll, how is it?" said Shag one day when he had been washing her face at a pump, and trying to straighten the hair which was so fond of straying

over her face and into her eyes—"how is it you don't seem to get bigger like other little gals do? Real dolls don't grow, I know; but then you aint a real doll like they sells in the shops. So you know, Doll, you ought to be growing, but it 'pears to me you don't; you seem lighter to carry every day. And then some dolls, and some little gals, has such rosy cheeks, and yours is as white as can be. I wonder if 'tis that I wash 'em too much!" continued Shag, as if a new light had just struck him; "perhaps I wash off all the colour rubbing of 'em so. I think I'll leave 'em for a day or two, and see what comes of it."

"Just as you likes, Shag," replied Doll, meekly; "the water's very cold sometimes, and makes me shiver. I'd just as soon leave it alone."

"Still, Doll, I shouldn't like you to be dirty, you know; 'cause you're a little *gal*. It's different for boys like me—it don't matter what they looks like: but I do like the people when they see you to say, 'What a pretty little 'un,' as that woman did the other day when she give us a crust of bread."

"Just as you likes, Shag," returned Doll again, too hungry and weary to care one iota about her personal appearance. "But don't you wish somebody 'ud give us a crust again this morning? I'm so very, *very* hungry," sobbed the child in piteous tones, whilst the tears dimmed her great wistful blue eyes.

Shag silently kissed away the tear-drops, and then, taking the little hand in his, said bravely, "Come along, Doll, let's go and see what we can get. I dare say we shall pick up something before long;" and patient Doll prepared to trudge wheresoever it seemed right to Shag to go.

So the days went by; and whether the cheeks were washed or not they still grew whiter and whiter, whilst the little features looked sharper and sharper, and the child's weight seemed less and less. Shag, too, was not much to boast of, his bones appearing as if they must soon wear through their slender covering of flesh and skin, and even through the rags which he had such difficulty in keeping together on him.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

168. God, in His wrath, says one of the greater prophets, "will sift the nations with the sieve of vanity." A similar threat is recorded by one of the lesser prophets. Quote the two passages.

169. By whose advice were the women of Moab and of Midian instigated to turn the Israelites to idolatry?

170. Who was the father-in-law of Caiaphas, and where do we read that he and the rest of the council threatened two of the apostles?

171. The prophet Isaiah (lx. 3) seems to speak of the visit of the magi to the infant Jesus and to hint that they were kings. Quote a passage from the psalms to the same effect.

172. Which of our Lord's disciples wished to destroy a Samaritan village by fire from heaven; and what was the rebuke the Saviour administered?

173. We read in one of the historical books that the acts of Solomon were written in the "book of the acts of Solomon." Name other books not extant in which a similar record was made.

174. State the manner of the death of the Apostle James, and by whose order he was martyred.

175. Name any circumstance from the fourth Gospel which would lead us to expect that when Peter and John were brought before the council, as recorded in Acts iv., they would be recognised as disciples of Jesus.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 400.

153. In 1 Sam. i 9.

154. Three. See Matt. xxvii. 29; Mark xv. 17; John xix. 2.

155. Acts ii. 30; xiii. 23.

156. Joshua and Caleb (Numb. xiv. 38).

157. Agur (Prov. xxx. 30).

158. Isa. lvi. 2, 4; lviii. 13, 14.

159. Bethlehem in Zebulun (Josh. xix. 15.)

160. "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern" (1 Chron. xxviii. 19).

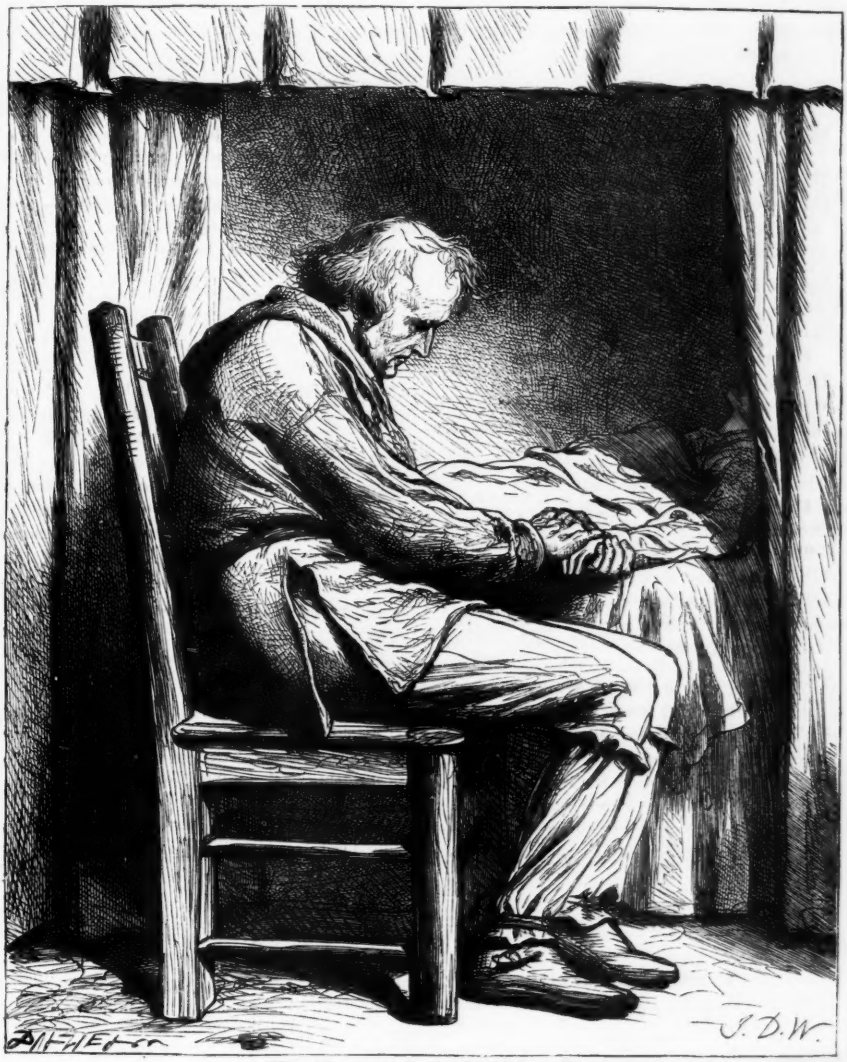
SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

THE GOOD SHUNAMMITE.

2 Kings iv.

SHE loved and lost her darling child, God-given
When hope was dead. And earth had no relief
To calm the anguish of that mother's grief,
For, oh! that heart with agony was riven.
Not till the holy man with death had striven
Knew she her child safe in the angels' keeping,
Knew to her joy he was "not dead, but sleeping."
So ye who say, "We have a child in heaven,"
And deem that all now left on earth is dross,
Have felt one magic word wipe off the tear
E'en as ye bent above your darling's bier
And learnt its gain in your most bitter loss.
Then let the storm-cloud lower, the wild waves toss;
That little bark you seem e'en now to see
Safe in the haven where you too would be,
Guided to glory by its blessed Saviour's Cross!

M. D.



"The old man sate, her hand in his"—*p.* 434.

THE HERDSMAN.

ONE dim even, on a hill,
Looking bleak o'er vale and sea,
Where the wind was seldom still,
Ever moaning gustingly,—
On a patch of mossy mould
Sat a herdsman lean and old,
Tears upon his cheek were falling, blanched in the whistling cold.

Keenly through the rustling heath
Reefs of granite, weather grey,
Round him rose; and far beneath,
In the hazy valley, lay
Quiet sheep flocks, white and low,
Like long drifts of thawing snow,
Or the crispy foam of waves, when murky night begins to blow.

Eastward, all was misty dim,
Save an isle, that loomingly
Raised above the fog its rim,
And streaks of wind-drifts on the sea.
Through the lurid clouds of drouth
Flamed the low sun from the south,
Like a glare athwart a moor, reddening from a furnace mouth.

Toward his grassy-roofed hut
Moved the herdsman o'er the moor.
The place was drear, the door was shut,—
He stood forlorn a while, before;
Then entered with a mournful tread,
Where gloomed the hearth in ashes dead,
And turned him to a little nook, wherein there stood a little bed.

Quiet, as if in breathless sleep,
Fair as a late-pulled lily, lay
The grandchild, who was used to leap
To meet him at the droop of day,
Whose light, now slanting through the pane
Wavered the shrubs in shadowy wain
Upon her cold and innocent cheek, still piteous with a trace of pain.

Then at her side, in hopeless swoon,
The old man sate, her hand in his,
Many dark hours without a moon,
Until his brain bethought, I wis,
How soon for ever from his sight
His comrade should be laid in night;
On which he rose, and lit a brand, and watched her in the morning's light;

Murmuring, "My darling," while the clay
He wrapped within its simple shroud,
"Who cheered my aged hours away
As cheers a star some wintry cloud;
No more shall I, her grey old sire,
Hear her clear laugh when by the briar
I turn, nor hold her in these happy arms before the evening fire."

"And sure the lambs will miss her too,
When she will take their heads no more
Upon her lap, to have their due
Of love; and by the evening door,
Where in the thatch it used to sing,
Bright-eyed, unto her in the spring—
Her bird will die;—thank God, I too shall follow soon on broken wing."

So mourned he, till the neighbours brought
The tiny coffin for the child;
When he rose wistful, heeding nought
Save that poor little ringlet mild
Which he had cut from her cold brow,
Trembling; and sate apart; till now
They took the little one away, he following in his hopeless woe.

A month went by, when one bleak dawn
Into the cottage, from whose hearth
No smoke was seen, they came. Withdrawn,
In a dim nook, from griefs of earth,
They saw the herdsman sleeping there,
On his worn face a death-smile fair;
And wept the good folk, finding in his hand a gentle ring of hair.

And ere a week a storm o'erturned
Upon the moor that lonely speck;
And his poor sheep, as though they mourned,
Moved, dumb and dismal, round the wreck,
Nosing the mouldered planks; but by
The grave where child and grandsire lie,
A small blue bird that knew her, chanted their sweet requiem to the sky.

T. C. Irwin.

FANNY'S FORTUNE.

BY ISA CRAIG-KNOX, AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "TWO YEARS," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

CONCLUSION.

ANOTHER year, and Lucy and Philip have been married throughout the greater part of it, and are thoroughly happy; neither of them has developed any of that wonderful incompatibility which, according to some writers, the state of matrimony almost invariably calls forth. That some such incompatibilities exist it would be useless to deny; but the general truth lies very much in the opposite direction. So great is the capacity for loving in most women—and, to say the truth, in most men also—that all kinds of compatibilities are created by the very closeness of the marriage tie. To outsiders is not the surprise general, how it is possible for Mrs. So-and-So to get on with the man she is united to for life? or what Mr. So-and-So can see in the poor creature to whom he has given his name, that he should keep up his blind devotion? Of course, there are marriages more or less perfect, and more or less imperfect, and the latter, perhaps, are the more numerous of the two

classes. A perfect union of mind and heart must in this world, as yet, be somewhat rare; but the tendency, especially where there is a sense of duty on one side, or on both, is for the union to become more perfect as time goes on.

Mrs. Huntingdon fancies, for instance, that she could never have loved any one as she loved Mr. Huntingdon; but then it must be allowed that they were both distinctly lovable, and possessed of a high sense of duty. Mr. Huntingdon is becoming the very model of what a clergyman in such a charge as his ought to be. His congregation is composed not of the poor and wretched, but of the rich and comfortable. The latter have their special temptations, their special sins and vices, as well as the former, and they are far more difficult to deal with. But Mr. Huntingdon tries to understand and to deal with them fearlessly. He does not trouble himself or his hearers with minute shades of doctrine or of ritual; but insists on the grand characteristics of the Christian life, its faith and hope and charity, its simplicity and veracity, and—still more difficult to practise—its humility and self-denial, virtues which he tries to live as well as to teach.

It is a Sunday morning in September, and the bells are ringing for church. The well-dressed people are streaming out of their comfortable houses—fathers and mothers and troops of little folks, for these houses swarm with the latter, and fairer children than these middle-class homes of England can boast there are not to be found in the world. Fresh bright colours—pure whites and blues chiefly—set off the fresh faces, and look brilliant in the sunshine. The grass is still green in the gardens, and the borders are glowing with many-tinted asters and dahlias. The sky is blue as that of June, and a soft breeze is blowing with apple-scented breath. It is a day when all Nature seems to enjoy ineffable repose and peace.

But there has been nothing but confusion and hurrying to and fro for the last hour or two in Park Villas. Mr. and Mrs. Tabor do not go to church at all, but are sitting soberly and sadly in their darkened room. Mr. Huntingdon goes to church, as needs he must, accompanied by his wife; they still live in the house that was formerly Mr. Austin's; but they go with solemn faces and bent heads; they, too, have their blinds drawn down as for a death. The next house is Fanny's, and in it Fanny lies dead. She was quite well the day before—at least to all appearance. She had spent the afternoon with Ada, and had sat up rather later than usual, doing nothing in particular but dreaming away with some work upon her lap, and her favourite cat at her feet. In the morning the servants thought she was sleeping later than usual, but they did not like to disturb her. But when the breakfast-hour came and passed, they began to be uneasy. Puck, her favourite cat, began to be uneasy too. He was on terms of condescending familiarity with the kitchen cat, and would share her apartment for the night; but he was accustomed to breakfast with his mistress, and he roamed about the house for a time in search of her. At length he sat down before her bedroom door, and began to mew loudly and persistently.

"She'll hear him and wake up presently," said one and then the other of the girls. "She didn't go to bed so early as usual last night."

But she did not wake, and at length one of the maids went and knocked at her door.

No answer.

"The cat stood up on his hind-legs like a Christian," said the girl, "and put his paws against the door to push it open."

Then the girls got alarmed, and could not enter for fear, and one of them came running to Mrs. Tabor, and begged her to come and see if there was anything amiss. "Mistress might be in a fit," she thought. Mrs. Tabor hastened to return with her, telling her she ought to have entered at once.

The door was not locked, and after knocking once more and calling Fanny's name, Mrs. Tabor entered. She called once more, for she thought she was only sleeping; but there was still no answer, for the sleep was the sleep of death. Mrs. Tabor felt her pulse, and it was quite still; but she lay with a smile on her face and in an attitude of painless ease. Her favourite jumped upon the bed, and purring rubbed himself against her cheek.

Mrs. Tabor lost no time in sending for the doctor and for her husband. The latter hurried off for Philip and for Arthur Wildish, but the doctor speedily ascertained that no earthly power or skill could avail. She had been dead for several hours at least, and she had died quite painlessly. There was comfort to those who knew her in the thought. In all her innocent and happy life she had never been the means of inflicting the slightest suffering on any of God's creatures, and they felt that it was well that she was not called upon to suffer. She had simply awakened to the light of a Sabbath morning in heaven, perhaps from a dream of those who had gone before—the father and mother, and the little brothers and sisters, and all the old familiar faces she had been wont to summon round her, as she sat musing by her solitary hearth. There is truly none so solitary that they need die without being missed. The tears of Fanny's servants were enough to attest it. They would miss in her a gentle mistress, and a true friend, and they mourned accordingly. And not only in her little household, but throughout the whole circle Fanny was missed and mourned.

When her will was read—for she had had her way and made a will, with the approbation and connivance of Mr. Tabor—it was found that the whole of her fortune was left to Philip Tenterden. Ada, whom she loved, was rich, and did not require it. Neither did Beatrice, whom she did not love at all. And as

for the rest, she believed that they would not survive her, or if they did, that they were safe in Philip's hands. Mr. Tabor would have had her divide it equally between Philip and her family; but he found that she was determined to have her own way in the matter. She was so hale and hearty, and so little liable to disturbance of any kind, that it seemed far from improbable that she would survive the most of them, certainly more than probable that she would survive her uncle and aunt, for whom Mr. Tabor pleaded.

Albert Lovejoy, whose sickly and unhappy life was still prolonged, was furious when he heard the contents of the will, uttering impotent threats that he would break it, and accusing both Philip and Mr. Tabor of using undue influence with Fanny; but he fumed and fretted in vain, for Mr. Tabor had taken care to be able to prove that everything had been done in the most straightforward and honourable manner as far as he himself was concerned, while Philip had had nothing to do with it whatever.

Albert's father and mother were glad that their son had not inherited the money, which would have been a curse in his hands, freeing him at once from the control which his poverty enabled them to impose on him. While in Philip's hands it was a blessing even to him. During a long and wasting sickness the latter supported Albert Lovejoy, ministering lavishly to all his bodily wants, thoughtful too for other wants than these. He it was who managed that his poor little wife should be near him at the last to give him what comfort and support she could, and that he should see as much of his children as pleased him and no more. Even his long discipline of sickness, and the Christian faith which came of it at length, did not change Albert Lovejoy into a saint. He was irritable, fretful, weak and wavering to the last; but there was nevertheless a change when his eyes would seek the door with longing for the hour of Philip's coming, when he could find strength in holding Philip's hand when the hour of his departure came.

Philip and Lucy are very rich, but there are those who doubt the fact, for, say these people, "They keep up no sort of style." But there are many who know it, and who perceive that, like our story, they are unfashionable enough to have a moral purpose, and that their motto, like its, might be—Not Wealth but Worth.

THE END.

HEART EMPTINESS.

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

Matt. xii. 43—45, and Luke xi. 24—26.

IT is impossible to overlook the immediate application of this parable. The unclean spirit, which had been cast out of the Jewish people through the exorcism of the affliction at Babylon, had returned, and returned sevenfold more wicked than before. No idol, it is true, overspread with gold glittered among the groves of Carmel; no image of Baal or Astarte shone from the corners of the streets of Jerusalem; but the spirit whence all that idol worship sprang was amongst them again. The idol cast down from the high places, and expelled from the Temple precincts, was set up in the hearts of the people. Their own religiousness, their own intellect, their own acts of charity, their own national privileges, these became the objects of their homage. To themselves, under various disguises, they offered incense and devoted their religious exercises. It was of himself the Pharisee thought when he dropped the costly contribution into the alms-box of the Temple; it was of himself he thought when he muttered his prayers at the conspicuous corners of the streets; it was of himself he thought when he recorded his gratitude within the sanctuary. That the old spirit was truly amongst them was our Lord's own accusation. They were, indeed, the descendants of those that slew the prophets of former days. The same hostility which drove forth to degradation and death the heroic seers who rebuked the idolatry and proclaimed the doom of their God-forgetting forefathers, broke forth in fury against the Prophet of Nazareth, whose stainless life rebuked their artfully-veiled vices, and whose heart-searching doctrines disclosed their hypocrisy. The spirit of indignant opposition to the teaching of Jesus Christ sometimes appals us as we read the Evangelical story. That men whose temperament might be called devout, and whose religious observances were orderly and punctual, should fling away the most ordinary restraints of morality, and plot together to take away an innocent life—that they should abandon themselves to the most reckless disregard of the very commandments they prided themselves in observing, may well startle us; but it is the proof that the spirit which hated heart-holiness, is among them in sevenfold more strength than of old.

This is no limited and local truth. The form in which Christ casts His words is one which warrants us in making their application general. The outcast spirit of evil will not tamely submit to his expulsion. From his very nature, as it seems, he cannot rest; and as he wanders through the unwatered solitudes, and finds no spot where

repose is to be met, he thinks with regret of the house from which he has been driven forth. "I will return,"—and he does return; and not unfrequently, as the history of men and churches can show, to regain the sovereignty of the dwelling-place once more. The spirit of Paganism seemed to be driven out by the advancing power of the Christian Church; but while men slumbered and forgot their fealty to Christ their King, the alien spirit stole back and re-erected his throne in the more degraded, because profaner heathenism of mediæval superstitions.

The Reformation movement rose like the voice of Christ exorcising the evil spirit; but it has returned, and in bolder terms, and with more extravagant pretentiousness, it clamours for unreasoning submission to-day, and seeks once more to reduce into ignominious vassalage the mind, the conscience, the will of mankind.

The individual history of men reflects the same truth. Many a reformed man has accepted for a while the oppressive yoke of the decencies of life, only to find the wild passion throb more fiercely in his veins, till, lost to self-respect, he breaks through every barrier, and plunges madly into the vortex of vice, outraging society, and steeping himself in a worse degradation.

The caution is obvious. The foe which is expelled is not thereby exterminated; the enemy may be dislodged from the city, but he may yet repossess himself of it; he may storm it by successful assault, or he may regain it by stealing in at some unwatched entrance; and armed with reinforcements, overpower the garrison, and hoist his flag upon the ramparts once more.

An enemy thus strong, subtle, and persevering, we encounter in our spiritual conflicts. If St. Peter cautions us against his cruelty,—if St. Paul reminds us of his manifold devices, none the less surely does our Lord bid us watch against the persistent and obstinate resolution of an enemy that will not accept defeat, but in his most disastrous overtures refuses to abandon his purpose, and resolves with unswerving determination, "I will return to my house whence I came out."

It is a helpful and encouraging fact that while our Lord describes the wily movements and unfaltering purpose of a foe whose strength and cunning may excite our fear, He gives us a hint from which we may trace the true reason of his success.

That he should return will not surprise any who are acquainted with the devices of the wicked one; but that he should return and be successful in regaining his sway forms in one respect a difficulty; for he who has had the power to expel surely has the power to expel again, or at least to keep the fortress that that wicked one touch him not.

It is not necessary for us to fall back into any of the devious paths of speculative divinity, and to inquire to what extent theoretically man has power to keep the citadel of his being, the heart, against the assaults of his spiritual enemy; the inquiry is practical, but it is, I think, true both in theory and in practice that there is a point beyond which the foe of our souls cannot go. Tempt he may, coerce he cannot; and a practical fact within the experience of most of us is this—that there are very few men indeed who have not, at some time or another, repressed and partially subdued some vice or evil habit. A man, for example, finds that his passionate disposition alienates his customers and hinders his business; he instantly sets about a reformation, and in the majority of cases such a man will most certainly be successful. There are scores of men whose temptation to intemperance is strong and habitual, but from the very nature of their calling they are compelled for some protracted period to abstain from all stimulants; and they do so. To that extent then man has the power of controlling the vice. So far the evil spirit is expelled; but, alas! we all know too well how frequently the temper which has been controlled through the day behind the counter, breaks forth with fierce and cruel violence in the home; how the man whose craving for stimulants has been denied for long months, at their close rushes into the maddest dissipation and unrestrained self-indulgence. The evil has returned, and returned to victory.

Now there is a reason supplied by our Lord Himself for this easy triumph of evil. The spirit who returns finds the house unoccupied. There is trimness, neatness, the air of respectability about the house that was once the scene of foulness and of vice; but none of these afford any protection, for the house is "empty." In this one word we have the secret of every defeat, and the true cause of man's weakness in his encounters with the wicked one.

There is no real power of resistance in an empty heart.

It is the most simple thought in the world that the empty vessel is the most readily broken; and as the unsupported sides of the most exquisite porcelain vase give way when crushed in packing, so most surely the empty heart will not bear the weight of any opposition.

The experience of sorrow teaches us the same. When bereavement has fallen, and the spirit begins to know its ever-aching bitterness, and feels the great void which loss has made in the heart, then it is that the petty unkindnesses and cold thoughtlessnesses of our neighbours are felt. It needs but little to make the mourner's heart give way.

This is the key furnished by Christ Himself.

The weakness of the Jewish Church was its emptiness. With all the decent drapery of religious ordinances, with all their elaborate punctuality and intricate care for the minor matters of the law, the weightier matters which touched the spirit were forgotten, and the starved heart was left empty of that which alone could furnish vigour against the attack of the enemy. "I know you," is the Saviour's testimony, "that ye have not the love of God in you." He echoed the same witness in more awful tones when He cried, His last warning within the sacred precincts, "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." It was desolate, because they would not welcome the Redeemer there. It was an easy and open prey to the fiercer spirit of evil, because their hearts were untenanted by that love which was the first and essential principle of God's law.

The truth is of universal application. Not of the Jew alone, but of every heart which is empty it is true that it is ready to be invaded and easy to be overcome. It has been recognised by the social wisdom of men, that unemployed energy is fatal to a nation's well-being, for idleness proverbially disposes men to evil.

But it is not simply in this sense that the heart which is empty becomes an easy conquest. The empty heart may be, in one respect, fully occupied. Business cares may be surging through the mind, eager hopes may be gilding the dreams of fancy, fond wishes waking the desire; the life may be full of occupation, the incessant stream of engagements may leave little leisure for the temptations which try the solitary; yet the heart may be exposed to the very danger which arises from its own emptiness. The truth is, that with all its weakness and its darkness, there is a native dignity about the heart of man which never wholly ceases. In his most eager pursuit of pleasure, there are moments in which man realises the utter unworthiness of the objects on which he spends the splendid energies of his being. In the glow of success and prosperity, the satisfaction of the soul seems complete; but after a while, the glow fades out of it, and the dissatisfied heart asserts its claim for higher food than these vain joys or fading glories. There are grand capacities and hidden depths of the spirit of man which are all untouched by mere worldly pursuits and enjoyments; for we are spiritual, and we must have spiritual sustenance. Thus, though the heart be filled with the world, it is really empty; for the heart is greater than the world, and the world cannot truly fill it. It may heat the imagination, it may fire the fancy; it can pervert the judgment, and distort the powers of perception; but it does not and it cannot satisfy the heart. The cry of the soul which has tried and tested all will still be, as it has ever been, "All is less than nothing and vanity! Vanity—emptiness." Hence it is that the powers with which the world can supply the heart are not protective, for they do not fill the void, and the busy man of the world may be as liable to the danger of the returning spirit of evil, which he fancies he has vanquished, as the man whose days are wholly unemployed.

The true moral of this human weakness and dissatisfaction points us to Him who alone can satisfy our heart with good things, and make us strong and lusty as the eagle. He who made the heart alone can satisfy it; and He who made it is He who stands knocking and seeking an entrance there. "I will come into him, and sup with him, and he with me." Receiving Him, we receive One who can take from our great foe all the armour wherein he trusted, thrust him forth from our hearts, and fill us with holy joy and peace. Nothing short of His love can expel the evil from the soul, and nothing short of the love of Him can fill the heart so that no strange or familiar spirit of ill shall find an abiding welcome there; for no evil has any right of shelter in those whom Divine love has made temples of the Holy Ghost.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART V. CHRIST USING THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Scripture to be read—Parts of Luke iv., Matt. iii., v.

BEGIN by asking the children Christ's character. Refer to His increasing in wisdom from a child: called the "Holy Child Jesus" (Acts iv. 27). When tried before Pilate found to be without fault (Luke xxiii. 4); when tempted by Satan, resisted the devil—so, altogether, was "holy, harmless, separate from sinners" (Heb. vii. 26). Ask the difference between Christ's nature and ours; whence did we derive our evil nature; had Christ original sin? No, because conceived of the Holy Ghost (Matt. i. 20). Ask what means of grace God has given us. Spoke of prayer in last lesson—to-day speak of the Scriptures, the Sacraments, and Public Worship.

I. THE SCRIPTURES. (Read Luke iv. 14—22.) (1) Remind of past lesson to show Christ's eagerness to learn while a boy of twelve. Why did He go to the doctors? Because they learned in God's law.

Now when grown begins to teach the same. Describe the scene of this His first sermon; the little village synagogue of Nazareth; His mother and old playmates present; the Old Testament, according to Jewish custom, read as the lessons for the day; Jesus standing up to read, sitting down to explain (see Acts xiii. 15, where Paul asked to do the same). Our Lord's words showed that He knew the *fulfilment of prophecy* from the Old Testament Scriptures. Had not merely read them as a task, but to find out meaning. (2) Again, remind of Christ's temptation. How was each temptation met? Here can see the *application of the Bible* to our wants and temptations. So David hid God's word in his heart that he might not sin (Ps. cxix. 11); Joshua was bidden to meditate day and night in the book of the law (Josh. i. 8) that he might guide the people right; Timothy was thereby made wise unto salvation (2 Tim. ii. 15). The remembrance of the second commandment prevented the three children from worshipping the golden image (Dan. iii. 18). (3) Read Matt. v. 21. Ask which commandment is referred to, and what it forbids? Show from this, and also from verses 28, 34, &c., how our Lord unfolds the *spiritual meaning* of the Bible. Not merely the actual words are to be followed, but the principle contained in them.

Application. Point out the way to study the Scriptures (John v. 39), not as a task, but as testifying to Christ, and bearing upon every-day life. If thus read, studied, applied, will make us, like Christ, to grow in grace.

II. The sacraments. Ask what are the two sacraments of the Gospel? (1) What did baptism take the place of? When was circumcision instituted, and for what nation (Gen. xvii. 10)? When was baptism commanded, and for what nations (Matt. xxviii. 19)? Explain that "nations" is the same word as "Gentiles," and show that Christ was circumcised as a Jew (Luke ii. 21), and baptised as a Gentile. Now read Matt. iii. 13—17. Describe the scene: John, with his long hair and rough dress, resting after his day's work of preaching and baptising; Christ asking for baptism; John's remonstrance as being unworthy; Christ's reply; the heavens opening; the descent of the Holy Ghost as a dove—emblem of purity; the Voice from heaven declaring His Sonship. Ask why Christ was baptised. As circumcision, so baptism receives into covenant with God—so a help to fulfil all righteousness. Did Christ need to be brought into covenant? But baptised as example to us. As an illustration of a covenant refer to ceremonial of admitting a person to the freedom of a city—name entered on books, &c.—gives rights of citizenship. (2) Ask what was the first and chief annual feast of the Jews; of what did the Passover remind them, and what did it typify? If time allows, point out the Lamb, unleavened bread, bitter herbs, as typical of Christ, His sinlessness, sufferings, &c. But as only Jews came out of Egypt Christ appointed new feast for all to remember His death. (Read Mark xiv. 22—25 for account of institution of the Lord's Supper.) From 1 Cor. xi. 26 show the object of it—to show forth the Lord's death till He come. *Application.* If Christ appointed, partook of, and commanded these ordinances, our duty plain—to use them as means of grace.

III. Public worship. Ask when Christ was first taken to the Temple. (Read Luke ii. 22—24.) His mother returned thanks, and He was publicly presented to the Lord. This was when forty days old. So His parents attended to the religious duties prescribed by the law, and He was trained to the same. His visit to the Temple at twelve years old was the next occasion recorded. When grown up, and began public ministry, always attended the synagogue worship on the Sabbath, and also attended the great feasts of the Jews. Refer to John ii. 13, v. 1, vii. 2, xiii. 1, &c.; and from John x. 22 show that He attended the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple, only of man's appointment. He attended these feasts (*a*) for public worship of God, (*b*) to set us an example, (*c*) to do good. Took advantage of presence of people in synagogue to work miracles, and in the Temple to teach.

Application. Hence see that attendance at public worship is a duty (Heb. x. 25), and also should be a pleasure (Ps. cxxi. 1). The benefits—communion with God, hearing His word, united prayer and worship, by all which are trained for heaven.

Questions to be answered.

1. What are the four principal means of grace?
2. Show three ways in which Christ used the Scriptures.
3. What are the two sacraments? When was each appointed, and what did it take the place of?
4. Why was Christ baptised? Describe the circumstances.
5. Give an account of the institution of the Lord's Supper.
6. Show that Christ attended public worship. Why should we do so?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT ship, homeward bound from the Cape, was speeding gaily over tranquil waters, that scarce were ruffled by the light breeze of a glad spring day—there was sunshine in the blue sky overhead—sunshine on the bluer sea below—but the brightness of life's own morning was on the cloudless face of Colonel Dysart's daughter, as she leant over the side of the vessel and looked out upon the shoreless ocean with a fixed, abstracted gaze. He was watching her, with an expression half amused, half wondering on his thin, refined face, as he lay on the deck propped up by a heap of cushions, and at last raising himself on his elbow he called to her, with a slightly mocking tone in his voice, "Una! I have come to the conclusion that you must be composing an epic poem at the very least; one half-hour by my watch you have been gazing immovably over the sea, without so much as stirring an eyelash, and I never in my life before saw you quiet so long. I tremble for the result. How many cantos shall I be condemned to hear?"

She turned round with a laughing light in her great brown eyes as she answered merrily, "Not one—for the present: I thought you knew by this time that I can only compose poems by rushing about frantically, knocking over the furniture and tearing my hair when the rhymes will not come right."

"What were you doing, then?"

"Thinking."

"Only thinking! it must have been on some very important subject surely to make you look so wonderfully serious."

"So it was," she said, a sudden gravity replacing the mirthful sunshine on her mobile face. "That very strange woman, Miss Amherst, made an attack on me last night which startled me extremely, and what she said was so very suggestive that I was trying to work it out in my own mind as it affected myself. Let me tell you all about it, father mine, I should like to have your opinion," and bounding away from her place she flung herself down on the deck beside her father.

Colonel Dysart looked at her with an expression of intense tenderness, which contrasted strangely with his habitual air of languor and indifference. She was all he had in the world—all that remained to him of the one love of his life. He was coming home invalided from the Cape, where he had been in command of an inland military station for many years, and where, greatly to the surprise of the London world, the clever and talented Lady Mary Molyneux went with him as his wife. No one would have supposed her to be a person likely to make a romantic love match, for she was very accomplished and intellectual, and somewhat strong minded; however, she turned her back on a host of adorers to follow the fortunes of handsome Harry Dysart in his distant exile, and there she remained, buried alive as her friends said, till her brave devoted life came to an end, when her only child Una was about seventeen. Colonel Dysart's post was in a very remote and lonely part of the country, where there were no European residents, but although Una grew up like a wild rose in some woodland solitude, with all the influences of Nature free and obstructed round her, she had the advantage of the very high culture which Lady Mary's rare mental gifts enabled her to bestow on her daughter. Una's rich, lavishly-endowed nature had responded readily to the really noble training she received, and she was now, at nineteen, a pure, high-minded girl, with generous sympathies and refined, artistic tastes—*spirituelle*, to use the untranslatable French term, rather than brilliant, cherishing an almost fierce scorn of all that was vile or mean, and a no less vehement appreciation of goodness in any shape. She had lived in such complete seclusion that she knew nothing whatever of the world, on which she was now for the first time entering, and where it was very certain her ardent, passionate temperament and eager impulsiveness would expose her to many difficulties and dangers which minds of a lower type might escape altogether. Una Dysart had a charming face, with an expression of mingled brightness and sweetness which gave her a beauty peculiarly her own, and her voice, both in singing and speaking, was singularly attractive, very soft and melodious, with a pathetic undertone, which seemed to tell of depths in her nature as yet unknown even to herself.

It was on her account that Colonel Dysart decided to give up his appointment and return to England, for he felt that his health was failing, and he had little doubt that if his daughter mixed for a time in the society from which he had so long been exiled she would soon make a home for herself, where he might leave her sheltered and beloved when he himself could watch over her no more. Una knew nothing of these gloomy forebodings, however; light of heart as a lark in the sunshiny morning, she had not a care or a fear in the world, but looked out with eager eyes to the unknown years, impatient to see them yield up the glorious possibilities with which they were fraught in the dreams of her confident youth.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"He was watching her"—*p.* 440.

"Well, child," said Colonel Dysart, as she nestled close at his side, "what did Miss Amherst say to plunge you in such profound meditations? I fancy a revelation from the days of her youth might be rather exciting; I have a strong conviction that some strange history lies hid behind the determined calm of that woman's face."

"You would not have thought her calm if you had seen her last night. It happened after you had gone to your cabin; I was looking out over the sea, which was all crimson and opal with the last glow of the sunset, and singing to myself so low that I thought no one could hear me. Miss Amherst was sitting near, quite still and silent. Greatly to my surprise up came Mr. Cunliffe, that stiff old Australian judge, and revealed to me that he had actually a soul for music, whereas I had doubted if he possessed a soul at all. He solemnly asked me to do him the favour of singing that oldest of hackneyed old songs 'Oft in the stilly night,' supposing I knew it. Happily I remembered how our sentimental bandmaster used to groan it out, over and over again, so I sang it at once to the best of my ability, and pleased him so much that he further asked if I knew any other song of a similar description. I thought of 'Tears, idle tears,' which expresses the same idea so much more beautifully, and which I set to music myself, and I sang it forthwith."

"The saddest little poem that ever was written," said Colonel Dysart.

"So poor Miss Amherst seemed to think," said Una. "I noticed that while I was singing both songs she sat quite motionless with her head bent down on her hands, but when I came to that last line, 'Oh, death in life, the days that are no more,' she suddenly started from her seat, with her face absolutely convulsed by some strange inward agony, and darted away to the other side of the ship, where I saw her grasp hold of the railing and lean down over it, seeming actually torn with sobs."

"Poor woman, I should have thought she was past the age for such keen feeling; she must be fifty at least."

"She has not lost the power of suffering, anyhow. Of course I was dismayed to find I had produced such an effect, and Mr. Cunliffe was evidently appalled at the prospect of a scene, for he departed as fast as his dignity would allow him, and left me alone with Miss Amherst. I went to her at once, and told her it would grieve me very much if I had been so unfortunate as to cause her any pain by the songs I had chosen. For a moment she could not speak, and then with a perfect passion of grief she exclaimed, 'Pain! it is agony! that cruellest agony, a vain remorse, which comes to me from the thought of the days that are no more!' Then she suddenly turned towards me and caught hold of both my hands, while she fixed her eyes, that looked like two deep wells of infinite sadness, full upon mine, and said in a low hoarse voice, 'Una Dysart, let my bitter experience bear fruit at least for you—let it teach you now, in the spring-time of your youth, while it may still avail you, the lesson which most human beings learn at the gate of the grave alone. Remember that you have *one life only*—only one life to make or mar; it is given you as a prey; you may crown it with joy, or poison it with anguish to yourself and to others; you may so deal with it, while the power of choice is still yours, that it may lead you in honour and happiness safe to the portals of Paradise, or you may so wreck it by error and fatal mistakes, that you will doubt if even from its last sad hours you can wring Heaven's pardon or pity,—but however you act by it, Una, remember, you have one life only. If you ruin it, blight it, waste it away like precious waters poured out on the sands of the desert, you can never have another wherewith to try and redeem its unutterable loss—one chance, one trial, one life alone you can have, and it is all in your own hand still; you can make it what you please. I charge you to be wise in time, look to it, while yet it lies untouched, untainted before you; determine even now what aim and meaning you will give to it, that whatever may be the outward circumstances you cannot control, at least in essence and spirit it may be bright and blest. Take care, Una, take care that you do not make of your one life an utter and a hopeless wreck as I have made of mine!' and when she had said all this she flung my hands away from her, and rushed down to her cabin, where she shut herself in for the night. Do you know she left me feeling positively awed by her words, for though they sound rather melodramatic as I repeat them, she was most thoroughly in earnest, and said, I am sure, nothing more than she felt."

"I can quite believe it; no doubt she wrung her experience out of the depths of some miserable past, but it was certainly a startling address to make to a young girl like you. It is strange, although, of course, it is the simplest truism, that we have one life only, yet it never struck me exactly in that light before. She is quite right, however; if in early youth we were to realise the fact that we have but one existence given us for weal or woe, we should be somewhat more careful not to ruin it by errors and weakness as most of us do. Well, Una love, it is not too late for you, though it is for me as well as for Miss Amherst: you must profit by her warning."

"I mean to do so," said Una, turning round and lifting her clear sunny eyes full on her father's face. "It is a glorious thought to me, that life is still all in my hands; to a great extent I can make of it what I will. I was thinking out the question with all my might when you spoke."

"No wonder you were abstracted then. Did you come to any conclusion?" he asked, looking down half sadly on her bright animated face.

"Yes, I did. I dare say you will laugh at me, cynic as you are, but I have made up my mind, and I am fully determined——"

"Determined to be as happy as you possibly can, I suppose; that is really the gist of all human desires, first and last, I am afraid."

"Yes, I do want to be happy. I am not in the least so enamoured of self-denial and suffering as some good people are. I want to be as happy as I can, but I want something more. I want my life to be noble and great, at least in its aims. I will not have it all given up to the commonplace selfishness of seeking only personal happiness, I will have it a grand strong life that shall leave its mark for good in the world, and be of value to others as well as myself—a life men shall honour and bless—and if along with this highest purpose I can compass my own peace and enjoyment as well, why so much the better."

"A 'vaulting ambition' indeed," said Colonel Dysart with a shake of the head.

"Which you think will 'o'erleap itself?' You do not trust me, you sceptical father; you doubt my powers and my firmness. Very well, sir; you shall see," and she nodded her head at him with saucy defiance.

"*I* shall not see, child, as the problem can only be solved at the end of your life, which it is to be hoped will be prolonged very far beyond mine; there will be no one to remind you of these magnificent plans, which I believe you will have forgotten long before the time comes to judge how far you have carried them out."

"I shall not let myself forget; I will be a witness against myself if I do fail in my purpose. Look here" (and she took from her pocket a little gold-rimmed book furnished with lock and key), "this is my most cherished notebook, and the paper is so prepared that anything written in it cannot be effaced; it shall keep the record of my present life-schemes till the day comes to test their fulfilment;" and with a determined air and steady hand she wrote a few lines in the book, then closed and locked it, and starting to her feet she took the key and flung it far away into the sea. "Now, father, you see at least for the present I mean what I say; I have written on a page of this book the words: 'I have one life only,' and below I have said very distinctly what I now mean that life to be. I shall keep the book in the little iron case where I have my mother's diamonds and all my other valuables, and when I am as old as Miss Amherst, if I live as long, or at the end of my life, whenever it may come, I shall break it open and look at that record, and know whether the end is success or failure."

Colonel Dysart looked up at her as she stood beside him, her eyes sparkling with the bold daring and confidence of youth, and said rather gravely, "I doubt if you are wise to keep such a record, Una; but I believe Miss Amherst's warning turned almost entirely on the question of happiness. She felt it was still possible for your one life to be as joyful as her own appears to have been wretched; if you accomplish that part of your programme I shall be very well content, without your attaining to any of this greatness and grandeur with which you wish to endow your existence."

"But I shall not!" said Una, with a proud flashing smile. "Some writers say that this world, of which I known nothing, is a very pitiful place; where there may be a certain glory in merely hating everything narrow and mean, and above all—false, as utterly as I do; so perhaps it will not be very difficult after all to make this little book a true prophet. I shall go and lock it up at once, in the safe hiding-place, where it will stay all the years I have to live;" and she darted away, without so much as a shadow of doubt or fear on her bright young face.

CHAPTER II.

No longer a swift ship, speeding under burning African skies, over seas sparkling with phosphorescent light, but a quiet English country house is the scene where Colonel Dysart and his daughter next appear. They had dropped, as Una expressed it, into a ready-made home which belonged to the "weird woman"—by which name she always designated Miss Amherst, after the night when she had startled her into so sudden an appreciation of the value of the bright young life which would never be renewed, if by error or mischance she marred its golden promise. And truly there did seem to be something weird and strange about Catherine Amherst and her unknown history. The Dysarts had first met her at the house of the Governor of Cape Town, with whom she had been spending a few days on her way home from the Mauritius. He had known some of her connections in England, but of herself he only knew that she was the sole daughter of the late Mr. Amherst, of Vale House, in Northangleshire, and that for some unexplained reason she had left her friends and her home twenty years before, and gone out to the Mauritius, where she had remained ever since. She was a striking-looking person, still handsome for her age, in spite of the pallor which made her seem almost ghastly, and the traces of intense suffering, which the impenetrable calm of her face could not completely mask, while her eyes, deep-set and piercing, had an abstracted look, as if she were for ever searching back into the past, for some lost hope by which she might still hold on to life and endure it to the end.

In spite of her excessive reserve, Una Dysart was attracted by her, for she seemed to have a wonderful power of sympathy, even with one so much younger than herself, and the acquaintance ripened into something like friendship when they met on board ship, and made the voyage together to England.

Una honestly confessed to her father that she felt no small curiosity as to Miss Amherst's history, and that she did her very best to find it out (but in this she failed miserably); all she could discover was the fact that the weird woman's only brother had died unmarried a short time previously, and that she had succeeded to the family property, and been compelled, in consequence, to come to England to arrange her affairs. She told the Dysarts, however, that she did not mean to remain a day longer than she could help in her native country, and that she should endeavour to find a tenant for Vale House, without visiting it personally at all, if possible.

Colonel Dysart wished to find a home for himself in a good neighbourhood, where Una could have pleasant society, and from Miss Amherst's description of her house, it struck him that it would be precisely the sort of place to suit him. His daughter was of the same opinion; and before they all landed at Southampton it was decided that the Dysarts were to go at once to Vale House, where Mr. Amherst's servants still remained, and if they felt pleased with the whole place and establishment, they were to communicate with Miss Amherst, who remained in London, and to enter into possession at once.

They both thought it very strange that she should refuse to accompany them to her old home, even for a few days; but when Una persisted in making use of all sorts of arguments to induce her to go with them, she at last turned round upon her, almost fiercely, and said, "Una, I would rather go down into those waves, and let them close over my head, and so make an end of all feeling, than I would go back to that house, even for one half-hour."

After such a speech there was, of course, no more to be said, and when Una Dysart took leave of Miss Amherst in London, it was with the firm conviction that they would never meet again. Little did she dream how strangely her life would be mixed up with that of the "weird woman."

Whatever Miss Amherst might think of it, there could be no question that Vale House suited the Dysarts exactly. It was a large, old-fashioned, strongly-built house, with handsomely furnished rooms, and deliciously ancient gardens and orchards, that would have horrified a modern gardener in their confused, overgrown condition, but which enchanted Una by the profusion of their sweet-scented flowers and tangled bushes, and gnarled, bending trees, that made deep shade over grassy walks and moss-grown fountains. They had only been domiciled in this pleasant spot a few days, but already they felt at home, and Una tormented her somewhat indolent father with impatient entreaties that he would fill his stables with the horses he promised to provide in due course, in order that she might go out beyond the grounds, to which as yet she had been limited, and explore the neighbourhood. She would have been well content to have commenced her researches with no better help than her own little dainty feet, on which she was now dancing round the room, as an outlet to her suppressed activity, while she told her father she could not possibly remain within the gates any longer.

Colonel Dysart's natural want of energy and supineness, increased by really bad health, were, however, proof against her efforts to drag him out on a voyage of discovery.

"The riding-horses will be here next week, and the pony-carriage, too; but till then you must go alone, Una, if you go at all; and I do not know in the least how far the conventional proprieties would be violated by such a proceeding on the part of a young person of your years. I must find some highly-decorous old lady to give me instructions on the manners and customs of respectable young women in this country."

"Oh dear! may such an old lady never be found. Anyhow, I do hope nothing will prevent me roaming about alone—at least in the morning, when I know the place and the people a little better; it would take away half the pleasure of life if I could not do that."

As she spoke the old butler, from whom she had already obtained a good deal of information about the neighbourhood, appeared at the door, and announced "Mr. and Miss Crichton, and Mr. Hervey Crichton." Thanks to the revelations of the antiquated functionary, who had been major-domo at Vale House for thirty years, the Dysarts knew that their visitors were the rector of Valehead—the parish in which they were now living—and his half-brother and sister.

Una cast a furtive glance of dismay towards her father as the clergyman walked slowly forward, for a man of more forbidding aspect it would not have been easy to see. He was tall and gaunt, his black clothes hanging loosely on his spare figure, and his countenance, not without a grandeur in the massive, strongly-marked features, was singularly unprepossessing, from the excessive coldness and severity of his expression. His brother and sister, the children of a different mother, were as unlike him as possible, and many years younger. Hervey Crichton, by his manner and bearing unmistakably a soldier, was a fine-looking man of five-and-twenty, and the young girl, who with no small timidity kept close to his side, was at least five years younger.

As Una's eyes fell upon Lilith Crichton, she was so much struck by her appearance that for a moment she almost forgot to welcome her. She was extremely delicate and fragile-looking, her complexion dazzlingly fair, her eyes blue as the morning sky, and the soft masses of her long hair hanging, like a sunny mist, round her sweet pure face. She reminded Una irresistibly of a snowdrop, as she hung down her pretty head with a shy grace; and it was so impossible to stand on ceremony with one so

gentle and shrinking, that she involuntarily took her hand and drew her down to a seat by her side, telling her she was so very glad to make her acquaintance.

Meanwhile the rector, in a cold, formal manner, and in very measured tones, welcomed Colonel Dysart and his daughter to the neighbourhood, expressed a satisfaction, which Una felt sure nothing could really have made him feel, in their having become residents in his parish, and requested to know if he could be of any use to them.

Colonel Dysart thanked him, and said, with a slightly sarcastic glance at Una, that his daughter would certainly be very grateful for any information she could obtain as to the neighbourhood and the families with whom she was likely to become acquainted.

"There are so many residents in this part of the country, that it would take more time than I can spare to enumerate them all," said the rector, stiffly.

"Without giving you quite so much trouble as that would involve," said Una, "we should be very well satisfied if you would enlighten us on the history of the lady to whom this house belongs, without going any further——"

"That being a subject on which my daughter happens to be particularly curious," said Colonel Dysart with a smile.

"I am quite ready to admit that I am," said Una; "and I think it would be very odd if I were not. We have been in constant intercourse with her all the way from the Cape, and we know absolutely nothing about her beyond her name and the fact that she has been a long time at the Mauritius."

"Very little more is known of her by any one," said the rector. "Her desertion of her parents and her home is considered quite unaccountable, especially as her only brother, who after the death of his father and mother lived here alone, was a poor crippled invalid."

"Was no reason ever assigned for her going away?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"Some persons surmised that an attachment which was supposed to exist between her and a gentleman named Atherstone, who had a large property in this neighbourhood, might have had some share in her extraordinary proceedings, as he had gone out to the Mauritius some years before she did; but he returned from there unmarried when his father died, and she remained—no one knows why."

"Is he still alive?" said Una eagerly.

"No; he died about three years ago, and was succeeded by his nephew."

"He never married any one else, then?"

"No, he did not; but we need not assume from that circumstance that he ever intended to marry Miss Amherst. He was much attached to his nephew, who had been brought up as the heir of the large Atherstone estates, from the time that he was quite a child," said the rector.

"Is it a good property?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"The finest in the whole county," said Hervey.

"Yes," said the rector, "it has belonged to the Atherstones for more centuries than they can count; and there is a very remarkable building on the estate even more ancient than the house itself, which is really one of the old moated castles of former times."

"How I should like to see it!" exclaimed Una.

"If you are equal to climbing up a rather steep ascent, Miss Dysart, there is a point on the hill-side near this from which you may have an excellent view, not only of Atherstone Abbey and many other houses, but of half the county besides."

"Oh! I should so enjoy going there; I do hope I shall some day. But you must know, Mr. Crichton, I have the laziest father in the whole world; he will not move an inch beyond the garden, and he is in such a state of dense ignorance as to the habits of this great nation, that he has not the least idea whether it would be proper for me to walk about by myself. My unassisted intelligence would certainly conclude there could be no possible harm in it; but as I never was in a civilised country before, my views may be somewhat those of a savage."

Hervey laughed, as he showed by his involuntary glance of admiration how little like a savage he thought her, with her high-bred look and graceful movements.

"I should think, in this unsophisticated neighbourhood, you might walk about alone as much as you pleased," he said.

"I do not find it necessary to place any restrictions in that respect on my sister," said the rector to Colonel Dysart.

"Then Una may safely follow her example," he answered courteously.

"But there is no need you should go alone," said gentle Lilith, slipping her hand into Una's. "Will you let me go with you now to the place you wish to see? It is a beautiful day, and Hervey and I intended to take a walk."

"I shall be only too delighted!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "You do not want me at home, do you, father?"

"Not in the very least, my dear. I am exceedingly glad that you should have such an outlet to your overpowering energy, especially with so charming a companion," he replied, with a smile, looking at Lilith.

"Then I will go and get my hat at once," exclaimed Una, bounding away; and the rector was ready to take his leave when Una returned. He had no intention of giving them his society in their walk, and he turned off towards his own house as soon as they had passed the gates.

(To be continued.)

LIFE FOR THE TAKING.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

THESE words occur most appropriately at the end of the Bible, putting a climax to the long list of invitations to come to Christ and obtain everlasting life. They are almost the last words of the Divine Revelation—the few that follow being a curse pronounced on any who should either add to or take from the Word of God—a stamp and seal, as it were, of its being finished and complete; then a prediction of the speedy coming of Christ Himself, and a benediction. The above words are an emphatic epitome of all the preceding offers of God's mercy; as if, lest any should be still in doubt as to their right to accept of salvation, God, before closing His Book, speaks once more in the plainest and most encouraging words; in language that cannot be mistaken; that can leave no doubt in, or excuse to, any mind, as to God's entire willingness to receive all, if they will only come. This is the main purpose of the Bible, to tell "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" and just before ending His revealed will He sounds one last, earnest, unmistakable, unlimited invitation, as if, when we have read His Word through and shut the book, He would leave these attractive words ringing in our ears for ever. He makes no terms on which we may come. There are no drawbacks to be got rid of, no restrictions to be considered, no exceptions to be made—the words are "come," and "freely;" and He urges His request by all the agencies of His Spirit in the world, and by the soul-thirst which is common to man, and which is the Gospel's counterpart in the human spirit.

The Spirit says, "*Come.*" To all without exception the voice of the Holy Spirit says, "Come." This He does in a thousand ways. Under His direction "holy men of old" penned the Bible; and in it, from beginning to end, we have many invitations, directions, entreaties, and warnings; so that by the whole Word of God He says, Come. He also strives personally with men, seeking to overcome their evil propensities and lead them from death to life. He works upon them inwardly, to enlighten the intellect, to awaken the conscience, to change and purify the heart, to "renew them in the spirit of their minds;" He works upon them outwardly; bestowing on them the goodness of God, the natural effect of which should be to lead them to repentance, or if that will not do, sending them trouble and sorrow, that when everything else is gone they may think of God. Having all the forces both of the natural and spiritual worlds at command, He brings them to bear in a great variety of ways to induce men to forsake sin, whose wages is death, and come to Christ for everlasting life. Time would fail to enumerate, even if we knew, all the ways in which the Spirit says, Come.

The bride says, "*Come.*" In the figurative language of Scripture the Church of Christ is often called His bride, to indicate the closeness of their relation and how dear it is to His heart. The Church says, Come; by all whom it has appointed to preach the "everlasting Gospel;" by all the agencies it has at work throughout the world, and they are many and various; by the circulation of the Bible in many lands and tongues; by a vast stream of Christian literature issuing daily from the press; by its forms and ordinances, regularly and openly lifting up Christ crucified before the world; by receiving into its bosom people of every degree, whatever their lives at one time may have been, if they show by their conduct that they have closed with Christ's offer; by its individual members speaking to those around them; and it says, Come, by the most convincing of all appeals, the beautiful lives of its consistent members.

"And let him that heareth say, *Come.*" All who hear are commanded to spread the cheering intelligence. Let the husband tell his wife, the wife her husband; parents their children, and children their parents; brothers their sisters, and sisters their brothers; let friend tell friend, and neighbour speak to neighbour, till it overspread the land. Let nation send messengers to nation, and people to people; let them tell by words, by actions, by every means in their power; till all shall know "the joyful sound," and "the earth be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea;" till the sin-worn, sorrow-worn, weary world lay down its death-burden, and drink and be refreshed, and rest at the feet of its Saviour.

"And let him that is athirst come." And who is not athirst? Where shall we find the soul-refreshed and satisfied man of the world? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," is the cry that is ever in his ears. *Cui bono*, like a mocking devil, haunts him wherever he goes. Hot ambitions, anxious cares, weary labours, disappointed hopes, pains and griefs, unsatisfied longings, objectless aspirations, everything, to all appearance, only wearing on to death. It is thirst, thirst; always more or less an actor in "the stern monodrama of *No object and no rest.*" Mankind, like a host of pilgrims, each with his peculiar burden, are toiling through the desert under a burning sun. There is a death-thirst raging within; but let them come, all who

desire, and drink as freely as a traveller would drink at a flowing river, and thirst no more.

"And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." A gratuity so precious that wealth could not purchase nor goodness merit is given away; and all are invited to take. Poverty can be no bar, for it is "free;" unworthiness can be no hindrance, for it is "whosoever will." There is no impediment to any but the want of will. No questions are asked: no matter whether the comers be good or bad, high or low, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, young or old—*whosoever will* can have it for the taking. Away with despair, away with doubt—with such an invitation as this, questionings do but make God a liar. "God is not a man that He should lie;" "hath He spoken, and shall He not do it?" He means what He says; and there is no ambiguity in "whosoever will, let him take." You may say, "I have sinned too long and too deeply, there is no hope for me,"—Christ says, *Whosoever will.* You may say, "I have sinned against light and against conscience, I have done despite unto the Spirit of grace, there is no hope for me,"—Christ says, *Whosoever will.* You may say, "I am no common sinner, my guilt is of a peculiar type; others may be pardoned, but there is no hope for me,"—Christ says, *Whosoever will.*

Well may we wonder at such a costly benison so freely offered to all who will take it. What more could God do for us and leave us free? Well may we wonder at the doubt and unbelief of men; and still more may we wonder at the ingratitude, the carelessness, the reluctance, the strong aversion of the many to drink of the healing stream, while they frantically seek to quench their sore thirst at polluted fountains, whose waters but increase their pain. Well may we wonder at God's long-suffering patience: and yet when we consider what He is we may cease to wonder, for both the gift and His patience are just like Him.

It is not for nothing that this costly water flows freely for us all. Jesus paid the price, the fearful price, by the sacrifice of His own life. And now every child of Adam who feels the poison of death working in his nature, may drink if he will and live for ever. No flaming cherubim guard the approach, no *law* in words of thunder prohibits the unholy; but the gentle voice of Jesus invites all the world to come and freely drink, that they may feel the new life-impulse, which is the deepest, fullest joy to be found on earth, "a joy unspeakable and full of glory"—the satisfying, delightful sense of the beginning of that fuller life that shall never have an end. J. HUIE.

SHAG AND DOLL.

A STORY OF TWO HOMELESS LITTLE ONES, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

ONE afternoon—it was Sunday—the brother and sister had wandered into some back streets where they had never been before, when they came upon a knot of children, big and little, with a sprinkling of grown-up people, gathered round an elderly man of plain appearance, who was speaking to them. Shag and Doll drew near to hear what he was saying. At first they could not make it out at all. He seemed to be telling them of some Friend, of whom they had never heard before (certainly Shag and Doll were not aware that they possessed a single friend in the world); but the speaker said He of whom he was telling them was a Friend to every child standing there; that He loved them more than words could say, and had a beautiful home all ready to take them to some day—a home where they would never more be hungry, or thirsty, or tired, or sick,—never more be beaten, or driven, or unkindly treated, but where, instead of their rags, they would be clothed in white garments, and have crowns of gold upon their heads, and live for ever with Him.

"I say, guv'ner, you're a drawing of it pretty strong, aint ye?" remarked one boy in the crowd, winking at a companion; "d'ye think we're jolly green enough to take all that in?"

"It's true—every word of it," returned the other.

"Where is this home then? let's know that, and the name of him you've been a tellin' on us of."

"His name is *Jesus;*" and there the speaker paused a moment; so sad it seemed that of all the faces round him—faces telling of misery and want, of sin and evil passions—faces of such varied expression and different degrees of stupidity or sharpness, not one displayed the most transient gleam of recognition at the sound of that name, not one appeared ever to have heard it before. "His name is Jesus; and the home I've been telling you of is in heaven, far away above the blue sky: but He is always here, though you cannot see Him; but if you will speak to Him, and ask Him for what you want, He will hear you. Oh, He loves the little children! He longs to bring them to that beautiful home when they die."

"Oh, Shag! *shouldn't* you like to go there?" whispered Doll under her breath, as she tightened her hold on her brother's hand, and fixed her earnest, longing eyes again upon the speaker's face.

"This Jesus—though He's God in heaven, was a boy upon earth once—just such as you, except that He never did anything wrong; and He lived and died for you, that you might go to heaven; and now He asks you all to try and keep from evil ways for His sake. He knows how hard, how well-nigh

impossible it is for some to keep straight; but He will help you. Remember, boys, next time you're going to do something you know you ought not to do, that He is looking on to see whether you do it or not: and then ask Him to help you to turn away from the sinful deed, and depend upon it you *will* be helped. Tell me, my poor, ragged, barefooted, half-starved fellows, isn't the glorious home I've been telling you of worth striving for? isn't the Friend I've been telling you of a Friend worth having and worth pleasing?"

After a time little Shag and Doll got jostled and pushed until they were almost out of reach of the speaker's voice; and at length he, too, went off in another direction. So the children were free to talk over the wonderful things they had been hearing.

Little Doll's weary feet could not carry her far that day; but they seemed to be more than ever haunted by policemen. No sooner had they sunk down upon a doorstep than one of their enemies was sure to come in sight round the corner; when Shag would start up, saying, "Doll, we must run for it, or they'll be down upon us p'rhaps, and take us off to the workhouse."

Then Doll would run; but she was obliged to give in after a few steps. Whereupon Shag would take her in his arms, and try to carry her; but he staggered much more under his burden than he had formerly done, even though the weight was less. A sudden turn in the street brought them unexpectedly upon the river's bank, and they found themselves in the midst of wharves, quays, and landing-places, which in the week presented a scene of bustling, busy life, but which to-day were comparatively deserted. In a remote corner they came upon several empty sugar-casks and barrels, which had been cast aside until wanted for further use.

"Hurrah, Doll! here'll be a capital place to spend the night! We'll creep into one of these 'ere big casks, and we'll be ever so snug and jolly. Let's get into this one, and try what it's like," said Shag, pointing to one which lay on its side, and promised to afford ample shelter.

Doll crept in, and lay down with an air of relief.

"We shall be quiet here, there won't be no tormenting boys about," she remarked. "But, oh, Shag, I'm so hungry, I don't know how to bear it;" and the feeble tones died away in low sobs, as the starving little creature threw her wasted arms round her brother's neck, and laid her poor pale cheek upon his shoulder.

"Don't cry, Doll—poor little Doll!" said Shag, with a sense of choking in his throat, as he tried to keep back his own tears. "I'm dreadful hungry too. Let's go and see if we can't get somebody to give us a crust, or a mouthful of food."

Doll tried to rise, but all her strength seemed gone.

"I can't go no further, Shag. Leave me here; let me stop here till you comes back. Oh, Shag, how I wish we could go to that 'home' we've been hearing about!"

"Don't you go and leave me here behind," cried Shag in terror, as for the first time the idea presented itself that "maybe Doll was a going to die." "Oh, Doll, Doll! you mustn't go away and leave me! Whatever should I do without my little Doll?" and clasping her tightly in his arms, the poor little fellow burst into an agony of tears.

Doll cried also; but she was too exhausted for loud grief; and in a few moments Shag started up, saying, "I'll go and beg of every one I meets for a halfpenny or a bit of bread, and I'll bring it straight away to you, Doll. You'll be all right then, won't you? You wait here for me; I won't be long;" and away ran the boy, love and fear giving him for the time the strength which had well-nigh departed altogether from his emaciated frame.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

176. Where do we read that some of the chiefs of the fathers of the Levites were singers, and were employed day and night in singing?

177. The whole of the Evangelists record the fact that Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus, but only two state that he was a disciple of the Lord's. Which?

178. "But when they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already, they brake not His legs; . . . . for these things were done, that the Scripture should be fulfilled, A bone of Him shall not be broken." Name the passage of Scripture referred to by the apostle?

179. We are told by St. John (vii. 5) that "neither did the brethren of Jesus believe on Him." Quote a passage from the Acts in which they are referred to as among His disciples.

180. St. Luke says that Simeon "waited for the consolation of Israel." St. Mark records a somewhat similar instance of another individual. Give the passage.

181. We read in the book of Numbers that Balaam was slain by the sword of the Israelites. The same fact is also recorded in the Book of Joshua. Quote the passages.

182. Name the three divisions of Holy Scripture which the Saviour declared contained predictions respecting Himself.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 416.

161. 2 Tim. iv. 8; 1 Cor. ix. 25.

162. Peter and John (John xviii. 15, 16).

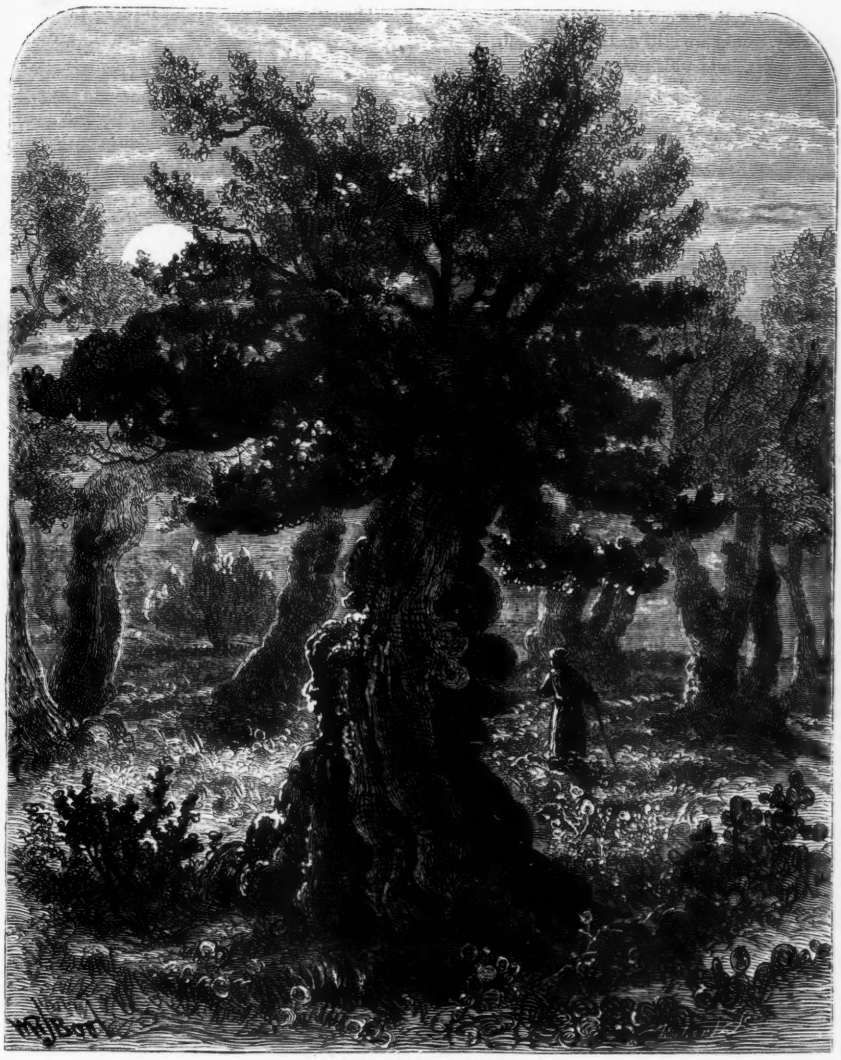
163. Rev. v. 9—14; xiv. 2, 3; xv. 3.

164. See John xix. 27.

165. St. Luke (ii. 21—27) gives the circumcision and the presentation in the Temple; St. Matthew (ii.) gives the visit of the magi and the flight into Egypt.

166. 2 Kings xxv. 18.

167. Ezekiel (xl. 44).



(*Drawn by* W. J. Boot.)

THE OLIVE-TREES IN GETHSEMANE.

THEY stand there still,
Mute records of the deepest agony
Earth ever witnessed. 'Neath the midnight sky
The blessed Saviour bent submissively
Before His Father's will.

From earthly eyes
Those "unknown sufferings" were hidden quite;
Only in silence came, that awful night,
To "strengthen" Him, one of those angels bright,
Sent down from His own skies.

The chosen three
In that mysterious hour were far from Him;
The paschal moonbeams round about them swim,
Whilst He outpours, amid yon shadows dim,
His solemn litany.

Yet they were there *—
Those very trunks we still can see and feel,
Those boughs, 'mid which e'en now the moonbeams steal—
Beneath their sombre shade He deigned to kneel
In that prevailing pray'r.

When on His face,
So worn and wan for us, the strange drops stood,
The first-fruits of His Passion, "drops of blood"

* "There are eight venerable trees, undoubtedly of great age, their trunks much decayed, but branches flourishing. 'The most venerable of their race on the face of the earth,' says Stanley, 'their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem.'"—*Andrews.*

Proving the closeness of His brotherhood
With all our sorrowing race.

What Gothic fane,
Piled by the hand of man, could ever rise
Fraught with such consecrated memories—
Though morn and eve upsending to the skies
Of Christian praise the strain—

As that gnarled tree
Which, centuries ago, was standing there;
And saw Iscariot's torches redly glare,
What time the Father answered Jesu's prayer
Breathed in Gethsemane?

For calm, at last,
He joined—the struggle o'er—His chosen three;
And went, without a pang, to Calvary.
So, Christian sufferer, shall it be with thee:
God sends His angel in thine agony—
In death all woes are past!

C. M. D.

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH:

EXPOSITORY NOTES ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON. *(Continued.)*

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN, ETC.; AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO PRAYER," ETC.

"A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved unto me," &c.—Song of Solomon i. 11—14.

HERE we have Christ represented as the refreshment and delight and comfort of His Church: "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me."

"Unto ME." He may not be so to others, who see in Him neither "form nor comeliness;" but unto *me*—who owe to Him my life, my peace, my hope, my all—He has a price above all gold, a sweetness above all perfume, a virtue above all healing balms, a life which defies corruption or decay. It cannot be estimated by what He is in Himself, because He is infinite and all-infinite. We can estimate Him only by what He is made to US; "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption." Still all is relative to the faith of the believer himself. "Unto you that believe He is precious." "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto *Me*."

"A bundle of myrrh." The immediate allusion is to the Eastern custom of tying up a few sprigs or flowers of the myrrh-tree, which, being put into a bag, and deposited in the bosom, emitted not only a pleasant but a healthy fragrance. But besides this, there were many uses to which myrrh was applied, making the image easy of spiritual application. This myrrh was a principal ingredient used in the holy anointing of the ancient sanctuary,—that type of the oil of gladness wherewith Christ was "anointed above His fellows;" and which, being poured upon His head, in all its Divine and measureless abundance, runs down to the skirts of His garments, bathes with a sacred anointing the lowest and meanest member of His mystical body, and so opens the eyes of their understanding with its precious unguent, that they are led into all truth, and receive "the anointing which teacheth all things." Again, the gum of the myrrh-tree, or stacte, as it is called in the book of Exodus, was an ordained part of that mystical incense which the priest placed before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation—type, as we learn from the book of the Revelation, of that golden censer into which Christ casts the prayers of His people, in order that, blended with His own perfect intercessions, they may come up with acceptance before the throne.

But passing over some other uses of this plant, we may note especially that it was commonly employed in the embalming of dead bodies: even as Nicodemus, not knowing that it was impossible "the Holy One should see corruption," brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes to preserve the body of Jesus. Now such as the myrrh was intended to be to the sacred body of Christ, such is He Himself, the true myrrh, to the souls and bodies of His beloved. He is myrrh to their souls. "He shall lie all night—as a Rabbi interprets it, in my heart—dwelling in it, taking possession of it, permanently abiding there, through all the night

of this present world; like a nosegay for ornament, like a precious perfume for refreshment; like a pledge or hostage of unalterable and undeparting love. "All night;" the Church will not be satisfied with brief and interrupted refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Her language is that of Jeremiah: "O Thou Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?* Abide with me. Lean upon my breast, as the beloved apostle leaned on Thine." Much do the souls of believers need this quickening and ever-abiding influence. Often the spikenard of their own graces does not send forth its wonted fragrance. Under a painful sense of decaying spirituality, and faded love, and worldly carefulness, and unmastered sin, they seem to be in that Sardian state in which "the things that remain are ready to die." But these things shall not die. Christ dwelling in their hearts by faith; the savour of His love and grace shed abroad in their souls; the bundle of myrrh pressed close to the bosom through the long night of temptation, and conflict, and distress, and mental darkness, shall suffice to keep breath in them. The souls of believers are embalmed souls. They have not a sprig of myrrh, but a "bundle" of it to keep corruption away. Indeed, their soul's life is hidden in the myrrh: "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Moreover it will be as myrrh to our bodies also. We shall go down to a perfumed grave. Christ has lain in that grave before us, and His presence will be there again. And this will keep from destruction every atom of our redeemed and sleeping dust. Through what changes that dust may pass before it develops into the form of a spiritual body, by what mysterious chemistry the decayed substance of the human organisation shall become changed, refined, sublimated into its pure resurrection-fashioning, we know not. All we know is, that, through the long night of time, through all those years or centuries during which our world may eke out its little life, we shall both sleep in Jesus, and feel the power of His Spirit quickening our mortal bodies. The likeness of these bodies has been chosen as the shrine of the Incarnation, and they can never perish. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Their very grave-clothes "smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia," and every chamber of that viewless world is filled with odours fresh wafted from the paradise of God. The sepulchre is still in the garden.

But mark the last words of the Church in this her sublime "magnificat." She has not yet exalted enough the glory of her Lord. Deep hidden in the heart of her beautiful poetry lies the infinite mystery of the Atonement: "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi." By the word "camphire" or "cypress" the most trustworthy Jewish expositors understand a particular description of plant, symbolical of Messiah, and meaning literally "atonement" or "propitiation," so that with them a familiar rendering of this passage is, "My beloved is unto me the man that propitiates all things."* How refreshing is it, in an age which delights to loosen the foundations of ancient truth—and which, in regard to the propitiatory sacrifice of the Son of God especially would fain reason or mystify us out of our most cherished and heart-soothing hopes, to come, suddenly as it were, upon a testimony of three thousand years old to a doctrine, which is the hope of the Church, the unextinguished creed of the world, the strange instinct of the uncivilised and uninstructed conscience, and, with all its searchless mystery, the only method of mercy which upholds consistently the moral government of God.

Wherefore, in faith of that all-cleansing all-covering sacrifice of the cross, let us lay hold on Adam's hope, on Abel's hope, on Solomon's hope, on the Church's hope in all time. Let us endeavour, with enlarged faith and raised emotion, to enter into the depth of spiritual meaning, enfolded and contained in these last words of the Church to Christ her Lord, "My beloved is unto me a 'cluster' of propitiations; a richly-laden branch from the vineyards of En-gedi, with leaves for 'the healing of the nations,' and having fruit for the life of the world." Oh! what can our souls need that we have not abundantly provided for in Christ? Do we want wisdom—wisdom to guide, to instruct, to keep us in the good and the right way? In the Beloved is a "cluster" of wisdoms. "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Do we need a righteousness—something to shield us from a deserved condemnation? In Him is a "cluster" of righteousnesses; "the fulness of the Godhead bodily." This is the name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." Sanctification, do we not need that—something to fit us for the pure society and fellowships of heaven? In Him is a "cluster" of sanctifications, countless changes of "fine linen pure and white," wedding garments bordered with gold and studded with silver. Is redemption our great need? In Jesus we have a cluster of redemptions—redemption from the curse of the law, redemption from the slavery of

* Jer. xiv. 8.

* See Bishop Patrick *in loc.* Dr. Shaw calls it the Athenna, and says of it that it is a beautiful and odoriferous plant, which puts out its little flowers in clusters, which yield a most grateful smell like camphire. ("Travels," p. 613, second edition.)

sin, redemption from the thrall of unbelief and fear, redemption from the bondage of corruption to the glorious liberty of the children of God. Oh! our Beloved is unto us as a "cluster" of saviours. He is able to deliver; rich in mercy; delighting in pardons; mighty to save.

With such glowing representations, and with many like, does this book of Holy Writ set forth the relations of Christ and His Church. His love to her, and hers to Him, would be found to be the burden of this "Song of Songs," if we were to carry on our meditations to the close. On which side the love began, we all know; and therein is our security for its continuance: for whom Christ loves, He loves always. He changes not. Waters of a full cup may be wrung out to us, so bitter, sometimes, that we cannot but pray that, if possible, the cup may be taken away. But our sustaining thought must be, I know Christ loves me through this—perhaps loves me more on account of this. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."* And so with our spiritual trials; when day after day of blank dreary deadness comes over our souls; when the light upon our tabernacle shines not; when we wrestle and wrestle with the angel, and yet are obliged to let him go without a blessing after all, then also do we take comfort in the thought that God "resteth in His love;" that Christ has set us as a seal upon His heart," and as a "seal upon His arm," and that His "love is as strong as death."† Nay, only on this unchanging love of Christ can we stay our souls, when we have gone back, or have declined from the ways of godliness, or have been overtaken in a grievous fault, or have even inflicted some deep wound upon the conscience, of which, though God should forgive the guilt, our souls will all our life long retain the scar. For in view of any such humbling experiences we say to ourselves, He loved David through this; He loved Peter through this; He loved Paul through this. We can find no other reason for the recovery of these pardoned ones. Those whom He loveth, He loveth unto the end.

Yes, even to the end of all ends. For thus far does the love of Christ reach, even to that intersecting line of two eternities, on arriving at which we shall see His love as it reaches back to the eternal ages, whilst in its length, and breadth, and depth, and height, it covers the boundless future of endless life. That which to us, as responsible beings, will be the end of everything—the end of probation, the end of effort, the end of repentance, the end of prayer—will show to us more of the enduring love of Christ; will cause the obscure and hidden parts of His dealings with us to appear plain; and will enable us to see that through sorrow, through temptation, through the darkness, through the light, the love of Christ has cleaved to us, and will cleave to us eternally. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Betrothed to Him, as we are, "in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies," nothing can dissolve the bond of our everlasting espousals. For ever and ever, He is ours and we are His. "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and His Church."

* Cant. viii. 7. † Cant. viii. 6.

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

COME within these silent gates,
Come, and gaze with bated breath,
Here the stricken pilgrim waits
Issues high of life or death;
Here the Man of sorrow feels
Every pang His pity heals.

Lord of mercy, at Thy word
Be these healing waters stirred;
Bid the sufferer, pale and wan,
"Go in peace," his anguish gone;
Or "Come hither to the shore
Where there are no sick and sore."

Bending o'er the weary bed,
In the watches of unrest,
Pillow every throbbing head
On Thy tender Brother's breast;
Weeping when Thy people pine,
Jesus, what a heart is Thine!

Though to-day our pulses beat
Healthful music in the street,
We may lie to-morrow low,
Full of tossings to and fro;
Let us hear the sick man's moan,
So shall Jesus hear our own.

He will hush the stormy fear,
When the hour of death is near;
He will make the midnight pall
Radiant with His silver call,
"Hither come to your reward,
For ye loved your fainting Lord!"

GEORGE S. OUTRAM, M.A.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

VI.—WITH THEM THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS.

IT is possible that those portions of the sacred history which have reference to the association of our Lord Jesus Christ with ships, and the wonderful portions of the great narrative where the Divine Voice seems, as it were, to come from the sea, may have a special attraction for us who live in an island and claim a kind of maritime dominion.

Surely the words "Lord save me, or I perish," and the instant response of the outstretched hand of the Saviour of men, must have been read with an awful joy by many a godfearing sailor on the homeward voyage. "It is I, be not afraid," must have come with an intensity of meaning to many a heart which has known the peril of the storm, wherein the voice of man to man has been almost inaudible.

There is something very solemn in the prayers we send up for those at sea. Most of us feel a heart-throb when we lie awake listening to the mighty murmurs of the wind, and waiting for the shrill shriek with which each long terrible blast gathers up its forces—a throb which comes of the sudden thought of lonely ships far out upon the ocean, where men are wrestling with the elements, and looking with clenched lips and straining eyes for the lingering dawn.

Yet with all this it is a national reproach to us that until a comparatively recent date we have done little or nothing for our sailors—little for those who have been ready to maintain the old supremacy of our fleet—almost nothing for that greater navy of the mercantile marine to which we are indebted for half the necessaries and for nearly all the luxuries which we enjoy.

A national reproach, because not only have charitable provisions for destitute, sick, infirm or disabled sailors been neglected, but subscriptions demanded by the State from seamen of the merchant service were never properly applied to relieve the distress of those for whom they were professedly received. Considerably over a million of money has been contributed by merchant seamen, by deductions of sixpences from their monthly pay for the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital, and in addition to this there have been accumulated in the hands of the Government the examination fees of masters and mates passing the Board of Trade examination, and the penny fees paid by common seamen on shipment and unshipment, while the unclaimed wages and effects of seamen dying abroad are calculated at about £8,000 a year.

Now there can be no doubt that Greenwich Hospital was originally intended to include merchant seamen in its provisions, for the preamble to the original scheme of William III. recites, "Whereas the King's most excellent Majesty, being anxiously desirous to promote the Trade, Navigation, and Naval strength of this Kingdom, and to invite greater numbers of his subjects to betake themselves to the sea, hath determined to erect a hospital," &c. For this purpose sixpence per man per month was to be paid out of the wages of all mariners to the support of the Hospital, and every seaman was to be registered. Why? That the charity might be "for the relief, benefit, or advantage of such the said registered Marines, or Seamen, Watermen, Fishermen, Lightermen, Bargemen, Keelmen, or Seafaring Men, who by age, wounds, or other accidents shall be disabled for future service at sea, and shall not be in a condition to maintain themselves comfortably; and the children of such disabled seamen; and the widows and children of such of them as shall happen to be slain, killed, or drowned in sea service, so far forth as the Hospital shall be capable to receive them, and the revenue thereof will extend."

So far as words went, therefore—and subsequent Acts of Parliament confirmed them—Greenwich Hospital was open to all registered seamen. The fact has always been, however, that it was barely able to meet the claims made by the disabled and infirm sailors of the Navy alone, and therefore the mercantile marine was practically excluded, while the payments were still demanded.

Now let us see what past Governments did for the relief of those old, infirm, or disabled men who having "seen wonders on the great deep," came home and sought help.

A charitable trust, called the "Merchant Seamen's Fund," had been established by merchants and shipowners of the City of London, who gave large sums to it, in order to try to make up for the injustice by which these sailors were virtually excluded from Greenwich Hospital, to which the men of the mercantile marine still had to pay sixpence a month. By a remarkably knowing piece of legislation, an Act was passed (the 20th of George II.) which incorporated the Merchant Seamen's Fund, appointed president and governors, and gave authority to purchase land for building a hospital, to help pay for which another sixpence a month was claimed from the pay of merchant seamen and masters of merchant vessels.

Not till the year 1834, by an Act passed in the

reign of William IV., were the merchant sailors relieved from compulsory payment to Greenwich. They had contributed to the hospital for 138 years without having derived any direct benefit from it; and though they were not unwilling to subscribe for their brethren in the Royal Navy, the injustice which demanded their contributions, though their own fund was inadequate to pay for the promised building for which it was intended, became too glaring to be continued. It was therefore determined that a grant of £20,000 should be made to Greenwich Hospital out of the Consolidated Fund, and that the merchant sailors should go on paying their shilling a month for their own benefit (masters paying two shillings), and that a provision for widows and children should be included in the charity, the benefits of which were to be extended to Scotland and Ireland.

The hospital never was built. The Board of Trade taking the management of the contributions, appointed trustees, who were altogether incompetent, and did their duty in a perfunctory or careless manner. In 1850 only £20,000 was distributed among old, infirm, and disabled seamen, while £41,000 was bestowed on widows and children; the allowances varying at different ports from £1 to £7, each place having its own local government. Of course a collapse came. The fund was bankrupt; and in the following year an Act was passed for winding it up—for, says the Board of Trade Report, "the Government has had no control over the matter. The London Corporation and the trustees of outports could not by any management have prevented the insolvency of the fund, so long as they were guided by the principles which the several Acts of Parliament laid down . . . . . the whole system was vicious."

By the winding-up Act of 1851 compulsory contributions ceased; but those who chose to continue to subscribe voluntarily might do so. It is hardly to be wondered at that the merchant seamen lost confidence in the paternal protection of the Board of Trade. A few thousand pounds were left from the compulsory contributions, and when this came to be inquired for, nobody knew anything about it. It had somehow slipped out of the estimates, and nobody could tell what had become of it.

That is what past governments have done for poor mercantile Jack.

What has the great British public done for him? Not so very much after all. The truth is, that the sailor, who has always been spoken of as "so dreadfully improvident," has been practically regarded as being most self-helpful. All the time that we have been shaking our solemn heads, and lifting up our hands at the improvidence, the folly, and the extravagance of these frequently underpaid and sometimes overworked men, we have made even the help that we were willing to extend to them in their deeper necessities partially dependent on their own constant and regular subscription to the same end.

Poor improvident Jack—poor thoughtless, incorrigible fellow—it was necessary for the Government of his country to look after him, in order to protect him against his own want of forethought, and the result has been to run the ship into shoal water, and go hopelessly to wreck without so much as salvage money.

Jack ashore! Don't we all still look at the sailor in the light of the evil war-times, when the king's men were said to draw pocketsful of prize-money and to spend it in low debauchery or wild wanton folly? Even now we repeat the stories of frying watches along with beefsteaks and onions, or eating bank-note sandwiches. Nay, to this day in the fo'c's'le of merchant vessels some of the melancholy old songs in which sailors are want to satirise themselves are occasionally sung, telling how

> "When his money is all spent,
> And there's nothing to be borrowed and nothing to be lent,
> In comes the landlord with a frown,
> Saying, 'Jack! get up, and let *John* sit down,
> For you are *outward* bound.'"

There's a world of meaning in that grim suggestive summary; but, thank God, it has less meaning now than it once had. Until quite lately, sailors of merchant ships could be kept for days waiting to be paid, and, sickened with lingering for long weary hours about the office of the broker or agent who withheld their money, fell into the hands of the harpies who were, and still are, constantly on the look-out to plunder them. Men with all the pure natural longing for home and reunion with those near and dear to them, were compelled to loiter about the foul neighbourhood of the dock where their ship discharged its cargo, lodging in some low haunt with evil company, and liable to every temptation that is rife in such places, till too often so large a portion of their hardly-earned wages had been forestalled, that in a dreary and desperate madness of dissipation they were tempted to fling away the small balance remaining to them, and to awake to reason only when, naked and nearly destitute, they were compelled to go to sea again, with a slender stock of clothes, and a week's board and lodging paid for with advance notes.

From long confinement and monotony on shipboard, the sailor even now comes to a sense of temporary freedom giddy with the unaccustomed sense of solid ground and the wild toss and uproar of the ocean of life in a great city. What are still the influences which in many seaports await him directly his foot touches the shore, and sometimes even before he has come over the vessel's

side? With a boy's recklessness, a man's passions, and the unwonted excitement of possessing money and boundless opportunities for spending it, a shoal of landsharks are lying ready to batten on him. The tout, the crimp, and all the wretches, male and female, who look upon him as their prey, will never leave him from the time when they watch him roll wonderingly on to the landing-stage, till that desperate minute when he flings his last handful of small change across the tavern counter, and calls for its worth in drink, since "money is no use at sea."

This was far more frequently the termination of mercantile Jack's spell ashore, before the new regulations as to prompt payment of seamen's wages came into force. At that time you had only to take a morning walk across Tower Hill, where the bluff lay figure at the outfitter's door stands for Jack in full feather, and thence to America Square, or the neighbourhood of the Minories and Rosemary Lane, to see dozens of poor fellows lounging listlessly about the doors of pay-agents, waiting day after day at the street-corners, with an occasional visit to the public-house, and the perpetual consumption of "hard" tobacco. It was easy afterwards to follow Jack to Ratcliffe, Rotherhithe, Shadwell, and the neighbourhood, where his "friends" lay in wait for him to spend the evening; in the tap-rooms of waterside taverns, where he sat hopelessly drinking and smoking during a hot summer's afternoon; to frowsy, low-browed shops of cheap clothiers, to hot, stifling dancing-rooms, to skittle-alleys behind gin-shop bars, where a sudden brawl would call out knives, and the use of a "slung-shot" as a weapon would make a case of manslaughter for the coroner; to very minor theatres, where he could see absurd caricatures of himself in the stage sailors, dancing hornpipes unknown at sea; to the dreadful dens of Bluegate Fields and Tiger Bay—to any or all of these places you might have followed Jack; and may even yet follow his fellows who have not yet been redeemed from the evil ways of those bad times, when there were no homes for sailors amidst the bewildering vice and misery of maritime London, and other seaport towns of this great mercantile island.

It so happened that I made my first intimate acquaintance with the one real publicly representative "Sailors' Home" in Well Street, near the London Docks, after having seen Jack under several of the terrible conditions just referred to, so that, with this painful knowledge of him and his ways, it was with a kind of delighted surprise that I suddenly walked into the great entrance hall of the institution, where he and his fellows were sitting on the benches by the wall with the serious, contemplative, almost solemn air which is (in my experience) the common expression of sailors ashore and during ordinary leisure hours. There they were, a good ship's crew of them altogether, sitting, as I have already said, in true sailor fashion—stooping forward, wrists on knees, lolling on sea-chests and clothes-bags, taking short fore-and-aft walks of six steps and a turn in company with some old messmate, smoking, growling, chatting, and generally enjoying their liberty; not without an eye, now and then, to the smart officer who had come in to see whether he could pick up a brisk hand or two for the mail service.

This was some five or six years ago, and it is a happy result of the plan on which the Home was first established (which was intended ultimately to make the institution self-supporting, if the cost of building were defrayed) that the whole scheme has been so enlarged since that time, that anybody who would see what our mercantile seamen are like, may now go and see them, in a largely increasing community, in this great institution, where so many come and go and reappear at intervals represented by the length of their voyages, that 10,120 officers and men had partaken of its inestimable benefits during the year from the 1st of May, 1872, to the end of April, 1873.

But the institution itself was founded in earnest faith, and built with the labour that is consecrated by prayer; and both to the Home and to its companion institution—the Refuge for Destitute Seamen—we will pay a visit on our next meeting.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Judges xi. 38.

"FAREWELL the dear old home, the happy days
Of innocent childhood, in the buried past;
Bright days which were, it seems, *too* bright to last;
When scarce was place for prayer, but all was praise!
E'en as at sunset, long upslanting rays
Tell of the golden noontide, while there creep
The purple shadows o'er a world of sleep,
So for life's happy morn the dirge I raise,
As forth upon the mountain wild I go
And consecrate to God my earthly loss,
Knowing 'tis He, not man, my will doth cross,
Though all His secret plan I may not know."
So spake a soul devoted long ago,
And so the King of saints and sufferers came
As in the Book 'twas written; cross and shame
Enduring, that our sins might lie that cross below.

M. D.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

UP the steep hill-side went bright, impetuous Una, scarce able to restrain herself from outstripping her companions, as she trod with her light, springing step on the elastic heath, and felt the fresh breeze rushing past her, laden with the scent of the pine-trees and a thousand wild flowers, which an especially lovely spring had scattered by handfuls all around them.

"Do you know this is the first time I ever took a walk in England in my life," she said, turning round her face, glowing with pleasure, "and I cannot imagine how people can prefer foreign countries; I think it perfectly delightful—fresher and sweeter than any other land."

"Wait till you see our native country in a November fog or a heavy fall of snow," said Hervey. "I have awful recollections of those vagaries of our climate, though I have been in India four years."

"Have you just come home, then?"

"Yes, only last month; and I am here for a few weeks on leave. It is almost my first visit to Valehead, for Lilith did not live here when I went away with my regiment; she came when our mother died, soon after my departure."

"Then you do not know much of the neighbourhood."

"Scarcely anything; but Lilith will be able to tell you about all the people whose houses you will see from the top of the hill; of course she knows them all by this time."

"Oh! wait a moment; what is that sound?" exclaimed Lilith; and as they stopped to listen, a faint, plaintive chirping was heard from a little distance. "It is a wounded bird, I am sure," she continued, and flew away towards the spot whence the murmur came.

Una and Hervey followed, and found her lifting gently from the ground an unfortunate thrush with a broken wing.

"How can it have been hurt?" she said, almost shuddering, as the bird writhed and fluttered in her hands.

Hervey stooped down to examine it. "My dear Lilith, my military experience enables me to tell you that it is suffering from a gunshot wound. I dare say Rupert Northcote shot it—singing bird though it be," he added, looking significantly at his sister. For a moment her transparent complexion was tinged with a faint flush, but it vanished very quickly, and she grew paler as the bird's struggles ceased.

"I fear it is dying," she said.

"It undoubtedly is," said Hervey; "your moving it has been its *coup de grâce*. You had better leave it, and think no more about it."

"I must stay with it till it dies. But do not let me keep you back, Miss Dysart; pray go on, and I will join you in a moment." She so evidently wished it that Una complied, and turned away.

"I could not imagine a sweeter face than your sister's," she said to Hervey, as they walked on; "surely she must be wonderfully good."

"She is, indeed—almost too good, I sometimes think, for her blamelessness and innocency seem hardly natural in this evil world. She is not clever, but the very simplicity of her goodness gives her a strange power with most people; her mind is just like a crystal—so clear and pure that one can read it through and through."

"Your brother must be rather an austere companion for so young a girl," said Una.

"He is certainly, and I think it is partly the cause of her great timidity and shyness; still she is happy with him, and would love him if he would let her; but love in any shape or way he seems to regard rather as a weakness than as a virtue," he added, laughing.

"So I should quite imagine," said Una demurely, and paused to let Lilith join them.

She came up to them quietly, making no remark about the bird, and they all went on together gaily, till they came near the summit of the hill, which was by no means very high.

"Now I must and will be first at the top!" exclaimed Una like a gleeful child; and as the wind, growing fresher and stronger, seemed to bear her up on its wings, she flew on, far past her companions, till she gained her point and planted her little feet firmly on the highest rock.

Hervey, who could easily have overtaken her, let her go unimpeded, that he might have the pleasure of looking at her as she stood with her slender, well-knit figure brought out in strong relief against the clear sky, and the breeze sweeping back the rich brown hair from her charming face, which was radiant with a look of saucy triumph.

Truly she made a pleasant picture as she stood there, with her clear eyes wandering from point to point over the vast landscape at her feet. Fair and bright the wide expanse of country lay before her in the glad spring sunshine, stretching away to the far horizon, with many a change of wood and field and rugged hill, and every here and there the silver



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"'At least, you do not come with us,' she said"—*p.* 462.

gleam of a rapid river, that rushed with musical murmur onward to the sea; and no less fair and bright, in that morning hour of life, the future seemed to spread its golden realms beneath her hopeful eyes; through flowery paths and scenes of joy her trusting fancy imaged out her yet unknown career; and the proud ardour of her strong young spirit glorified the whole with the pure light of the noble purposes which she had resolved should bring her the blessing of holiness, no less than happiness. And all the while her eyes were on the fateful spot where her strange destiny was indeed to be accomplished, in guise as different from these visions of her youth as well could be imagined; but no instinct warned her of that which was to come. A little time longer she would walk on in her golden dreams, and then—face to face the deadly conflict of her life would meet her.

Mr. Crichton gratified his eyes by gazing steadily at Una, as long as it pleased her to contemplate the view; but when at last she turned her glance downward to her companions, he bounded up the rocks and was at her side in a moment.

"Now, Lilith," he exclaimed, as his sister followed more slowly, "you must come and act showman to this great panorama. I can tell Miss Dysart the names of the houses, but you must describe the inhabitants."

"Provided you do not expect me to be very critical," she said, with her gentle smile.

"No, indeed; I am only too well aware of the extent of your unassailable charity. I have no doubt you will persuade Miss Dysart that this county is stocked entirely with angelic beings, which will be very satisfactory to her, until she comes in contact with a good deal that will seem rather odd in a seraphic population."

"Do you not know any of these wonderful beings yourself?" said Una, laughing.

"I know one, a young lady whom I met—not here, but in London, and it is quite—quite enough for me."

"And her name?"

"Is Miss Northcote—Miss Wilhelmina Northcote, commonly called 'Will.'"

"Not by you surely?"

"She would have no objection. I think of asking her to go out shooting with me some day; she is a capital shot." He laughed as Una opened great eyes of astonishment.

"I like Miss Northcote very much," said Lilith softly.

"Of course you do: who is there you do not like? but she is as unlike you as if she were the inhabitant of another planet."

"There is Northcote Manor, where her family live, Miss Dysart," said Lilith; "you see that large modern-looking house, half hid by the trees, not very far from here: though the whole property is on low-lying ground?"

"Yes, I can see it quite well. A gentleman and lady seem to be riding towards it along the high road at this moment."

"You are quite right," said Hervey; "it is Rupert Northcote, the eldest son, and his sister, whom I have already introduced to you as 'Will.'"

"Are they new people in the county? their house seems quite recently built."

"Oh no, they are an old family," said Lilith; "but the present squire pulled down the original house in order to build one larger: he has so many children."

"Happily, none are of an age to appear in the world of society yet, except Rupert and Will."

"Why do you say 'happily?'" asked Una.

"Because Rupert, though undoubtedly a fine handsome fellow, with some good qualities, is—shall I say what he is, Lilith?"

"Say whatever you think right," she answered, almost in a whisper; and the soft peace of her face remained undisturbed.

"Well, not to enter into details, he is extravagant and dissipated; very unlike his father, who is, I believe, a thoroughly good, kind-hearted man."

"And Mrs. Northcote?"

"Oh," said Hervey, drawing a long breath, "I met her, too, in London once; and she is the most terrible specimen of the British matron I ever encountered."

"She is very good, Hervey."

"Yes, my dear child; and in the days when I used copy-books, one of the wise sentences which I wrote over and over again was to the effect that goodness which made itself disagreeable was high treason against virtue. However, I leave you to comment on the rest of our neighbours; the Northcotes are really the only people I know, from having met them elsewhere."

"I have been making some discoveries for myself," said Una; "I can see that our present home is called Vale House because it lies just at the entrance of that pretty valley through which the river flows, and the village is called Valehead because it extends quite to the upper part, where the church stands, so well placed on ground that already begins to rise."

"Yes," said Lilith, "and there is the parsonage where we live, just behind it."

"That quaint, many-gabled little house? It is very picturesque; your garden looks beautiful, even from here. There are only two other houses which are not poor people's cottages—a very ugly, red-brick building at the end of the village street, and a little villa on the river bank. Who lives in these?"

"The inevitable functionaries, doctor and lawyer," said Hervey. "I have seen them both at church—Dr. Burton and Mr. Knight."

"Well, I suppose we shall make acquaintance with them, and all the others you have named, in due course," said Una; "but, Mr. Crichton, I am very

anxious to know the name of that grand, austere-looking old place just at the foot of the hill on the opposite side. It has a magnificent position, almost embedded in that dark forest of pines, and with such precipitous rocks rising up immediately behind it."

"That is Atherstone Abbey; formerly in possession of the gentleman my brother mentioned in connection with Miss Amherst, and the very place you expressed such a wish to see."

"It would be well worth going a much longer distance to get a good view of it. Both the building and its *entourage* are wonderfully striking. It looks like the keep of some old Norman baron—sombre and massive, and quite capable of a stout defence; surely it must be very ancient."

"It is, undoubtedly. The county guide-book will give you a most elaborate history of it. I dare say you have studied it, Lilith."

"Every one here knows the history of Atherstone," she answered. "It was, just as Miss Dysart supposes, a Norman castle first of all; then one of the family in old times joined a religious order, and converted it into a monastery, from which it derived the name of Abbey. The chapel and cloisters were added at that time; but the next heir restored it to its original use as a dwelling-place, and so it has remained ever since."

"Always in possession of the same family?" asked Una.

"Oh yes," said Lilith; "it is said that the Atherstones would rather part with life than with the Abbey."

"They are a proud race," said Hervey, "and cling with a wonderful tenacity of affection to their old inheritance; but really one cannot be surprised at their devotion to it, for, independent of their historic old fortress, the lands belonging to it are of great extent and value. I should think few commoners have such a rent-roll as Humphrey Atherstone."

"Is he the present proprietor?"

"Yes; he succeeded his uncle, who was Miss Amherst's friend—or enemy, as the case may be; and as he is unmarried, and without brothers or sisters, he has the sole enjoyment of his rich possessions."

"Do you know him?"

"Not at all; but my brother does, of course; and from what I have heard, I imagine that of all the Atherstones that have ever lived he is the one who is the most entirely devoted to his old home, and intensely proud of it."

"He has lived in it all his life," said Lilith, "and he always knew that it was to belong to himself. He was brought to it as the heir, on the death of his father, when he was quite an infant. His uncle, who died three years ago, was the eldest brother; but he never married, so Humphrey of course succeeded. I believe he has literally never left it, excepting to go to school and college, and he refused to stand for the county the other day, because he did not wish to leave home. He has always managed the whole property himself, for both his grandfather and his uncle were much attached to him, and trusted everything in his hands. I believe he retains all sorts of superannuated old servants about him still; but I should think it must be rather a rough establishment, for there has been no lady belonging to it since his mother died nearly thirty years ago."

"He is not very young, then?"

"Upwards of thirty, certainly."

"And what sort of a man is he, Miss Crichton? I suppose you know him?" asked Una.

Lilith was silent for a few minutes, and then, when Una repeated her question, she said with evident reluctance, "My brother Richard does not like him."

"Why, Lilith," exclaimed Hervey, "he must be desperately bad if you have not a good word to say for him. I had no idea that he was such a terrible character."

"I did not say he was bad, Hervey."

"Never mind," said Una lightly, perceiving that Miss Crichton looked troubled; "I dare say I shall make his acquaintance some day, and then I can judge for myself. In the meantime do tell me what is that exceedingly strange-looking little tower on the very top of a tremendously high cliff, a long way above Atherstone itself. It looks even older than the Abbey, and seems half in ruins; but I should think it must belong to the property."

"It does," said Lilith; "and there is a singular story connected with it. An Atherstone, in very old times, committed some great crime—what it was I do not know, but he became haunted with a terrible remorse, which gave him no rest night or day; so at last he had this lonely tower built, as a place where he might spend the rest of his life in penitence; and when it was ready, he took leave of all his friends, and went up to it, and never left it again till the day of his death. It is called the 'Eagle's Nest,' because it is so inaccessible."

"It does look inaccessible; nevertheless, after hearing such a story as that connected with it, I most certainly shall make my way to it some day," said Una.

"If you think of going on horseback, Miss Dysart," said Hervey, "you would find it quite impossible; the ascent is much too steep and rugged, and there is no regular path."

"On these two feet I will go," said Una merrily; "but I shall not tell you, or any one else, how or when I shall accomplish it. I shall go by myself, and then perhaps I shall meet the ghost of the wicked old penitent."

"Should you think that a very desirable result?" said Hervey, smiling.

"Most certainly I should."

"And what would you say to him if you did meet him?"

"I should ask him to tell me my future fate. I have no doubt I should find he knew it quite well;" and as she spoke, with careless laughter, the flying breeze caught the words and bore them lightly away, but there came a day when they returned to her, and lay upon her heart with a weight of lead.

It was now growing late, so after a glance at the huge house in the distance, which Mr. Crichton told Una belonged to the duke, the great man of the county, they turned down the hill and took their way homewards.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Dysarts soon had hosts of visitors. Colonel Dysart was known by name—both as a distinguished officer and through Lady Mary's connections—to many of the families in the county, and they were very glad to welcome both him and his bright, aristocratic-looking daughter to the society of the neighbourhood; amongst others Mr. and Mrs. Northcote called, when both Una and her father happened to be out, so that one of the first places they went to when they got their carriage and horses, was to pay the return visit at Northcote Manor.

Colonel Dysart had limited his stud to riding-horses for himself and Una, and the groom who attended them, but he also provided her with a little low carriage and a pair of fast-trotting ponies, which she was to drive herself, for he was much too indolent to give himself even that small amount of trouble, and when they started on a fine afternoon to visit the Northcotes, Una managed the spirited little steeds, while her father leant back on the cushions at her side, and watched the skill with which her light firm hand managed the reins.

They had reached a rather steep ascent on the road, and Una let the ponies walk till they got on more level ground. Just as they gained the summit of the highest part they overtook Richard Crichton, who was walking slowly on, talking to a man following respectfully a step or two behind him.

"Wait a moment, Una," said Colonel Dysart, "I want to ask the rector a question," and she checked the ponies while her father got out and went up to speak to the clergyman. Mr. Crichton joined him at once, and they went on a few steps, while his companion, drawing back, turned slowly round, and standing within a few paces of Una, looked her full in the face. She gave an involuntary start, and an unaccountable fascination seemed to compel her to fix her eyes on the remarkable-looking person before her. It was fascination, but of a very unpleasant description, for the strangest feeling of chill and repulsion thrilled through her whole frame as she looked at him. He was a young man, not more than five-and-twenty years of age; not really tall, but gaining an appearance of height from his extreme slimness, with a dark olive complexion which spoke unmistakably of Southern blood of some sort; he had thin, finely-cut features and sleepy-looking, almond-shaped eyes, that were usually more than half veiled by the lids, but when opened to their full extent were of the most intense black, with a fiery glow in their inmost depths that made them look almost like the gleaming eyes of some savage animal. His thin lips had a snake-like curve, and his hair, cut very short over the whole head, was of a dead coal-black hue, straight and smooth. It was essentially an evil face, subtle and cruel in its expression, notwithstanding that it was, undoubtedly, not without a certain beauty of a peculiar kind. He was respectably dressed, but had not in the least the appearance of a gentleman. He wore gold rings in his ears and on the fingers of his dark lithe hand, and was unquestionably a foreigner, though it would not have been easy to judge by his appearance from what country he came.

As Una met the fixed gaze of this man, the sense of repulsion she felt at first grew into the strangest sort of superstitious terror she had ever experienced. How it could be she knew not, but she felt an instinctive conviction that this man had some terribly evil power over her destiny, and that she would be quite unable to free herself from his malignant influence. She shuddered, tried to avert her eyes, and found herself irresistibly drawn to look at him again. She felt as if an icy breath were passing over her making the whole air chill, and it was with inexpressible relief that she saw her father returning to her.

"Why, Una, you look quite blue with cold. How does that happen on such a sunny afternoon?"

She grasped hold of his arm and said in a hoarse whisper, "Who is that man?"

"The man Crichton was speaking to? How should I know child? What are you thinking of?"

The foreigner had moved away, and in a moment Una felt restored to herself, the chill of fear passed off, it seemed as if the sunshine had regained its strength, and she could not even understand what it was that had made her shiver and shrink so strangely the instant before.

"I do not know what in the world was the matter with me," she said, her bright smile returning as she made the ponies move on again. "I felt suddenly such a horrible dread and dislike to that man, though he never spoke a word, and seemed inoffensive enough."

"I do not see anything remarkable about him to make you notice him at all," said Colonel Dysart, glancing back at the foreigner, who had rejoined the rector. "He seems to be one of those mongrel fellows, half-African and half-European, of whom we have seen numbers at the Cape."

"Perhaps he reminded me of some I had a bad opinion of there," said Una; "but apparently he must be a meritorious individual, since Mr. Crichton

seems to be actually feeling a grim satisfaction in talking to him: the rector's hard, cold face gives one the impression that his natural tendencies, at least, are towards a general condemnation of every one for everything."

"A sweeping conclusion, which certainly would leave no loophole of escape for any of us; but he is a thoroughly upright man, Una, you may be sure of that, he only unfortunately mars his goodness, as many do, by a want of geniality and courtesy," replied her father.

They were soon at the gates of Northcote Manor, and drove up a long avenue, through park-like grounds, to the door of the large substantial-looking house which, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, seemed thoroughly commodious and comfortable. A tall distinguished-looking young man with a rather languid air was lounging on a terrace at one side of the house, smoking a cigar, and he watched Una critically as she jumped out of the carriage and gave the reins to the servant, but he did not come forward, and she passed on with her father and entered the house.

They were ushered into a large pleasant drawing-room, which had only two occupants, a ponderous lady of decidedly formidable aspect, attired in the stiffest and most rustling of silks, who sat on a sofa reading the *Times*, and at once recalled to Una Hervey Crichton's description of Mrs. Northcote as a British matron, and a young girl who was crouching down on the floor beside a large Newfoundland dog, whom she seemed to be tormenting with all sorts of malicious tricks. She started to her feet as the visitors came in, and showed a light elegant figure, small but in perfect proportion, and a strikingly *piquante* face, with sparkling dark eyes, a mutinous little mouth, and a quantity of black hair, cut short and brushed off her forehead in a state of wild confusion, which was rather increased than diminished by the knots of scarlet velvet that were supposed to restrain it.

"I shall like 'Will,'" thought Una as she glanced at her, but she was obliged to give her undivided attention to Mrs. Northcote, who now came forward, wearing a look of stern benevolence, and welcomed the new-comers with deep solemnity. All this lady's movements, even on the most trivial occasions, seemed designed to show that she was engaged in a very self-conscious performance of duty, and that she wished it to be understood her every action, even when it consisted in nothing more virtuous then the depositing of her formidable frame in a comfortable arm-chair, was conducted on the strictest principle. It would probably be a very complete explanation of the eccentricities of Miss Wilhelmina Northcote to say, that they were simply the result of a strong reaction from the too severe training she had received.

The visit commenced with a most rigid observance of the laws of etiquette. Miss Northcote was introduced, Mr. Northcote was sent for, and Mr. Rupert Northcote, who sauntered in at the open French window, was named with a state ceremonial which would not have been out of place in presenting the heir to the throne. The gentleman who for thirty years had had the overpowering felicity of enjoying life in company with Mrs. Northcote was a stout, good-humoured looking individual, who had forgotten his spectacles on the top of his bald forehead where he had pushed them up from his eyes, and who glanced perpetually at the mistress of his affections (and everything else) with a bland, weak expression which seemed to show that, having resigned his purse and his conscience unto her careful keeping, he was now enabled to take life very easily, secure that all his affairs, including his duties, would be carefully managed. He was, however, a thorough gentleman, and talked pleasantly and kindly to his new acquaintances in the general conversation which followed his entrance; Mrs. Northcote's share in it was chiefly addressed to Una, who was painfully conscious that she was becoming exceedingly drowsy under a course of that lady's remarks, and she welcomed the appearance of afternoon tea with great satisfaction, as an event which might possibly cause a change in her position. Miss Northcote took care that it should; she had been openly manifesting no small impatience at the formal nature of the visit, and had already varied it on her own behalf by rushing herself out at the window to order Colonel Dysart's carriage to be sent round to the stables, when her father proposed it, and returning back again into the room before Mrs. Northcote had finished the speech in which she was requesting Rupert to ring the bell, that she might give the necessary orders. The young lady's next proceeding was to place Miss Dysart's cup of tea on a little table in the window which opened on the lawn, where they were out of hearing of the rest of the company, and Una gladly rose at her invitation and joined her there; Rupert followed, and Miss Northcote was soon laughing and talking as if she had known her visitor all her life. Presently she began to question her as to the acquaintances she had already made in the neighbourhood, and when Una mentioned the Crichtons, she perpetrated a frightful grimace at the rector's name.

"Don't speak to me of that iron man," she said, "I cannot command my feelings when he is mentioned; but Hervey is an uncommonly good fellow, I like him very much."

"I think Miss Crichton quite charming," said Una.

"She is the dearest little thing in the world," said Miss Northcote, "but awfully slow."

"Very slow indeed," said Rupert, composedly, "she does not talk slang."

"Since you object to my style of conversation, Ru, I will leave you to enjoy that of our respected elders. Miss Dysart, do come out and let me show

you our fernery." She did not wait for her visitor's consent, but quietly turning round, she said, "Miss Dysart wishes to go out, mother, we shall not come back for some little time," and then lightly dancing down the steps which led from the window, she held out her hand to Una who joined her with great goodwill; Rupert was following, but Will stopped, and facing him in a very decided manner, ordered him to remain where he was.

"At least, you do not come with us," she said; "I mean to find out what sort of a person Miss Dysart is quite by myself." Rupert laughed, and went back as if he knew it was no use to dispute her authority, and she drew Una rapidly on by a shady walk which led to the river.

"That was rather a terrific announcement of yours," said Una, as they almost ran along together; "perhaps you will be very much dissatisfied with the discoveries you may make in my character."

"I do not expect I shall, I think you will suit me; anyhow, I simply want a jolly talk by ourselves. Of course we are not going to the fernery, I hate ferns."

"Where are we going then?"

"To a little nook by the river-side, which is a favourite hiding-place of mine, and where they will not be able to find us, if they send for you before I am ready to let you go. There now," she said as they reached their destination, "is not this perfect?"

It was a pleasant spot, certainly, a mossy bank carpeted at this season with primroses and violets, and drooping willow-trees all round them, whose branches, just tinged with tender green, touched the sparkling waters of the swiftly-rushing river that rolled past them, making music in the still soft air. Miss Northcote flung herself down at once on a bed of flowers, and Una very willingly took a place beside her.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART VI. CHRIST IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Chapters to be read—John ii., Luke x. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION.—Begin by asking a few questions about Paradise; man's creation; place of happiness provided, with every desire gratified. Pleasures of flowers to eye, food to taste, &c., yet something more wanted; what was it? Companionship. Not good to be alone (Gen. ii. 18). After the Fall find same thing. Abraham promised to become head of great nation (Gen. xii. 2). Solemn yearly feasts appointed for families to remember family mercies and deliverances (see Exod. xii. 3, &c.), so we are told that solitary are set in families (Ps. lxviii. 6), and families especially blessed (Ps. cxxviii. 3). Show that all this teaches how each has a share in social life; no one lives alone; all have some one in close daily intercourse. This involves certain pleasures, duties, trials. We will see Christ's example.

I. CHRIST AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST. (Read John ii. 1—11.) (1) *The scene.* Point out that it was our Lord's first miracle, yet His mother seems to have expected some display of power (ver. 5). What wonders had she seen attending His birth? Had pondered them for thirty years. Describe the scene of the feast: guests assembled, reclining round the room; servants waiting; supplies of wine running short. How would the bridegroom feel? Now ask about the water-pots; for what purpose? Refer to Mark vii. 3. (2) *The miracle.* Notice that it seems to have been done quite quietly—without show. The servants fill the water-jars; how full? Why to the brim? Could be no pretence that any wine was concealed, and would be good provision for the future for the married couple. Imagine the feelings of the bridegroom; amazement of guests, and joy of Mary. (3) *The effect.* Who were present? What had disciples heard John the Baptist say about Him just before (John i. 29)? Must have been surprised at this beginning of miracles: yet made them believe in Him.

APPLICATION. What does it teach about Christ? How was His glory shown? (*a*) *In sharing our social life.* Great honour when some one higher than ourselves will come to a meal with us. (*b*) *In blessing the food.* Remind how food, like all gifts, from God (James i. 17); how often Christ gave food? always with a kind of special blessing. Are to glorify God in eating as in anything else. (*c*) *In giving pleasure to others.* To His mother, who would delight in her Son; to the bridegroom, in receiving such a store of food, and having such an honoured Guest; to the disciples, in raising their opinion of their new Master. What does it teach for ourselves? (*a*) The blessing of having Christ in our houses. All seek Him in sickness and trials; how few in health and at feasts! (*b*) Christ's best gifts come last. Often have in this life sorrow, care, &c.; if seek Christ's blessing, weeping turned into joy, water into wine, and at end will find best reserved for last—cross become crown.

II. CHRIST AT BETHANY. (Read Luke x. 38—42.) Remind how Christ had no home. Sometimes stayed with Peter at Capernaum—sometimes with the family at Bethany. Ask who were the members, and anything about them; Lazarus afterwards raised to life; Martha, who came out to meet Jesus and reproached Him for not coming sooner (John xi. 21); Mary, who anointed His feet (John xii. 3). Where did they

live? Describe the walk from Jerusalem; after teaching all day in Temple, going out of gate, down valley of Jehoshaphat, over brook Cedron, past garden of Gethsemane, up hill to cottage among olive-trees of Mount Olives. Picture the family scene; Lazarus coming in to supper; Martha bustling about to do all honour to the Guest; Mary nestling at His feet to catch every word. Contrast the two sisters. (*a*) *Martha*, quite right to think of Guest's comfort. Some have entertained angels unawares (Heb. xiii. 2); this more than angel: wrong to think too much of the meal; preparing many things, *i.e.*, dishes. Christ man of simple habits, one dish enough. Also was "troubled," *i.e.*, out of temper, because left alone to serve; might have been glad to spare her sister. (*b*) *Mary*, not praised for idleness, but for delighting to listen to Christ. Show how a teacher anxious to gain people would value eager attention to his words more than attention to his comfort. So Mary's was the "best part," which would last, feeding on bread of life (John vi. 27).

APPLICATION. Some children always busy, restless, eager about learning games, &c., but not about souls. Remind of Parable of Sower; that cares as well as pleasures may choke the word, and no fruit result. Learn to work for Christ, but to learn of Him first. So will grow in grace and bring forth fruit of good works.

Questions to be answered.

1. Show that God intends man not to live alone.
2. Describe our Lord's first miracle.
3. What does it teach about Christ?
4. What may we learn for ourselves?
5. What do you know of the family at Bethany?
6. Contrast Martha and Mary's welcome to Christ.

SHAG AND DOLL.

A STORY OF TWO HOMELESS LITTLE ONES, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

SHAG had not gone far when, on turning a corner, he almost ran against a stall on which rolls, buns, and various other things were displayed for sale. A three-legged stool behind the stall formed a seat for the owner, but it was now vacant; and the whole street seemed silent and empty. Of course the owner of the stall could not be very far away; still there was time enough to snatch some of the rolls and be off, long before any one could catch him.

It was a sore temptation. There was little Doll, waiting for him—perhaps dying—perhaps she might even be dead when he got back, if he did not make haste and take her something to eat. But if only he could give her a good meal, he might still save her. The thought made him desperate, and his hand was stretched out to seize the coveted prize, when suddenly, with a start as if he had been stung, he drew it back again. The words had darted into his mind—"The next time you are going to do something you know you ought not to do, think that *He* is looking on."

"Ah! that Friend he telled us about wouldn't like us to steal. He'll see me if I do; and I should like to go to that home—Doll wishes it so; if only we could go both together. Oh, I hope He'll help me! I'll keep my hands tight behind my back, and run past;" and, suiting the action to the word, Shag was darting away when he was seized in a woman's strong grasp, and suddenly brought to a standstill.

"Now then, you young rascal, what have you been a doing there at my stall? I see'd ye a standing there, and I'll be bound ye've been a helping on yourself pretty freely. Turn out yer pockets, and let's see 'em."

"I aint took nothing. I s'pose a feller may look at a thing, mayn't he? looking ain't stealing."

"It's very nigh it," retorted the other, "and I see'd ye put out yer hand, for I was a watching on yer." Then, after she had satisfied herself that Shag had secreted nothing, she continued: "Well, there, I see you've got nothing about you: you haven't many pockets that 'ud hold much in these 'ere rags. Why, the boy's nothing but skin and bone!" she exclaimed, loosing her hold of the arm, which was so thin it seemed as if it might be crushed within her grasp.

"And Doll's worse than me," sobbed Shag, bursting into tears as his thoughts reverted to her. "Doll's my little sister, and she'll die, she will, if I don't be quick and take her something to eat. Oh, she's such a pretty little dear, is Doll!" moaned the boy; and then his streaming eyes turned longingly towards the eatables displayed so temptingly upon the stall.

The woman's heart was touched. Rough though she was, she could not withstand such a mute, pathetic appeal, joined to the sight of such deep, childish grief. "Here, I've got a stale roll or two, and you may take 'em back to little Doll," she said in softer tones. "There, that's one apiece for you; and now make haste back with 'em to her; and a good thing 'tis for you that you didn't try to steal 'em, for if you had I'd ha' catched you, sure as I'm alive, and then you wouldn't ha' had none of *my* rolls, that's certain."

With hurried thanks, but grateful looks, Shag ran off back to the old cask where he had left Doll. She raised her weary eyes, and gave a feeble smile of welcome, as the boy, with a joyful shout, threw himself down beside her.

"See, Doll! here's good luck! A woman as keeps a stall give me these. Make haste and eat yours, Doll.

Oh, aint it good!" said Shag, feelingly, as he devoured his portion with an eagerness that showed how great had been his hunger.

Shag had finished his roll before Doll had eaten more than a quarter of hers. "Why, Doll, you don't seem to get on very fast."

"I think I've had enough," said Doll, with a sigh of weariness, as she laid down her roll.

"Enough! why I could eat three or four times as much! and I thought you said you was so hungry!" exclaimed Shag, in amazement.

"So I was, but I aint now; I've eaten a good deal already. You have the rest, Shag; you finish it."

"No, no," returned Shag, resolutely; "that's your share, and you're to eat it all, Doll. If you don't want it now, keep it till by-and-by. You'll soon be hungry again."

"But I'd like you to have it, Shag. Do take it; 'cause you're a boy, you know, and wants more than me."

"No, no," said Shag, gently pushing the tempting morsel away with his hand. "We'll keep it for breakfast to-morrow, Doll, in case we don't get anything else; you'll be hungry by then."

"Shag, afore we goes to sleep couldn't we ask Him the gen'leman was telling us of, to take care of us, and let us come to that home? Wouldn't it be nice if you and me could go there both together!"

Shag agreeing, the two children rose. As they were going to ask for something, it seemed natural to them to do it in the posture in which they were accustomed to beg: so hand in hand, with upturned faces, they stood and sent up their untaught petition.

"Please, Jesus, be our Friend, and keep us safe, and take us both to that beautiful home."

So far they said it together; and then Doll added, "Please take us soon." "And both on us together," continued Shag.

When the moon arose that night she shone upon the river, and the wharf, and the old casks lying about. Could her beams have penetrated into that particular one appropriated by the children, she would have seen two little forms, locked in each other's embrace, and in unconscious slumber.

But Doll was restless; she would often move, and opening her lips would murmur, "Please, Jesus, take us both safe home," and then would seem lost again in sleep. Once Shag awoke at the same time, when Doll tried to nestle yet closer to him, saying, "It's very cold, Shag—so very very cold."

Shag got up, and taking off the tattered, threadbare garment he called a jacket, wrapped it round Doll in spite of her remonstrances.

"You'll be cold yourself now, Shag; do put it on again, and then we'll lie a bit closer together."

"No, no; you keep it round you. I aint cold; and if I was, what does that matter?—boys don't care for cold."

"Give me a kiss, Shag, afore I goes to sleep—I'm so sleepy;" and the little lips were pressed against Shag's dirty cheek, whilst Shag, clasping her tightly inhis arms showered kiss after kiss upon her.

The heavy little eyes closed; but opened again after a moment; and once more the child spoke. "When we get to that beautiful home, we shan't be tired, nor hungry, nor cold, shall we, Shag? And we shan't be parted one from another neither."

"No, it'll be fine to be there!" responded Shag; and very soon both fell asleep.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

183. Which of the Evangelists gives the additional facts that the waves *beat into the ship* when our Lord was asleep during the storm, and that He was reposing on a *pillow?*

184. Is there any reason for supposing that St. Luke wrote his Gospel at a somewhat late period of the apostolic age?

185. St. Matthew narrating the healing of the sick brought to our Lord, adds: "That it might be fulfilled that was spoken by the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." To which prophet did he refer?

186. Which body of believers did St. Paul call his "joy and crown?"

187. One of the Evangelists, in alluding to the village in which the Lord's ordinary home was situated makes a citation from a prophecy which is not recorded in any of the sacred writings. Quote the words referred to.

188. The prophet Jeremiah told a certain person that he "would be a terror to himself and to all his friends." Give the name of this man.

189. What plea did St. Peter urge in his defence when charged by those "who were of the circumcision" with eating with the Gentiles?

190. Find a parallel in the Old Testament to the words of the angel to Joseph in reference to the Infant Christ, Return, "for they are dead who sought the young Child's life" (Matt. ii. 20).

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 432.

168. Isa. xxx. 28; Amos ix. 9.

169. By Balaam's. See Numb. xxxi. 15, 16.

170. Annas (John xviii. 13; Acts iv. 6—20).

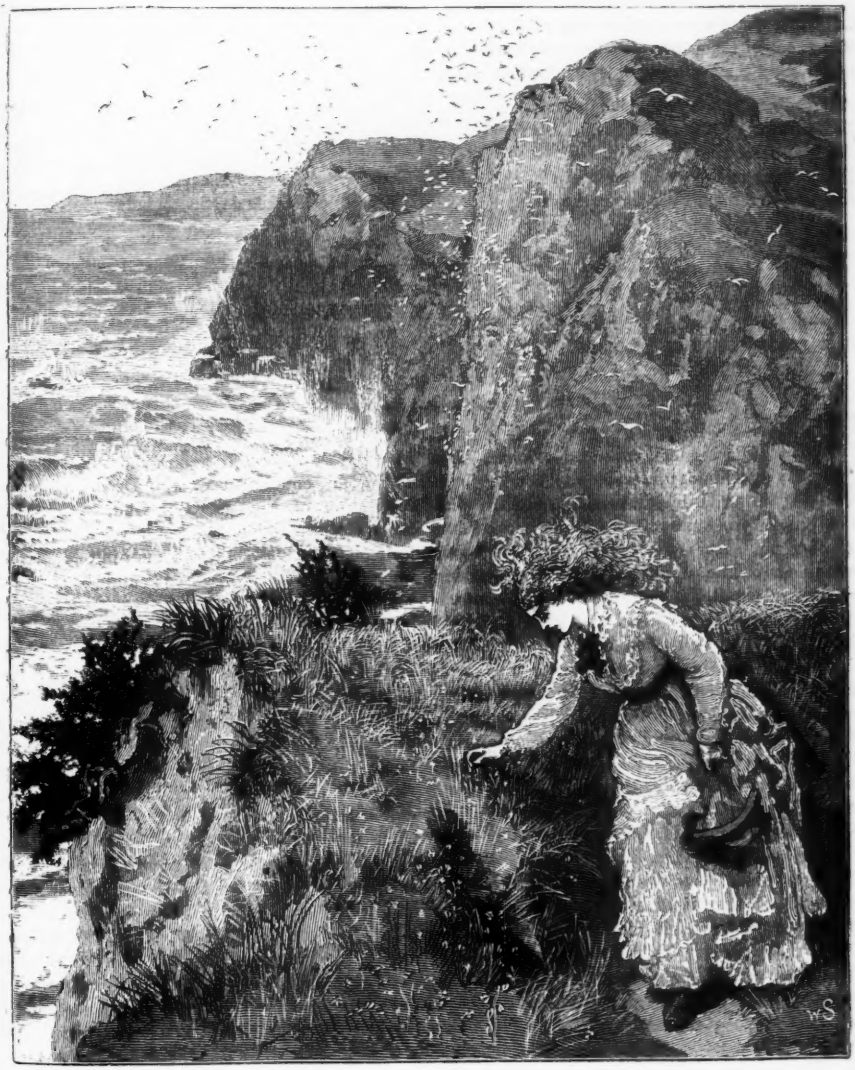
171. Ps. lxxii. 10.

172. James and John (Luke ix. 52—56).

173. 1 Kings xi. 41. The book of Nathan the prophet; the prophecy of Ahijah the Shilonite; and in the visions of Iddo the seer (2 Chron. ix. 29).

174. By the order of Herod Agrippa I. he was killed by the sword (Acts xii. 2).

175. We read in John xviii. 15 that St. John obtained admission for himself and St. Peter into the palace of the high priest when our Lord was conveyed thither, and remained while He was examined, and in Acts iv. 13 it is stated "they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."



AMONG THE ROCKS.

(WRITTEN AT WATCOMBE.)

HOAR cliffs! ye preach unto the souls of men
The gathered wisdom of uncounted years
That stretch into the past beyond our ken;
So star-dust through the sage's tube appears.
How vast a battle-field of hopes and fears
Your stone-leaves furnish for conflicting minds,
For Error's sophists and Truth's dauntless seers;
Whose blades must cross, till sense no longer winds
Round man a wreath of mist that dazzles while it blinds.

The spring has decked your brows with loveliness—
  You look as if in gratitude you smiled
On May's white blow and golden gorse's tress,
  Fairer than ringlet of the fairest child;
  And bluebells quiver to the sea-breeze mild,
Who gently strokes them with a viewless hand,
  Till faint, sweet music, ravishingly wild,
Breathes out of them, like strains from elfin-land,
Down-floating thence to die upon the foam-lit sand.

And in the sky, shows not a cloudy curl
  To share the sapphire with the sea-bird's wing,
And at your feet the crested billows hurl
  Their snowy tribute from the Ocean King;
  And ever and anon their forms they fling
Against your rugged sides, and feel no harm,
  But hoarsely laughing, with a sudden spring
Leap back again, creatures that bear a charm,
Proud nurslings of the deep, reared by a monarch's arm.

Ye wondrous piles! bearing a bygone earth
  Within you, ancestors of worlds to be!
We know not yet the secret of their birth:
  We *shall* know in our immortality.
  We know, by faith, those spirits shall be free
Who toil for Truth through prison-bars below;
  And that Great Cause, their one Creator, He
Shall give them eyes of everlasting glow
To pierce creation's depths, and alway brighter grow!

JANE DIXON.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—V.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"My Father's house."—John xiv. 2 (part).

THERE is something very pleasant in thinking of heaven as a *home*. We would not undervalue, of course, those other Bible-descriptions which surround the future state of the redeemed with a blaze of glory. It is well when eyes, too much accustomed to be occupied with the passing pageantry of earth, lift themselves to the contemplation of the gates of pearl and streets of gold above. And it is well when ears, too often filled with the hum and bustle of this lower world, can catch, in the occasional pauses of life, some echoes from the vast melodies of the upper sanctuary. But, perhaps, the calm and repose which we crave in times of sorrow are best found in such a thought as that presented to us in the words of our Lord just quoted.

Now consider that Christ was on the point of returning to His Father. There was a sense in which He could say—always say, "I am not alone, because the Father is with me." And yet there was also a sense in which He was separated from the Father, by the very relation in which He stood to mankind; and this separation could only be terminated by His rising again from the dead and ascension into heaven. At present then He was absent from the Father. Until His work was done, until His task was fulfilled, that close association and intercourse, for which His whole being longed, could not become possible. In Him, at this time, the utterance of the Psalmist found its truest expression, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. When shall I come to appear before God?" And the people of Christ partake, in their feebler measure, of the spirit of Christ. Because God is the Father of Christ, He is also the Father of Christ's people, "*My* Father and *your* Father," says the Lord. And though there is, even in this world, an enjoyment of the Divine presence, a realisation of the personal God, which constitutes the "rest" of the soul, yet the Christian feels instinctively that something better and higher is in store for him; and he looks forward earnestly to the closer intimacies of the Home above.

It is not meant, of course, that our sojourn on earth is an altogether unhappy one. No! There is an unwholesomeness, and there is a tinge of insincerity too, about the language we sometimes hear applied to human life: and it is not grateful, to say the least of it, to depreciate the rich provision which God has made for our comfort, on our march from time into eternity. But still, no true Christian would like to abide here always. After all, with all his thankful recognition of bounties and mercies, he is not in his fatherland, but only on his way to it. His religion commands him to enjoy, but forbids him to *rest in the enjoyment*. As he travels onward through the desert, he may gladly welcome the little oasis with its green grass, and the cool shade of the feathery palm-trees, and the bright water of the ever-springing fountain; and, it may be, with the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land. But he must not let his heart so wrap itself round the pleasure and the comfort, as that he should forget the land to which he is hastening. He is only a pilgrim, a stranger and a sojourner, as all his fathers were; and he must be ready to strike his tent and move on, on the morrow. God has given us many little wells of blessing. Family affection is not the least of them. But we must not stay by them dreaming and

enjoying; we must gird up our loins, and be up and away.

But let us change our image. Most of us know what are the feelings of children at school The boy is not unhappy there. He feels, perhaps, that the discipline and toil are necessary to fit him for the business of life; and he bears the yoke with some cheerfulness. Nor is he without his boyish pleasures to console him. But yet he longs for the time when school shall be over, and he shall return to the love and the companionship of his father's house. And is it not so with Christian people? They are not miserable. No. For who has such a right to be happy as Christians have? And a glow from heaven, bright as well as sanctifying, rests upon their daily life. Yet they are like children at school. They are in the school of Christ. In this school are many classes; some lower, some higher; and the disciples are being gradually advanced, under the teaching of the Spirit, from one to another. But all are learning one lesson, a lesson contained in four little words—"Thy will be done." How hard it is sometimes for us to learn that lesson! But learnt it must be. In some way or other we must be made perfect in it. And by-and-by the disciple is removed into the highest class; and then, having mastered the difficult lesson, he is ready to be taken from school. A messenger comes—the grim messenger Death! But what matters it? The scholar leaves his discipline, his tasks, his restraints, his punishments, to be taken to the repose and blessedness of his heavenly Father's Home.

Pursue the idea a little farther. Imagine the child travelling from the school to the house. The journey, perhaps, is taken by night; the road seems bleak and comfortless; the air is chill, and whistles through the trees; the snow begins to fall; and the boy shudders as he steps out into the gloom. But ere long he is carried up to the threshold of the mansion. The door flies open. The light and the warmth stream forth; and there are all his kin assembled to receive him, and loving hands of welcome are stretched forth to greet his arrival. He is folded in his father's and mother's arms; and in the calm peacefulness of his home, he forgets the sorrows of his days of discipline, and the discomforts of the way by which he came.

So with the Christian. Heaven to him will be no strange place, tenanted by unrecognised and unrecognisable forms. The Saviour whom he knew and loved on earth will be there; friends, relations, children—who have gone before—will be there; and a burst of loving joy from "the general assembly and church of the first-born," will greet him as he enters the gates of the celestial city.

THE SINNER'S HIDING-PLACE.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."—Gen. iii. 8.
"Thou art my hiding-place."—Ps. xxxii. 7.

TAKING these two passages of Scripture together, we are presented with a subject which well deserves all the attention we can bestow upon it. We are taught what a difference there is between hiding *from* God and hiding *in* God. We have two pictures here placed side by side. First, we see conscience-stricken and convicted sinners vainly endeavouring to provide a hiding-place for themselves. In the other passage of Scripture we have called up to view that hiding-place of inviolable security which the Lord has provided for the sinner in Himself. In the one case, we see Adam and his wife hiding themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. In the other, we see David rejoicing greatly as he discovers the hiding-place which has been provided for him in God. These two Scriptures set before us what is ever taking place. We see many vainly seeking to hide themselves from God; while others, led by a truer wisdom, are to be seen resorting to the mighty God as their hiding-place and refuge.

(1) Let us look at these conscience-stricken sinners trying to hide themselves from God—that God whose law they have broken, and against whose rule they have rebelled. We see Adam and his wife hiding themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. Having read the previous narrative, we feel compelled to inquire as to the reason of this newly-manifested dread of God, and reluctance to meet Him.

Our first vision of the world, as it proceeds from the creative hand of God, is a very pleasant and satisfying one. We see material order and perfection, upon which God Himself can look with complacency. We see man created in God's likeness, fulfilling the purpose of his creation, and enjoying communion with his Creator. We look again, and we see at once that a change has occurred; a blight has fallen upon material creation, the original order is disturbed, the harmony which once prevailed has been interrupted, the crown of glory no longer graces the brow of man.

If we inquire as to the amazing and disastrous change which has passed over the world and its inhabitants, the Bible alone can furnish us with the information we seek. If we refer to the narrative contained in this chapter, we find that while it leaves many questions unanswered, it tells us all that we really need to know.

We see man first in a state of innocence and moral perfection; we then see him exposed to temptation and falling under it; we then see him in a state of moral ruin and degradation, shrinking from all intercourse with his Maker; and, finally, we see him ignominiously expelled from that state of blessedness in which, but for his sin, he would have continued.

We have here an account of God's first interview with Adam after the Fall. Adam, who has previously come forth to meet and welcome his Maker, now dreads, and seeks to shun, His presence. He attempts to hide himself in the thick shade afforded by the trees of the garden; but the voice of the Lord reaches him in his hiding-place, and summons him to an interview from which, conscious of guilt, he shrinks.

Here we have one of the earliest effects of sin. We see Adam and his wife attempting to hide themselves from that God in whose presence and favour they had so recently rejoiced. Every sinner whose conscience is in any degree aroused and alarmed shares the experience of these original transgressors, and seeks to hide himself—or, at least, wishes he could hide himself from the presence of the Lord. The moment a man sins, he feels that he has something to hide, and that he himself has need to be hidden. It was so with these first sinners; it has been so with all their descendants.

We not only see Adam hiding himself, but we hear him, in reply to God's inquiry, declaring why he did so. He said unto the Lord—"I heard Thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself."

Every circumstance is significant. God enters the garden as He has been accustomed to do—as though nothing unusual had occurred. There is nothing on the part of God to indicate His cognisance of man's sin; but Adam, instead of coming forth to meet his Maker, attempts to conceal himself. The attempt is vain; the voice of God finds him out in his hiding-place; the words—*Adam, where art thou?* fills his guilty soul with dread. These words have more the character of a complaint than a question. They reached Adam not so much as a simple interrogation, as a sharp searching demand, a demand with an imputation of guilt, not yet directly urged; God does not propose the question that He may be informed as to the state of the case with which already He is perfectly acquainted, but that Adam may be convinced of the sin, of the enormity of which he is still unconscious.

The question assumes man's altered position—*Where art thou?* Thou art not where I left thee. Thou art not what I left thee! Thou wast in the rightful enjoyment of paradise—in the possession of immortality; now thou art fallen into a state of sin and perdition. Always till now thou camest forth to meet me. Why dost thou shrink and hide thyself from my approach?

Adam is unwilling to acknowledge more than that he is afraid. "I heard Thy voice," he says, "and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." God's question should have been enough to reach the heart, to stir the conscience, to fill the soul with sorrow and amazement, to elicit immediate and penitential confession. But, no! The deadening influence of sin already declares itself. Adam ignores the imputation involved in the inquiry, and in reply refers to his material condition, and not to the state of his soul; he refers to his nakedness, of which he is ashamed, but not to his sin, which is the parent of shame; he is terrified by the voice of God, but not because of the violation of His law. He admits that he is ashamed, that he is fearful, that he desires to conceal himself from the presence of God; but he does not acknowledge, and is altogether unwilling to acknowledge, that he has committed sin.

When God presses upon him the more urgent and searching inquiry as to whether he has eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree—a question which he cannot evade—we see Adam, who at first sought to hide himself among the trees of the garden, now attempting to avail himself of the shelter of a vain and frivolous excuse, and an excuse as mean and cowardly as it was vain and frivolous. He said, "The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Apology for sin is almost as old as sin itself. Transgression of the law and excuse for transgression go together. Man sins, and he casts the burden of his transgression professedly upon the woman, really upon God. He virtually charges God with being accessory to his sin. "The woman *whom Thou gavest to be with me*, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." He says to God, "If Thou hadst not done that, I should not have done this." Sin, which belongs to us more really than any other possession, is the only property we are unwilling to acknowledge as our own. The pleasure which attends the commission of sin, or the profitable consequences of it, men are not averse from; but sin itself they will not acknowledge—that they always attempt to hide. Adam was not ashamed to commit sin, but he was ashamed to confess it; and we see how sin at the first declared its true character, and involved the sinner in the additional guilt of criminal evasion.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the conduct of our first parent, on this memorable occasion, because he stands before us as the prototype and representative of all who have succeeded him in the transgression of God's law. His conduct, as we read of it, appears very unreasonable; and so it was. But it may be questioned if it were more unreasonable than the conduct of not a few of those who express their surprise at it. There is a wonderful and dreary monotony in the history of crime; and sin, as to its essential principles and leading features, is ever repeating itself. Men have ever been following in the footsteps of Adam, not only in the way of sin, but in the way of sinful excuse; they have not only shared his dread, but they have, like him, though in different ways, sought to hide themselves and their sins from the presence of the Lord.

How fruitful in excuses are all those who transgress God's law and violate their own consciences! How do they refer to the force of circumstances, their special temptations, the positions of difficulty and danger they have to occupy, and the evils of their necessary companionships? How seldom do we hear sins called by their right names, have them exhibited in their true colours, attributed to their sole cause! How ready are men to refer to anything rather than the corruption of their own hearts! It is always some defect in early education, some peculiarity of temperament, something over which they have had no control. Their pride is always the right kind of pride, and their avarice a prudent regard for the future. And if Adam charged his sin upon Eve, we are ever ready to charge our sin upon Adam, and through Adam upon God. This tendency, indeed, to throw some of the blame of sin upon God, mixes with all the excuses for sin which men offer, and imparts to them a character of incurable malignancy.

In all this we see the sinner attempting to hide himself from God; we see proof of the fact that the sinner, however little sense he may have of the enormity of sin, feels that he has something to hide, and that he himself needs to be hidden.

Yes, the sinner's instinct is a true one, which leads him to seek a hiding-place. Every sinner needs one, but it is one which he can never fashion or find for himself.

(2) If we refer to the other passage quoted at the head of this paper, we *see the sinner joyfully discovering the hiding-place which has been provided for him in God.* We have two pictures—Adam and his wife vainly attempting to hide themselves from the presence of the Lord amongst the trees of the garden; David rejoicing in the inviolable security of that hiding-place which he has found in God. Instead of shrinking from God in fearfulness, he can cry out exultingly—"Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

The general character of the psalm in which these words occur is worthy of notice. David had sinned against God very grievously. He had experienced the hardening, deadening influence which sin, unacknowledged and unrepented of, ever exerts; but at last, instead of continuing to hide his sin, he was led to confess it, and to confess it to One who is ever ready to forgive. And then the sin which he could not hide, God covered; and the sinner who could not hide himself from the Lord, was able to rejoice at last to find for himself a hiding-place in the Lord.

No sinner finds a hiding-place in which he can feel safe and happy (and we cannot feel happy till we feel safe) but he who, like David, finds out God as his hiding-place. Happy and safe are they who can look up to God in Christ and say—"Thou art our hiding-place, Thou wilt preserve us from trouble, Thou wilt compass us about with songs of deliverance." This, then, is the great lesson which the conscience-stricken sinner has need to learn—that instead of vainly seeking to hide himself *from* God, he should try and hide himself *in* God. Turning away from all deceitful and lying refuges, he should say, "*Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord.*"

That the sinner needs a hiding-place God's Word uniformly assumes; the many references we meet with in Scripture to places of refuge, defence, concealment have no meaning unless this need exists. The sinner's conscience, as we have seen, confirms what God's Word both assumes and declares. There is no sinner who does not feel, at least occasionally, that he needs a hiding-place. The broken law assails him with its threatenings, justice with its inexorable demands, Satan with his accusations, his own conscience with its reproaches. Where, O where, shall the sinner hide? where shall he find some safe place of concealment and refuge? In Scripture we meet with this wonderful but glorious declaration—that God, the Lord of heaven and earth, condescends to become the refuge and hiding-place of His people. This is an idea unto which, of ourselves, we should never have attained, and one by the majesty and magnitude of which we are well-nigh overwhelmed. Is it true? we are ready to exclaim—is it true that such sinful, guilty creatures as we are, can find a hiding-place in God? Yes, wonderful as this is, no fact can be more certain. In every age of the world God has been known as the hiding-place of His people; and in every time of danger have they resorted to Him, and hidden themselves in Him until the day of evil was overpast.

God Himself—God in Christ—becomes the one sure refuge and hiding-place for the sinful and endangered children of men. The Lawgiver Himself becomes the refuge of the transgressors of the

law, and yet in such a way that the law is magnified and made honourable.

This refuge is one which affords *absolute and inviolable security* to all who avail themselves of it; once within this hiding-place we are safe from all kinds of evil and danger. There are many hiding-places, many refuges which afford partial and relative concealment and protection; in them we are safe from certain kinds of danger, but not from all kinds of danger. Pursued by our enemies, we may hide ourselves in some strong fortress, into which they cannot enter; but we may take refuge there only to be smitten down by famine or pestilence within its walls—but here we have absolute safety.

This refuge is *open to all* who desire the concealment and protection it affords. The various hiding-places, refuges, sanctuaries which have been provided for the endangered and the guilty have been, as a rule, designed for certain classes, and for them only. It was so with the cities of refuge. They were for the protection of the unintentional homicide; but not for the wilful murderer, or thief, or adulterer, or any ordinary transgressor of the law. But whoever flees to this hiding-place, to this sanctuary, will be admitted; its gates are ever open to all who seek the protection it affords,—"None is excluded hence but who himself excludes."

This refuge is *easily accessible*. It is of no use in the time of imminent danger, when every moment is of consequence, to know that there is a safe hiding-place miles and miles away; to feel that if we were there we should be safe, that no harm could come to us. But then, we are not there; and, using all diligence, we cannot reach the place of refuge in time; but *this* hiding-place is ever within reach, it is not far from any one of us.

The way to this hiding-place is plain, open, intelligible. The roads leading to the old cities of refuge were plainly indicated and carefully kept clear of all obstructions. So it is with the way leading to this refuge. We know who the way is. "I," says Christ, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no-wise cast out." There are in the Scriptures some things hard to be understood, but the way of salvation is perfectly plain. No one who wishes to be saved need stand in doubt. What can be more simple, more intelligible than the declarations of God's Word on this point? Where is he to be found who cannot understand the faithful saying which is worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners?

This is an *eternal* hiding-place: the same age after age, generation after generation. We often in our travels come upon old hiding-places, old refuges which once were strong and sufficient, but which are so no longer. There are fortresses which were once deemed impregnable, which the science of modern warfare would utterly despise. But if the Eternal God be our refuge, He will be to us a place of concealment and refuge in all generations.

We all, without exception, need a hiding-place. The question is, Are we seeking to hide our sinfulness *from* God? If so, we are engaged in a fruitless attempt. Or have we been led to seek and find the one true hiding-place which is to be found *in* God as He is made known to us in Christ Jesus? If so, we may well rejoice and be glad, for nothing shall be able to harm us, no evil thing shall come near unto us, for the Lord, Jehovah Himself, is as a wall of fire round about us, and no weapon formed against us shall prosper. If we are *there* we are safe, and should feel safe; we should have the peace which flows from a sense of security. Our fears should drive us to the refuge, but entering it, we should throw our fears away. We should be able to say, "Surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto me. Thou, O Lord! art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

THE WIDOW OF SAREPTA.

1 Kings xvii.

THE barrel wasted not, nor did there fail
The cruse of oil. That simple house was bless'd,
As holy homes are always, with God's best,
Though threatened penury may make them quail—
E'en when the last grim foe came to assail;
When worse than poverty and want of bread
Came to yon widow—when her child was dead,
Though, for an awful while, her faith was frail,
And all seemed lost beneath the avenging rod,
Though tears might start to her maternal eye,
Though framed her lips one bitter passionate cry,
She owned the presence of the man of God,
And straight the dear one lived. E'en though the sod
Veil your beloved ones from your straining sight,
Know they are living in God's Home of Light,
Though in our faithless accents earth-named Ichabod.*

* "The glory is departed."—1 Sam. iv. 21.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

BUSYBODYING.

"IT'S all very well, my dear sir, but for my part I'm what you may call a plain-spoken person, and I detest your trimmers and your disguisers, and your bated-breath sort of people. It's my habit to speak out-and-out just what I think about matters. It's everybody's duty to speak and to act straightforward-like in everything. Don't you think so, sir? I like to call a spade a spade. People shouldn't do awkward things if they don't want them talked about. I don't quite understand you, therefore, sir, when you say that we must be considerate and charitable, and all that sort of thing. Truth before any such poor puling sentimentality any day, say I; and it's really too bad of you to have said so much lately about not being busybodies. It's really quite insulting and dreadful to listen to such a charge!"

"Certainly, Mrs. M——, I agree with you in saying that we ought to dislike trimmers and disguisers, and those sort of people; but what on earth that has got to do with the question of busybodies, I can't see for the life of me. Not to be one thing, does not make it necessary to be another. Two negatives don't necessitate a positive—except when street-boys say, 'I aint got no marbles.' We are certainly not called upon to be tattlers because we are not trimmers and disguisers; and as you like to be plain-spoken, Mrs. M——, allow me for a moment to be plain-spoken with you. I've called this morning purposely to see you, because of a conversation you had in my house with my wife about a neighbour of ours. My wife didn't believe the story at the time, and I have found out that it is utterly and entirely untrue: but you, as a plain-spoken person, thought it your duty to talk of the matter as a verified fact.

"'But part of the story,' you say, 'is true—you are sure of that!' Well, suppose it is, Mrs. M——, does plain-spokenness, as you are pleased to call it, necessitate on our part the revelation of all we know? Why there would be an end of all pleasant intercourse if we were to out with all we think and all we know. Suppose your own little boy were to shout out in the parlour—'Mr. Brown's got a big wart on his nose; aint it ugly, ma?' and to act thus in Mr. Brown's very presence. Probably both fact and inference might be right. Warts *are* warts, and warts *are* ugly—specially so on the nose; but then there is no necessity, that I can see, for plain-spokenness about it at all; in fact, we should all think it highly seasonable and reasonable for the juvenile offender, in such a case, to have appropriate banishment and early bed for his offence. Well, I can see no difference between that sort of thing and outspoken talk about people's tempers, and errors, and mistakes! In or out of Mr. Brown's presence we can talk at him or about him, and we can make him quiver with wrath and indignation and not do him even an ounce of good; and I can see no virtue at all in that sort of torture. If we are always to out with the truth, we shall find it as miserable a business for ourselves as for others.

"'It's all very well,' you say, 'talking like that; but for your part, you like to be dealt with in a plain-spoken way yourself.'

"Excuse me, Mrs. M——, if I very considerably doubt that. This is the very thing I question entirely; for I have ever found in life that satirical people wince extremely when they are satirised themselves, and people who make even poor puns on other people can't stand the slightest joke themselves; in fact, they turn budgy directly, and don't like the game played that way at all. For instance, don't you remember that at the very commencement of this conversation you said—'It's really too bad of you to say we mustn't be busybodies?' Why, notwithstanding that I pluralised the sentence, and said 'we' instead of 'you,' you will remember that you turned hot and indignant directly; and yet if I had adopted your motto of plain-speaking, I should have said, 'Mrs. M——, I hate busybodies, and I think you are a busybody;' which is exactly what I do think. Just a moment, madam—allow me to finish. I am quite prepared for the loss of any little friendship we have had. I have counted the consequences; but I should not have been so bold if you had not so unflinchingly nailed your colours to the mast, and proclaimed yourself a plain-spoken person; but, having done so, and knowing what I do know, I am determined 'to hoist you,' as the old proverb says, 'with your own petard!' Let me try how you like your own medicine; for depend upon it that it is true, as another proverb says—'people who say what they like, shall hear what they don't like.' Now, the conversation you had with my wife went no farther, so far as she was concerned, than my own humble self. But such a conversation you have had with other people; and when I called upon our neighbours the other day, I found the poor husband in considerable trouble, and his delicate little wife in tears, all about these baseless calumnies that you have made current; and I tell you plainly, that their misery is much more painful to me than your friendship is precious. Now, you know you

flattered me just now by saying that you knew how straightforward I was, and that I was a plain-spoken man myself; and I remembered at once another old proverb—'Who paints me before, blackens me behind,' and I shouldn't in the least wonder if you make some busybody sketches of *me* sometimes; indeed, I know you do, for I found one such etching in the portfolio of a friend's memory the other day. St. Paul, you know, was an inspired man, a wise man, and a very straightforward man; and he warns us most earnestly against being busybodies in other men's affairs. Now, you can be as busy as you like about your own matters; but upon your own plain-spoken principles, I would advise you not to be a busybody in relation to other people; you hurt other's feelings, you injure their reputation, and you make yourself obnoxious without reaping any good.

"'A worse tirade you never heard; and it's shameful, detestable, disgraceful. You've never been called a busybody before, and it's enough to make you burst into tears.' Perhaps so, but I haven't finished yet. Busybodies escape very often themselves, because the attacked ones are afraid of them. People don't like to catch puff-adders, for fear of being stung unpleasantly themselves. But it's a mistake; the best way to handle a stinging-nettle is fearlessly to grasp it. There is one other thing also to be said. Unfortunately, people in general like to hear news just as the Athenians of old did, and they rather encourage 'tattlers to open out their pack,' that they may amuse themselves with their pictures, and the only excuse—if excuse it be—for busybodies is that people 'like to have it so.' Poor foolish souls, after being amused themselves they little think that they enter as figures into the unfolded panorama of life, when the busybody does the 'show' business next door. Be good enough to remember, Mrs. M——, that the happiness or misery of human life is made up of *trifles*, that character itself is the sum of trifles, and take care how you undermine the fabrics of human happiness.

"'It's quite a mistake,' you think, 'and I've quite put myself out, and the last thing in the world that you are is a busybody.' Perhaps you really think so, Mrs. M——, and you will remember the old lines—

> 'O would some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us!'

We are not perhaps the best judges of our own likenesses, excepting brave Oliver Cromwell, who would insist upon the huge wart being painted on his face. Plain-spoken people pique themselves on this wise, 'I like your honest, down-right, down-straight sort of people; never mind if a man is a bit brusque, and that sort of thing; if he has a rough manner, he is all right at heart.' It is in this way that refinement, tenderness, considerateness, and charity get a back-handed slap in the face. We might truly say of all this downrightness and uprightness, 'These ought ye to have done, and not left the others undone.' Now for your comfort, Mrs. M——, this is quite a private and confidential. No one need or shall know a word about it outside these walls. If you like to take to heart in a right way this little chat, do so; and if when you die you wish 'eyes full of heart-break' to look down into your tomb, you will deal gently even with the erring; you will remember that you, too, often stumble in life's difficult path; you will be very eager to take 'the beam out of your own eye;' you will be none the less faithful, but it will not be in a critical, censorious, or plain-spoken way. Oh! I wish from my heart that I had all the plain-spoken people in cities, towns, and shall I say specially in villages, as my audience just now! I would tell them how if they are feared, they are also hated; I would tell them that this same plain-spokenness is impudence, and an impudence which, if exercised towards themselves, they would not stand for an hour. I would recommend them to take a dose of their medicine. Certain I am that one of the surest ways to cure them is to risk their friendship, and to reply when they are criticising some one of your friends, say in *appearance*, 'Quite so! but remember *your* forehead is very low, and *your* feet are very broad.' Then when the criticism is *mental*, 'Quite so! but then *you*, whose own education is evidently so limited, must try and show them a little sympathy.' Or when the criticism is *moral*, 'Quite so! but *you* know how difficult it is to govern your own precious bad temper.' My word! how the poor souls would dance a fire-dance like the Red Indians, or leap about like travellers stung by mosquitoes. I quite admit, however, that, if a *sure* way to correct them, it is not the *wisest*, nor the best way. Christ's way is the true one. Lift them by your own nobler converse into a higher sphere altogether; try and link your own name with the slandered one, and speak of a common need for the Saviour's mercy and pity and grace. Try and show by speech and manner how conscious you are that we have all done many things we ought not to have done, and left undone many things which we ought to have done, and in the purer atmosphere of Christian sympathy the rank weeds of supercilious criticism will soon die. Good morning, Mrs. M——; I too have busybodied sometimes as well as you, and if we keep this private and confidential to ourselves, it may benefit us both. Good-bye, madam, good-bye!"



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"At that moment a step sounded on the path"—*p.* 477.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IT was not difficult for the two new acquaintances to find topics for conversation. Miss Northcote seemed to be inquisitive on every subject under the sun, and begged Una to understand at once, that she had an inquiring mind, which it was absolutely necessary she should satisfy by every means in her power, and notably by the present opportunity for enlightenment, which Miss Dysart's visit afforded her. For instance, she had a weakness for Hottentots. Would Una be kind enough to tell her whether she had found them agreeable companions at the Cape? and especially had she been able to discover whether it was pleasant to have a Hottentot mother? and how about the sailors on board ship; had she fraternised with them much? and had she ever succeeded with their assistance in being mast-headed? which was the object of her own highest ambition, as she should then at least feel free for one half-hour from all the terrible rules and restrictions of this monotonous civilised life. Oh! that she were a man; or could even look like one; then would she not go straight off to sea, and never come back again to be proper and polite. And so wild Will rambled on, talking the most ineffable nonsense, but letting gleams of shrewd common sense occasionally appear through it all, which showed that she had some sterling qualities under her quaint absurdity, and that her vehement independence of mind covered a good deal of feminine softness, and kindliness. At last, after she had insisted that Miss Dysart should give her some idea of the opinion she had formed of the British nation, from the specimens she had seen in that neighbourhood, she suddenly said—

"Now tell me, have you become acquainted with the county mystery?"

"The county mystery! I do not understand."

"The county hero then, he is as much one as the other."

"I cannot at all tell who you mean."

"I mean Humphrey Atherstone, of Atherstone; hero and mystery, certainly, and either almost a saint—or almost a demon—no mortal in this part of the world at least can say which."

"No, indeed, I do not know him; though I heard of him as possessing a splendid old place, which took my fancy immensely when I saw it from the hill-side. But I had no idea he was anything half so remarkable as you seem to imply. What a wonderful contradiction of terms you have used in describing him!"

"Only such as would accurately convey the county sentiments on the subject; there is an extraordinary conflict of opinion, some people believe him to be everything that is most terribly wicked—capable of all manner of crimes, and having committed not a few; whilst others think there never was any one half so good, so noble, so generous, so public-spirited. For instance, to show you I am not speaking at random, my mother and the rector are convinced that he is nothing less than an iniquitous monster; while my father and Rupert are disposed to be mildly charitable, and Dr. Burton, and Mr. Knight, doctor and lawyer, consider that he is endowed with every imaginable virtue: my own astute judgment is still at fault respecting him, but I incline to the worst."

"All this is very bewildering, but of course you have excited my curiosity to an unendurable extent, and you must really do your best to satisfy it now by all the explanations you can give. Please to begin systematically. You said he was a hero, a mystery, and a saint or a demon. Now, first of all, why a hero?"

"Because a man who, in the prime of life, with wealth sufficient to gratify the most luxurious and extravagant tastes, with undoubted talent, a stately presence, and a strong self-controlled character which would make him a power among his equals, chooses to shut himself out from the public stage of the world, from every channel of pleasure or ambition, and devote his fortune, his intellect, his whole existence, to the improvement of his estates, and the care of his tenantry, and the numerous poor people connected with him, is surely a hero in the strictest sense of the word."

"I should think so certainly, if he does it really with a view to benefit his people, and not simply from some eccentric fancy."

"There can be no doubt on that point, because before he came into possession of the property few men enjoyed life more than he did. But it is impossible that he can find any personal pleasure in the hard, austere, laborious existence he leads now. His whole energies are devoted to improving the condition of his labourers, and turning his land to good account; he has built model cottages, converted public-houses into temperance clubs, restored the parish church which stands on his ground, built a mission chapel for the outlying hamlets, and founded all manner of industrial and charitable institutions. He is at work early and late on these matters, and says he has no time to go into society. The only relaxation he seems to allow himself is an occasional

gallop on a huge black horse, for which he has an especial affection."

"Well, you have certainly made out his claim to be a hero—at least in the nineteenth century; it is not exactly the description of a mediæval knight; but how is he a mystery?"

"Do you not think that a man living in a county absolutely replete with charming young ladies, and who yet announces publicly, that he never means to marry, is a decided mystery?"

"I am not quite sure of that; many men remain unmarried."

"But not under such circumstances. Humphrey Atherstone is the last of his race; if he were to die unmarried, there would be no heir to a property which has passed from father to son for ages upon ages. And it is the more extraordinary, because he has the most deeply-rooted attachment to the old home of his ancestors, and has always been noted for his intense family pride. It seems almost incredible that he should be willing to let the ancient Abbey pass to strangers in name and blood."

"Perhaps he may change his mind, as men often do, when the right woman comes in their way."

"I do not think he will. Mr. Knight, who is his lawyer, told my father that Mr. Atherstone had asked him to make it as public as he could, that it was his inviolable determination to remain single, and he said also that he had made a will in accordance with this resolution, which was of a very extraordinary nature. Of course he revealed nothing of its contents, and I suppose it was rather a breach of honour in a lawyer to say as much as he did; but it was perfectly plain, from the way he spoke, that he thought there was some strange secret lying at the root of this predilection for a single life, which was as much hid from him, in spite his having drawn up the will, as from every one else."

"Well, I admit you have proved Mr. Atherstone to be a mystery, and your description of his good deeds shows why he might be considered a saint by some people; but why should any one think him a demon?"

"Partly from a species of instinct which affects many people with regard to him, myself included; partly because the extraordinary change which came over him at the time of his uncle's death gave rise to rather uncomfortable suspicions respecting him."

"Not that he murdered him, surely?"

"Oh no, people are never expected to go so far as that in these moderate days; besides, Humphrey Atherstone was passionately attached to his uncle; but there is no doubt that the old man's death took place from the bursting of a blood-vessel, caused by the agitation of a violent quarrel between himself and his nephew. He was quite well before it took place, and dead an hour after. Of course, this alone was startling, but it was the change which was observed in Mr. Atherstone from that very day which made people take a prejudice against him. He had not been even a hero before that, though he had always taken an interest in the tenantry, and he was not in the least a mystery. He went into society like every one else, and he seemed quite to intend being married some day. I believe my prophetic mother intended him for me in due course, but he never had the advantage of seeing me, as I was unhappily not out of the schoolroom. Ah! if he had! do you not think it would have affected his whole career?" and Will half closed her merry black eyes with a sentimental air.

Una laughed, but she was too much interested in the strange story she was hearing to encourage an interruption to it. She went on eagerly with her questions. "Was the cause of the quarrel between the uncle and nephew ever known?"

"Yes, that all came out, for there was both an inquest and a trial.'

"A trial of Mr. Atherstone?'

"Oh no, of a man of the name of Edwards, concerning whom the dispute arose. I must go back a long way to make you understand it all. You must know that old Maurice Atherstone, the uncle, had in his day, quarrelled with his father, for a passionate temper is the invariable characteristic of all the members of this family, and in his rage he declared he would go abroad, and never come back till the old man was dead, and he kept his word. His only brother, younger than himself, had died just before, but the widow and child he left, the Humphrey of the present day, were living at Atherstone, and the old man in his anger against his eldest son, declared he wished to have no other heir than this grandchild, and always brought him up as the future possessor of Atherstone. In due time this choleric old gentleman also died, and Maurice came back, after an absence of some years, to enter on his inheritance. He brought with him a great many curious animals and birds from the Mauritius, and as part of the live stock a dark-faced, foreign-looking little boy, who talked some strange language, and wore a very picturesque costume. Maurice Atherstone explained that he was a little Malay to whom he had taken a fancy, and he let him run wild about the place, and used to play with him as if he were a tame kitten, or I should rather say a little tame tiger, for as the boy grew older he developed many of the qualities of that interesting beast of prey. Mr. Atherstone took care that Edwards, by which name he said the child had been baptised, should have a good education, and he became thoroughly Europeanised. As he grew up, he proved to be excessively clever, but with a subtle, cunning sort of cleverness which made him really dangerous, for he seemed besides to have the most singularly evil disposition, which no amount of training in good principles could counteract. He was deeply false, cruel to an extent which made him as a child

torture every animal that was weaker than himself; and later he seemed to have but one motive in all that he did, and that was to gratify his own vicious inclinations at any cost of suffering to those who might stand in his way. The only person whom he deceived as to the real depravity of his character was his master, Mr. Atherstone, who showed him from first to last an extraordinary favour, and on whom he was always fawning with a semblance of the most devoted affection. The old man employed him as a sort of secretary, and besides the high salary he received, Edwards managed to get an immense deal of money out of him, which he squandered in secret transactions on the turf, and in gambling and betting and all sorts of wickedness far beyond mere extravagance. He used to go and spend weeks in London on the plea of transacting business for Mr. Atherstone, and there is not the least doubt that he appropriated to his own use sums of money entrusted to him by his master for other purposes. The only difference of opinion Maurice Atherstone ever had with his nephew, to whom he was really much attached, was on the subject of this wretched man. I believe Humphrey simply abhorred him, and naturally enough, for he saw through the outward mask of deceit which blinded the old man, and was perfectly aware of all the nefarious proceedings which Edwards carried on under it,—in fact, the two men had always been in collision from the time that they had been children together at the Abbey. As a boy, Humphrey was perpetually interfering between Edwards and his victims, rescuing miserable dogs and cats from his cruel hands; and he used, I believe, to get into continual disgrace with Maurice Atherstone for inflicting summary punishment on the horrible little Malay, who invariably succeeded in persuading his master that he was the sufferer by an unprovoked assault. When Edwards's crimes became more serious, later in life, Humphrey tried in vain to open his uncle's eyes to the real nature of the man in whom he trusted so implicitly, but if he ever succeeded in proving any of his evil deeds so completely that Mr. Atherstone could not deny them, he still always condoned the offence, and persisted in retaining the Malay in his service. At last the climax came, and it proved fatal to Maurice Atherstone. Humphrey suddenly discovered that Edwards had forged his master's name to a cheque, for a very considerable sum, and the whole circumstances were so iniquitous that he did not suppose his uncle could possibly refuse to let the law take its course, and to avoid any attempt at escape on the part of Edwards, he had him taken into custody before he communicated the facts to his uncle. This was the cause of the terrible quarrel which resulted in Mr. Atherstone's death; his fury and indignation against his nephew for this act were so violent that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and lived only one hour afterwards. What passed between Humphrey and the dying man during that hour no one knows, but it seems certain that there lies the key to the mystery which surrounds him now. The very few facts that are known as to Mr. Atherstone's last moments were told by Dr. Burton, who was called in when the fatal attack came on, but who found the case so completely hopeless that he plainly told the old man he could do nothing for him, as his life was ebbing away swiftly and surely. Mr. Atherstone at once intimated that he wished to be left alone with his nephew; and Dr. Burton went out of the room, but remained within call. He could hear the low murmur of voices, but distinguished no words, till suddenly after a little time there came a stifled cry from Humphrey. The doctor rushed in, and saw him standing up, rigid, with his hands clenched together, beside the couch on which his uncle was laid, and his face of so ghastly a hue, that he looked almost more death-like than the dying man himself. Maurice Atherstone was looking up at his nephew with a haggard, half-despairing glance, and struggling almost with his last breath to utter some words. By a supreme effort he managed to gasp out, in broken syllables, 'Humphrey!—see justice done; promise——' and then sank back and died."

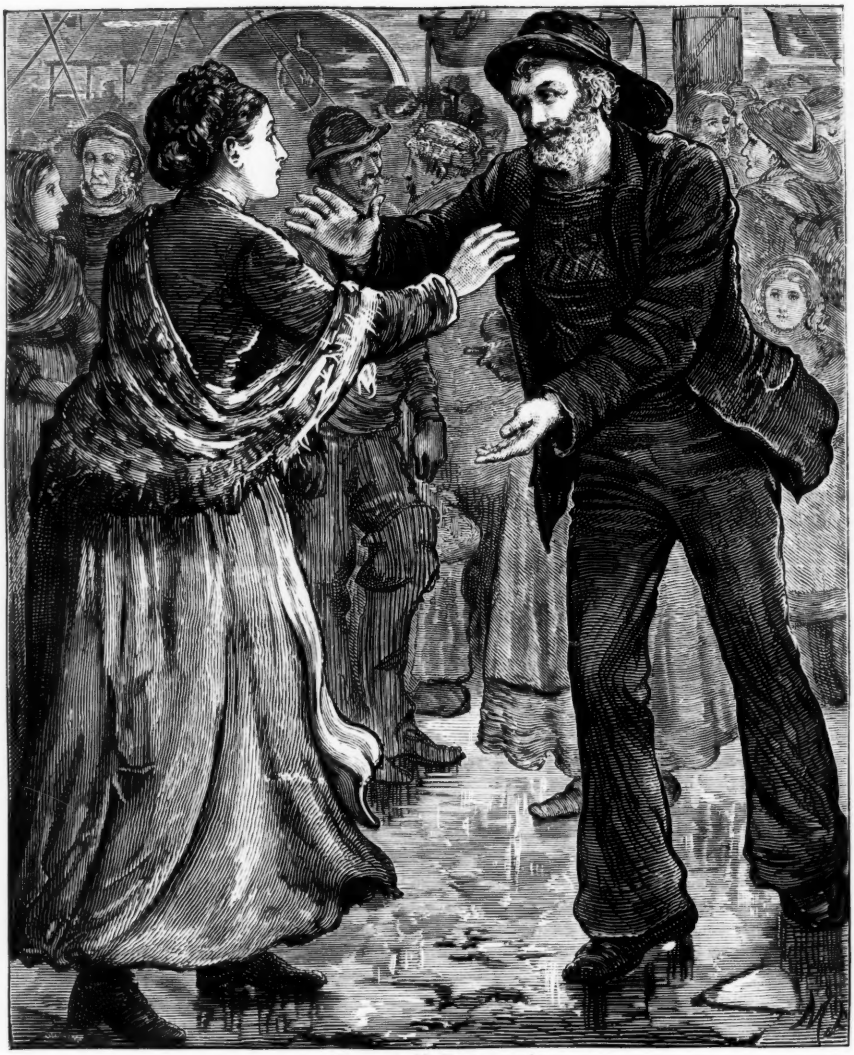
"He must have repented of his anger then, at the last, and wished Edwards to be convicted," said Una.

"So Dr. Burton thought, and every one else; but if it was so, Humphrey Atherstone did not act upon it. That is just one of his proceedings which people think so strange. The first thing he did, before his uncle had been dead a day, was to put an end to the whole affair, so far as Edwards was concerned; he paid the money himself to the bank on which the forged cheque had been drawn; declared at the trial that the matter had been explained by Mr. Atherstone before his death, and had Edwards liberated as speedily as possible. It is believed that he made it a condition with the Malay that he should leave the country at once, which the man did; but he very composedly left his wife and children behind him."

"Was Edwards married then?"

"Yes, I forgot to tell you; when he was quite young, not more than twenty, he married a handsome gipsy girl, whom he encountered in some of his vagabond expeditions. I believe old Mr. Atherstone was very much annoyed when he suddenly brought her home with him; but in spite of that he had the marriage ceremony repeated at the parish church here, in order to make sure that she was really his wife, and then he gave them a cottage on the estate, and was very kind to them. Humphrey Atherstone supported the family entirely during Edwards's absence; but I hear that the man has returned to this neighbourhood."

"What a very strange story it is altogether; but it seems to me, though the circumstances of old Mr. Atherstone's death were certainly very painful, that they contain no clue to the secret of the change



(*Drawn by* M. FITZGERALD.)

"Waiting there,
As ever, on the crowded quay,
With longing face, so fond, so fair,
To meet and greet me home from sea."

"*THE SAILOR'S DREAM*," *page* 477.

which you say has taken place in his nephew since then."

"No, you are quite right, they do not, and that is just one of the reasons why people think there must be something wrong."

"Something mysterious there clearly is," said Una; "and I confess all you have told me makes me feel the greatest possible curiosity to see Mr. Atherstone."

At that moment a step sounded on the path which led along the river-bank, past the spot where Miss Northcote and Una were sitting, and as they looked up they saw a gentleman advancing rather slowly towards them.

He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and strongly built, but with an air of distinction and refinement, which prevented his somewhat massive proportions from giving him the least appearance of coarseness. He had a strikingly intellectual face with an unmistakable look of power, and with strong indications of a passionate temperament in the dark, closely-meeting brows and the finely-cut nostril; his haughty, determined expression would have been almost repelling but for the wonderful softness of his large hazel eyes, and a certain sweetness in the curve of the lips—which, however, were scarcely to be seen under his thick black beard.

Lifting his hat to Miss Northcote as he came up to her, he showed a broad, well-developed forehead, bronzed with the sun, the effect of which was somewhat neutralised by the masses of dark hair that waved over it. Altogether, he was a remarkable-looking man, and one who would not have escaped notice even in a crowd.

Una observed with some interest the peculiar quietude of his manner and the vibrating tones of his deep voice, as he paused for an instant beside Miss Northcote, and asked if he should find her father at home. She answered that he certainly would, as she had left him with Colonel Dysart, who was still, as she knew, at the Manor, whereupon, bowing silently, the gentleman passed on and was very soon completely lost to sight among the trees of the park.

Will Northcote waited till his footfall had entirely died away, and then, lying back on the bank, she went into fits of laughter, from which she could not recover herself for some minutes.

Una sat watching her, much amused at her merriment, without having the least idea what was the cause of it, till at last Will composed herself sufficiently to speak.

"Never was a more opportune encounter," she said; "we need no longer have the slightest doubt to what class of beings the gentleman belongs, whose history I have heen telling you. You know who it is that appears whenever people are speaking about him; even at the Cape of Good Hope you must have heard the proverb."

"Miss Northcote! you do not mean to say——" Una stopped, she could hardly have told why.

"I mean to say that you have just seen Humphrey Atherstone."

(To be continued.)

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

I DREAMT we put to port last night,
I trod the old familiar quay,
And you were standing clad in white,
With hands outstretched to welcome me.
You pointed to the great black ships
And then towards the starry skies,
The moonlight on your pale, pale lips,
And tears were in your dear grey eyes.

We were alone there, you and I,
The silent town rose gaunt and black,
We only heard the wind go by
The moonlit water at our back.
I held your hands, my heart beat fast;
I called you, but you never spoke,
And then into the dark you past,
And left me speechless, and I woke.

There in my hammock as I swayed,
Sudden the place grew all a-gleam,
Far bells a mystic music made,—
I knew the sign, I read my dream;
I shall not find you at our hearth,
Sweet wife, I know it now full well,
For you are gone away from earth,
And entered where the angels dwell.

I shall not find you waiting there,
As ever on the crowded quay,
With longing face, so fond, so fair,
To meet and greet me home from sea.
But dwelling in my lonely town,
Or in my ship upon the main,
I feel you look with blessing down,
I know we two may meet again.

F. E. WEATHERLY, B.A.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART VII. CHRIST SHARING SORROW.

Chapter to be read—Luke vii.

ASK what was prophesied as to the life of Christ (Isa. liii. 3). How did He prove a "man of sorrows?" Describe the poverty of His birth and early life; afterwards, no home, rejected by the Jews, persecuted in His own city, Nazareth (Luke iv. 29), tired at the well (John iv. 6), hungry in the wilderness, suffering pain on the cross. All these His own personal sufferings. What others did He have? When do people feel pain besides for themselves? This called "sympathy," or "feeling with" other people. Shall see how Christ had this.

I. CHRIST AT NAIN. (Read Luke vii. 11—16.) (1) *The widow.* Show what a sad story. Picture the widow and her son living together; her comfort in him after her husband's death; her grief when he fell sick; the watch by the bedside; her despair at his death. She was probably left destitute. Could any lot be harder? (2) *Christ's compassion.* Describe the funeral procession coming out of the gate; Christ's eye upon the scene; taking all in at one glance—the bearers carrying the open coffin; the widow following, weeping; friends crowding round. No husband to lean upon; no child to take by hand. So Christ's compassion stirred. What does it show as to Christ's two-fold nature? was really "bone of our bone," touched with same feelings (Heb. ii. 18, iv. 15). (3) *Christ's help.* Ask the difference between Christ's compassion and that of crowd. They did what they could; went with her, wept with her, offered little attentions—could do no more. What did He do? Why did He tell the mother not to weep? Words contain a promise. Then with a word raised the man to life, and restored to his mother.

APPLICATION. (1) This miracle especially for mourners. Sometimes all feel lonely; dearest one removed; friends fail; honours hoped for fade; feel all alone, no good to any one, and cared for by none. To such Christ says, "Weep not." Show how vain are all earthly hopes; love of earthly things must bring sorrow. (2) *Christ's sympathy* unchanged. He still the same (Heb. xiii. 8). Ascended with human nature; still known in heaven as the "Lamb slain." Hence may count on His sympathy and compassion. (3) *Christ's help* pledged in trouble. Ask who was the first martyr, and how sight of Christ helped him (Acts vii. 57). May not give what we want, but will give better things. Dead soul raised to life (Eph. ii. 1); Holy Spirit in heart, &c.

II. CHRIST AT BETHANY. (John xi.) The chapter is too long to be read entire, and the story being familiar may at once be questioned upon. Draw out the following points. (1) *The object of the miracle.* (*a*) How long was Lazarus dead before raised? Why did Christ delay? Whose faith did He want to establish? See the question of the disciples (ver. 8), and of Martha (ver. 24). (*b*) From ver. 4 show another object. What miracle first showed His glory? This would far more. Ask who did not believe in the resurrection; also show from Acts xvii. 32, xxvi. 8, how incredible it was thought that any one should rise from the dead. How much then would such a miracle add to Christ's glory. (*c*) A third object of course to restore Lazarus to his sisters. (2) *Christ with Martha and Mary.* Remind of Martha's previous activity; so now comes to meet Christ. Point out the implied reproach and ignorance of Christ in ver. 21, 22. Needed plain teaching as to Christ's Divinity. Had missed some of His words previously. Now convinced and believes (ver. 27.) Show how Mary says same as Martha, only omitting last part, that Christ must ask God to raise him. Now picture out the scene similar to the miracle at Nain; the sisters surrounded by weeping and sympathising friends; Christ Himself moved to tears, though knowing what He would do. Why did He weep? Death always a sad sight, body turning to corruption, most loathsome—all fruits of sin; sisters in sorrow; many Jews unbelieving in Christ's power—all helped to move His pity. (3) *Christ at the grave.* Describe our Lord calmly giving commands; Martha remonstrating at the stone being moved, showing unbelief still; Mary silently watching, trusting fully in her beloved Lord. The Jews, all expectant, doing as bid. Then the wonderful sight—the dead coming to life. No wonder had effect that many believed.

APPLICATION. Ask how many Christ raised to life. Jairus' daughter just dead. Young man carried out. Lazarus four days buried. Show how the general resurrection only one step further. What became of them all? But these shall live for ever—where? Remind of Christ's words to Martha (ver. 25.) Show that there is a resurrection. Now, from the death of sin, and those who share that, and rise to new life with Christ here, will appear at resurrection-day with Him in glory (Col. iii. 3, 4).

Questions to be answered.

1. Give passages which show that Christ was a man of sorrows.
2. How did Christ show compassion to the widow of Nain?
3. What lessons does that miracle teach us?
4. How many people did our Lord raise to life?
5. Contrast the conduct of Martha and Mary when with Christ at the funeral.
6. What spiritual resurrection is spoken of in the Bible? Give texts.

SHAG AND DOLL.

A STORY OF TWO HOMELESS LITTLE ONES, IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

SHAG did not awake again until it was broad daylight. Doll seemed to be still fast asleep, and his first thought was that he would not disturb her; but, in spite of the jacket he had put around her, the hand he touched felt very cold, whilst her face, though always pale, looked so very very, white, that Shag, after sitting watching her for some moments, suddenly uttered a loud cry, and bending over her said, "Doll—Doll! wake up; it's time, Doll dear, for you've been asleep ever so long. Just open your eyes once, Doll—for a minute—and speak to me, and then you may go to sleep again."

But the little form neither moved nor spoke. Then Shag covered the still quiet face with his warm, passionate kisses; but Doll, who had always hitherto responded to his embraces by throwing her clinging arms around his neck, still neither moved nor spoke. The waxen features looked as if chiselled in alabaster, whilst the tiny face wore an air of such deep and perfect repose—nay, more, there was an expression of such wondrous happiness stamped upon it, that Shag murmured at length, "She's gone! Doll's gone to that home she was a longing so for ever since we first heard tell on it. I never see her look so happy—never—but, oh! whatever shall I do without her? Oh, Doll—Doll! how could you go and leave me all alone?" he said, half-reproachfully, in the agony of his grief, whilst loud sobs shook his whole frame.

He threw himself down beside the child's still form, clasping it tightly to him, as though afraid of losing these precious remains—all that was left to him of dear little Doll. And so he moaned and sobbed, until, worn out with the violence of his grief, he fell into a troubled slumber.

The sun was high in the heavens when he again opened his eyes, and sitting up began to rub them in a bewildered manner. He was conscious of some oppressive weight, of some heavy burden; but for the moment he seemed unable to comprehend what it was. When, however, his glance fell upon the marble face and motionless form beside him, recollection came, bringing with it a terrible sense of woe and desolation. Just then, too, his hand came against something. It was the remainder of the roll which Doll had wished him so much to finish the night before, and which he had insisted upon keeping for her breakfast.

"Ah! she has no need of breakfast," reflected Shag with a pang, and a fresh burst of tears, as he looked at the roll which he had hastened to bring her so joyfully, fondly hoping it would be the saving of her life. He laid it down again untasted. He wasn't hungry himself, somehow. He tried a mouthful, but it seemed to choke him.

Glancing up at that instant, he caught sight of a poor, lean, half-starved-looking dog prowling about near; and, on catching Shag's eye, which was fastened pityingly upon him, the animal timidly ventured nearer. Shag's compassion was aroused by the creature's miserable appearance. He held out a bit of bread, and the dog eagerly snatched at it. Another and another piece was broken off and thrown to him, until the last morsel was gone, when the animal, lying down at the feet of his new friend, looked up into his face with a grateful expression in his patient eyes, and gently wagged his tail.

Shag threw his arms around his neck, and rested his tear-stained cheek upon his rough back. He felt as if he had found a friend—a living friend—one that might perhaps help him to keep watch over Doll. He dreaded lest some one should come that way, and discover them, and take her away from him. So he crept as far as he could into the cask, and with one arm round "Doggie," as he called him, sat or lay for some time half dozing.

But as the day wore on he felt that dreadful craving for food which poor Doll had experienced. At length, unable to bear it longer, he was fain to leave his place of shelter for a few moments to go in search of something to eat, if only the merest crumb.

He felt so weak, it was all he could do to crawl along, but nobody seemed to notice him, or feel disposed to give him aid. Utterly wearied, he was standing against a post, when he saw, on the opposite side of the street, a child sitting on a door-step, munching a slice of bread. Half of it broke off and fell down, but the child appeared regardless of it. Shag darted across and picked it up.

"Don't you want this?" he asked.

"No. I've had enough. You can have it if you like," said the child, who could not help noticing the eager longing look on poor Shag's pinched face.

Shag devoured his portion—it did not take long to eat—and then, in fear lest anything should have occurred during his absence, went back, as fast as his tottering feet would carry him, to the wharf and the old cask. Then he and his dumb friend renewed their watch.

"Oh, Doggie!" said Shag, "I hope I'll soon get taken to that home Doll's gone to! She asked to go—and she's gone. I asked that we might both be took together—but we haven't. I don't know why; but I shall ask again—I shall ask to go after her."

And standing up, as he and Doll had done the night before, he prayed of that unseen Friend in

whom these friendless little ones put such unswerving trust, "please take him home soon, 'cause he was so miserable without Doll."

The sun set that evening behind a bank of clouds, all tinged with crimson and gold. Some of his last beams, as he sank lower and lower, shone right into the old cask, and looked upon a little drooping figure, sitting sad and lonely, with one arm round the faithful dog, who never moved from his position, whilst the other hand strayed gently among certain flaxen curls, which it would lift tenderly, and then let fall again.

When next the sun shone upon the earth, the scene had changed.

Two little forms were then lying side by side; the one as motionless as the other. Shag's prayer was answered; his bitter day of sorrow was over; he had gone to join Doll.

The two little lives were ended on earth. All the sadness and suffering which had been their lot here, exchanged for the fulness of joy which was henceforth to be their portion for ever and for ever.

Happy little Shag and Doll!

Faithful Doggie kept watch over the children, sitting looking on with sad mournful gaze, as though he understood full well that never more would the boy, who had befriended him in his hour of need, give back an answering word or look to his caresses. When one or two rough-looking lads drew near, he barked so furiously and fiercely, that they took to their heels in haste.

But when a policeman—an honest good-tempered-looking man—came that way, Doggie seemed to feel there was a duty which he ought to perform.

With low whines he attracted the man's attention, and drew him towards the old cask; and then stood looking from him to the dead children, and back again into his face, with a pitiful gaze, as if the sight were too, too sad.

And so John Walters, the policeman, seemed to find it. He contemplated for a few moments the little innocent faces, so calm and peaceful in the sleep of death—and then he drew his hand across his eyes, which, for the minute, were blinded by some strange mist.

"Poor little things! poor little dears! was there nobody to have saved them from this! nobody to have given them a bit or scrap to keep life in them, but they must needs crawl away and die all alone! Ah, well, they're happy now! There's One as ever loved the little children, and most of all, I can't help thinking, such friendless little ones as these. They're in His arms now, and nought can ever harm them more."

So pondered John Walters, and then his eye fell upon the downcast form of Doggie.

"I suppose he belonged to them; and *he* seems well-nigh starved," he said to himself. "Well, he shan't be left to die if food can save him;" and so the faithful animal was taken home and cared for by kind-hearted John Walters.

Both followed as chief mourners when the little forms were laid in their last long resting-place. Doggie mourned after true, honest dog-fashion: but John knew well the happy exchange the little creatures had made, and felt a sense of thankfulness rise in his heart, that they had been saved from further wretchedness, or, it might have been, a life of crime.

But his heart was more tender henceforth towards all the lonely or ill-used little ones who came across his path; and many a crust found its way from his pocket into tiny palms that clasped it eagerly. And this he did for the sake of Shag and Doll.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

191. Which two of the Evangelists omit to mention anything of the first thirty years of our Lord's earthly life?

192. Is there any reason for supposing that the mother of the Apostle John and the mother of our Lord were sisters?

193. Name the tribe to which Joshua belonged, and state where we first meet with his name in Scripture.

194. How frequently does the word "piety" occur in the *text* of Holy Scripture?

195. Where do we meet with the name of the mother of the Lord Jesus Christ for the *last* time in Scripture?

196. We read in 2 Kings xiv. 25 that the prophet Jonah was of Gath-hepher. To which of the tribes was that town originally given?

197. That our Lord should teach by means of parables was predicted in the Psalms. Where does St. Matthew refer to the prophecy in question?

198. Which one of the Evangelists records the fact that the Saviour, though a "man of sorrows," was at least on one occasion "rejoiced in spirit?"

199. Name the apostle who applies the words of the Psalmist, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption," to the resurrection of the Saviour.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

176. 1 Chron. ix. 33.

177. St. Matthew (xxvii. 57) and St. John (xix. 38).

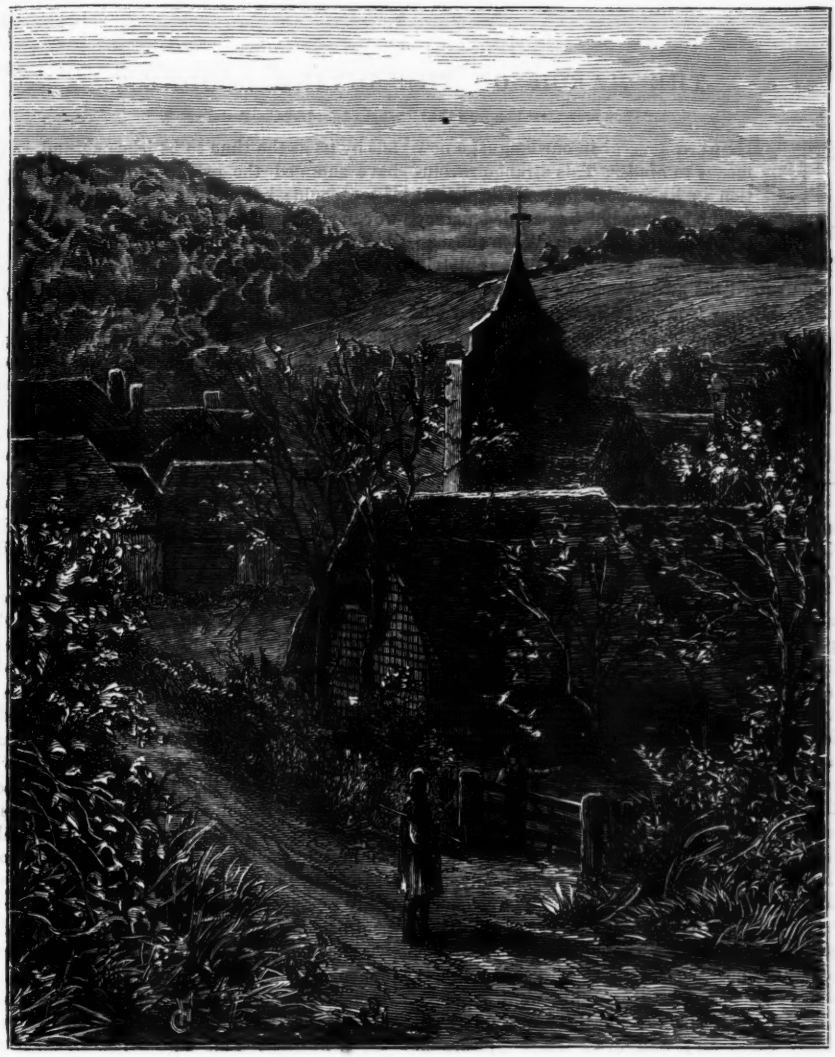
178. Ps. xxxiv. 20.

179. Acts i. 14.

180. Joseph of Arimathea "waited for the kingdom of God" (Mark xv. 43).

181. Numb. xxxi. 8; Josh. xiii. 22.

182. (1) The Law of Moses, (2) the Prophets, and (3) the Psalms (Luke xxiv. 44).



A SKETCH AT EVENING.

LOW in the west, like some great fiery
eye,
O'er woods stretched black beneath it like a
brand,
A shred of crimson burns along the sky,
Last remnant of a wrathful sunset grand.
Awhile, and ghastly pale its leavings grow,
Toned down into a unity of grey;

For with the last incarnadining glow
All roseate gleams and glamours fade away.
Sweet up this westward-wandering river steal
Soft winds, that sing and sing the reeds among,
As though they syrens were. A measured peal,
From some far fane borne by the breeze along,
Throbs through the dusk; while now and then a bird,
Faint twittering its last song, is faintly heard.

JAMES DAWSON.

THE MARCH OF THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

"Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness."—Psalm xxi. 3.

THE word *prevent* in our language now means to *hinder*. This strange revolution in its import may be explained by the influence of human degeneracy on the language of men. When one man seeks to go before another it is generally to outstrip him, or retard his advancement, so as to hinder him. But when God goes before us it is for our encouragement and help. So we must understand its meaning here—"Thou goest before him with the blessings of goodness." The Hebrew word is often so rendered: "Mercy and truth shall go before thy face." "Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving."

This psalm of David is a sort of national anthem or a *Te Deum*, ascribing the greatness of his position as King of Israel to God alone; and certainly in relation to him the words before us have a peculiarly striking application. His lot in life was not of his own seeking or devising. God went before him, and took him from the sheep-fold to place him on the throne of Israel; girded him with strength, and "prevented him with blessing" in all the varied steps of his chequered history. But the sentiment has an application to ourselves. It is true of every child of God that Jehovah prevents him with the blessings of goodness, and this truth may be variously illustrated.

1. God goes before us as creatures with the blessings of goodness in the provisions of Nature. When born into the world we were received by loving hearts and tender hands, without any possible care or forethought of ours. The welcome of parental affection is a kind provision of the Great Father of all. And in the helpless days of our infancy did not the blessings of goodness continually go before us? Our wants were supplied, our cries were hushed, our health and safety were tenderly cared for; and even where Nature in any case may fail, it is through human improvidence, recklessness, or sin in spite of the Divine goodness. Then as reason dawns and education commences, what a world of variety and beauty is there around us for the development of our powers—a world rich in the wealth of God, and abounding with the blessings of untold beneficence Besides, what cost and care were expended in our early training. Perhaps the drill and the discipline were felt by us at the time to be irksome, and we would have shunned the primer and the spelling-book if we could; but now, looking back upon them, we can unhesitatingly pronounce them as the blessings of goodness which went before us.

And is not the supply of all our creature-wants—such supply as we could not in any way have achieved for ourselves—the gift of Divine goodness? Mercies abundant, without our asking, have met our daily need. The very works around us in Nature which greeted our dawning senses and awakening reason—land and flood, mountain and valley, hoar-frost and storm, shower and sunshine, the sighing of the wind and the surging of the waves, the music of the groves, and the thunder of the clouds—all have had a bearing on our life, and contributed their measure of illustration to the truth, that our heavenly Father has gone before us with the blessings of His goodness.

2. God goes before us as men with the blessings of goodness, in the arrangements of Providence. He has formed us men, lords of this lower creation; made us at first in His own image, and capable of communion with Himself. Yet, having fallen from our original condition, we are short-sighted, feeble, imperfect, and always dependent. The future in mercy is hid from us, and we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. But God knows the end from the beginning, and ever goes before us with the blessings of goodness. It may not be always manifest to us that He does so, but it is not the less a fact. The providence of God is a study which richly repays those who consider it. "I have had a miraculous escape," says one, or 'a merciful deliverance," says another: what was this but God preventing them with the blessings of goodness? He is everywhere present, and always working for the best. His tender mercies are over all His works.

Men in this life often go recklessly on in rebellion and sin, without thought, without God, without hope, and yet in mercy He goes before them, to avert the consequences of their folly, and even to bring good out of evil. How constantly is the proverb illustrated, "Man proposes, but God disposes." The Divine Father goes before men to turn their purpose into some token of mercy or some means of blessing to themselves or others. How clearly was it so in the cruel enactment of

Pharaoh, by which all the male children born to the Israelites were to be put to death—an edict that really led to the training of Moses in the palace of the Egyptian king, and ultimately to the deliverance of the Hebrews from bondage. How manifestly was it so when Joseph was sold by his brethren into Egypt, because of their unholy jealousy. Their purpose was to get rid of him, but God "prevented" them with His goodness, and overruled their unfraternal conduct into the means of blessing and safety for themselves and their children. The history of the Jewish nation abounds in illustrations of this truth. Nor was it peculiar to that people. Amidst the clash of thought, the soaring of ambition, the collision of armed hosts, the rise and fall of empires, and the establishment and overthrow of dynasties, God was working and weaving the web of His Providence in a marvellous and mysterious way—going before men with the blessings of goodness, that in the fulness of time Christ might be born in Bethlehem, the Light of the world and the Saviour of our race.

For ourselves individually this is a precious and practical truth. How often has God gone before us to prevent the results of our own negligence, to rescue us from unseen danger, to shield us from the assaults of the enemy, to make the very sorrow which befalls us, or which we may bring on ourselves by our own sin, the means of our highest good. How frequently does He put providential checks before men to stop them in some career of sin which would certainly end in destruction. In truth, He is ever thus going before us to enable us to meet temptation, or to make a way for us to escape—to order our steps in the pathway of duty, to console us in our afflictions, to encourage us in the great battle of life, to turn our tears into dew-drops of blessing, the very means of our spiritual refreshment and health. Such knowledge is too high for us, but it is very blessed and assuring:—

> "His providence is kind and large,
> Both man and beast His bounty share;
> The whole creation is His charge,
> But saints are His peculiar care."

3. God goes before us as sinners with the blessings of goodness in the economy of Redemption. A great change has passed over man since his creation. Though made at first upright, he has sought out many inventions,—has departed from his Maker, and lost the purity and perfection of the image in which he was created. Sin has entered the world, and death by sin. "We all like sheep have gone astray," "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Not only is human degeneracy universal, but practical and personal disobedience more or less marks the life of every man. We acknowledge this. What then? Where there is sin there is guilt, and where there is guilt there is condemnation. Yet how gloriously God in infinite grace has gone before our fallen and ruined world with the blessings of goodness. Before man sinned a Saviour was determined on, and a Sacrifice provided in God's only begotten Son, as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Redemption was a Divine purpose before sin was a human fact. Man, as a sinner, to whom the Gospel comes, has now a greater assurance of eternal salvation than Adam had as innocent in the Garden of Eden. Then the hope was in himself, and his own doing, and he fell; now our hope is in Christ, and what He has done. He "is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." God has taken upon Himself the consequences of the Fall in the marvellous provisions of redemption. Thus for the guilty there is justification through the mediation and sacrifice of Christ: for the polluted there is purity in the blood which cleanseth away all sin: for the degenerate and ruined there is regeneration, the blessedness of a new spiritual birth in the mighty energy and renewing power of the Holy Ghost. Redemption was not an afterthought of God. It was His purpose from the counsels of eternity, and men as they are born into the world with a degenerate nature are met with the rich provisions of that grace which brings salvation to all classes and conditions of the human family. In every part of our history, in every need of our being, in every scene of our experience, our Divine Father is before us with the assurance that His grace is sufficient for us. What more do we need? what more can we desire?

4. God goes before us as His children, with the blessings of goodness in the prospects of heaven. The Saviour said to His disciples, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Precious words these in a world where we are only strangers and foreigners. Here we have no continuing city. We seek one to come—"a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." His children have their treasure in heaven, and they are now travelling homeward to its inheritance. "And if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." Christ is in them "the hope of glory," and truly this is a hope which maketh not ashamed, and which will never disappoint them. This is a world of trial, of imperfection, of tears, of suffering, but the coming inheritance is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. In every step of the journey homeward God goes before us with His goodness, strewing flowers in our pathway through the wilderness, opening springs of gladness to refresh us, and becoming to us in reality what He was, in symbol, to the Israelites of old—a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, lighting our steps and marking our way. He is guiding us home to the land of promise—the land of beauty, perfection, and

love, where no clouds veil the glory, where no storm sweeps the sky.

But there is *death!* We have to cross the Jordan before we can enter the promised land. What of that? Our Saviour has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by His Gospel. He has made the dark valley to be only the valley of the *shadow of death*, by reason of the glorious light beyond. God goes before us with His goodness there, so that every Christian can sing, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

And more, Christ who conquered for us is in heaven before us, our Forerunner, waiting for us; and His saints will be with Him to behold His glory, and dwell in His presence for ever. There will be everlasting joy upon their heads; sorrow and sighing shall for ever have fled away. It will be an exceeding great and eternal weight of glory, with which our present light and passing afflictions are not to be compared. What a home there is before us; what a welcome awaits us; what an inheritance shall be ours! And when we have reached it and realise something of its glory, and gaze upon its beauty, and are enraptured with its melody, and taste its felicity, and are clothed with its perfection, then shall we sing with humble adoration and glowing ardour, as we look back on time and providence, "Thou, O Lord, hast gone before us all the way with the blessings of Thy goodness." Here, then, let there be gratitude, confidence, and hope.

JAMES SPENCE, D.D.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

VII.—WITH THEM WHO WERE READY TO PERISH.

ON the 28th of February, 1828, a very terrible calamity happened in the place known as Wellclose Square, Whitechapel. A new theatre, called the Brunswick, had been erected there on the site of a former building, known as the Old Royalty. It had been completed in seven months, and three days afterwards, during a rehearsal, the whole structure gave way and fell with a crash, burying ten persons amidst the ruins and fearfully injuring several others. Such a catastrophe was very awful, and the people of the neighbourhood looked with an almost solemn curiosity at the wreck of an edifice in which they themselves might have met with death suddenly.

Very soon, however, they began to regard the heap of ruins with surprise, for early one morning there appeared in the midst of them two officers of the Royal Navy, surrounded by a gang of labourers with picks and shovels, and before these men (some of whom were Irish Roman Catholics) began to work they listened attentively while one of the officers offered up an earnest prayer to God for a blessing on the results of the labour they were about to undertake. Morning after morning their labour was thus sanctified, and evening after evening it was celebrated by the voice of thanksgiving, till at length the ground was cleared, and on the 10th of June, 1830, the first stone of a new building was laid. The building was to be a Home for Sailors, and as a necessary adjunct to the Home, it was intended to establish a Destitute Sailors' Asylum.

The two naval officers were Captain (now Admiral) George C. Gambier, and Captain Robert James Elliot, now gone to his rest, who with Lieutenant Robert Justice, afterwards Captain, and now with his old comrade, in the heavenly haven, had been seeking how to ameliorate the condition of seamen, numbers of whom were to be seen homeless, miserable, and frequently half naked and destitute, in that foul and wretched neighbourhood about the Docks and beyond Tower Hill.

The task was a difficult one, and might have daunted less brave and hopeful men, for it was intended to demolish the piratical haunts where the enemies of the sailor lay in wait for his destruction; where crimps and thieves, and the keepers of infamous dens held their besotted victims in bondage, while they battened on the wages that had been earned during months of privation and arduous toil.

It was necessary, therefore, first to provide a decent and comfortable lodging-house for the reception of sailors coming into port,—a place where they might safely deposit their clothes and their wages, and where they could "look out for another ship" without the evil intervention of crimps or pretended agents. It was a part of the intended plan also to establish a savings-bank, for securing any portion of their wages which they chose to lay by, or for safely transmitting such sums as they might wish to send to their relations. In short, the design was to provide a home for the homeless, and hold out helping hands to those who were ready to perish.

Those ruins of the theatre stood on the very

spot for such an establishment, and the two captains, Gambier and Elliot, began by buying the ground and the wreck that stood upon it, not by asking for public subscriptions, but mostly with their own money, to which was added a few contributions from any of their friends who desired to join in the good work.

It is impossible to use more earnest or touching words than those in which the late Rear-Admiral Sir W. E. Parry spoke of the labours of his friend and fellow-supporter of the Sailors' Home, in an address to British seamen at Southampton, in 1853. "And now," he said, "let me just add that, from the first moment in which Captain Elliot stood among the ruins of the Brunswick Theatre, till it pleased God to deprive him of bodily and mental energy, did that self-denying Christian man devote all his powers, his talents, his influence, and his money to this his darling object of protecting and providing for the comfort of sailors. Connected with a noble family, and entitled, by birth, education, and station, to all the advantages which the most exalted society could give him, he willingly relinquished all, took up his abode in a humble lodging, surrounded by gin-shops, near the 'Home:' denied himself most of the comforts, it may almost be said some of the necessaries of life, in order the more effectually to carry out his benevolent design; and for eighteen years of self-denial and devotion, made it the business of his life to superintend this institution."

For the noble officer lived to see the building for which he had wrought and prayed, complete and successful. In 1835 300 sailors could be received and welcomed there. The piratical lairs began to empty of some of those who had been shown a way of escape, and the good work went on. In the adjoining Seamen's Church the congregation was largely augmented by the boarders of the Sailors' Home, while the Honorary Chaplain and the Missionary attached officially to the institution, became not only parson and preacher, but friendly adviser and instructor, ready to speak, to hear, and to forbear. The addition of a book depository, where various useful publications may be purchased, and Bibles are sold at the lowest possible prices, and in various languages, was a valuable auxiliary to moral and religious instruction, and at once increased the home-like influences of the place.

The institution having gone on thus prosperously, under the direction of a goodly number of officers and gentlemen, added to its possessions by acquiring other plots of freehold ground, extending backward to Dock Street; and in 1863 Lord Palmerston laid the stone of an entirely new block of building, which was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales in 1865, since which time 502 boarders can be received, each being provided with his separate cabin.

Since the opening of the institution in 1835 it has received 246,855 seamen of various countries and from all parts of the world. Of these 72,234 have been old or returned boarders, and most of them have conducted their money transactions through the "Home," and have made good use of the savings-bank.

There are 270 inmates under that protecting roof as I step into the large entrance hall in Well Street to-day; and the two hundred and seventy-first has just gone to look after his kit and sea-chest, which have been carefully conveyed from the Docks by one of the carmen belonging to the institution, who has "The Sailors' Home, Well Street," worked in red worsted on his shirt, and painted on the side of the van from which he has just alighted.

It is evident that our friend No. two hundred and seventy-one has been here before, for he knows exactly where to present himself in order to deposit some of his more portable property with the cashier or the superintendent. He scarcely looks like a man who will want an advance of money, for he is a smart, alert, bright-eyed fellow, with a quiet air of self-respect about him which seems to indicate an account in the savings-bank; but should he be "hard up," he can ask for and receive a loan not exceeding twenty shillings directly his chest is deposited in his cabin. Just now the chest itself, together with its superincumbent bundle, stands against the wall along with some other incoming or out-going boxes, more than one of which are associated with brand new cages for parrots, and some odd-shaped cases evidently containing sextants or other nautical instruments. There is a whole ship's crew, and a smart one too, in the hall to-day; while a small contingent occupies the clothing-department, where one or two shrewd North-countrymen are being fitted each with a "new rig," knowing well enough that they will be better served there than at any of the cheap outfitters (or the dear ones either) in the neighbourhood. Fine blue broadcloth, pilots, tweeds, rough weather, and petershams are here to choose from "to measure," as well as a wonderful collection of hats, caps, underclothing, hosiery, neckties, boots, and shoes, so unlike the clumsy specimens that swing along with the tin pots and oilskins in some of the little low-browed shops about the neighbourhood, that I at once discover the reason for the smartness and general neatly-fitted look of most of the men and lads now pacing up and down, talking and smoking. It is quiet talk for the most part, even when half-a-dozen of the inmates adjourn to the refreshment-room, where they can obtain a glass of good sound beer (though there is a much more general appreciation of coffee) and sit down comfortably at one or other of the tables, where two serious mates are already

discussing some knotty point, which will probably last till tea-time.

Tea-time? There is the half-past five o'clock signal gong going now, and light swift steps are to be heard going up the stairs into the large dining-hall, where the two hundred and seventy-one, or as many of them as are at home, sit down like fellows who know their business and mean to do it. It is a pleasant business enough, and one soon dispatched; for there are so many big tea-pots, that each table is amply provided by the alert attendants, who dispense bread-and-butter, watercresses, salads, and savoury bloaters and slices of ham and tongue, the latter having been already served by a carver who is equal to the occasion. It is astonishing how quickly the meal is over when its substantial quality is taken into account; but there is no lack of waiters, the number of attendants in the building being sixty-five, some of whom, of course, belong to the dormitories and to other departments.

The meals here are, of course, served with the utmost regularity, and without limit to quantity. Breakfast, with cold meat, fish, bacon, and general "relishes," at eight in the morning; dinner at one: consisting of soup, roast and boiled meats, ample supplies of vegetables, occasional fish, stupendous fruit-pies and puddings, and a good allowance of beer. After tea comes a substantial snack for supper, at nine o'clock, and the doors of the institution are kept open till half-past eleven at night; those who wish to remain out later being required to obtain a pass from the superintendent. Of course it is requested that the boarders come in to meals as punctually as possible; but those who cannot conveniently be present at the regular time, can have the meal supplied to them on application. Indeed, two or three belated ones are arriving now, as we go to the end of the long and lofty refectory to look at the crest of the late Admiral Sir William Bowles, K.C.B., which, supported by flags, is painted upon the wall, as a memorial of a gallant officer and a good friend to this institution and to all sailors.

Leaving the dining-hall, we notice a smaller room, set apart for masters and mates who may desire to have their meals served here; and on the same extensive storey is a large and comfortable reading-room well supplied with periodicals, (among which I am glad to know that THE QUIVER holds an honourable place), and containing a capital library consisting of entertaining and instructive books. The board-room is close by, and is of the size and shape to make an excellent mission-room, where week-night services and meetings of a religious character are held, and well attended by men who, having seen the wonders of the Lord upon the great deep, join in His reasonable service when they are at home and at rest. This vast floor also contains two dormitories; but most of the sleeping cabins are in the second and third floors.

There are few sights in London more remarkable than these berths, which are, in fact, separate cabins, each closed by its own door, and containing bed, wash-stand, chair, looking-glass, towels, and ample space for the sea-chest and personal belongings of the occupant. The cabins extend round a large area rising to a great height, and surrounded above by a light gallery reached by an outer staircase, round which are another series of berths exactly resembling the lower ones; so that there are, in fact, double, and in one or two dormitories treble tiers of cabins, and the upper ones may be entered without disturbing the inmates of those below. One of the three-decker areas is of vast size, and, standing in the upper gallery and looking upward to the lofty roof, and then downward to the clear, wide, open space between the lower rooms, the visitor is struck by the admirable provision both for light and ventilation; the former being secured at night by means of properly distributed gas jets, which are of course under the care of the night attendants, who are on watch in each dormitory, and may be summoned at once in case of illness or accident.

Not only is there provision against fire by a length of fire-hose attached to hydrants on each floor, but the water supply to lavatories and for other purposes is secured by a cistern holding 4,000 gallons at the top of the building; so that there is complete circulation throughout the various floors.

It is time that we paid a visit to the basement of this great institution, however; for, in more senses than one, it may said to be at the foundation of the arrangements. Yes, even with respect to the amusements provided for the inmates—for while chess, draughts, and backgammon are to be found in the library and reading-room, and billiards and bagatelle hold their own on the great landings of the first storey, we have down here a skittle-alley of a character so remarkable, that some of us who have read Washington Irving, think of the reverberations of the giants' pastime in the mountains, while we wonder where sailors can first have acquired a taste for this particular amusement. It is a good and healthy one, however, and is wisely provided, since it adds one more efficient inducement to the men to take their pleasure among their true friends instead of seeking it amidst the evil influences of a filthy tavern, or in the garish heat of some vile Ratcliff Highway bowling-alley, where men are maddened with drugged drink, and greeted with foul imprecations by the harpies who seek to rob and cheat them.

There is much to see in this basement, and to

begin with here is No. two hundred and seventy-one sending his chest up by the great luggage-lift to the second floor, where he will find it presently in his cabin. We cannot stay to speak to him, however, for we are on the very verge of the kitchen, to which we are, as it were, led by the nose; for wafted thence comes an appetising perfume of new bread just taken from one of the great ovens devoted to the daily baking. There are lingering odours also of to-day's dinner, though the meat-ovens and the great boilers and hot plates are clean and ready for the morrow. The pantry door, too, is open, and there are toothsome varieties of "plain-eating" therein, while the store-rooms savour of mingled comforts, to which the gales of Araby the blest offer no parallel, and the butcher's shop has a calm and concentrated sense of meatiness which is suggestive to a robust appetite not already satiated with a chunk from one of a whole squadron of soft, new currant-cakes. After a peep at the large and busy laundry with its peculiar moist atmosphere, the coal and beer cellars, the pumping machinery and boiler-room may be passed by, and little curiosity is excited by this long and convenient apartment, where hot and cold baths are prepared to order at a merely nominal charge. There is a door close by, however, where we stop instinctively, for there is a cheerful light inside, and a sound of easy and yet interrupted conversation which can belong to only one department of society. There can be no mistake about it—a veritable barber's shop, and a gentleman with a preternaturally clean chin complacently surveying himself in a looking-glass of limited dimensions, while another waits to be operated upon by the skilled practitioner who carries in his face the suggestion of a whole ropery of "tough yarns," and was—or am I mistaken—tonsor to the *Victory* or to some ship of war equally famous when the British seaman shaved close and often, and pigtails had hardly gone out of fashion. There is no time for testing the great artist's skill this evening, though I could almost sacrifice a well-grown beard to hear some rare old fo'c's'le story. But no story could be more wonderful than the plain truth, that for all the generous provision in this excellent institution the rescued sailor brought within its wholesome influence pays but fifteen shillings a week. Yes, men and apprentices, fifteen shillings; and officers, eighteen and sixpence.

The evening lowers over the outer world of Mint Street and Leman Street, and the great blank void of the Tower ditch is full of shadow. Standing again in the large entrance hall, which reminds one more of shipboard, now that the lights are dotted about it, leaving it still a little dim, I hear the trickling of a drinking-fountain, and associated with its fresh plash hear as pleasant a story as any yarn that ever the barber himself could have spun for my delight.

The fountain, which is of polished Aberdeen granite, was opened last November in proper style, a platform being erected, and the chair being taken by the Secretary to the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association," supported by several ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Lee made an appropriate speech, and called attention to the gift, and pointed to the inscription; and it was quite an emphatic little observance for the inmates who had gathered in the hall on the occasion. And well it might be, for the fountain bears this modest inscription:—"The gift of William McNeil, Seaman, in appreciation of the great benefits he has derived on the various occasions during which he has made the Institution his *Home*, for upwards of 25 years."

I think very little more need be said for the Sailors' Home than is indicated by this plain, earnest testimony to its worth. Yet it is necessary to say one more word. This Sailors' Home is in a way self-supporting, and at present seeks only the kindly interest of the public in case it should ever need another response to an appeal for extending its sphere of usefulness. Not a farthing of profit is permitted to any individual engaged in it, and even fees to servants are prohibited, though the crimps and touts outside endeavour to bribe them sometimes, to induce sailors to go to the common lodging-houses, where land-rats seek their prey. All the profits, if there are any at all, are placed to a reserve fund for repairs, improvements, or extensions. At any rate, no public appeals are being made just now.

But there is another institution next door—another branch of the stem which has grown so sturdily from the seed planted by the good captain—the Destitute Sailors' Asylum. That is a place full of interest, though there is nothing to see there. Nothing but a clean yard, with means for washing and cleansing, and a purifying oven for removing possible infection from clothes, and a great bare room, just comfortably warmed in winter, and hung with rows of hammocks, like the 'tween decks of a ship. That is all; but in those hammocks, sometimes, poor starved and destitute sailors go to sleep, after they have been fed with soup and warmed and comforted; and in the morning, when they turn out, they are fed again with cocoa and bread, and if they are naked they are clothed. There are not very many applicants, for, strange as it may appear, since sailors' homes have come in fashion there are but few destitute seamen; but there *need be no unrelieved destitute sailors at all in London*, for anybody can send such a one to the Asylum in Well Street, London Docks, and he will be admitted. Here then, is an institution that may claim support.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. P. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

IT is not often that any of the inhabitants of this world are able to say that they consider it an entirely pleasant place to live in; but such was, undoubtedly, the conviction at which Una Dysart had arrived, after she had spent a little time longer at her new home in Valehead. She and her father speedily became, not only intimate, but thoroughly friendly with the Northcotes and Crichtons, and they were on terms of pleasant acquaintanceship with various other families; but it was with those, their first friends, that they chiefly associated.

They met constantly—riding out together, and spending the evening at each other's houses, and both Will Northcote and Lilith Crichton became very dear to Una. Will was, however, the one whose society she most enjoyed; she was so racy and original, so unfashionably honest and sincere, and so very much better in all essential good qualities than she chose to appear. With Lilith, though it was impossible for any one to know her without loving her, Una often felt a sense of awe and constraint, from the very extent of her child-like innocency and goodness, which seemed to make her unable even to understand the possibility of any compromise with evil. Happily her brother Hervey was quite pleasantly human, and he managed somewhat persistently to make his way to Miss Dysart's side, whenever and wherever he could succeed in catching a glimpse of her.

It chanced one especially bright warm day, however, that Colonel Dysart and his daughter were going to ride out alone together, and as they passed through the gates of Vale House, Una asked her father if there was any particular direction in which he wished to go.

"None whatever, my dear; I am quite at your service, and I conclude from your asking the question with such extreme politeness, that you have entirely made up your mind what we are to do."

"Yes, I have," she answered, laughing, "you are quite right; I want to go to Atherstone Abbey."

"What! to pay a visit uninvited to Mr. Atherstone? Would not that be rather an eccentric proceeding for Miss Dysart?"

"Possibly; but I do not mean to go near him. I only want to see the place; and Will Northcote told me that any one who leaves their card at the lodge can have leave to drive through the grounds, which are splendid, I believe, and also, if they like, they may see the fine old house, where there is a good gallery of pictures amongst other attractions."

"That is very public spirited on the part of Mr. Atherstone; most English proprietors seem to grudge letting their beautiful parks be seen by any one but the rabbits and hares, and even those they shoot for their temerity. We will by all means profit by his benevolence, only we must not go to the house, Una; for I made his acquaintance the first day we went to Northcote Manor, and he said he should call upon me, but he has not appeared."

"What did you think of him? You have never told me, and people do spread such extraordinary stories about him."

"There is, undoubtedly, a strong prejudice against him in the county; but I saw nothing to justify it in the few minutes during which I conversed with him. There is, certainly, a rather peculiar reserve in his manner, and he looks proud enough to be descended from Lucifer himself; but he is a perfect gentleman, and he was very courteous and agreeable to me. You did not meet him, I think."

"Not at the house—he was gone before we came in; but I just saw him when I was out with Will."

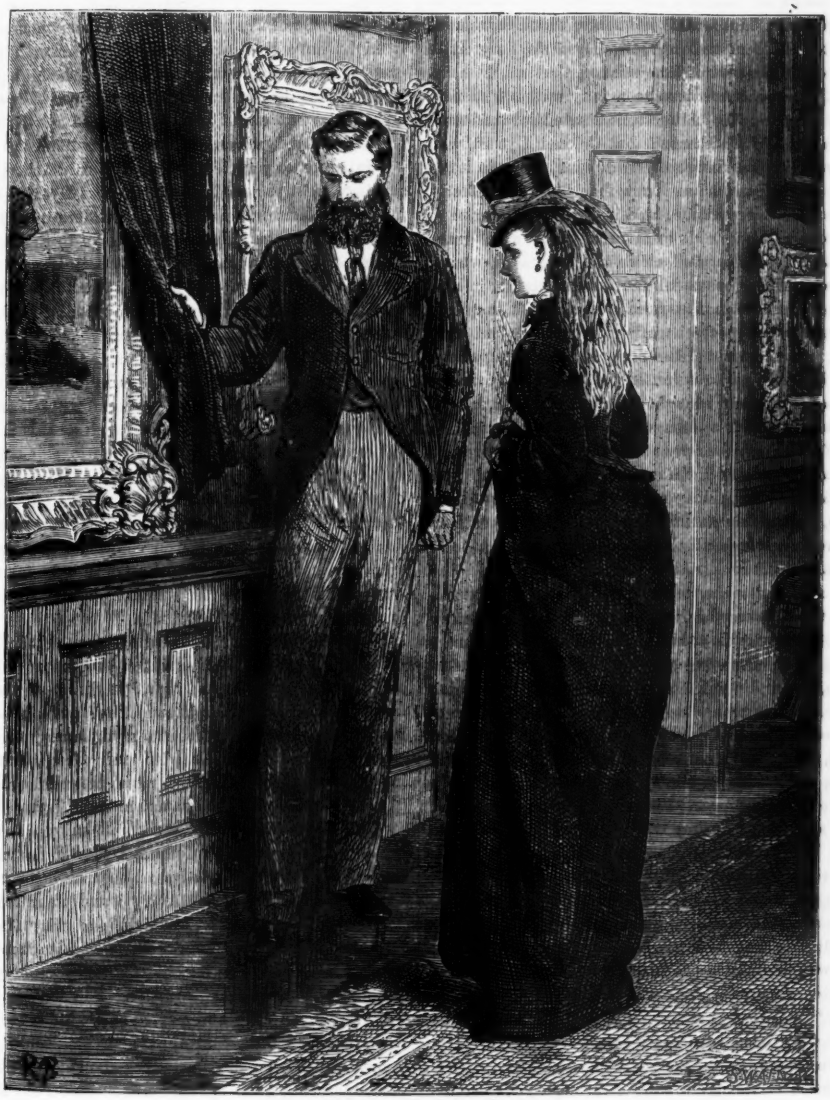
"Northcote told me his history, and a strange enough one it is?"

"I heard it all from Will. Do you think he really has done anything wrong as people imagine?"

"It is hard to say. Northcote said Atherstone himself had told him that he considered himself in a sense guilty of his uncle's death, as he had driven the old man into the fit of rage which killed him; but I am sure I should have acted precisely in the same way with regard to the forger, with only this difference, that I should not have let him off as he did afterwards. I cannot conceive anything more intolerable than to be obliged, as Atherstone was, to associate continually with such an unmitigated scoundrel as that fellow Edwards seems to have been."

"Yes, and to see his uncle so miserably deceived by him, that must have been the worst of all; but let us go on a little quicker, father. I want to reach the place while the sun is still high, so as to get all the effects of light and shade on the grand old house."

They cantered on, and soon reached the nearest gate of Atherstone Abbey, which was not more than four miles from their own home. Here they found a very urbane lodge-keeper, who was quite willing to let them enter, and just as the heavy iron gates rolled back and they rode in, a horseman came at a



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"He drew back the covering."—*p* 492.

hard gallop down the avenue towards them, whom they perceived to be none other than Mr. Atherstone himself. He was riding the powerful black horse, of which Una had heard already, and when he saw his visitors he checked him so suddenly as almost to throw him back on his haunches, which movement had the effect of making Miss Dysart's fiery little steed execute a sort of fancy dance, that might have proved very inconvenient to a lady with a less firm seat than her own. Atherstone started forward as if to come to her assistance; but Colonel Dysart, who was watching his daughter, made him a sign to leave her to herself, and he soon saw that she was perfectly mistress of her position, and knew how to manage her horse and quiet his excitement, both with grace and skill. Her hat fell off in the process, however, and her bright beautiful face, with her long hair waving round it in the wind, seemed to Humphrey Atherstone the most charming picture he had ever seen. She completed the conquest of her impatient horse by giving him a run on the turf at the side of the road, and then brought him quietly back, laughing merrily at his escapade, as she regained her father's side. Atherstone had dismounted to rescue her hat, which had fallen into a bush, and now brought it to her, fixing his dark eyes steadily, as he did so, on the fair smiling face that seemed suddenly to have brightened all the sunshine round him.

Una met his look with one of eager interest. She could not resist the temptation of scanning attentively the features of the man whose strange history had so greatly excited her curiosity, and as his image impressed itself on her mind, never more to be forgotten, the indestructible conviction took possession of her, that it was a noble soul—a soul worthy of all human love and devotion—which lay behind that proud, dark countenance, whatever might be the errors, or mistakes or trials that had distorted his life.

"He is a king among men, let them say what they will," she thought, and when Colonel Dysart introduced him formally to her, she returned his salute with the brightest and most winning of smiles, longing, almost unconsciously, to show him that she at least would never share in the injustice which she felt sure was dealt to him by others.

"I was just setting out for Vale House with the intention of paying my respects to you," said Atherstone, "and I am very glad I have been saved from missing you by meeting you here."

"We came meaning to profit by your liberal permission to strangers to ride through your beautiful grounds," said Colonel Dysart; "of course, we had no thought of intruding upon you at the house."

"But I hope you will now do me the favour of going there," said Atherstone, "for there is a good deal that is worth seeing in my old place—at least for those who care to examine relics of former days, and in any case I think you will like to look at the pictures—we have rather a fine collection."

"I shall like to look at everything, Mr. Atherstone," said Una, with a frank, merry laugh. "I think it best to tell you at once, that I have been wildly anxious to get the chance of seeing Atherstone Abbey, ever since I caught my first glimpse of it from the side of the hill. It looked from thence as if it might have been the palace of a Saxon king, or even, perhaps, the country residence of the high priest of all the Druids, in the days when those old gentlemen still went about with wreaths of mistletoe on their heads and golden sickles in their hands."

"It is tolerably ancient, certainly," said Atherstone, smiling, "and you shall see it all, Miss Dysart—from the battlements, where the old warders really did keep watch for any possible foe, down to the cave in the rock of the foundations, where it is said they used to put the refractory monks in the days when it was an abbey, though my own impression is that it was simply the abbot's wine-cellar."

"I cannot allow any prosaic explanations while I am here," said Una; "there is not much romance left in this work-a-day world, and you must, at least, let it linger round a grand old place such as this is."

"I am not sure that the romantic element has really died out of the modern world, Miss Dysart, only people do not let their whole career pass under the gaze of their fellow-creatures as they used to do; you may be sure if you could sift the lives of some of those around you, there would be found in them incidents quite as startling and terrible as ever in the rough days of old."

"He is thinking of himself," thought Una, glancing towards the face which seemed to darken as he spoke; and she was right. Atherstone lived a life of such continual introspection, such ceaseless brooding over one tremendous difficulty, that it seemed to connect itself with everything, however insignificant, and to follow him night and day like a ghastly spectre which no exorcism could lay.

"Wait a moment, Una, and let us enjoy this view, it really is grand," said Colonel Dysart, as a turn in the avenue down which they had been riding brought them right in front of the Abbey; and there for the first time it burst full on her sight—massive, stately, imposing, with its dark-grey walls and its frowning battlements, and its background of sombre pines clothing the steep hill behind it. She looked at it with wide-open eyes and parted lips, half breathless with delight; but if in that hour she could have known under what circumstances she should one day gaze upon that grim old castle, she would have urged her fleet horse to his utmost speed, and flown away from it to some distant spot, where she could never look on it or its master more.

"Oh! Mr. Atherstone, you have indeed something to be proud of," said Una at last. "I should think the possession of such a place would compensate for many of the troubles of life."

"It had need to do so," he muttered to himself

"Come, Miss Dysart," he added more lightly, "let me do the honours in proper style. This was once the drawbridge; but I hope you will agree with me that we have done well to make it a somewhat more safe and convenient entrance;" and their horses' hoofs clattered noisily over an iron bridge which led to a huge arched doorway.

"Yes; but I am rather bewildered about the moat—if we are passing over it now: I thought it ought to be filled with water."

"I am afraid that has long since been drained away; but I hope you will think we have turned it to good account." Which they certainly had, for the channel, which had once been deep enough to drown a man, was entirely filled with blossoming plants, so that the stern old fortress seemed to be encircled with a garland of flowers.

"I think it has a most charming effect," said Una; "but that ponderous door seems to be opening by magic, for you have given no summons."

"Very easy magic," said Atherstone, laughing, "as the butler has simply seen our approach through the loophole at the side," and laying his strong hand on Una's bridle-rein, lest the grating sound of the massive hinges should startle her horse, he led her through the great entrance of Atherstone Abbey, and rode on with her to the centre of a stone court-yard, where they stopped to dismount. As he did so a sudden strange recollection came over him, that just in this fashion the Atherstones of old had been wont to bring in their brides, and lead them with triumph and joy across the threshold of that ancestral home, when by deeds of prowess they had won the lady of their love, to share with them its grandeur and its power, and his brows contracted with a dark heavy frown as he thought of it, for it would have been impossible for any man to be more deeply, more sternly resolved than was Humphrey Atherstone, that no bride of his should ever pass through the entrance to the Abbey.

"Are you not horrified to see a modern butler instead of a hoary seneschal, Una?" said Colonel Dysart, in a low tone, as that functionary came up with various other servants; but Atherstone heard him, and the gloom of his face passed away in a smile of amusement. "Thorpe might almost enact the part," he said, "he has been in our family forty years; but I hope before you make your pilgrimage through the house, Miss Dysart, you will not disdain some nineteenth century tea and fruit, instead of a boar's head, or any little dainty of that kind."

"Spurs in an empty dish is the only food that would suit my ideas," she answered, and her merry laugh woke the echoes of the old stone court.

"We have not heard such a sound as that this many a day, sir," said old Thorpe, as his master went up to give him his orders; "it does my heart good to hear it."

"It is pleasant music, doubtless," said Atherstone, "but I fear it scarce suits our old Abbey, anyhow we are not likely to have much of it here."

Turning back to the Dysarts, he helped Una to dismount, and then led them into a fine old hall, and through various large rooms filled with costly furniture of a somewhat antique description, till they came suddenly upon a sunny, tastefully-arranged boudoir that was in complete contrast to the rest of the house; a conservatory opened out from it, filled with the choicest flowers, and Atherstone placed an easy chair for Una close to it, so that she might enjoy their fragrance.

"I thought you would like this room," he said; "it was the one my mother always used, so I take pains to have it carefully kept exactly as she left it, though I generally sit in the library myself."

"Is it long since you lost her?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"Yes, it is indeed; I was only six or seven years old."

"Do you remember her?" said Una, softly.

"Just enough to know that this is an excellent likeness," he answered, taking a miniature from the table and showing it to her. It represented a dark, aristocratic-looking beauty, with the same liquid hazel eyes that Humphrey himself possessed, but not otherwise resembling him. Una remarked this at once, saying she should never have guessed it was a portrait of his mother.

"No," he said, with a rather melancholy smile, "I am too complete an Atherstone to be like her at all, and this was painted when she was very young, before her marriage with my father." He turned round the miniature as he spoke, and showed engraved on the gold at the back of it the name of Philippa Devereux.

"Devereux!" exclaimed Colonel Dysart; "was she of the Mount Devereux family?"

"Yes, she was the youngest daughter of the last lord."

"In that case she was distantly connected with the Molyneuxes, which fact constitutes my daughter in some sense your kinswoman."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," said Atherstone with a smile, looking round to Una.

"Do you mean that Mr. Atherstone and I are cousins?" she exclaimed, starting up as she eagerly waited for her father's reply.

"Only in a very remote Caledonian degree, I am afraid; but I believe if you could both get high enough in the genealogical tree you would meet somewhere at last," said Colonel Dysart.

"If it is only enough to prevent the necessity of my being on my best behaviour at Atherstone Abbey, very stiff and polite," said Una, "I shall be quite satisfied."

"Pray do let us consider ourselves related to that extent at least," said Atherstone, "and I hope you

will do exactly as you please in all ways within these walls."

"I think if I did I should rush off this very moment and explore the whole house quite by myself," said Una, with a rather saucy glance at him, anxious to see if by chance he proved himself afraid of her discovering any mystery; but he looked perfectly at his ease as he said, "You shall do so if you like, but I must warn you that the only result will be your losing yourself hopelessly in a labyrinth of passages, in five minutes' time."

"Then I must resign myself to go in a proper and reasonable manner, I suppose."

"And I think we must not delay if we are to be at home again before nightfall," said Colonel Dysart; so they started at once for a thorough inspection of the Abbey.

It proved to be simply an exceedingly fine specimen of an old mediæval castle, and Una appreciated and enjoyed it all enough to satisfy even Atherstone's almost morbid love for the place. At last they reached the picture gallery, where there was so much to be seen that it was impossible they could complete the inspection on that occasion, and Colonel Dysart was obliged to agree to Atherstone's earnest entreaty that they would come another time and spend a whole day with him, in order to give as much attention to some of the masterpieces as Una desired.

They were turning to leave the gallery, and Colonel Dysart had already preceded them out of it, when his daughter's attention was attracted by a picture, before which was hung a veil of black crape. She paused and looked up at Atherstone, hardly liking to ask him if she might see it. The sombre expression which his face sometimes wore suddenly darkened over it; but he did not hesitate to grant the mute request of her eyes, and in perfect silence he drew back the covering and let her look at the picture. Una stood before it, transfixed with a painful sense of awe, for never had she seen a representation of human life in any shape, which had made such a powerful impression upon her as that now before her. It was a large and most masterly painting, executed with strong effects of light and shade, and showing the interior of a gloomy old tower, lit up by a rude iron lamp that hung from the ceiling. A low couch of straw, with a rough covering flung over it, was in one corner, and at the other end was an enormous stone cross; in front of this, kneeling with clasped hands and head turned upwards in a perfect anguish of supplication, was a man still young, but haggard and emaciated to the last degree. He wore a coarse brown dress, with a knotted cord at the waist; and the evidences of a life of torment and penance which were all around him were as nothing compared with the terrible revelation of his despairing face, which spoke of a remorse and horror that could find no rest. But the most painful sensation which this strange picture caused Una was the unmistakable likeness she could trace in the wild mournful countenance, to that of Humphrey Atherstone.

It was with a timidity in her voice which she could not conquer that she whispered at last, "Who is this?" and he answered, more like a man talking in a dream than one who knew what he was saying, "Fulke Atherstone, of evil memory." He let the black drapery fall over the picture while he spoke, and Una made no attempt to say another word on the subject.

They left the gallery, and as they continued to explore the interminable rooms, the corridors built in the thickness of the wall, and other matters of interest, Una quite recovered her gaiety, and went flitting about like a sunbeam through the lurking shadows.

"It is growing late, Una, and we really must go," said Colonel Dysart; "we have detained Mr. Atherstone too long already."

"I hope we have not quite tired you out," she said, looking up at their host with her charming smile.

"On the contrary, it has given me the greatest possible pleasure to show the Abbey to those who can appreciate it so well," he said heartily.

"Then, if I might see the cave of the refractory monks, I will ask nothing more."

"Oh, by all means," said Atherstone. "It will not detain you long to go round to the back of the house, where the entrance to it is; if you will come down this turret stair we shall reach it in a moment."

He took them out through a little postern gate, which led to a terrace running the whole length of the house, and from which a precipitous cliff rose abruptly and towered far above them. The rocky foundations of the house were here quite exposed to view, and the mouth of the cave yawned visibly before them, closed in by an iron grating. This was opened by a key which Thorpe, who was in attendance on them, produced from the ponderous bunch he carried. A flight of stone steps led down to the vault, and Colonel Dysart, glancing in, said he was sure it was frightfully damp, and that he must decline visiting the bones of the refractory monks, or whatever it was they were going to see.

"I am afraid there is not even anything so interesting as their bones," said Atherstone; "but it is a curious old cave, and Miss Dysart may as well see it. Let me go first," he continued, "to show you the way;" and she followed him down the steep flight of steps, while her father sauntered away to the other end of the terrace.

There certainly was not much to be seen, except the moist walls of an underground cave, and the atmosphere was sufficiently chilly to make Una willing to go back very soon to the sunshine. She stumbled on the first step going up, and as they were all rather broken and rugged, Atherstone took her hand

in his and went in front of her, guiding her safely to the top. He had stepped on to the terrace, and she was just following, when suddenly she felt his grasp tighten on her hand with a convulsive movement, of which he was clearly unconscious, for his eyes were fixed on some object at a little distance, that seemed to have aroused in him a perfect passion of anger, which transformed his whole countenance in a manner that actually appalled her. Eagerly she followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a man, whom she recognised as the strange-looking foreigner she had seen with Mr. Crichton, stealing away round the corner of the house, and evidently trying to escape observation.

As he disappeared, Atherstone dropped her hand, apparently forgetting her presence, and striding up to Thorpe he seized hold of his arm with a violent grasp, and said, "What does this mean?—how have you dared to disobey my most positive orders?"

"It was not me, sir, indeed; I would sooner have died than let him in. It must have been the new footman, who does not know him by sight."

"Let every servant of the house be told that if he ever enters within the park walls again they leave my service, one and all; and go now at once, Thorpe, and see him well off my ground."

The old man hurried away, and Atherstone came back to Una, still frowning and disturbed.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dysart. I was annoyed by the intrusion of a person who has no right here."

"I want you so much to tell me who that man is," she said eagerly.

"What do you know of him?" he asked, in an abrupt, stern tone.

"Nothing whatever; but I saw him once talking to the rector, and I took the strangest antipathy to him, for no reason that I could account for to myself."

"An instinct of what he is, probably—a villain, a base, deep villain, in the fullest sense of the word. His name is Edwards."

Una said not another word, and soon was riding home with her father, finding abundant food for reflection in her first visit to Atherstone Abbey. It was not her last.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. No. 15. CHRIST. PART VIII. CHRIST A PREACHER. PART I.

Scripture to be read—Parts of Matt. iv., v., vi.

AS it would be impossible in two lessons to go through the whole Sermon on the Mount, only a few passages can be selected. The idea of these lessons is to show what Christ taught about man's relation to God, and God's relation to man.

INTRODUCTION. (Read Matt. iv. 23—25.) Describe this new Teacher going about with twelve apostles—sick people brought in cool of evening—all cured. Tidings of such wonderful miracles spreading—great crowds collecting. Did He only want to heal the sick? No, wanted the people to receive Him—*i.e.*, believe on Him; so must teach them about Himself. How could He teach a large number? Gathered together on a hill-side. Picture the scene, cloudless Eastern sky; the ground carpeted with flowers; birds flying about (vi. 26—28); the disciples around our Lord; He sitting (like all Eastern teachers); the multitude around eagerly listening. What will He talk about? Begins with man's relation to God.

I. THE BEATITUDES. (Read v. 1—12.) Ask who are commonly considered happy (or blessed.) The rich, mighty, distinguished—*e.g.*, great warriors, statesmen, travellers, &c. Show why Christ calls peacemakers, &c., blessed. Because look forward to eternal future. Remind of difference between this world's greatness and that in God's sight; the latter is in reach of all, and is lasting. Ask which is better and most worth having. This blessedness God's gift to those that seek it.

II. CHRISTIAN DUTIES. (Read v. 13—16.) Ask the properties of salt in preserving; and explain how Christians must act on those around them, influencing for good; preserve from corruption, &c. Remind of Joseph exercising religious influence over Pharaoh; Daniel at court; little maid in Naaman's house, &c. So may school-boy, servant, lad in workshop, &c., let their light shine. Show how useful the humblest may be; the sun no use to us at midnight because on other side of world; but cheapest candle of use because at hand. So all have a little light, which may be of use to those near them.

III. CHRISTIAN CONDUCT TO ONE ANOTHER. (Read v. 19—23.) Ask for the law of murder; reminding of Cain's steps in sin—envy, hatred, murder; hence, show that these break the commandment, though the deed of murder not actually committed. The principle the same. Press this home to children at school, envious of others' success and wishing harm; or quarrelsome and passionate. Must observe the spirit as well as letter of the law. (Read v. 38—48.) Not enough to abstain from fighting and murder, must be actively kind. Ask for examples of passive submission to injuries—viz., Christ and Stephen. Show how here too the spirit of the law is intended—*e.g.*, readiness to lend, give to the poor, go on a message for a friend; submitting to injuries, &c. Such con-

duct imitating Christ, proving us to be true children of God, who has forgiven us and submitted to all our wrongs to Him.

IV. THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN. (Read vi. 1—4.) (*a*) *To his neighbour.* Explain "alms," and show how it includes all good deeds or acts of mercy to others. Why do men do these? Various motives—*e.g.*, mere pity, because not like to see any one in trouble; or, for sake of show, to win applause from fellow-man. Such will get the reward they seek in commendation from others. How should such good deeds be done? Refer to Obadiah hiding the prophets of the Lord (1 Kings xviii. 4); Lydia receiving St. Paul (Acts xvi. 14). Remind of Christ's saying about the cup of cold water, and how He accepts such as done to Him (Matt. xxv. 45). Hence such good deeds must be done without show, out of simple love to the person and to Christ. Such will be rewarded openly at judgment. (*b*) *To God.* (Read vi. 5—8.) Ask for an instance of vain repetitions by prophets of Baal (1 Kings xviii. 26); and of a man praying in public for effect (Luke xviii. 11); also of the opposite—praying in secret. Isaac in fields; Peter on house-top; Paul in prison; Nathanael under fig-tree. Such prayer approved and heard; such as the publican's in the parable. Apply this to children by showing nature of true prayer; not merely repeating certain words, but lifting up heart in all places at all times to "Father who seeth in secret." (*c*) *To himself* (Read vi. 16—18.) Ask the object of fasting. To keep under the body (1 Cor. ix. 27) lest gross living should incline to sin. Remind of Christ's words (Matt. xvii. 21); of apostles' example (Acts xiii. 3). Explain that all things are lawful and all good, God's gifts. Still advisable at certain times to abstain from food and pleasure when about any peculiarly solemn work. Body must be trained as well as soul for service of God; but must be done secretly, or else is worthless.

Questions to be answered.

1. What are the two main topics of the Sermon on the Mount?
2. Give the heads of this lesson.
3. What three things are included in the whole duty of man?
4. Show how our Lord teaches the meaning of the sixth commandment.
5. Give examples of private prayer.
6. Give instances of fasting.

NELLY'S WISH; OR, HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"NELLY dear, why do you sit in that listless way; have you nothing to do?"

"I do not care to do anything just now; I was thinking."

"It is quite right to think, if any good results from your thoughts, but I never see that your reflections lead to anything. Now tell me what was passing in your mind just now."

"Well, mamma, I was thinking about Jessie Bell, and what a lovely new hat she wore last Sunday."

"And no doubt you felt a little dissatisfied that I cannot buy you one like it."

"Why, mamma! how did you know that?"

"Because those people who sit brooding for hours, as you often do, spend at least half that time in simply indulging vain wishes and useless regrets."

"I do so often wish we were rich enough to ride in a fine carriage, and wear beautiful clothes, and keep a lot of servants."

"If your wish could be gratified, you would then want something more, perhaps a grand title, or even to become a queen."

"Oh! how delightful that would be!" replied Nelly, clasping her hands with an amount of energy no one would have supposed such a child possessed.

"There, you see I guessed rightly again. Instead of feeling thankful for what you have, your time is wasted hankering after all you have not. Suppose your papa and I were to sit all day with our hands in our laps longing for a fortune, do you think it would bring one?"

"That would look very silly, but you might wish for it and work all the time."

"And what would be the use of wishing for it? If I was always fretting myself with vain hopes, instead of making things better by it, they would become worse; as my duties would become irksome, I should take no interest in them."

Just at this moment Mr. Watkins, Nelly's papa, entered the room, and observing from Nelly's large serious blue eyes that she was receiving some admonition from her mother, stroked her hair, and kissing her on the forehead, said, "Well, and how is my little girl to-day?"

Nelly as usual returned the salutation by clasping her arms round her father's neck most affectionately; he then turned to his wife, taking a note from his pocket, and said, "Here is a grand treat for our Nelly: Mrs. Blake is going to give a children's party, and has invited her to it."

"But, papa dear, I cannot go, my frocks are too shabby and common."

A shade of melancholy passed over the indulgent father's face as he replied, "We will see about the dress; what do you say, mamma, must we buy a new one?"

"I think it is a great pity to buy more now, as

Nelly is growing very fast, and she has several to wear out; your white one will do quite well, dear, with your new sash."

"I hate that scanty thing," said Nelly, pouting; "it is as plain as a night-gown, and the sash is not half so good as cousin Alice's."

"Do you think," said the father, "you could choose one that you would like, if I take you to a shop?"

"Oh yes, papa! I am sure I could, but" (and here she faltered in her speech) "it would not be made so pretty as Jessie Bell's."

"But suppose we find out who made Jessie Bell's, and get her to make yours, will that do?"

"But can you afford it, papa? I heard you tell mamma you could not buy yourself a new coat just yet."

"That is true, my child, but I would stretch a point to make you contented and happy; besides, a coat costs a great deal more than a frock. Fetch your hat, and we will go down to Mr. Jones, and see what he can show us."

Nelly Watkins was the only child of kind parents in moderate circumstances. She had an interesting countenance, full of intelligence, but rather a sad expression, produced by a discontented spirit. Unlike most children, she never looked on the bright side of things, and so nursed a fretful, melancholy disposition. This failing was well known to her fond, anxious parents, and at times gave them great concern for her health. Every opportunity to check this spirit of discontent was embraced by them, though up to the present time very little success had attended their efforts.

Before Nelly returned to the room, her parents consulted each other as to the line of conduct on their part which would most tend to the desired reformation in her character.

"I think," said Mr. Watkins, "it will be well to indulge her wishes as far as we can, and so let her see that gratified desires do not always satisfy the mind."

"You know best," replied her mamma, "but sometimes I think she has too many whims acceded to. As a rule, children are happy in proportion to the opportunities they get of doing something to make those about them happy, but how to create in her the desire is my difficulty."

Nelly here returned duly equipped for a walk to the best draper in the town to choose a dress. Her father had his patience most severely tested by the length of time she took in the selection. At last the choice was made, the dressmaker's address obtained, and all was to be ready for the party. Nelly laid awake some time after going to bed that night, thinking of her new dress, and imagining the envy of some of her companions when they saw her so smart.

Her mother did not see the dress till it came home just before the party, but was at once struck with its unsuitableness for such an occasion; she, however, said nothing, hoping her little girl would find out for herself how foolish she had been.

By six o'clock many merry little faces and beaming smiles were collected in Mrs. Blake's spacious drawing-room. All were in simple white dresses with coloured sashes, similar to Nelly's despised one. Presently she made her appearance, with a fluttering heart, all intent upon the impression her costly, and really pretilly-made dress would make. She saw at a glance that she was more expensively dressed than any of her companions, and felt very important in consequence, till various whispers reached her ears, which made her feel rather uncomfortable. One little girl, who was very fond of her, ventured to ask if she had not a party dress to come in.

"What do you mean by a party dress? mine is a brand new one, made by Miss Fletcher, and cost a lot of money."

"I dare say it did," replied her little friend, "but it is not a proper one to dance and romp in. I heard Mrs. Blake say what a pity it was your mamma had not put you on a cooler frock: but never mind, perhaps you won't be too warm. We are going to have a game at blindman's buff."

Nelly felt somewhat discontented, but nevertheless joined in the game, and was destined to be very active in it, being easily detected by the marked difference in the texture of her dress; she was, therefore, blindman nearly all the evening, chasing the others round the room, till she became so overpowered with the heat that she was obliged to beg to leave the game and the room. Mrs. Blake, thinking she was only going to the ante-room to rest, did not follow; but when some refreshments were brought in she looked about to find her, remembering she had been absent a long while. No one had seen her since she left the room.

The servants were called and asked if they had seen one of the little visitors wandering about the house or garden; and the one who had charge of the hats and cloaks tried to find out which Nelly had worn, but among so many could not tell whether she had taken hers away or not. A servant was dispatched to Mrs. Watkins to inquire if she had returned home. This message, as may be supposed, put her parents in a great fright, as they had seen nothing of her. They returned with the servant, but could gain no tidings of the missing child. Her mother soon discovered that her hat and cloak were with the others. The house was again searched, but still she could not be found. A lantern was then procured, and search was made in the grounds, but with no better result. Her distressed father called her by name, but no answer greeted his ears. He returned to the house in despair, and met his wife's anxious look with blank dismay. A consultation then took place with Mrs. Blake as to the best means to adopt in search-

ing for her, during which the door slowly opened, and the object of their solicitude walked in, rubbing her eyes and shivering with cold.

"Why, my child, where have you been?" cried the distracted parents.

"I only went in the garden to cool myself, and suppose I fell asleep. I was resting on the grass bank at the end of the lawn, but I woke up so cold. May I go home to bed? I'm afraid I shall never get warm again."

As might naturally be expected, Nelly had caught a severe cold. She was taken home, and many weeks elapsed before she could leave her bed. The first day she was able to join her parents down-stairs, she appeared looking very pale, but the fretful, peevish look had vanished, and in its place a sweet look of contentment beamed over her features, making her look very pretty in spite of her want of colour.

"And how does my little one feel to-day?" said her father, giving her the usual morning greeting.

"Thank you, papa, I feel so comfortable; all the pains have gone away. Oh! I am so glad to feel well again. Now I want to get very strong, so that I can help mamma, for she has had a great deal to do for me. How much trouble I have been to both of you!"

"Never mind that now, dear; we are quite rewarded by having you well again."

"I'm glad I've been ill, pa, now it's over."

"Why, my child?"

"Because I think it has made me a better girl. I used to be so silly, always having stupid wishes, but when I was ill I only had one wish, that was to get well again; and now I am well, I feel so happy to think all those dreadful pains are gone. I want no more."

"Then suppose I were to tell you that some one had left us a large fortune, what would you say?"

"Well, papa, I should be glad, for you and mamma would have less work to do, and would be able to buy all you wanted; but it would make no difference to me as you have always given me so much that I don't want anything more."

"But if you had a lot of money, what would you do with it?"

Nelly had to think for some time, then smiling up in her father's face, she replied, "I know what I'd do, I'd find all the poor little girls and boys who were ill, and had no kind friends to attend to them, and build a large house for them to live in, and keep a lot of servants to make nice things for them, and get some doctors to give them medicine to make them well; then mamma and I would go and see them and take them books to read and pictures to look at."

"That would be a good way of spending money," replied her father; "and I may now tell you that I am able to gratify even this good desire of yours. Your grandpa, whom you have never seen, died a few weeks ago, and we are now very rich indeed. Do you still wish to make a home for sick children?"

"Oh yes, papa! and I will go out in the streets myself, and every child I find in pain, or ill, shall come to my home. This is the happiest day of my life."

Thus, my readers, little Nelly was brought through her sickness to find out that true happiness is only to be obtained by contentment and a love of doing good to others.

M. N.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

200. On what occasion did Solomon petition God to be favourable to His people in case they were ever carried captive by their enemies?

201. The word "shipmen" (*i.e.*, seamen) is used once in the Old and once in the New Testament. Give the passages.

202. Show that to die childless was regarded by the Jews as a very bitter calamity.

203. Name the Evangelist who more than the others records the *private* prayers of the Lord Jesus, and give examples.

204. Though the Jews, before the Babylonish Captivity, had very few (if any) domestic poultry, yet we read of "fatted fowl" being served at the table of an early king. Give the passage.

205. Narrate the circumstances which led to the league between the children of Israel and the Gibeonites.

206. In what respects did the ascension of the Lord Jesus (Acts i. 9) differ from those recorded in the Old Testament?

207. Which one of the Evangelists tells us the name of the servant of the high priest wounded by Peter on the night of our Lord's betrayal?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 464.

183. St. Mark (iv. 37, 38).

184. A considerable time must have elapsed, seeing that "*many* had taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things that are most surely believed among us" (Luke i. 1).

185. Isaiah (liii. 4). See Matt. viii. 17.

186. The Philippians (Phil. iv. 1).

187. St. Matthew says that in the Lord living at Nazareth was fulfilled that which was spoken by the prophet: "He shall be called a Nazarene" (Matt. ii. 23).

188. Pashur (Jer. xx. 4).

189. See Acts xi. 17.

190. Exod. iv. 19.



(*Drawn by* M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

PENT IN THE CITY.

BY ISABELLA BANKS.

BRICK and mortar hem me in,—
I, who love the fields and trees,
Hear but the ceaseless din
Of traffic, toil and sin,
Not the murmur of the brooklet and the breeze.

The swift seasons come and go;
Golden kingcups star the grass;
June's crimson roses blow;
Rich dahlias are aglow;
And the holly hangs o'er pools that are like glass.

But the same dull round is mine,
In the same cramped blank of wall;
I know the sun does shine
And feel his rays divine,
But the very sun seems cumbered with a pall.

Sparrows twitter in the eaves,
(I've no lark within a cage),
But blackbird bowered in leaves,
Nor linnet from the sheaves,
Nor glad nightingale my thirst for song assuage.

There are woodland haunts I knew
When my life was young and sweet,
When hours were all too few,
And skies were always blue,
As the harebell and the speedwell at my feet.

But those woods are far away,
If we count the years as miles;
My hair has changed to grey,—
My heart well-nigh to clay,
Since I, wild-flower laden, sat on sylvan stiles.

And these never-ending streets
Wherein now my lot is cast,
Where every pulse that beats
The same sad dirge repeats,
That human life is hurrying on too fast,—

Seem to close and crush me in;
Not a gap left for escape
From their oppressive din
To heath, or crystal linn,
Yellow sea-beat sands, or breezy headland-cape.

I am tied to city ways;
I am bound as to a wheel;
But at my will I raise
The ghosts of other days,
And from the present to the past I steal.

Then the close walls fade and melt,
Grass and ferns spring at my feet,
Trees circle as a belt,
Beech-mast and acorns pelt,
And the perfume of the woods comes passing sweet.

And I linger in the lanes
Plaiting rushes as I go,
And list the birdie's strains,
And joy runs through my veins,
Such pure joy as youth and summer only know.

And some pleasant cheery face,
Some lithe and supple form,
Imparts a crowning grace,
To sun the shady place,
And to quicken up the pulses fresh and warm.

Therefore I may thank my God
That although in city pent,
My childhood's footsteps trod
Greenwood and daisied sod,
And memory wields a wand that should content.

For within this selfsame town
Exist *some* hapless men,
Whose sun of life goes down
As it rose, mid tear and frown,
With no summer field or forest in their ken.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT AN UNPAINTED PICTURE.

THERE they sat, in the shabby old drawing-room at St. John's Wood, the "dear old man," as Maggie sometimes called her father in a petting sort of way, Maggie herself, and poor blind Miss Charlotte Campbell, all talking in the twilight.

"It is no use, Maggie," said Mr. Ashbury, "while the days are so short I do not like your coming home alone all the way from the National Gallery, or one of the museums; you are too young and too pretty," he added.

"No one else thinks so, daddy dear," she answered meekly, from her footstool on the rug; and no one ever looks at me."

"If I give my opinion," said Miss Campbell, in her usual stately manner, sitting bolt upright in the easy chair, with every fold of her stiff silk dress precisely, in its proper place, and her prim lace collar looking hard and white and prominent even in the dusk of evening,—"if I give my opinion," she said, directing her poor old sightless eyes towards Maggie, who was sometimes rather afraid of her, "I must say, from what I have heard, I do not think that Margaret will make an artist. Moreover, as her father's only daughter, it seems to me that her place is in his household, not in the ranks of those who are obliged to win their bread by outdoor labour or by taking to a profession."

Maggie always fretted a little beneath Miss Campbell's long and slowly delivered speeches, but she answered her gently though earnestly. "Dear Miss Charlotte, I assure you I do not neglect the household affairs; I would not for the world, for I think that a woman's first duty——"

"A woman!" said the old man, stroking the soft brown hair that generally looked untidy and always pretty.

"Yes, daddy," she answered tenderly, "a woman,

but your own spoilt child as well. I think a woman's first duty is in her home; but my father is out all day, and I have done all there is to do in the course of a few hours, and then, as I am able, at any rate in a measure, to succeed, I draw. I may not always have my father," she continued, "or some day he may not be able to work for me, and then perhaps I shall work for him, so I want to make the best of the one talent I have, and besides I must have some occupation for my leisure hours," she pleaded.

"But you may marry, and not have occasion to work," urged Miss Charlotte, loth to give up her argument.

"But, Miss Charlotte, marriage is not a commercial speculation. How would you like it if any one married Charley for any other reason than the only proper one, for instance?"

"I should be very glad if you married him for any reason you pleased, my dear," she said, and Maggie looked up at the usually stern face (a handsome one still, in spite of her sixty years), and seeing the expression on it, thought vaguely that the prim, precise old lady carried a soft heart under a hard shell. She looked back upon that evening in after years, and wondered how it was she used to fear her so much, and love her so little, not understanding how much affection even then had been hidden under the girlish fear. We so seldom know the depths of our own feelings, until we have occasion to sound them.

"But to return to the question," she went on. "I may work at my art, may I not, daddy dear? I will never, never neglect you, and you shall never come and find me out, or in the studio and not ready for you, for I know how disheartening it must be to return home and not find some one there, and ready to welcome you; but let me do as I like in this matter- I want to get rich, you know;" and she laughed; "and I shall be an artist some day—I feel it in me, and I've the design of a grand picture in my head already."

"If all the pictures designed were painted, the world would be fuller of illustrations than it is of soldiers," said Mr. Ashbury. He had failed in health lately, had the old man, and it was odd how his thoughts had returned to the days of his youth. It had been his ambition to enter the army, and by dint of family management he had done so, but finding it impossible to live upon his pay he had sold out and taken to a "mercantile life" years and years before, though how it was mercantile no one ever quite understood, for he was a proud man in manner, and not easily questioned, but his heart had always remained in his old profession. During the last few months he had often gone over his old marches, fought his one battle, and lived the old garrison days over again. She did not know why, but there seemed something pathetic in it to Maggie, as if she dimly divined that life was only a circle; to some a small one, round which they journey many times, and to others a larger one, round which they only travel once; and if this last were the manner of the dear old man, was he not nearing the starting-point?

"But I shall certainly paint this," resumed Maggie, "and no one has ever done it before: it is the last meeting of Troilus and Creseide."

"And who on earth are Troilus and Creseide?" asked Charley Campbell, merrily and disrespectfully.

"Why, dear Charles, how did you enter so suddenly?" his aunt inquired. She always called people by their names proper, and her nephew used to say he was certain she treated even her own reflection in the looking-glass, in the days when she could see it, with the greatest respect.

"The servant was at the door, so I had no occasion to knock. Now then, Maggie, please answer my question," he went on, when he had spoken to Mr. Ashbury; "who on earth are Troilus and Creseide?"

"They are not on earth," she responded meekly, and she thought the more the pity, for they might have come to a better understanding; "and fancy your not knowing, Charley," she added; "Chaucer wrote about them; they were a pair of lovers, and Creseide was untrue."

"That is not at all improbable, so if that is the only way in which she distinguished herself there is nothing remarkable in her history."

"Oh yes," said Maggie eagerly, "but she repented of her inconstancy——"

"Ah! that was remarkable."

"And a long time afterwards, when she was poor and weary, Troilus passed her on his way to Troy, she was a beggar, and he did not know her, but there was something in her face that reminded him of his lost Creseide, so he dropped a purse of gold into her lap and silently went his way; but she recognised him, and having sent him back a ruby ring he had given her long ago, she fell down and died."

"How Maggie is always dreaming over the old poets and painters," her father said, half proudly, half tenderly; he liked the grave side of his high-spirited Maggie's character.

"Out of the fulness of the heart, &c.," said Miss Charlotte, "and our thoughts insensibly make a pathway down which our feet must follow. The man *I* honour is that artist whose wonderful picture of Christ preaching His sermon on the Mount of Olives was exhibited a few years ago. It was God's will, so I may not regret my lost sight," she said in her proud voice, yet with meek submission in her manner; "but I would have given much to have seen it. I have heard that though he produced many pictures, yet his heart was only in this one, and he lived his life to paint that most sacred of all times and countries. I have often envied that man; his inner life must have been the sweetest and the

purest, and day-dreams were dreamt far away from the world and all its crowd of human beings; and even his thoughts of the past must have been such as could tinge and deepen all his hopes of the hereafter." She seemed to have been speaking to herself rather than to them, and when she stopped, Maggie drawing near, felt a foreshadowing of that love with which in after years she always thought of Charlotte Campbell. There was a dreamy, romantic side to the formal spinster's character as well as to the enthusiastic girl's, and she continued after a minute or two, "I had a friend once who knew the artist well, and he told me that he had a grave face, with a dreamy look of perfect content upon it;—a strange face, my friend said, and one that was difficult to forget, and that is what I should have imagined. I could fancy that in some dream he had seen the eternal city, and his face carried still the expression it first wore when he beheld it." They were silent for a few minutes, gravity seemed to have fallen upon them all.

"Well," said Charley at last—that Charley was always daringly disrespectful even to his aunt—"I wish you would talk rather cheerfully; this is about as lively as a party at a mute's. I say, Maggie, when are you going to begin the thing about Chaucer?"

"The end of it was not Chaucer's," she answered; "he left the poem unfinished, but it was continued and ended by Henryson in the time of Henry VIII."

"Now did you find all that out yourself, or did any one tell you?" he asked provokingly.

A stray shot often hits a target, and Maggie's cheeks were flushed as she answered, "No, I have not read any of Chaucer's poems but 'The House of Fame,' I could not get on with the old English. Mr. Bowden told me the story, and I could imagine it all well, for he describes anything so vividly."

"Oh yes, he's a wonderful person in your eyes."

"Now don't be disagreeable," she answered; "I'm going down-stairs to the dining-room to make the tea."

"Let me come too."

"No, I won't, you've such horrid manners."

"Do, Maggie," he pleaded, looking as mild as a full grown, high-shouldered young man with a beard and moustache can look; "do, Maggie dear."

"I won't; and I won't let you call me 'dear,'" and she stood with her back to the door, barring the way.

"Herbert does."

"Herbert's my cousin."

"Then I'll be your cousin."

"Very well—a cousin is just the same as a brother, you know, only you work him harder, and he bullies you less."

"Thank you, then we won't be cousins. Let me come down, Maggie."

"Well, say please then."

"P-l-e-a-s-e."

"Good bye!" and she turned round, darted out of the door, and fled down the stairs as fast as she could, while he tore after her, jumping three stairs at the time.

"Well," he said, when they had safely landed in the dining-room, and she stood looking at him with a mocking laughing light in those soft bright eyes of hers—"well, a nice tyrant you'll be for some one some day."

"I hope I shan't," she said defiantly.

"Why, shouldn't you like it?"

"No, of course I should not, and I should think any one such a stupid who let me be one."

"I begin to think you'll be a treasure after that lovely speech."

"So I shall—for whoever gets me."

"I hope I may."

"Do you! Then you won't;" and she laughed and looked at him again, so that he did not dare get serious, but he thought how many a truth is spoken in jest, and the very thought that this jest should be a truth made his face grave. She was a strange girl he thought; he had known her all her life, yet seldom understood her; only knew that she had stolen into his heart, especially latterly, always to be remembered as in looking back one sometimes remembers a burst of sunshine which lighted our pathway when least expected. Her character had many sides, and, perhaps, many faults. She was a woman, and womanly, and proud with a pride that was inward rather than assertive; yet a girl, and simple and girl-like—dreamy and quiet, save when sometimes, as to-night, she flashed into merry laughter and high spirits. It is difficult to describe what she was like, for her face was a varying one; at times she looked almost plain, at others beautiful was hardly too strong a word; but it was always sweet and fair, and shaded with brown hair that had now and then a gleam of gold upon it. She had eyes that were uncertain—now brown, like her hair, only darker; now showing, like it, a gleam of gold; but they were wonderful eyes, and they had long—almost black lashes, and there was a colour that came and went upon her cheek, and often a faint flickering smile about the mouth, and perhaps it was this that you noticed most and remembered longest when you had once seen it. She was not short by any means, and she had a graceful rounded figure; and that is all I can tell you about her—that brave, sweet, passionate girl, whose faults and impetuous will sometimes brought her many tears, yet never really lost her for a single day the love of those around her.

"Tea is ready," said Maggie; "I wish the others would come."

"What others?" he asked.

"Herbert, and Hetty, and Mr. Bowden."

"How is it that Bowden is always here?"

"He likes talking to my father."

"Yes, and to the father's daughter too, I expect," he said discontentedly; "I suppose he's one of your slaves, eh, Maggie?"

"Slaves!" and she laughed, but she turned her face towards the fire; "Mr. Bowden a slave!"

"Then he is one of your heroes?"

"No," she replied, "he is neither the one nor the other. Stir the fire, will you?" she said suddenly. She was sitting in the easy chair, lazily warming her toes, and could well have done it herself; but it always seemed natural for him to wait upon her. He went down on his knees to do it, and when he had made the blaze dance up the chimney, he lingered a moment at her feet.

"But which do you prefer?" he asked.

"What, slave or hero? oh, the last decidedly. There are some women who must be slave-driver or hero-worshipper, but they are generally only the first because they are unconsciously disappointed that Fate has not allowed them to be the last. There is a path between, however, which I think better than either."

"And, Maggie!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, but she drew it away quickly.

"Get up," she said, "there they are at the street-door; whatever would they think if they saw you there?"

"I don't care."

"But I do; get up and don't be stupid, Charley."

"Suppose I told you that I did not think I was stupid at all?"

"Then—then I should never let you come and help me make the tea again, so retreat into common sense at once;" and she rose and went quickly out into the hall to receive her other visitors.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ISOLATION OF PRIVILEGE.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A., RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"That which cometh into your mind shall not be at all, that ye say, We will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone. As I live, saith the Lord God, surely with a mighty hand, and with a stretched out arm, and with fury poured out, will I rule over you."—Ezek. xx. 32, 33.

THESE words imply a desire on the part of the Jewish people to shake off utterly the yoke of God. And at first sight this seems almost incredible. That a nation which had promises so glorious and memories so spirit-stirring should be willing to sink to the level of other peoples; that men who had such dazzling revelations of a true and a pure God, and also of Divine help and protection and sympathy and approach, should propose to abandon all that was good and trustworthy for Baal and Ashtaroth, and gods beside whom even these were pure, is a startling and humiliating thought. But so it was. And perhaps, when we look again at their true position, we can understand their motives, even while we detest them. Step by step the chosen race had broken away from the restraints of the Mosaic law. They had demanded a king: they had tolerated the polygamy of Solomon, and the idol-temples which he built to gratify his foreign wives. Then they had been contaminated by these examples, which they wanted courage to stamp out, and had themselves drunk deep and long and often of the charmed cup of image worship. A time had come when the worshippers of Jehovah were persecuted to the death in the land which He had bestowed upon this ungrateful race. Every form of sensuality, of rapacity, and of injustice—all that debases one's self and wrongs one's neighbour and outrages one's God—were common in the Holy Land. And as the nation forsook its God, so God forsook the nation; its might was broken, its sons were driven back in battle, and its maidens were not given in marriage. Then they began to feel that between them and Jehovah there was no longer a covenant, but war. The awful purity of a violated law frowned upon them, and chilled their hearts. It was easy for them to see that their practice, and so much profession as they still kept up, were hopelessly opposed to each other. Nothing could be won from their present God, without renouncing the fatal sweetness of the sins which charmed even while they poisoned them. But were there not other, more indulgent gods? Tyre and Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon, were great and strong under the shadow of temples that laid no ban upon the sins they loved. Perhaps Jehovah's was the true religion, and perhaps He smote with an exceeding bitter stroke the professors of His faith who broke their vows: but plainly He did not smite these flourishing and truculent nations, who broke no vows because they made none. Perhaps these are right, and our cold austere worship and our vexing scruples are alike useless and unmeaning. Why should we not become as they, adore their deities, imitate their pleasures, share their impunity? Why should we not, once for all, break the bonds that eat into our flesh, and run the race of sin along green slopes, side by side with the foremost, instead of lingering in thorny places, and getting buffeted because our pace is slow, and we cast wistful eyes over the fence at freedom? Such were the thoughts, we

may imagine, that came into their mind, when they said, "We will be as the heathen, as the families of the countries, to serve wood and stone."

"But," saith God, "it shall not be at all." The difference between them and their neighbours—between the chosen race, the specially favoured and endowed, and the common idolatrous mass of men—as it was not of their appointing, so it could not be by them wiped out. Into idolatry, into sensuality, into whatever iniquity they yielded to, they would bring a reproving conscience and a knowledge of better things. The servant who knows his master's will, and yet breaks it, is far worse than he who neither knows nor does it. And he shall be differently dealt with. For while God left those others to a kind of impunity, He warns the Jews that they shall not thus be left—He will rule over them against their will, and it shall be with a mighty hand, and a stretched out arm, and fury poured forth. They could not wipe out the fact that in covenant relation, in God's claim and right to them especially, beside His common right to all men, and in the gratitude they owed Him for all their privileges—their case was special: their guilt was special, and their punishment might well be special too.

Such is the plain meaning of our verse; and we have only to ask what lessons it conveys to us. Can we fall into this wickedness, or need this warning?

Clearly we are in no danger of plunging into any form of idolatry, or perhaps of open apostacy. And yet we have heard of miserable men who took up infidel ideas, and denied God, Christ, eternity, the soul, and whatever else raises us above the level of the brute, not from any rational delusion, but simply to share the freedom from restraint, the recklessness, and the guilt of the unbeliever.

And these have confessed with tears that they could not enjoy even the brief and low pleasures of sin for a season. They were haunted with fears, they were vexed with remorses, the knowledge of sin poisoned their enjoyments, and the knowledge of holiness shamed their very hearts. What was in their minds could not be at all.

But even far short of this, the apostacy of these Jews may be imitated still; and perhaps *is* imitated to an extent that some of us do not suspect.

A child of pious parents, piously brought up, is not in the same position with men otherwise trained. The example of our parents carries to each of us an assurance that God loves and claims us, but the message is forgotten and the help lost, unless it be taught the child and the youth, again and again, that he belongs to Christ, is bound to serve Him, and has salvation and love perpetually offered, and perpetually open to him to accept. Now suppose him to grow up in the knowledge of all this truth. He sees below the surface to the heart of things; he knows that every soul of man is like an island encircled by an ocean of mercy, overhung by a firmament of love; he knows that he is in solemn covenant relationship with God's Trinity of Persons, that each works in him, each desires his homage, each loves and woos his soul. As he stands beside the grave of friend after friend, he sees the light of eternity upstreaming from the pit's mouth, and he thinks, "What is for me when my eyes shall have closed, and my body shall be like this body, and my soul shall have pruned its trembling wing to take its flight?"

And he has learned a more solemn lesson than any of these—that he is a sinner, and must for evermore bear upon his soul one or other of two things, the guilt of Christ's death, or the merit of Christ's dying. A man may know all this, and feel its solemnity, and yet be unsaved—for salvation is to choose, to decide, to accept Christ, to live and die for Him.

But be sure that such a person never yet was a happy man. Every chapter and every hymn rebuked him. Every faithful and true sermon either shook him with fear or melted him with contrition, or made him ashamed at least that he was neither melted nor shaken. He might laugh, or work, or meditate—but he dared not look into the chambers of his own heart,

> "For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
> A sense of mystery his spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> 'The place is haunted!'"

Such a man looks around and sees plenty of men, no better than himself, content and even happy A dinner or a concert, a happy stroke of business an interesting piece of scandal, an empty fashion or an empty romance, or pleasures that are lower, fouler, and therefore, be certain, more unmanly still—these are the real and keen delights to some. And as his soul moans within him and is unsatisfied, he asks, "Why should I not follow their example?"

I would ask young men and young women who read this page, has this temptation never crossed *your* mind? Have you never said or thought—"Since I cannot be happy in religion, let me make myself happy as I can; and look to frivolity, to dissipation, to the pleasures that are just on this side of actual sin, and to the pleasures just on the other side of it, for such gifts as they have to bestow? Let me," says many a young man who has known better things, "let me ask the billiard-room, and the public-house, and the betting-list, and the loud song with the questionable meaning, and the play, and the dancing-saloon, what they can give; or, if not these, let me plunge deep into the whirl of active life, make myself indispensable, and push myself on—not for

duty, but for happiness." And you can always point to the example of some who *seem*, at least, to be well-enough satisfied. And many a young woman has sought her bliss in stimulants just as mischievous as these,—in giddy sentiment, in admiration and vanity, in show, and fashion, and frivolity. And many who scorn all these, have inflicted upon their sad souls the same ruinous error, striving to develop and indulge the intellect as a drug to the complaining of the heart. "We will be as those around us, to serve wood and stone," said God's people of old. Is it any better to say, We will be as those around us, to serve the world and the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life?

Let every one who ever felt one pulse of purer spiritual feeling, ever longed for purity, ever knelt in prayer that was not a mockery,—every one who has waited for God as men who wait for the morning, let every such man be warned. You *cannot* be as the disciples of pleasure, or as the idolators of gain. If you will give yourselves up to these, so be it; but they shall not yield their sweetness to your taste, nor their fragrance to your smell. Such as these are, they are not for you. The desire of holiness may gradually die away; but the inner loathing and abhorrence of sin shall not die; the sense of dishonour and degradation shall still live; the shame of your ill-treatment of your Benefactor shall linger on. And you shall not be able to forget death nor eternity; you shall see, as it were, the clear, deep eye that beholds and tries the children of men.

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky;
And the day shall have a sun,
Which shall make thee wish it done."

For better or worse, with your consent or without it, you are a marked, peculiar people. Gifts and calling of God are without repentance.

But, then, surely there is injustice here. Why should one people be marked out for this government in fury? Why should you or I be debarred from consolations, wretched at best, in which other sinners take refuge? Because it is not for such a fate you are marked out. You, like Israel, are called to special privileges and prosperity and bliss; and it is only the rejection and neglect of these that can darken your sky with denser and blacker cloud, as the fiercest tempests rage in the splendid climates of the South. The nations might have seen Israel, and envied him, and said, "Surely this great people is a wise and understanding people; for what nation is there so great, that hath God so nigh unto them?" And so God offers Himself, with special clearness and urgency and frequency, to us who gather, week by week, to worship and praise and hear of Him. Christ stands at our door and knocks, and if there is deadly woe for them who keep Him out, that is only the counterpoise of the ineffable bliss of those who open their door and welcome Him. It may be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for us. But, on the other hand, the ten talents well invested may give us ten cities to rule in glory.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART IX. CHRIST A PREACHER. (II.)

Chapters to be read—Matt. vi. 19 to end. vii.

OUR last lesson showed man's duty to God. Which commandments were referred to? What other duties? To-day shall speak of God's relationship to man, and the privileges and duties involved in that.

I. GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE. (Read Matt. vi. 24—34.) *In the present.* Ask what our Lord says about care for this life; explaining that "no thought" means undue anxiety. What instances does He give of God's care? Remind of where the sermon was spoken—a hill-side, with the beautiful birds of paradise flying about: so Christ pointed to them. Question upon the birds: where do they live? how are they fed? how do they know how to do all this? Call this instinct. Who gave those habits, and that knowledge? also show adaptation of birds' bodies to their habits—beaks, wings, &c.; all show God's care for them. Remind of ravens, who fed Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 4), the dove who brought the olive-leaf to Noah. How are we better than birds? What becomes of them? Therefore, as God teaches them where to get food, so much more does He feed us. Remind of promises of food to those in want; and ask for examples—such as Israelites fed by manna; the widow's cruse of oil not failing; Elijah fed by the angel (1 Kings xviii.), and many others. What do we ask for in the Lord's Prayer? He who taught us so to pray will not fail to supply food: see promise to Noah (Gen. viii. 22). So too with clothing. What would the hill be covered with? What causes the grass to grow? Why are the flowers made? of what use are they? what do we like to do with them? So by their beauty show God's loving care. Tell story of Mungo Park finding tiny piece

of moss in chink of rock when faint in desert; took new hope: so all flowers teach God's care; they die —we die and rise to new life. Also warn against pride, by example of Solomon.

PRACTICAL. Apply this to children away from parents or friends: perhaps parents dead: then see Ps. xxvii. 10: perhaps amongst strangers; remind of the little maid (2 Kings v. 3). Jacob when leaving home (Gen xxviii. 15); amongst enemies, so was St. Paul at his trial (2 Tim. iv. 16). Who are they thus cared for? What must we seek first? (ver. 33); must put God first, and Mammon—*i.e.*, this world with its cares, riches, pleasures &c.—second (ver. 24). *In the future.* (Read Matt. vi. 19—21.) Ask where treasures are to be laid up? why in heaven? What becomes of treasures here? rust, moth, fire, thieves, all liable to destroy: what becomes of them at death? but will find other treasure hereafter. Give as instance parable of Rich Man and Lazarus, who found *his* good things in next world. For description of these good things, see 1 Peter i. 4.

II. GOD A FATHER TO HIS PEOPLE. (Read Matt. vi. 7—12.) Describe a father coming home from his work; children running out to meet him, climbing about him, sitting round the table at the meal; asking for food. Does he dislike their asking? refuse request? give stones, and not bread? why not? because full of love. Greatest pleasure to give pleasure and grant requests. Show how God in this way is a Father. From Luke xi. 11 show that the good things of ver. 11 are the gifts of the Holy Spirit, for which see Gal. v. 22. For what do we want these gifts? where are we hoping to go? From ver. 13, 14 show how the way thither is compared to a road. Draw from the children the points of resemblance: an entrance, road, travellers met with, dangers to be avoided, helps for the journey, welcome at the end in a Father's house. Remind Who is the way (John xiv. 6), and how having Himself gone that road, Christ has set us an example. What is called the lamp? (Ps. cxix. 105), the enemies of the world, flesh and devil? the end—our Father's many mansions (John xiv. 2). Which road are we travelling?

III. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (Read Matt. vii. 16—29.) If God cares for us and treats us as a father, what must we do? (*a*) *Hear.* Ask for the parable about the seed. What became of the seed by the wayside—who picked it away? Show that the Word of God to do any good must penetrate; be hid in heart like seed. Do children care to hear? must, like Timothy from a child, know the Scriptures—like Christ as a child grow in grace; therefore must attend to instruction (Prov. ii. 1, 2, &c.) (*b*) *Do.* Question upon illustrations used by Christ. Point out two trees side by side. In winter both look alike bare, &c; in autumn one found still bare, the other full of leaves and fruit. Again, remind of children building castles on sand by sea. What becomes of them, and why? Other houses stand. So show what is expected of all. What fruit must they bring forth? what are the good works children can do? Not much for others, but great many for themselves—*e.g.*, becoming humble, modest, truthful, peacemakers, &c. What will these things show—*i.e.*, what do they proceed from? When will works be tested, and by what? profession or practice? What a warning to all careless ones!

Questions to be answered.

1. What two examples does Christ give of God's care?
2. What lessons can we learn from flowers?
3. Give instances of God's care for His people.
4. How does God as a Father treat His children?
5. How is the road to heaven like a journey?
6. What are the two practical lessons to be learned?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG the holiday gatherings which took place at Valehead during Whitsuntide, was the anniversary celebration of the foundation of a cricket club, which Humphrey Atherstone had been the first to establish, with the view of securing some better recreation for the young men of the village, than could be found in the public-houses where they were wont to congregate. It had been very successful, other parishes had joined in it, the great people all round patronised it, and in the last week of May a great day of festivity was held, when the Eleven of Valehead played a match against all Northangleshire. The field used as a cricket ground on this occasion was at some distance from the village, and was most easily approached by the river, which was always thronged with boats conveying the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses to the scene of action.

It was the fashion of the county to go, and so the county went, and made its own little arrangements for amusing itself, quite irrespective of the duty of encouraging the cricket club. This year the weather proved extremely propitious, and by noon on the appointed day many a merry party was moving down



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Lilith! what is the matter?"—*p.* 508.

the river with pennons flying and gay voices filling the summer air with glee. Two boats were allowed precedence of the others as conveying a specially illustrious freight. Mrs. Northcote was seated in the first, with an air as solemn and frigid as if she were personating Charon himself, while her husband, much subdued in such close proximity to the great arbitress of his destinies, sat on one side, and the rector on the other. Colonel Dysart and a few more persons unknown to fame completed the number, and in sober and stately fashion they passed on in advance of the gay party which followed them.

In the next boat Will Northcote and Una Dysart sat together, with Mr. Knight and Hervey Crichton on either side of them. Further on, Mrs. Burton, the doctor's wife—an affected, languishing invalid, who, suffered chiefly from want of occupation, was placed beside a very quiet curate, to whom she was detailing the extreme susceptibility of her nerves, and on the other side Rupert Northcote, deliberately turning his back on every one else, looked admiringly into the pure sweet face of Lilith Crichton. She seemed to be a being almost of another mould from the rest, as she sat there, perfectly still and unexcited, drooping her fair head like a graceful flower, her white robes glistening in the sun, without a fragment of colour about them to mar their spotlessness.

She appeared to be as much absorbed in Rupert's presence as he was in hers, but when she raised her great blue eyes and looked on him, they were filled with an intensity of mournful regret, which seemed strangely at variance with the knowledge she could not but have of his devoted affection, and the extent to which she apparently shared it.

Una Dysart often looked towards her with great interest, for Lilith was in many respects an enigma to her, though Hervey left her very little time to think of anything but himself, as he did his best to please and amuse her in every possible way. Una was slightly restless, however, and at last she somewhat suddenly turned round to Hervey, and asked him whether Mr. Atherstone did not appear amongst his people on this the gala day of the institution he had founded.

"Yes, I believe he is always there," he answered rather shortly.

"Only he rides down instead of going by the river," said Will, "for the express purpose of avoiding such parties as ours, and when he gets there he devotes himself to the cricketers and their friends, and ignores the society of his equals with a sublime indifference."

"By the way, Miss Dysart, we were all much surprised to hear that Atherstone had conducted you himself over the Abbey. It was an extraordinary feat for such a determined mysogamist. I feel sure you are the very first lady he ever indulged so far," said Hervey Crichton.

"I am very glad I was so much favoured then, for the house is well worth seeing."

"You did not find a wife imprisoned in any of the rooms did you?" said Will. "I sometimes wonder whether the fact that he has one already may not be the explanation of his determination never to marry—any of us at all events."

"I saw no one in the house but a fat old butler," said Una, laughing.

"No; Atherstone will never marry," said Mr. Knight. "I do not know his reason, but he is much to be pitied, for there is certainly some painful motive which makes him quite immovable in this determination. Poor fellow! I feel for him deeply," and Mr. Knight accompanied this remark with so meaning a glance at Will, to whom he had most vainly been endeavouring to make himself agreeable, that she started up, seeming determined to find a means of putting a stop to his attentions. She had a resource at hand. Stooping down, she drew out from under the seat a small violin-case, and took from it a dainty little violin, which she proceeded to adjust on her shoulder in the orthodox fashion, and then taking the bow in her firm little fingers, she began to draw forth the most exquisite melody from the strings, playing with all the grace and execution of an accomplished artist. Una was delighted, and even Hervey ceased looking at her in order to listen to the enchanted sounds, while little Will's bright black eyes grew soft under the influence of her own music, and only Mrs. Burton whispered plaintively to the curate, "How that masculine sight must pain you! I am so feminine in all my tastes."

When at last the strain ceased, to the regret of all, Una asked Hervey Crichton if he had observed that during the whole time Miss Northcote was playing, some one was keeping up with the boat on the bank of the river, running along behind the thick alder bushes, so that the movement of their branches alone was detected.

"I did not notice any one," said Hervey. "Shall we steer rather nearer the bank and find out who it is?"

They did so, and just as they came close under the bushes, which dipped almost into the water, the leafy branches were parted by two dark little hands, and the wild beautiful face of a gipsy woman gleamed out upon them suddenly, the deep flashing eyes scanning every face, and settling for a moment with a peculiar intentness on that of Una. Mrs. Burton gave a shriek of affected terror, and they saw the white teeth shine between the curved lips as they wreathed themselves into a scornful smile. Then the hands dropped down, the branches were allowed to meet again, and the face disappeared.

"Who in the world is that?" exclaimed Mr. Knight, who had been nearest to the strange apparition.

"I have not an idea," said Hervey; "a gipsy, at all events, most certainly."

"I know who it is," said Will to Una in a rather low tone; "it is Ashtaroth, the wife of the man Edwards, whose history I told you."

"I am glad I have seen her," said Una. "She is strangely handsome, though it is not exactly a pleasant face. Ashtaroth, goddess of the Sidonians! What a singular name for any one to have in these days."

"Everything is strange about the Edwardses," said Will; "but, behold!" she continued, raising herself and looking out across the country; "I perceive in the distance a black horse approaching, known as one Nightshade, which has the honour of bearing on its back the Master of Atherstone. He is coming this way;" and in the course of a few moments Humphrey, followed by his groom, came riding along the bank close to the boat. He was near enough to exchange a few words with them as to the favourable weather and the prospects of the day, and then Rupert suggested that he should entrust his horse to his servant and join them for the rest of the way.

"We have plenty of room," he said; "and, in addition to other attractions, we have a little old man here who plays the violin wonderfully well, and will entertain you with music when our conversation becomes too dull."

Humphrey smiled and began a courteous refusal; then he paused, his eyes fixed themselves on the bright face of Una Dysart, who had turned towards him, and he wavered, hesitated, and finally seeming to make a great effort, he said, "I wish indeed I could come, Northcote, but I cannot—must not—though I am none the less grateful to you for the offer;" and lifting his hat, he touched his horse on the neck with his hand, and it instantly started off at a rapid pace, bearing him speedily out of their sight.

"Now if ever a man did violence to his inclinations, it was Humphrey Atherstone," said Northcote. "It was quite evident that he longed to take his place amongst us, and was held back by some grave obstacle in his own mind, which compelled him to leave us."

"I have quite come to the conclusion," said Crichton, "that my brother the rector is perfectly right in his serious mistrust of Mr. Atherstone."

"What grounds can you have for making such an assertion?" exclaimed Una, turning upon him with a flash of indignation in her great brown eyes.

"Simply the logical fact which has become a proverb, 'that there is no smoke without fire,' and the no less certain truth that in these days, mysteries in the lives of individuals do not generally hide anything poetic or interesting, but rather something very discreditable to those who seek to shelter themselves behind them."

"Anyhow, it is utterly unfair to condemn persons on mere assumptions," she answered, for her own generous spirit rose in revolt at the injustice which, it seemed to her, was generally dealt out to Mr. Atherstone—and she allowed a feeling not only of dangerous compassion, but of instinctive championship on his behalf, to take possession of her from that moment. She made her first concession to it by turning her back on Hervey Crichton and occupying herself exclusively in talking to Will Northcote till they reached their destination. Crichton sat silent, looking vexed and uncomfortable, for Miss Dysart had been very friendly with him up to this time, and he was becoming painfully conscious of a daily increasing desire on his own part that they should go somewhat beyond being friends, and when they all disembarked he made a great effort to regain the place by her side which he had generally held when they met in society. But Una was not to be appeased—she somewhat maliciously took refuge with Mrs. Northcote, whom she very well knew the bold warrior would not dare to encounter. Hervey lingered at a little distance from her for a time, and then seeing she was determined to remain hostile, tossed his handsome head with a look of evident pique, and went off to Miss Northcote, who received him with such merry goodwill, that he could not help enjoying himself in her society most heartily, in spite of his annoyance.

It was a pleasant scene on which the new comers looked. The field was crowded with persons of all ranks, wandering about in the sunshine and strolling in groups, or more often in couples, down the shady paths by the river-side. The match had been commenced, so soon as Atherstone and a few more of the great people of the county came on the ground, and was being played with great animation and excitement. Una had never seen a game of cricket in her life, and therefore it was to her as unintelligible as it was uninteresting, and she very soon discovered that even those who might be supposed to understand it were entirely occupied with their own concerns, and paid very little attention to it. Atherstone was the only person who seemed really to try to make the day pleasant to the cricketers and their friends, of whom there were many hard-working men and women bent on making the most of their only holiday in the year. Una's glance followed him from place to place, while Mrs. Northcote poured a dropping fire of heavy remarks into her ear, to which she found it was not necessary she should listen in order to make suitable answers, and she was struck by the gentleness and consideration he showed to the poor people for whose comfort he seemed so anxious. She could hardly have believed that his dark face could have been so full of sweetness as it was when he carried tired little children back to their mothers, or found a seat for some poor old woman where she could see her boy playing this momentous game—and he showed very evidently that it was not to mix with his acquaintances, but

to do what he could for the amusement of his tenantry that he had come on the ground.

While Una was standing very silently watching the whole scene, Mr. Northcote suddenly changed the current of her ideas, by exclaiming to his wife,—

"There is the rector talking to that fellow Edwards again. I must say I cannot understand his taking any notice of him. Whatever Atherstone may be, there is no doubt that man is a disreputable scoundrel."

Una turned eagerly in the direction to which Mr. Northcote pointed, and saw the Malay, standing half hid in the shade of a tree, talking with a cringing, furtive air to the rector, while he held upon his shoulder a tiny mite of a boy, whose gipsy face seemed sparkling with precocious intelligence.

Mrs. Northcote looked solemnly towards the group, and said, with the calm satisfaction which always accompanied her condemnation of her neighbours, "It may be, Mr. Northcote, that the rector thinks he has a better chance of inculcating morality on the low scoundrel, who makes no concealment of his guilt, than on the higher-placed evil-doer, who shrouds his crimes, whatever they are, under a hard, impenitent reserve."

This evident allusion to Atherstone was a little too much for Una, and she started away from Mrs. Northcote, feeling that she could not trust herself to speak to her without indignation, and went in search of her father.

She found Colonel Dysart engaged in an examination of Atherstone's horse, which had been left under the care of the groom, in a corner of the field, and as Una came up to him he said, "I was just wishing for you, Una; I know how much you admire a fine horse, and this is really one of the most splendid beasts I ever saw." He began describing to her the various good points in the animal; and while she stood listening to him, she saw Atherstone, in the course of some arrangement he was actively making for a group of poor people, accidentally pass near the rector and Edwards. It was clear that he had not seen the Malay before, for the moment his glance fell upon him he stopped suddenly, and let a chair he was carrying drop from his hand. A few moments he stood silent and rigid, then, as Edwards slowly turned his malignant face and looked at him, Atherstone hurriedly said a few words to those around him, and then came with hasty steps to the spot where his horse was standing. There was a very strange expression on his face, a sort of mingling of sternness and misery; but it changed to a softened sadness when he saw Una. He shook hands with her and her father, and told them that he was unexpectedly obliged to leave the ground.

"What, so soon, Mr. Atherstone?" said Colonel Dysart; "I thought that your people always considered they had a right to keep you with them to the last on this day."

"So they have, and I have never failed them before; but this year all is changed. I cannot stay in this place to-day." He mounted his horse at once, and saying to Una, with more earnestness than the simple words warranted, "I do trust you will enjoy yourself, Miss Dysart," he galloped off before she could answer.

Colonel Dysart looked after him, with a perplexed expression, and then turned to his daughter. "You have been desired to enjoy yourself, Una; how do you mean to accomplish that result?"

"Not by looking at the cricketers, at all events, and still less by rejoining Mrs. Northcote. I should like to find Lilith Crichton, as Will is clearly not accessible just now. Have you any idea where she is?"

"I saw her going along the path by the river a short time ago," said Colonel Dysart; "but you must not expect me to join you in a search for her; it is much too hot;" and he flung himself down under a tree to rest himself, while Una went in quest of her friend.

She was walking quietly along the bank of the river, when Rupert Northcote suddenly appeared at a turn of the path, and came rapidly towards her. He seemed greatly disturbed and excited, and with a muttered apology for his haste, passed her, apparently in a vehement hurry, and disappeared. She went on, rather surprised, and a few more paces brought her in sight of Lilith Crichton. Una stopped with an exclamation of dismay when she saw her.

Lilith was standing upright and motionless, with her hands clasped tightly on her breast, as if to still some emotion that was stifling her; her lovely face was white as snow; her great blue eyes were wild with misery; and her whole expression was that of one who feels as if the agony of life could not be endured another moment.

Impetuous Una rushed towards her, and flinging her arms round her, exclaimed, "My dearest Lilith! what is the matter? I cannot bear to see you suffering so frightfully."

But her warm caresses seemed lavished on a statue; and when Lilith spoke at last, it did not seem to be in answer to her questions, but rather that the words were weighing on her heart and burst forth involuntarily—"Rupert—my poor Rupert!"

"He loves you, Lilith—you do not doubt that, surely?"

"No; oh, that I could!"

"But why, dear child? Forgive me for saying it, but I feel sure you return his affection."

"I have no wish to deny it," she answered, while tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and fell from them thick and fast.

"Then why are you so sad?" said Una, anxiously. "You will marry him, without doubt, and be very happy."

"I would sooner die!"

"Lilith, what do you mean? Rupert wishes to marry you, I am certain, and his friends all love you; why should you refuse?"

"I love him too well to tell you why," she answered.

"That is a very incomprehensible answer, Lilith. I want you to tell me, because I cannot but think you must be making yourself needlessly unhappy; and possibly, if you told me the reason of your refusal, I could help you. Perhaps you are too much agitated now; but promise me that you will tell me some day."

"Yes," she said, in a calm, strange voice, "I will tell you some day, Una Dysart."

That promise was kept—but in what an hour!

(To be continued.)

"AT WAR WITH FAMINE."

IN one of the most touching of all the Bible narratives, the story of Joseph and his brethren, we are brought face to face with what is happily for us a state of things we can scarcely imagine, but only too common in the East—a famine. In our own highly-favoured island that is a contingency which is almost, humanly speaking, impossible. We have just been passing through a period when the prices of the necessaries of life were exceedingly high; indeed we have scarcely yet ceased to talk of meat and coals being at "famine" price, but we use the term loosely and colloquially without, perhaps, realising its full import. Actual famine has prevailed in Ireland; and from time to time in London, the richest city in the world, isolated deaths from starvation occur. Indeed it is, perhaps, impossible to calculate the number of deaths that are continually taking place from the want of necessaries of life, even where the final catastrophe is not assigned immediately to want of food. The system is lowered by continuous lack of nourishment, and though actual death may ensue from some definite disease, yet still it results indirectly from want. Had not God in His mercy given us an exceptionally mild winter, it is terrible to think what a number of deaths must, in all human probability, have been thus indirectly caused by lack of food and fuel.

But the famine against which we have, in the prophetic words of Sir Bartle Frere, thus "declared war," is no isolated case or set of cases; it is not one which is likely to do most of its deadly work thus impalpably and indirectly; though such secondary results must still follow in its train, when the transient tyranny of want is overpast. It is an actual famine like that which drove Jacob and the patriarchs down to Egypt; and, on the most moderate calculations, ranges over an area five times as large as Ireland.

That is the first fact we shall do well to bear in mind, when setting ourselves to the Christian work of relieving the distress in Bengal, in thus making war on the famine there—namely, the vast tract over which the contest rages. In an actual war, or even a single battle, this is always the difficulty which attaches to outsiders, and even in a measure to those engaged. They fail to grasp the extent of the seat of war, or to catch more than a single point of the battle. It is only by some such comparison as that now instituted that we can at all appreciate the wide-spread misery that must for a long time prevail in Bengal. Taken in its most moderate dimensions, the space over which our efforts must extend is *five times as large as Ireland.*

Then, again, supposing it possible that famine could prevail in Britain as in India, there are still circumstances prevalent there which increase the violence of the infliction. We do not now allude to the lack of communication by road, river, or canal, though it is indeed painful to read that in many districts where people are perishing for lack of sustenance, supplies are within what we should here consider a very practicable distance, but the defective means of transit render them unavailing. The most distressing fact, perhaps, for a Christian in connection with an Indian famine is the extent to which its evils are increased by the heathen custom of caste, which will often lead a Hindoo to perish from want, rather than accept aid from one of his own fellow-countrymen who is of a lower caste than himself. A distinguished writer on India has recently told us that caste is only a fashion, and of comparatively recent adoption; but it is a fashion that comes cruelly into prominence when such an infliction overtakes a country as that which now lies heavy on Bengal.

It may, perhaps, be said that no amount of material aid can do away with this custom so much more honoured in the breach than the observance; but a moment's reflection will convince us that this is scarcely so. It is, as we know, greatly the custom nowadays to depreciate the efforts of the missionaries in India; but we are exceedingly glad to see that the eminent authority from whom we have borrowed the title and many of the facts of this short paper, Sir Bartle Frere, writes thus:—

"Outside the duties of Government is a large area of national duty, which must be undertaken

and discharged in the spirit of that feeling which recognises Bengal as much an integral part of the British Empire as Cornwall.

"The Government will need trustworthy eyes and ears to report, and honest and firm hands to distribute what it has to give, whether in work, wages, or in support of the starving; and there will remain, beyond all that Government can do, *an immense field for private* charity, far exceeding what can be reached even by the most ungrudging and catholic spirit of English or Indian charity.

"We have some thirty-three missionary agencies employed in impressing on the natives of India the truths of Christianity. Can we do better than support this agency in the work which it has always, in former cases of the kind, so well undertaken, of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, and speaking comfort to the dying? Here is a field at once for the energies and means of all who have any portion of missionary spirit; and they will find on the spot an agency which, however scattered and scanty, is yet all-pervading, and capable of indefinite extension."

Works of irrigation and internal navigation take a long time even to set in motion, a much longer time still before their results are appreciable. In the meantime people are dying of want. The season which has been so favourable for our difficulty, has been adverse to them. The heaven has withholden its rain, and drought means death there to an extent which we, in our temperate latitudes, cannot in the least realise or conceive. The vexed question of the exportation of grain, too, from the suffering districts, which it seems so easy to answer offhand, but which is puzzling much wiser heads than ours, this must be left for others to settle. But there is one department, and perhaps only one, in which we can all bear our part. Whether it be for relief works, or for the equally important work of education, money is urgently and immediately wanted. The Lord Mayor of London risked obloquy by boldly proposing that we should forget political economy, and swell the Relief Fund. That was only a strong way of putting the duty of individuals, as contrasted with those of the Government. Our duty is plainly at this moment to give according to our ability, so as to make the best of the present emergency. If we waited to talk political economy, we should let our fellow-creatures starve. While we are doing our best to relieve existing distress, it will be the duty of our rulers, and the duties of individuals too in a measure, to devise means for preventing the recurrence of such disasters. It is gratifying to know that many suggestions coming from individuals and outsiders, have been respectfully entertained and energetically acted upon.

We shall never, of course, be able to destroy God's great landmarks, or to make tropical India the same as temperate England; but it is marvellous how much has been done by careful arrangements in the more sparsely-peopled districts of the Deccan; and there is no sort of doubt that proportionate results may be, by God's blessing, compassed in the densely-populated regions of Bengal. We have therefore established a Special Fund for the Relief of the Indian Famine, with the express purpose of providing every reader of THE QUIVER with means ready to hand for contributing his or her mite to so noble a purpose. Let us not forget the responsibility which rests upon us as Englishmen along with, and in proportion to, the privilege of governing this great nation. Think of the widow's mite, and do not withhold charity because it may be small, and seem insignificant in amount. "Many a little makes a mickle" is a good old proverb, but a better saying still, and based on the highest authority of all, is, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me!" There has been already a liberal and generous response to our appeal, and we feel confident that even the considerable sum which has been contributed is but an earnest of larger help yet to come.

BLIND BIDDY'S STORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES, AUTHOR OF "PENELOPE," "LETTIE DEAN," ETC.

"To obey is better than sacrifice."

CHAPTER I.

ONE bright October day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a young girl might have been seen climbing the steep stairs of a dingy-looking house in a poor street in London. She was quietly dressed in a russet gown, a large waterproof cloak, and a brown straw hat, which latter shaded what was ordinarily a sweet and pleasant face; but now it was somewhat clouded, and even a tear stood on the eyelid. She reached the door of the "third floor back," and then stopped a moment to rest before she knocked.

The knock was answered by a woman's voice, saying, "Come in;" and the young lady entered.

"Well, Biddy," she said, "isn't it a nice day? You can feel the sun, though you can't see it."

"Yes, Miss Mary," said the inhabitant of the room, who was an old and blind woman, "thank God, I can. There is much left to me, and I often think I should be unwilling to change trials with many of my neighbours. I have learnt to find there

are many mercies mixed up with mine. I can hear the sound of a pleasant voice, and of the minister preaching and praying, and that's more than poor old Sarah in the parlours can do."

Mary drew a long breath, and then said, "Oh, Biddy!"

"There's something wrong with you, miss, to-day."

"Well, yes; I hardly know why I should be so vexed though; but Mrs. Crisp on the first floor has been very rude to me."

"Nothing more than that, eh? That's nothing; she's rude to everybody."

"But there is more, Biddy; my aunts say I must give up visiting in Heard's Court. They say it takes up too much of my time, and that I take things too much to heart; besides, my uncle has been putting it into their heads that I am too young to visit in London."

"Well, that is bad news, to be sure! What a miss you'll be to many, but to none more than to me, I may say, indeed. The day seems to me a long one that I don't hear Miss Mary's foot on the stairs; and it seems to lighten my heart, if you only as much as look in at the door, and say, 'Well, Biddy, how are you to-day?' There's a blessing, miss, goes with all the commandments, and it surely comes to those who go about, rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep."

"It always seems to me, Biddy, that I do nothing, only I like coming so much. They say, though, that I may keep you, and poor deaf Sarah, and Mrs. Howard, in the kitchens, who is bedridden, and the apple-woman at the corner; you know, she lives at number five."

"Well, I am glad of that. But, in a way, miss, I expect your uncle's right. It's rough work for so young a lady as you are, and may tell on your health; besides, I expect you get taken in finely."

Mary smiled. "Yes, sometimes. But, Biddy, do you know I was thinking, last night, that I *would not* give up. You know the Misses Lewis are not really my aunts, though I call them so, and I am not bound to obey them. Am I not old enough, too, to decide for myself? Besides, perhaps it is right to disobey when you feel that what you do is a good and right thing to be done. Surely it can't be wrong to be useful? You know they are only afraid I shall do myself harm; and I am sure I shall not."

"Oh, Miss Mary, don't talk so, I pray you. It was following just such reasoning as that that brought me into so much sorrow. It was a wilfulness of that kind—I mean which I thought a lawful wilfulness, and right because it was (as I fancied) for the good of others. Don't rebel, Miss Mary; don't choose your own way, or you'll be sorry for it."

"I can't fancy that you have ever rebelled, Biddy. I wish you'd tell me about it; I have often wondered what your history had been."

"Ah, you know little enough of the bad in me, miss; but it's a long story, and a sad story; and when I once begin to talk of old times I shan't know when to stop."

"Well, Biddy, may I come and have tea with you to-morrow? My aunts are going to dine out, and I will ask them if I may come to you. They would call for me in the carriage as they came back."

Biddy's face brightened as she heard Mary's proposal. It was not the first time they had had tea together in that little attic, and it was a great delight to the poor old woman. Biddy was daintily clean about herself and her room, and everything in it was in as perfect order as though she saw each speck of dust and dirt; such was the effect of long habit. So, when Mary arrived the next day, the little tea-table looked quite inviting. The hearth was swept; a bright little kettle was boiling on a cheery fire; a clean cloth was spread on the table, and everything upon it looked faultlessly neat and clean.

Mary brought with her some tea and tea-cakes, and a pot of Scotch marmalade; and when she had thrown off her cloak, she insisted upon toasting the tea-cakes while Biddy made the tea.

"Oh, dear! how happy I am!" she said, as she looked up from her toasting, with cheeks all aglow from the heat. "This is much better than going, rustling in smart silks, to the dinner-party with aunties. But now, Biddy, let us have tea; I am longing for the story."

It was chilly enough for a fire to feel pleasant, and when the tea-table was cleared Mary drew her chair to the fire, and took out her work. Then, accompanied by the click of her knitting-needles, and the purring of the old cat on the rug, Biddy began the following story:—

"I remember well the day when our troubles began, or, perhaps, it was only the day when they first came home to me, for I was a light-hearted young thing, and very different to my elder sister Mary, who shared my mother's burdens from the time she could nurse a baby or carry a basket. We were coming home from berry-gathering one evening, just as the sun was setting; and I think I can see even now the golden clouds that glowed in the west; and the tall Scotch firs standing out black and clear against the bright sky. Our house stood alone, on the borders of a large common. It is all enclosed now, they tell me; but then it was covered with heather and bluebells and bilberries and wortleberries in abundance.

"Our little farm was snug and well-to-do-looking, with a few tidy ricks on one side, standing in a neatly-kept farmyard, and on the other a grassy knoll, on which the sheep fed, and which was topped by the clump of Scotch firs I spoke of before. In front was a prim, well-ordered kitchen garden, and just at the

time I speak of there was a row of dahlias and hollyhocks on each side of the one straight walk which led up from the white wicket gate to the front door. In spring time there were gillyflowers, and spring flowers, and daffodils—indeed, there was not a gayer border in the country-side, for it was my mother's pride and delight. My father had begun life as a labourer, but he had been careful and industrious, and had worked his way up to rent this little farm; and aided by my mother, who was a clever manager, he was prospering, even though he had six of us to feed. He kept three cows, and took milk into Warbridge, which was our nearest market town, twice a day; and butter and the produce of the garden twice a week.

"But about our first trouble. We were coming home, laughing and singing; I and Jessie with briony-berries wound round our heads, and Ben carrying on his back our youngest brother, little Peter, whose stained mouth and cheeks told a tale as to where the berries had gone which *he* had gathered.

"I carried the berries which were to go into market next day. Whatever they sold for was ours, and we looked forward every year to our 'berry-money' as to a little fortune.

"I remember so well, as we went up the path laughing and playing, my father came out of the house and passed quickly by us. His face was grave, but he put his hand kindly on little Jessie's head as he passed, and gave us the kind of smile which grown people often give to children when they do not wish to check their happiness, and yet are too heavy at heart to share in it themselves.

"Mary met us at the door and quieted us at once, for she was crying.

"'Why, what is it Mary?' said Ben, shaking his hair back, and stopping short in his canter, with Peter on his back, 'what has angered father?'

"'He's not angry, Ben,' said Mary, 'but the black cow's dead!'

"'The black cow dead!' said we all, and we gathered round Mary to hear more, and I threw from my hair the scarlet berries, and felt ashamed of my late merriment.

"'Yes,' said Mary, 'she was found dead in Long Lane, lying in a ditch, and she had been stabbed!'

"'Stabbed!' said we all.

"'Yes,' said Mary. 'Father turned her out this morning on the common with Primrose and Jenny, but when Ralph went to call them at milking time, she was gone, and Carter has just found her in Long Lane, dead!'

"'I know who did it,' said Ben. 'Don't you remember when poor Black-eyed Susan strayed before, who vowed he would do her some mischief if he caught her on his ground again? If I were father I'd have him up before the magistrates. Poor Susan, why, she was the best cow of the three, and only a little wild. I say, Mary, if father won't—I——'

"'Hush!' said Mary, and she drew us all aside in her motherly manner, and out of the parlour came the keeper from the great house, followed by my mother. He nodded to us, and pulled Ben's ears, and stooped to kiss little Peter, and then wishing my mother a good evening, he went out."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

208. Name *three* memorable occasions when the Apostles Peter, James, and John were permitted to be with our Lord.

209. The Feast of Tabernacles is called by another name in the book of Exodus; give it, and state how many days the feast lasted.

210. Show from the writings both of St. James and St. John that "a crown of life" awaits those Christians who endure temptation.

211. A king of Ethiopia who withstood Sennacherib is mentioned twice in Scripture. Give his name and the passages in which he is referred to.

212. Where do we read for the *first* time in Scripture of a pillar being set up to commemorate an event?

213. Which of the Evangelists tells us that the kinsmen of our Lord, thinking "He was beside Himself," went to secure Him?

214. How many of the Evangelists record the message sent to our Lord by John the Baptist?

215. Mention any passages of Scripture from which we may gather that spies were appointed to watch the Saviour.

216. What were the circumstances which preceded the *first* demand of the Jews that our Lord should indicate by a *sign* His authority for certain actions?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 480.

191. St. Mark and St. John.

192. See Mark xv. 40 and John xix. 25.

193. To the tribe of Ephraim (1 Chron. vii. 20—27). We first meet with his name in Exod. xvii. 9.

194. Once only. See 1 Tim. v. 4.

195. Acts i. 14.

196. Zebulun (Joshua xix. 12—16).

197. See Ps. lxxviii. 2; Matt. xiii. 35.

198. St. Luke (x. 21).

199. St. Peter (Acts ii. 27).



(*Drawn by* C. O. MURRAY.)

WATCHING FOR SAILS.

THE morning moaned with sweeping rain;
The wind shrieked with the raging main,
He took the seagulls in his hand,
And, laughing, blew them back to land.

The gulls went out again in glee,
To be carried across the sea;
The wind he puffed them from his hand,
Like bits of paper back to land.

The fishermen went out at night;
The herring-smacks are not in sight—
The wives are paled with tempest wails,
And watch with full eyes for the sails.

The big waves run against the rocks
As they would wake them with their shocks;
And still the wives stand in the rain,
And look for sails at early wane.

The rain it rained and the wind it blew
All day until the darkness grew;
Storm voices then together screamed,
And still wives watched as though they dreamed.

The herring-smacks are in from sea!
The fishermen are home at tea;
The bairns their little prayers have said,
And go in clean white gowns to bed.

GUY ROSLYN.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING DIVERS PERSONS.

"ROWDEN," said Miss Campbell to Mr. Ashbury, when Maggie and her nephew had vanished; "it is a West-country name. Who is he?"

"He is a friend of Herbert's, a barrister, and they have adjoining rooms near the Temple. He has been here a great deal during the past year. I wonder you have not heard of him; he and Maggie get on well together." She raised her head quickly, but the old man was not a very quick observer, and he did not notice it. "He is coming this evening, so you will meet him. Maggie invited him, and also her cousin Herbert and his sister Hetty. She wanted to make your visit as much of a festival as possible, it is a very rare one. I only wish it were in our power to give you a better reception." They were something alike in their formality and old-fashioned politeness even towards each other, though they had been lifelong friends, and that was saying much, for the "dear old man" had somehow through life had a knack of changing his friends.

"It is all very pleasant," she answered; "what can be better than a welcome?"

The abode at St. John's Wood *was* shabby—there was no denying that. The house was small, and not in the best part of the neighbourhood, and the furniture had never been pretentious, even in its best days, yet for all that there was a cosy homelike air about the place, and an evidence of refinement that showed it was the home of a gentleman and gentlewoman. Mr. Ashbury was a man who had found life just a little disappointing; he had commenced it in the army, but found the pay too small, and his family had died off, or he had estranged himself from them, or they were unable or unwilling to do more for him, so he had developed into "a City man," as he expressed it, but what he did no one exactly knew. He had been manager to this company and secretary to that; the patentee of one or two unsuccessful inventions, and in one way and another he had contrived to keep up a home for himself and his daughter Margaret (his wife had died years ago). They had seen some ups and downs, however; they had changed abodes often, and their friends many times; but still Maggie's faith in the "dear old man," as she loved to call him (though he was at most not more than sixty), remained unbroken. The faith of others was, perhaps, a thing of the past, for he had had a knack in bygone days of hitting on ideas by which he was to make a fortune, and his belief in himself inspired others, who had lent him money to carry out his ideas; but they always failed, "just by some quite unforeseen chance," he said, and the money was not returned at all, or only after many applications, and then reluctantly and grudgingly, and he never forgave any one who justly or unjustly dunned him; so many of the friends had dropped off. To his daughter he was the kindest of fathers, and to all who came to his house the best of hosts, and provided he did not borrow money, there was no one so polite, so gentlemanlike, or so unselfish as the "dear old man."

Margaret knew her father's position, and, girl though she was, saw clearer than he did that the future was terribly uncertain if health or money-getting powers failed—and lately the former had failed sadly; his eyes had grown dim and his hair was streaked with grey, and the bend in his back more decided, and he talked often of the time to come in which she would look back and think of the "poor old man who died and left her alone in the world." A little selfish in his own love for her, he would have spent his last pound in buying her an ornament and sunning himself in her delight, yet he had never had the resolution to save even a stray hundred pounds in case he left her alone hereafter—a hundred pounds! he owed many a one, but it troubled him little; those of whom he had borrowed were not poor; he had borrowed, intending to repay, and had not been able to do so; and those who had lent had withdrawn their friendship. Good! they did not deserve to have their money returned; it was not in his power to pay, and they had resented his misfortune; the loss of their money

was a just punishment, and did not trouble him. So Margaret worked at the art she loved, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the father she loved still more. She had only two relations—cousins—Herbert and Hetty Ashbury; the former was a law student about to be called to the Bar, and lived in rooms in a court near the Temple, the latter lived with her widowed mother at home, and was a pretty bright-eyed girl, and Maggie's confidante.

Miss Charlotte Campbell was a very old friend, and one whom the "old man" had never offended; he never borrowed of a woman. She was rather grand in her way, of good family, and the last of her generation, and living with her nephew, to whom she had been both father and mother—he had been left to her care at an early age—in one of the old-fashioned streets near Cavendish Square. They—that is, both aunt and nephew—were well off, and though the latter had a profession (he was a civil engineer), it was from choice and not necessity. He was a good-looking, kind-hearted young man, not very clever perhaps, yet not by any means stupid, though he never found his way into that dream-world in which Maggie so delighted to linger.

CHAPTER III.

MAGGIE'S GUESTS.

So Maggie left her knight to rise from his knees as best he could, and went into the hall to welcome her guests.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said as she stood before them with her bright face giving evidence of the truth of her words. "And, Hetty, you little darling! how did you manage to meet Herbert and Mr. Bowden?"

"They had the grace to call for me," she said; "but they had not the politeness to wait till I had found my gloves, so I've come without them." Then the little coquette, who was Maggie's most unfaltering worshipper, caught sight of Charles Campbell, and looked another way, till he came indolently forward to meet her. A few minutes later and Mr. Ashbury and Miss Charlotte appeared, the business of tea commenced, and the conversation flagged. It always flagged when Stephen Bowden and Charles Campbell were both present, though why, neither of them knew, probably because each felt an almost unconscious jealousy of the other, and each scorning the idea, tried to give the other full play.

Herbert Ashbury broke the silence at last. A quiet self-possessed young man was Herbert, clever in his way, and with a superior air which showed that he was aware of it.

"Hetty wants to come and see me called to the Bar on Monday," he said, addressing Maggie, "and my mother is also coming. Will you join them?"

"It will be so nice to try on his wig and gown," chimed in Hetty, in her childish way.

"Nonsense," her brother said severely; "they will be kept out of your reach. Will you come—you and my uncle?" he said, turning to Maggie again.

"Yes, with pleasure;" and then he invited Charley and Miss Campbell, but the latter declined as a matter of course (she hardly ever left her own home); "what time will it be though?" Maggie asked, "I am going to work hard, and promised myself a day's drawing at the British Museum."

"Not till six, you must be in the gallery of the hall by half-past five though, you, my mother, Hetty, and my uncle. The two Morton girls and their father are also coming. Bowden and I will meet you on the steps and pass you in; afterwards, you can all come round to my rooms and have a bachelor's tea. Will that please you? You will have to wait till I have dined in hall though, as that is part of the ceremony, and the only time one feeds in one's wig and gown. That, however, you are not allowed to witness."

"Won't it be nice!" asked Hetty, in high glee; "Herbert has a piano too at his rooms, and the Mortons both sing, you know. I don't like the Mortons though," she added plaintively; "they are so clever, and thrust all they know upon you. They always overpower me."

"They never overpower me," her brother said; "I like clever women."

"I do not think the Mortons are so very clever though," said Stephen Bowden, coming to the rescue; "and they have a way, as your sister says, of thrusting all they know upon you. There are some girls who appear cleverer than they are, and let their shallowness gradually disappoint you, and others who seem stupider than they are, and let their cleverness pleasantly dawn upon you as you learn to know them."

"That is like Maggie," said Hetty, "she never pretends to know more than she does."

"I never pretend to know less," Maggie said honestly.

"Setting up for being a clever woman, Maggie?" asked Herbert. Somehow the cousins never quite managed to hit it, though they liked each other, especially in theory, as relations often do. He was rather inclined to patronise her as a rule, and she objected to patronage from those who stood intellectually on her own level.

"Certainly not," she answered quickly, with a momentary flash of fire in her eyes.

"Margaret does not set up for being anything," said Miss Charlotte, in her grave sweet voice; "she waits for time to prove her, and goes quietly on her way. Keep back your strength, my dear," she said, gently turning her face to the head of the table; "keep it back until the time comes to test it."

No one quite understood her words: Maggie herself did not till those after days came in which she remembered them many a time.

"I will try, dear Miss Charlotte," she answered, almost humbly, and then, excepting Maggie, they all returned to the drawing-room. After a minute or two Stephen Bowden returned. She stood before the fire, waiting for him to speak.

"Well?" was all he said.

"Well," she answered, with a little nervous laugh, "have you come to be forgiven?"

"No," he said proudly. He was not a man to eat humble-pie, nor, by the way, was that a repast to which the nature of the woman before him was likely to treat itself; "I think still that I was right in what I said the other night."

"But we are such old friends, we have known each other all our lives, and are just like brother and sister," she said, almost pleadingly.

"Nonsense, Maggie," he answered, impatiently; "he is about as much like a brother as I am, and you must choose between us. Why not let me speak to your father at once? that would put things on a proper footing."

"Oh no—oh no!" she said, with something almost like fright in her tone, "not yet;" and she held out her hand to him; "let me have my way a little longer."

"Very well, my darling," and Maggie knew that he was won over when she heard the last two words, "you must have your way I suppose; only keep him on his proper footing. Friendship between a man and a woman always seems to me like trying to go over ice with red-hot skates on."

"But this friendship is a lifetime old, and if I am suddenly distant and——"

"Talking about friendship?" asked Charley Campbell, entering suddenly. He had come to look for her, and had caught the repeated word.

"Yes," she answered, awkwardly; "did not some French cynic say that it was a question which was the most easily lost—a man's love or a woman's friendship?"

"Don't know, never trouble myself about cynics, especially French ones, can't speak their language. I'll tell you what though—a man's friendship and a woman's love (to reverse the order of your friend the cynic), will stick to you like anything." He said the last words as they went up-stairs together to the drawing-room. Then seeing that Bowden had not followed them, he stopped and asked, "Maggie, shall I come and fetch you from the Museum on Monday, and take you on to the Temple?"

"No," she answered sharply, in a voice of almost pain; "no, pray don't, Charley. I have other places to go to afterwards." Then by the dim light on the staircase she saw his face, and putting her hand upon his arm, she asked, "We are good friends, are we not, just like brother and sister? We have known each other all our lives, you know."

"Yes, of course; but what makes you say that now, Maggie?" he asked in astonishment.

"Nothing," she said laughingly. Her moods changed suddenly, yet her whole heart was in each one, so that she was always natural, however strange; "we shall always be friends, I hope."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I hope so too—or never less than friends at any rate."

(To be continued.)

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—VI.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"I will come again, and receive you unto myself."—John xiv. 3.



HILDREN are often afraid to be left alone in the dark. Their fear—though, of course, it ought not to be encouraged—is not altogether so unreasonable as it appears. Darkness is really oppressive. It produces a sense of uncertainty and insecurity, of loneliness and isolation, an apprehension of peril assailing from unexpected quarters, a feeling of helplessness and perplexity; and experience and wisdom are needed to enable us to resist its influences. Darkness, in Scripture, typifies evil. And the heart of man acknowledges the accuracy of the symbolism; much more the simple heart of the child. What nerves the little one to be courageous is really the conviction that the presence of the parent, though unseen, is encompassing and protecting it.

At this time, the time of our text, the disciples were like children who feel that they are about to be left alone in the dark. The "kindly light" which had led them so long was going out. The voice that had cheered and guided them was soon to be removed to some mysterious and inaccessible region; and what they should do, and what would become of them,—they could hardly dare to think. But see, their Master reassures them, as a mother reassures her child, by the promise that He will come again, and take them to Himself.

Let us examine the promise more closely.

He is going away, but even when absent from them He will be engaged on their behalf. He goes to "prepare a place for them." What this preparation may be, it is not, perhaps, very easy to say; we only know that the dying of Jesus

Christ upon the cross, and His subsequent descent into the unseen world, made a difference of blessedness to the saints who had departed this life before His advent. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." But this we understand clearly enough—that if Christ has gone to prepare a place for His disciples, they are being prepared for it here below. What is the meaning of the trials of life? of the many troubles which Christian people have frequently to undergo? What is the meaning of that discipline to which the people of Christ, in some shape or other, are sure to be compelled to submit? Well, perhaps, much of it may be traced to their own fault; but it means that they are being gradually made fit for that place which their Lord is making fit for them.

We notice, in the next place, that the Saviour tells His disciples that He will come again, and receive them unto Himself. *He*—not a messenger—not a representative or substitute—not an influence or feeling—but He Himself. They are to have His personal presence with them. And when did He fulfil this promise? Partly, after His resurrection, when during the forty days He appeared occasionally amongst them, to accustom them to His mysterious risen life, and to speak with them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. Partly at and after the day of Pentecost, when the coming of the Comforter was most truly a coming of Christ. Partly, it is fulfilled at the time of His people's departure; for then, although it is the death-angel that seems to be sent, yet it is Jesus Christ who indeed appears to receive the parting spirit. But the final and exhaustive fulfilment of the promise will take place on the great day of resurrection, when the Church, the bride of Christ, shall rise, to be for ever with her Lord. Then He will come again and take His people to Himself.

And this thought suggests another; that there can be no permanent separation between Christ and His people. Without them He would be imperfect. He would be a head without the members. The Church is the fulness, the completion of Him who filleth all in all. Christ, therefore, longs, and—may we not say?—labours for His own perfection, in the gathering out of His Church. Till that great work is accomplished, there is something wanting even to Him. And the mediatorial work which He is carrying on now has always in view, as its end, the bringing in of the whole number of the saints into the glorious kingdom of the future. And Christians, on their part, grieve over even a temporary separation from Christ. They have "rest," and yet may be said to be restless; that is—just as the wife, though assured of her absent husband's love, and constantly receiving missives and tokens of affection from him, yet cannot be satisfied *until she sees him:* so the Christian soul, at peace with itself because at peace with God, feels that it is incomplete, until it arrives in the actual presence of its Divine Lord. To use the strong language of St. Paul, who would be the last man to undervalue the true happiness of believers—"We ourselves, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

But, perhaps, for those who are suffering,—for those whose end is approaching,—for those who have been bereaved of dear relatives, the thought that the hour of death is the hour of Christ's coming to receive His people unto Himself, must be especially full of consolation. Place the feeling of the poor heathen in contrast with that of the Christian upon this subject. The heathen have keen affections. They feel, as we do, the loss of those near and dear to them. And when the time of separation comes, they are frequently convulsed with uncontrollable agony. All is dark and desolate. They know that there has been a parting; they know not that there will be any future meeting. Their beloved has been drawn away from them into the unseen, and they are left behind without one single ray of consolation. How hideous must be the features of Death under such circumstances as these! How appalling his approach! Contrast with this distress the feeling of the Christian. With all its gloom, with all the pain which accompanies the thought of even temporary parting—what is death to him? It is Jesus Christ coming, scarcely in disguise, to receive His servant to Himself; that "where He is, there His servant may be also."

MY BRIDE.

MY bride is a simple maiden,
And love is her all—her all;
But better is love in a garret
Than hate in a gilded hall.
And fairer than all the jewels
That flash on a monarch's brow—
Ay! bright as the stars of heaven
Are the eyes of this bride, I trow.

When sorrows invest my bosom,
I look in her smiling face;
When friends like the snows have vanished
I weep in her wild embrace,
The beat of her heart is rapture.
The thrill of her touch divine,
And Poesy, darling Poesy,
Is the name of this bride of mine.

MATTHIAS BARR.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART X. CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.

Chapter to be read—Matt. xiii.

INTRODUCTION. Ask the children the object of Christ's mission to earth—both to die as a sacrifice for sin and to live as an example of perfect obedience to God's law. How did He teach the people? By the example of His holy life; by His miracles of love and mercy; by direct sermons; and by parables. Work out the idea of a parable, as a story of every-day life used to illustrate some lesson; such as the good Samaritan and others. Show how Christ always used common things to teach Divine truth. Ask for examples, such as bread, salt, light, &c., in Sermon on Mount, mustard-seed, leaven, &c. Make children see the importance of finding in all God's works on earth something to teach us about His kingdom in heaven, so that a parable is "an earthly story with a heavenly meaning."

I. THE SOWER. (1) *The scene.* (Read xiii. 1—9.) Picture out the scene, our Lord in Peter's boat, pushed out into the sea; the people in crowds sitting on the shore. Strong men leaving plough to listen for a few minutes to this wonderful Teacher; tender women carrying infants; little children playing with shingle. Just then on hill-side a sower going out; Christ points him out; the crowd turn and look, then listen to the parable. (2) *The story.* Ask the children to describe the four cases of the seed falling, pointing out the different nature of the soil; the length of time the seed stayed; the progress towards maturity; the hindrances and the helps to its growth. Thus, in first case, it did not penetrate at all; why not? In the second, the shallow soil and warm sun made it quickly grow, and as quickly die. In the third, a plant was formed, but no fruit came. In the last, the soil being good, a plant and fruit resulted. Ask what good soil indicates? previous preparation, weeds cleared, well watered, &c. (3) *The application.* (Read 18—23.) Question briefly on each part, and bring it practically home to the children. Thus show *how* Satan catches away the Word; remind how often after worship idle talk, in churchyard has completely driven away the Word from the heart, so that it did not lodge at all. For the shallow ground, warn as to the danger of trusting to mere *impressions*. Children especially easily moved; listen eagerly, delight to hear, promise obedience; but often no root struck out—*i.e.*, impressions not acted upon; no real turning of heart to God, therefore no fruit. As Scripture examples remind of Pharaoh, penitent during each plague, then relapsed into hardness of heart; of multitudes crying, "Hosannah!" one day, and "Crucify" two days afterwards. Show that the test is not the impressions and feelings of Sunday with its hallowed influences, but of the life in world, when ridicule or persecution met with—*e.g.*, contrast Peter's boldness of profession with his thrice denial under fear of persecution. For the third class, remind of children's cares and pleasures, as real to them as graver ones to adults—*e.g.*, lessons to learn, home duties to attend to, a gay party in prospect—all tempting to hurry over prayers in morning, &c. For last class, speak of a fitting preparation by prayer and quiet demeanour for hearing the Word; a heart prepared will retain seed and bring forth fruits of righteousness (Gal. v. 22); these in turn produce others, so that the end is lost in infinity. Press upon children the importance of studying and meditating upon the Word, if they would bring forth good fruit to the praise of God (John xv. 8).

II. THE TARES AND WHEAT. (Read 24—30, 36—43). The parable being familiar, draw out briefly the leading points; the master sowing openly, the enemy stealthily; the servants' question; the master's eye alone detecting the difference of the grains during growth (tares being a kind of spurious wheat); the division at the harvest; and the joy of the harvest-home. Point out the difference between this parable and that of the Sower; here the seed means the people of God. Ask who is the enemy, reminding of Gen. iii. 17. Show how the good and evil are mixed in this world, both making same profession and giving same promises; so much alike, often mistaken; the bad so amiable, &c., the good sometimes with so many blemishes that it is impossible for man to decide accurately. What will show difference? Remind of Christ's words (Matt. xxv. 41) about judgment-day and the testing of the fire (1 Cor. iii. 13). What shall *we* have to show? not merely certain good deeds required (1 Cor. xiii. 3), but heart and life given to God. Actions springing from love alone acceptable. Remind of Mary Magdalene loving much because much forgiven—then showing love by her offering. So with all; first the heart, then the life acceptable to God. Show how parable also teaches us, like Matt. vii. 1, not to judge others; we might make mistakes. God's judgment alone infallible, and great day will set all things right.

Questions to be answered.

1. In what different ways did Christ teach the people?
2. Describe the scene of the parable of the Sower.
3. Explain what is meant by the thorns choking the seed.
4. What produces the "good ground," and what fruits are intended?
5. Point out any differences between the two parables.
6. Give the explanation of the parable of the Tares.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

OVER the heath-clad hills that surrounded quiet Valehead, the sun had risen on a bright June morning; the air was full of that exquisite purity and freshness which scarce survives the earliest dawn; tender and evanescent as the fair innocence of human souls, which is dispersed for ever by the first breath of the world and its evil knowledge. Glittering dew-drops were on the little heath-bells, while they seemed to bend and whisper in greeting to the faint soft breeze; keen rays of light shot down through the branches of the stately pines, as though they were golden arrows, sent from heaven to wake the darkling earth; one pure pale star trembled and faded in the growing brightness, like the spirit of a saint dying into paradisiacal glory; but it alone remained to speak of night or gloom, for over all the clear blue sky was not a cloud, and high up in its crystal vault a lark was losing itself in a very ecstasy of song, while a thousand bird-voices from a lower sphere sent up the joyous tidings that day was come again, and the sunny hours were all before them, full of hope and pleasure.

"How beautiful!—how beautiful this dear world is!" thought Una Dysart, as she stood on the rocky path leading up the mountain-side, and looked back over all the fair glad scene. A vision of brightness she was herself, with the light of youth and hope on her radiant face, and the happy smile of a heart at peace playing on her unconscious lips. But little did she dream that she had reached the last hour of life's sweet dawn; that never again would she know the freshness of a free spirit, untouched, untrammelled by the burden of its own human sympathies; unmoved in its passionless peace by the knowledge of its true nature and strong capacity for suffering. It was the last hour when she could look up to the blue sky and think only of its beauty and not of the power of appeal against the tyranny of life, which might be found beyond its lucid depths; the last hour when gazing down on the earth in its greenness, she could forget the dark graves that were hidden beneath.

When she turned away at length from her long gaze over the smiling landscape, she knew not that it had been, in truth, a final farewell to the hope-lit scenes of her careless youth.

Una Dysart had never forgotten the glimpse she got of the strange old tower called the "Eagles' Nest," and the history of long-buried agony and crime which had been told her in connection with it. She had made up her mind from the first that she would see it. She knew that the distance from Vale House was not at all more than she could walk, and she had no doubt that her own active little feet would enable her to scale the ascent, steep as she was assured it was; but she had all along been quite determined to go alone. She did not like the idea of visiting a spot where so terrible a penance had been performed, and so bitter a sorrow endured, with the gay companions who were now associated with her in all her pleasure-excursions; and her father, even if she had wished for his society on such an occasion, would have resolutely refused to make the exertion. She resolved, therefore, to go very early in the morning, when she would run no risk of meeting any one by the way, and could return to the house in time to greet Colonel Dysart on his first appearance for the day.

Una found the path very pleasant at first, rocky and moss-grown as it was, and she went onwards rapidly, till she reached the foot of the tremendous cliff, on the very summit of which the "Eagles' Nest" was placed. There was a zig-zag track leading up to it, that might have suited a goat or a chamois well enough, but which would have been almost impracticable to one less surefooted and light of tread than Una Dysart, and looked formidable even to her. She was not to be daunted, however, and thinking it best not to look behind her, or give herself time to consider the positive dangers of the ascent, she started off as swiftly as she could, and never drew breath till, by the help of an overhanging branch of a tree, she fairly swung herself up on the little rocky platform which supported the ancient tower. Then she paused, panting and flushed, her limbs trembling under her, and she looked round for some spot where she might sink down and rest, feeling that between excitement and fatigue she could not stand a moment longer. But she soon saw that there was no place outside the building where she could sit down, for it occupied almost the whole space on the top of the high, pointed rock, where it had been perched, and the only thing to be done was to go inside and rest on the ground, if there proved to be no available seat. She turned round and prepared to enter by the low-arched doorway, but as she put her foot on the threshold a sense of shrinking timidity came over her at the idea of entering that unknown chamber in the midst of such absolute solitude, and for a moment she hung back; the next, however, she was laughing at her own fears, for she was thoroughly brave at heart, and

accusing herself of expecting to meet the penitent, who so many centuries before had made of this tower a sort of ante-chamber to the grave.

"I do not suppose the poor remorseful ghost would harm me if I did meet him," thought Una, and at once plunged boldly into the gloomy little building. It was so dark that, coming from the dazzling sunshine, she could at first distinguish nothing, except that the floor was encumbered with rubbish and a few large stones, on one of which she sat down, thankful to rest at last. After a little time her eyes grew accustomed to the partial light, which was admitted only through the open doorway, and she could ascertain that she was in a small octagon room, the walls of which were, in fact, the actual rock, joined to massive stone masonry, which formed the remaining portions. It was very lofty, extending up the whole height of the tower, so that the roof was lost in impenetrable shadows, and there was no window and no furniture that she could perceive. One striking object only met her eye, because it happened to be exactly opposite the gleam of light admitted by the narrow door; it was a huge roughly-executed cross, hewn out of the living rock, and standing forward in bold relief against the indistinct background. Una gazed at it with great interest, thinking how before that awful symbol the poor lonely penitent of the old legend, night and day, poured out his anguish of remorse, and wondering if ever in this world he found peace. But while she looked on it long and steadily, a sudden terror shook her whole frame from head to foot, and made her very heart seem to cease its beating, for it appeared to her that she saw standing by the side of that cross, a tall dark figure, perfectly motionless, but with gleaming eyes fixed upon her, from amidst the shadows. For a moment she tried to persuade herself that it was a delusion, but as she forced herself to look again the apparition only grew more distinct, and completely overmastered by a superstitious fear, her courage failed her altogether; she gave a stifled shriek, and starting up, rushed to the door, stumbling as she did so over a stone, so that she was thrown violently forward, and would have fallen, had not the figure which had so terrified her darted towards her and caught her in his arms.

"Miss Dysart, I am so grieved to have alarmed you; there is nothing to fear."

Still terrified and bewildered, she struggled in his grasp, exclaiming, "Who—what are you?"

"Humphrey Atherstone; do you not know me?"

She looked for a moment into his face, on which the sunshine from the door at which they now stood was shining, and when she met the dark mournful eyes, gentle and softened now as they gazed into hers, she ceased to struggle and drew a long breath of relief. But the reaction was too sudden, and she still trembled so violently that she was fain to lean against him to avoid sinking to the ground. His powerful arm held her fast, as he looked down tenderly into the young fair face, now blanched to the very lips. But soon, with a heavy sigh, he moved, as if he dared not remain in that position another moment.

"Will you not sit down?" he said; "I can find you a seat inside."

"Oh! don't take me back in there," she said, shuddering. "Let me stay in the sunshine; I am better now," and she raised herself from his arms and stood upright.

"Wait one moment," he said, and going into the tower, he brought out a seat for her, which he placed in such a position that she could lean back against the rock. "You can rest here in tolerable comfort, I think," he said, and she thanked him with a smile as she sat down, while he stood beside her supporting his tall frame against the doorway. "Now, let me beg your pardon a thousand times for the needless terror I caused you," said Atherstone; "I saw you come in, and was aware also that you did not perceive me, and I was afraid I should startle you if I spoke too suddenly. I was just thinking how best to make my presence known, when you gave that sad little shriek of dismay."

"I was very silly, and I am quite ashamed; but the truth is, I was so completely convinced when I first came in that there was no living being there but myself, that when I saw a dark figure beside the cross, I thought——" She paused and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence.

"What did you think, Miss Dysart?" he said, gravely.

"You will laugh at me if I tell you."

"This is the last place where I am likely to laugh," he answered.

"I thought then," she said, in a low tone, "that it was the spirit of Fulke Atherstone."

Not a word did Humphrey speak for a few minutes; then he said, "It is strange, indeed, that you should have connected him and me in this manner in your mind."

"He was your ancestor, was he not?" asked Una.

"Doubtless; but I often think there is a closer connection between us than that fact need imply."

"I should hope you are not so unhappy as he is said to have been?" said Una, softly.

"I never committed a murder certainly," said Atherstone, in a voice so harsh that Una was quite startled.

"Did he, your ancestor, do so?" she asked.

"Yes—at least so the legend goes—he was a Cain, and slew his brother. He was the younger son, and he wanted the Abbey and the good lands of Atherstone to be his own, so that he might win with them the woman he loved, as well as a place of honour in the country. So he killed the rightful possessor and took them to himself."



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"A sudden terror shook her whole frame"—*p.* 520.

Having said this much, Atherstone turned away as if unable to proceed.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was silence for a few minutes, then Atherstone faced Una again with his usual calm. "Do you wish to hear more of my ancestor's life?" he asked.

"Only this," said Una; "tell me if he truly repented."

"Yes, he repented, for his crime brought nothing but evil days upon him; although in those old, lawless times, when deeds of violence were frequent, he escaped the judicial punishment he so well deserved, and was allowed to live. The woman for whom he committed the crime refused to touch his blood-stained hand. She left him, and passed her life in praying for him; and when even in loveless solitude he sought to reign as lord of Atherstone, his equals in the land all combined to disown and shun him; no man would speak to him, no woman would smile on him, and they say that his brother's face, pallid in death, was ever before him. So at last remorse seized him, and it was like a worm gnawing at his heart. Then he built this tower and carved out the cross from the rock, and spent the rest of his life prostrate before it. He was found there dead at last, and is buried where he lay, for the remains of a murderer could not rest in consecrated ground."

"What a dreadful history," said Una; "I almost wonder that you can bear to come here, Mr. Atherstone. I came myself from mere curiosity; but I think if I had known all about the tower, I should not have ventured to visit it."

"I come here continually," said Atherstone, gloomily. "It is the place where best I can wrestle with the inexorable difficulty of my life—where I try to solve the never-dying problem of the true nature of evil; to adjust the balance of right and wrong, in cases which do not seem to be touched by any known laws, and to prove to myself whether my own position is founded on immaculate righteousness or on a hideous wrong."

Una looked up to him with a glance of wistful compassion. "You speak in riddles, Mr. Atherstone. I suppose you do not wish that I should understand what you say. But I fear there is one fact connected with you which I can comprehend too well; your life is very unhappy, I am sure."

He fixed his eyes keenly on her face. "Miss Dysart, will you tell me what you have heard concerning me? It seems an odd question, but I beg you not to refuse to answer it. What have you been told of my history, past and present?"

"Of the past, I have been made acquainted with all that is known of the circumstances of your uncle's death; and of the present——" she stopped and hesitated.

"Pray go on," he said entreatingly, bending down to her with anxious eyes.

"Of the present," she said in a low voice, "I have heard that you have firmly resolved to lead always the solitary life you are living now; that you will never allow any human tie to break its loneliness."

"Yes, you have rightly heard," he said; "but my will has no share in this harsh decree; it is a doom laid upon me. Miss Dysart, since you know that in this respect I am shut out from the common humanity, it will not, I trust, offend you if I say, that I never understood the extent of the sacrifice I am compelled to make till I saw, the other day, how your sweet presence made sunshine in my gloomy old home, and taught me what life might be for happier men."

She bent down her head and made no answer, and after a few minutes' silence, he said, more calmly, "What do you think of a life in which the chief element is not love, but hatred—hatred felt and returned?"

"Oh! it must be terrible," she said; "but surely it never can be right to hate?"

"Not even to hate evil?"

"Mr. Atherstone," she said, with a winning frankness, "you do not wish me to penetrate the mystery of your life, and therefore it is impossible I can rightly comment upon it; only of this be very sure—I feel deeply for you in the evident suffering which it entails upon you. I wish I could think you would one day be happier than you are now."

"Can I ever be happy when that irrevocable sentence has been passed, which shuts me out from all human love; which condemns me to drag on through my hopeless days, a solitary, childless man, with none on earth to care whether I live or die?"

"But you may have friends," she said, with a tender earnestness; "do let that thought comfort you: even though you are deprived of nearer ties, you may have much sympathy and joy in them."

Her voice was so full of the intense compassion she felt for him, that the strong man was greatly moved. He stooped down and gently took her hand. "Those words sound very consoling, spoken by your lips; may I count you among the friends you promise me?"

"Indeed you may, now and always," she exclaimed. But as she raised her sweet brown eyes to his face, as if to seal the promise with her eloquent look, and he saw the world of feeling that lay behind them; he felt his very heart sink down with despair, and he knew as he never had known before of what he was bereft.

To certain generous, deep-toned natures, the sentiment of compassion can become an influence more powerful than love, or ambition, or even the intense human desire for personal happiness. To women, especially, the suffering of one towards whom their sympathies have been strongly drawn out is intoler-

able, and when their tendency to hero-worship is roused, along with a restless rebellion against the pain they cannot reach, it is well-nigh inevitable that a power is thereby established over their heart and soul and life itself, from which they never more are free while thought and feeling last.

So at least it was with Una Dysart; a very tyranny of pity held her in its grasp as she stood an hour later on the threshold of her home, and let her hand rest for a moment in that of Humphrey Atherstone while he took his leave of her. But mingled with her aching regret for the darkening of his life, by the baleful shadows she dimly perceived, but in nowise understood, was a sense of strong admiration for the sacrifice of himself to some high theory of honour or rectitude, which she believed, from what he said, to have been the cause of all that was strange and unusual in his mode of existence. Little enough did the young girl know of the complicated difficulties that beset even the most white-robed souls, when they seek to walk with their garments spotless through the tortuous paths of this bewildering world; but her own pure instincts taught her that there is nothing upon earth more noble than the man who flings away life and its hopes like dross, that he may keep unalloyed the fine gold of truth and justice; and she believed she had discerned that this was the case with Humphrey Atherstone, although she was aware that she had as yet obtained but a glimpse of the singularly intricate web of trials and perplexities which seemed to surround him on every side.

They had come down together from the "Eagles' Nest" after that strange meeting, when during a moment Una had thought she saw the vision of a soul in pain, for whom the days of expiation were too surely gone, and found instead that it was a living, breathing man who stood before her, on whom the burden of the flesh still lay, with all its marvellous contradictions of miserable weakness and glorious strength. It was scarcely a matter of choice that he should go with her when she started to return home, for the descent by the steep and rocky path was much more dangerous than even the ascent had been, difficult as she had found it; and often her two little white hands were clasped in his, while she bounded from some impracticable rock to the lower level where he stood; or his strong arm held her lithe figure in his grasp when the shelving path threatened a precipitous fall. And when at last they had passed from the cliff to the heath-clad mountain-side, they walked on together through the dewy morning air, talking almost with the freedom of old acquaintances, on the strength of a tacit compact that henceforth they were to be special friends.

Poor little Una, in her naïve inexperience, thought that nothing could be much more charming than to have a confidential friendship with a man who never intended to marry, especially if he happened to possess such great qualities as those with which she invested Humphrey Atherstone, and had the additional merit of being unhappy, for it was so very pleasant to comfort people who were unfortunate; and under these felicitous circumstances, she could be as kind to him as she pleased, without the least risk of his mistaking her; and she could give him her confidence, and benefit by the hard-headed wisdom and freedom from pettiness of all kinds, by which she honestly believed men were distinguished from the weaker vessels among whom she herself was numbered. So she turned to him with a trust and sympathy which gave exquisite pleasure to the world-worn man, and roused in him a response of a somewhat stronger nature than she at all suspected.

Of course they exchanged confidences as to the past. It was as easy as it was delightful for Humphrey Atherstone to look through and through the transparent, sunny life of nineteen years, which was all that pure-hearted Una had yet tasted of human experience; but it was a very different matter when she turned her eyes, clear and unclouded as they were, on the veiled existence, whose hidden struggles had made him what he now was. He could speak to her of his youthful days, when the world and its joys were as free to him as to any one on earth; of his exploits at school and college, and of the period after his return home, when he made the old Abbey one of the gayest centres of the county society, and he was himself foremost in all the field sports for which Northangleshire was famed; but when he came to the point where the grave of Maurice Atherstone seemed to lie across his path in life, and cut off that which was past from all that was to come, his lips became locked in an impenetrable silence, from which she learned indeed, better than words could have told her, that out of that grave had arisen the dark, inexplicable mists through which he was now stumbling on, like a man who has lost his way, and knows not whether the course he has taken will lead him to safety or destruction. But she could read no further than this one fact in the riddle of his history. Very bitterly he spoke to her, however, of the suspicions which had fallen upon him, even while he offered no explanation of the change in himself which had caused them, and it was for this especially that Una longed to comfort him as they stood on the doorstep of her home, scarcely conscious how unwilling they were to separate.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that an interruption came. The old butler suddenly appeared, ushering out Mr. Northcote, somewhat to Una's surprise, as it seemed an early hour for a visitor. He shook hands with her, merely saying he had called to see her father on business; and then, as he went down the steps, Atherstone gave a quick pressure to her hand, and followed him at once, with a bitter expression of self-scorn on his silent lips as he felt the pain it caused him to leave her.

(To be continued.)

HISTORIC FAMINES.

THERE is an old familiar saying, that we never estimate aright our blessings until we miss them; and the adage may be extended one degree further still, so as to include even those events which do not actually befall ourselves, but which, by being brought prominently before us, enable us to realise ideas which, before such occurrence, were scarcely more than vague conceptions in our minds. This is especially the case with that awful word "famine," which is now on every one's lips, and meets our eye day after day, with increasing frequency in the columns of our newspapers, in connection with that mysterious dispensation of Providence now devastating the finest provinces of our great Indian Empire. It is scarcely too much to say that with very many of us "famine" is, or has been, almost a meaningless word, and so illustrates the remark just made, that some striking outward event is often necessary to enable us to realise fully the force even of words which occur frequently in our common speech. Our lots are cast, not only in a temperate climate free from those extremes of prodigality and failure to which tropical countries are liable, but more especially at a time when intelligent cultivation of the land, and some conception, at all events, of the science of political economy enable us to make the most of every acre of the soil, and also by wise forethought in time of plenty to guard against the possibilities of dearth.

With all our provision, we have, even within very recent periods, felt the pinch of high prices in some of the commonest necessaries of life, as if just to show us what a delicate and complex arrangement is that of demand and supply. They answer one another so readily in ordinary times, that we come to take it almost as a matter of course, like the sun rising and setting, that they should do so. We shall soon forget that coals have been exceptionally dear, or butcher's meat difficult of attainment by the poor, if God's mercy sends us, as it seems likely to do, more prosperous times. The very name of "famine" has been applied to a dearth in Ireland within the last few years; and yet it is still correct to say that many scarcely realise the full import of the word when they read it in the Bible or in records of current events.

The earliest record of a famine in the Bible is that which occurred in the time of Abraham, when we read (Gen. xii. 10), that he "went down to Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was grievous in the land;" but the great dearth which Holy Scripture tells us "was over all the earth," is that into connection with which we are brought in the touching history of Joseph. This lasted seven years; and we can easily understand the fluctuations of plenty and dearth in a country like Egypt, where rain is almost unknown, and irrigation takes place by means of the infiltration of the waters of the Nile through the soil, at their annual rising. The prevalence of a south wind, which dries up the soil and keeps off the rain-clouds from the Mediterranean, is a certain precursor of failure in the crops of the Delta. And so too in all those countries of the East, where there are few springs, and the rivers are not large enough to water the immense tracts through which they flow, any failure in the periodical rains is sure to produce a drought, which the primitive condition of agriculture renders it powerless to remedy by means of artificial irrigation.

The famine in Samaria too, about which we read in the history of Elisha the prophet, lasted as long as this Egyptian one. Elisha (2 Kings viii.) "spake unto the woman, whose son he had restored to life, saying, Arise, and go thou and thy household, and sojourn wheresoever thou canst sojourn: for the Lord hath called for a famine; and it shall also come upon the land seven years."

The only record we have of a famine afterwards lasting as long as this is in the reign of the Fatimee Khalif El-Mutansir Billah, in the year of the Hegira 457—464, or A.D. 1064—1071. Drought, pestilence, and anarchy combined, as they frequently do, to devastate the country, and rendered the famine much the most severe of modern times. The people were reduced to eat corpses, and dogs and cats fetched fabulous prices. Even the Khalif himself kept only three of his horses alive, while kidnappers in Cairo caught unwary passengers as they went along the streets, by letting down ropes, like fishing-lines with hooks at the end, from the windows.

It has been already said that the temperature and climate of England alone would not suffice to preserve us from those extremes to which Eastern countries are liable. We cannot too strongly impress upon our minds, that the exceptional privileges we enjoy involve corresponding obligations. The inhabitants of Oriental climes live much more what may be called a "hand-to-mouth" life than is possible for us. The less violent extremes of our climate and soil have to be supplemented by constant labour on man's part. We have neither the alluvial fertility of the Delta of the Nile, nor the parched plains of Hindostan, which must have their rain "in season," or remain altogether unprolific. It may be interesting, then, to notice some failures of this kind in early English history; happily we have none in our

modern annals upon which we can lay our finger as at all deserving the name of "famine." The fourteenth century seems to have been a singularly unfortunate one in this respect in England; though perhaps with modern prices in our mind we shall scarcely be able to estimate the severity of "famine-prices" then. In London, in 1304, the price of a fat cock was 1d.; two pullets, 1d.; a fat capon, 2d.; a goose, 4d.; a mallard, 1d.; a partridge, 1d.; a pheasant, 4d.; a heron, 6d.; a plover, 1d.; a swan, 3s.; a crane, 12d.; two woodcocks, 1d.; a fat lamb, from Christmas to Shrovetide, 6d.; the rest of the year, 4d. In 1314, says the chronicler, food was so scarce and dear that the people could not live, and higher prices were forbidden to be asked in the city than was afore fixed, but no meat was to be had, nor fowls; a quarter of wheat, beans, or peas was sold at 2s.; of malt, for a mark; of salt, 35s. In 1315 prices were not permitted to be fixed; but the dearth was so great through rain, that wheat sold at 40s.; the mortality was so great that the dead could hardly be buried; the beasts and cattle died; horseflesh was esteemed a great delicacy; the poor stole the dogs to eat that had fattened on the corrupted cattle; some ate their own children, and thieves in prison devoured one another. In 1379 a gallon of white wine cost 6d., of red 4d.! In Ireland, in our own time, famine occurred through the failure of the potato crop in 1845. Ten millions were voted by England, but failed to stop the progress of the dearth.

It is, however, to India that our regards naturally at this moment turn; and we find that as far back as the incorporation of that now suffering province in the great Mogul Empire, there is the record of a terrible famine, of which the historian, quoted in Mr. Hunter's "Rural Bengal," says:—"Thousands died daily. The living, wearied with burying the dead, threw their bodies into the river. This created a stench which only increased the disease. The governor was carried off by the plague. The city was at once depopulated, and from that day to this it has been abandoned. At the time of its destruction it had existed two thousand years. It was the most magnificent city in India, of immense extent, and filled with noble buildings. It was the capital of a hundred kings, the seat of wealth and luxury. In one year it was humbled to the dust, and now it is the abode only of tigers and monkeys."

The famine of 1770 has been truly said to stand "an appalling spectre on the threshold of British rule." John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, thus describes the impression it left on his mind:—

"Still fresh in memory's eye the scene I view,
The shrivelled limbs, sunk eyes, and lifeless hue;
Still hear the mother's shriek and infant's moans,
Cries of despair, and agonising groans.
In wild confusion dead and dying lie;
Hark to the jackal's yell and vulture's cry,
The dogs' fell howl, as midst the glare of day
They riot unmolested on their prey!
Dire scenes of horror, which no pen can trace,
Nor rolling years from memory's page efface."

Two years after this famine of 1770 Warren Hastings wrote a report on the state of Bengal, and set it down that one-third of the inhabitants at least had perished. "It represents," says Mr. Hunter, "an aggregate of individual suffering which no European nation has been called upon to contemplate within historic times. Twenty years after the famine the remaining population was estimated at from twenty-four to thirty millions; and we cannot help arriving at the conclusion, that the failure of a single crop following a year of scarcity had within nine months swept away ten millions of human beings."

The same authority, speaking in his latest volume on Orissa, about the causes of these and similar visitations, specifies them as "droughts" and "floods." The water which would be of priceless value in a dry season, is suffered in a wet one to become an instrument of evil by causing inundations. "A total absence of rainfall," he says, "produces the climax of misery. Nothing remains for the people but to die. In 1770 ten million peasants suffered the last agonies of hunger, and one-third of all Bengal lay waste and silent for twenty years. In 1866 the same province suffered a famine equally severe; but our modern facilities of intercommunication, and liberal *though tardy* application of money, reduced the mortality to less than one-tenth of what it was in 1770, and *only* 750,000 British subjects died of starvation. One-fourth of the whole population of Orissa was, however, swept away!"

Such are some few of the more prominent precursors of the terrible visitation, which has now come to teach us the meaning of that fearful word "famine." But let us be sure it has a gentler mission too, to teach us something of that nobler word "charity." Let us try to realise that expression even in a larger sense than merely ministering to the crying necessities of the moment. Good men doubt whether private charity be in place here. We do not doubt it, or we should not have written these lines or initiated the fund for relief. But do not let us quarrel with one another in such a work, or brand those who differ from us with preaching a "cheap philanthropy." They do not mean it to be so, any more than they mean it unkindly when they tell us that our utmost munificence is but a "drop in the bucket." We think of the widow's mite, and humbly yet cheerfully and confidently contribute that drop. Many such drops would fill the bucket; and that is exactly what we are trying to get—"a drop" from each one who reads THE QUIVER.

THE VIGIL THROUGH THE NIGHT-TIME.

WITH a wealth of rich and lavish glory
Flung the western beams their parting grace,
Where, enshrined in hues of pictured story,
Glowed the knightly arms of ancient race.
Through the deeply-bayed and tinctured oriel
Streamed the radiance of the evening rays,
Flinging downward from the panes armorial
Show'rs of gules and amethystine sprays.
Underneath there waved the verdant banners,
As the evening's chill and rustling soughs
Sang with wailing sad their drear hosannas
Through the mazes of the beechen boughs.
Darker then the shadows grew without us,
Piled up deep amid the silence lone;
Colder still the night-wind played about us,
With its rising swell and screechy moan.
Sullen seemed to grow the sombre glooming,
As it closer wrapped its darkling cowl,
As alone the bittern's dreary booming
Mingled with the screaming of the owl.

* * * * *

Chiller far the storm that, sweeping o'er me,
Smote the chords of life with sound of doom!
Blacker far the shadows that before me
Deepened out in night of rayless gloom!
She, my sister dear, my priceless treasure,
Who had taught to me the life sublime,
Taught to wait the joys surpassing measure
In the fulness of the future time;
Who had twined, with mystic intertwining,
Round my own her wondrous spirit's cords—
In her hopelessness of health, reclining,
Softly hymned sweet hymns of loving lands;
With her soft brown tresses gently floating
O'er the pallid cheek and shrunken bone,
Crimsoned by the hectic flush, denoting
God had set His sign-mark on His own;
With a bright gold ring that, richly gleaming,
With its sapphire gem of virgin blue,
Matched the dark-blue eyes that, softly beaming,
Looked like violets wet with evening dew.
O'er us in their countless mazy clusters,
Scattered wide about the pure serene,
Hung the lamps of night their many lustres;
While in soft and mellow silver sheen,
Cold and chaste, about my dearest sister,
Played the moonlight's wan and crystal grace,
Seeming, when in radiant flood it kissed her,
To enwreathe a nimbus round her face.
As in agony of anguished feeling,
In the whirlwind of that spirit-storm,
Lonely by her couch-side quietly kneeling,
Prayed and watched I by her drooping form,
Thinking of the days, whose vista, sparkling,
Seemed to glisten back in golden light—
Thinking of the years, whose shadows, darkling,
Deepened out before in endless night,
With her fingers deftly interlacing,
Twined she round my neck a chain of gold;
And the scenes of after seasons tracing,
Precious words of priceless import told:
"If ye be true knight, your vigil lonely,
Through the long and dark and dreary hours,
By the silent shrine, shall nerve you only
For the conflict with the evil powers.
If ye steadfast watch your chrysmal armour,
Keep it free from base defiling stain,
Its bright gleam shall daze the wily charmer,
Its true steel shall turn his deadly rain.
Yea! and if this erewhile separation
Pierce with woe your loving, trustful heart,
Think ye of that blissful restoration
In the realms where nevermore they part."

G. H. PALMER.

BLIND BIDDY'S STORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES, AUTHOR OF "PENELOPE," "LETTIE DEAN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU must all have looked a strange contrast to my mother—Jessie and Mary crying, Ben angry, and I and Peter bewildered and uncomfortable. But she came to us with a smile on her sweet calm face, and with almost a cheerful voice, said, 'Come, dear children, what's done can't be undone. See if you can't help to cheer up father. He's sadly out of heart. Maybe, it's all for the best, for the journeys to Warbridge every morning are getting too much for him, and Primrose and Jenny will give enough for butter and the neighbours, and he must give up Warbridge.'

"'But she was such a beauty, mother!' said Ben.

"'And gave such milk!' I said.

"'And who could have done it, mother?' said Jessie.

"'Who, indeed?' said my mother; 'but now, Mary, put the tea, and, Ben, run and help Ralph in the yard, and you, Biddy, give little Peter his supper and put him to bed. And be all in your places, dears, when father comes in, and talk about something else, if you can.'

"Poor Black-eyed Susan! She was my mother's cow. My grandfather had given her to her when father took the farm, and she was the envy of every

one. Her milk was like cream; my mother used often to say she was worth two ordinary cows, though she had one fault, and that was straying. My father fed his cows on the common, and beautiful grazing it was; rich verdure grew along the course of the little river War, which intersected the open country. But Susan wanted a larger world than she had allotted to her, and when she was turned out into the common she would stick her tail in the air, and gallop and gambol to the surprise of the staid donkeys and kine, who fed day by day, drowsily and contentedly, on the nearest patch of green they could find. And then a fence was looked upon by Susan as only put up for her amusement, that she might leap over it for practice. In vain did my father try all the usual methods of checking the truant tendencies of cows, they were useless; till at last she was tethered. I remember well when it was done, and I remember, too, that we cried, Ben and I. It was like tethering a mountain goat, and so it proved; for Susan pined under the confinement, and would soon have died, every one thought, had she not been liberated. About three months before, she had made her way into a grass meadow of a neighbouring farmer, Job Smith. She was found in the long grass, as Jessie said, 'only smelling the cowslips;' or, as any but an angry man would have confessed, doing no harm. But Job was very angry, and swore 'if ever that evil-looking black cow of Farmer Lee's crossed his fence again, he'd do her some harm.'

"Well, we were all ready and waiting in the big kitchen by the time father came home. Mother had piled the fire with wood, and it blazed brightly, and there was new honey on the table, and cresses from the spring. I sat reading a book with Ben, and we whispered over it, not to bring up the subject of Susan's death to father, as my mother had said.

"'There were gipsies in the lanes yesterday, Ben,' I said, 'Woodman saw them.'

"'*They* didn't kill Susan,' he said.

"'But you don't think——'

"'Hush! here's father;' and in he came, followed by Ralph. They took their places at tea, without a word, my mother calling us round the table in her usual gentle manner.

"We talked about the berries, to-morrow's market, and the gipsies, but father seemed not to hear or heed. At last he said, 'Well, Margaret, what have you got to say about this affair? You're wonderful clever at seeing a bright side to things. I take it I'm a ruined man.'

"'Not so bad as that. There won't be so much coming in, to be sure, for we cannot raise another cow; but we women must do something, the girls must put their shoulder to the wheel.'

"We all murmured something to the effect that we were willing. But father said, 'No no—no man is to stand still and be wronged in this fashion. I'll——'

"'You'll be turned out of the farm, as sure as the day, if you do,' said Ralph, who was a cool, silent lad, and very wise of his years; 'and then we're ruined if you like, father, after laying out all you have on the land. It was only to-day I heard that Sir Geoffrey left all the letting and management of things to Job now—indeed, that he was agent and bailiff and head man and all.'

"My father groaned, and pushed his chair from the table. 'I'd almost sooner they'd fired my ricks, Margaret,' he said.

"'Trials come from above, John,' mother said; 'no one could harm you if they wasn't let, and if they come from above, there must be good in them hidden under the pain and sorrow.'

"'Thee art always on the right side, wife, but still there is such a thing as injustice, and that's what I'm groaning under. I never harmed the man,' he said, in a lower voice, 'yet he always seems to be doing me a grudge. He took care to be out of the way himself, but no doubt he paid some one to do the dirty work. Talk about giving up Warbridge, woman! why, we don't find there's too much grist in the mill as it is, to fill the mouths of all these young ones, and as for me, I'm well enough. I shan't let old age climb on my back, so long as I have strength to shake him off. Laziness often makes old men of young ones. Those who have a heart to work can work, I say.'

"'But, father,' said my mother gently, 'there's something more than work to be done. That's needful, I know; but don't let us take our troubles like heathens; they could only grumble and lament.'

"'Or avenge themselves,' whispered Ben; but no one heard him but I, for Mary put her hand on his mouth 'ere the words were well out.

"'Say on, mother,' said my father; 'you're always, like the mariner's compass, pointing the same way. We should all have been shipwrecked many a time but for you. What more must we do?'

"'Take it patiently, and trust.'

"No one spoke. It seemed almost like asking too much, to take such a provoking trial patiently.

"'Mother read out of the big Bible this morning,' said Mary, as she bent over father's chair and put her hand on his shoulder, '"Thou shalt not be afraid of any evil tidings."'

"'Well, lass?'

"'I suppose that means, that though evil tidings come, they are not to make us afraid, or lose our trust in God.'

"'Quite true, child; and, with a godfearing wife and dutiful children such as mine, I am well-nigh a heathen to take on about this matter; so let us talk no more of it, but pray the Lord, all of you, that we may take this trouble just in the very way He'd have us take it, and make no more ado.'

"When father said the prayers that night, I remember how his voice shook when he said, 'Forgive

us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,' and we all knew what he was thinking of. And mother read out of the Bible the thirteenth chapter of the Second of Corinthians, and we went to bed silently and soberly, but somehow not so sorrowful as might have been expected.

"Well, it was never proved who had done us this injury, though it was pretty plain to us and the neighbours. However, poor Job Smith died soon after in a very dreadful way, and his family left the country. I have heard none of his children prospered; but, be that as it may, we will leave them alone.

"The times were bad for farmers just then, and we were not rich enough to stand such a loss as our poor cow. It was a hard struggle to get along at all. We never saw meat on our table that winter, save bacon and pork, and mother began to ail and look thin, and there was much harass about several bills for seed and farming implements. When I say this you will think we were very unhappy; but instead of that we were a very happy family. We clung the closer to one another for all our troubles, and we thought it almost a pleasure to give up anything to save our parents trouble.

"There were no new ribbons or gowns that winter, but we twisted and turned about our old ones; and I remember seeing Ralph brushing and tidying up his Sunday suit, which was very shabby, and never so much as saying a word to any one of his want of a new one, though it had always been a custom with us all to have our new clothes on father's birthday, All Saints' Day.

"One day we elder ones talked together on our way from church, and Ralph said, 'We seem too many for the work to be done about the place, and I have serious thoughts of taking the under-gamekeeper's place at the Hall. It was time Ben left school,' he said, 'and made himself useful to father.'

"So when I went into the house I said, 'Mother, let me go and do for myself somehow; I am seventeen now. Shall I go to service? or what can I do for the best?'

"She smiled, and said, 'God has been very good to me, Biddy; even our troubles have made us happier, for they have shown us what honest and dutiful children we have. There's not one of you would be content to eat the bread of idleness.'

"But the credit was not ours. Our good mother had taught us to love work, and to love to do it well. She had also taught us how much happiness there is in helping others. Oh, how much we owed to our good mother! and, oh! how much mothers can do! A mother makes the home; and what she teaches sinks deeper than any lessons her children may learn from others.

"Soon after I had said this, just when I was wondering what steps to take to get a place, a letter came from my father's sister who lived in London. She wrote to my mother and said she had more work than she could do as a sempstress, and that her eyes were failing her; so if one of us could be spared, she might earn a good livelihood, and be a comfort at the same time to her. The proposal was talked over in the family, and all were anxious to do the self-denying work; but father and mother decided that I was the fittest to go. Mary was so useful in the dairy, and to mother in every way, and Jessie was full young, and rather sickly; whereas I was strong, and by far the handiest at my needle. So with rather a heavy heart I set to work to mend up my clothes to go to London."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

217. Which of the tribes quarrelled with Gideon because they were not summoned to join him in fighting against the Midianites?

218. Both the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Psalmist testify that the heavens and the earth were created by the Lord Jesus Christ. Give the passages.

219. Joseph told the chief butler that he was stolen away out of the "land of the *Hebrews*." Is there any evidence to show that the Egyptians at that period knew Abraham's descendants by that name?

220. St. Luke gives as the first of our Lord's miracles His cure of one possessed of an unclean spirit. Is this order identical with that of any other Evangelist?

221. What was the cause of the quarrel between St. Paul and Barnabas?

222. Give an instance when the people desired the Lord Jesus *not* to depart, and another when He was entreated to leave them.

223. One of the Evangelists says, in reference to the ignorance displayed by the disciples respecting Christ's resurrection, "For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead." To what Scripture did he refer?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 496.

200. At the dedication of the Temple (1 Kings viii. 46, 47; 2 Chron. vi. 36, 37).

201. 1 Kings ix. 27; Acts xxvii. 30.

202. See Jer. vi. 26; Amos viii. 10; Zech. xii. 10.

203. St. Luke (iii. 21; vi. 12; ix. 18, 28; xi. 1).

204. 1 Kings iv. 23.

205. Joshua "made a league with them to let them live" because "they did work wilily, and made as if they had been ambassadors, and went to Joshua, and said, We be come from a far country," &c. (Josh. ix.)

206. Enoch's ascension was not visible to men (Gen. v. 24); Elijah was taken up in a chariot of fire in a whirlwind (2 Kings ii. 11).

207. St. John (xviii. 10).



(*Drawn by* J. D. WATSON.)

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

OH, never spurn the humblest guide,
If thou wouldst stand at Jesu's side;
The morning star will light thee, till
The day breaks on the Eastern hill.

When thou true blessedness hast found,
Hide not thy treasure underground;
But tell the wondrous things of life
To father, brother, child, and wife.

Be not disheartened, if thou bring
But one poor trophy to the King;
Thy little one, perchance, may win
His thousands from the ways of sin,

Nor envious nor sullen be,
If those who come to Christ by thee
Outshine thee in the lists of grace,
Or swifter run the Christian race—

But up, and do, without delay,
The hour of daylight hastes away;
A soul, more precious than thy all
May be to-morrow past recall.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MAGGIE CHANGES THE SUBJECT OF HER PICTURE.

SATURDAY evening, the Saturday before the "call" night, and Margaret Ashbury and her father sat over the fire talking.

"Getting old, Maggie, that's it, and getting worn out."

"Oh no, daddy," she answered, "you are only a little tired. Has anything vexed you to-day?"

"No," he answered, "but I am worried. I should like to see you married, for one thing. I am sure Campbell likes you, and it would please his aunt; or there's Bowden, he is well off, and a nice fellow."

"I am very contented as I am," she said.

"Yes, but I should like it. Besides, Maggie, you know how I want a few hundreds. I shouldn't like to ask Campbell, unless you were married to him, and then his aunt would know it and fancy I was going to throw the money away. It is different with Bowden, he is well off and clever, and if you were his wife, or going to be his wife, I should have no hesitation in asking him to join me——"

"Oh no!" she said, in almost terror, "he is not speculative; he is a generous man, but a prudent one. I would not have you borrow of him for the world."

"What do you know about his being generous or prudent? I should get him twenty per cent. for his money; I could make a fortune if I had a few hundreds to go on with, instead of bringing home a few pounds now and then as I do, and I don't see how I am going to do that much longer. I want to pay Herbert back his eighty pounds," he said presently. "He asked me for it for the second time the other night; if he does so again I shall tell him my opinion."

"Perhaps he wants the money," she said gently.

"So do I; but I do without it, and so must he. It is not as if I'd spent it in waste; I did my best with it, and failed, and he must wait till I can repay."

"I wish," said Maggie with a sigh, "we had never borrowed in our lives" (she put the fault in the plural, though she had had little enough to do with it). "The very chink of money seems enough to frighten away friendship. Let me go and sit in my own chair, daddy." The old man drew yet a little closer to the fire; his shortcomings had been the result of mistakes and misfortunes, not of intention.

"I must get money somehow, and soon too," he said; "and repay Herbert for one."

"Let us stint ourselves and save it up little by little," she said eagerly. "Don't borrow again or speculate, dad, pray don't. I know you always mean to do well, but Chance often tyrannises sadly over one's intentions. I know, too, men think differently of things, but it always seems to me that speculation is like blindfolding Sorrow, and sending her out to seek some one in a crowd, it does not matter, and she does not know, whom—for the gain of one is often the bitterest loss and trouble of another. Besides, it is almost a confession that you have not courage to fight the world and take only what you fairly gain by your work in it."

"Margaret!" he exclaimed, astonished and angry; but she went and knelt down before him.

"I did not mean to reproach you, dear," she said, gently; "I know how you have worked and done much and meant to do more; but as I say Chance is a terrible tyrant, and a capricious one, and we should not trust to her. Let us keep to the even way of work, father. I will help and give drawing lessons; oh, I will!" she said, as he shook his head, and she put up her hands and stroked his hair, which was getting thin and grey, and caressed him in the way he liked best, and he forgot his anger. "No one will know, and some of my pictures may sell. I am going to begin my grand one soon, and the money from that shall extinguish a dun by paying him."

"And what is your grand picture to be?" he asked, drooping his head lower till his cheek almost touched her hair. He was so fond of his Margaret.

"Troilus and Creseide."

"I think you might paint your poor old father," he said, in a voice that was half-pathetic, half offended. He did not mean his words, but he liked making the semi-appeal to her feelings. It was the sort of weakness in which many of us now and then indulge—the almost begging for a little food for our poor vanity.

"So I will, some day," she said.

"Perhaps you will not have me some day," he said. And then they were both silent, but the words, carelessly spoken, went to her heart. She could not remember a single unkind word from him. No matter how great a builder of air castles to the outside world—air castles of which his friends' money had gone to buy corner-stones—to her he was the dear old man who had been kind to her all her life. She had never known her mother. She had had few friends, and she was a woman who did not waste her heart on every second person she met, simply because their paths in life sometimes led them by the same roadway, but those to whom she did give affection she gave it with no niggard's hand, and her father—well, she found excuses for his faults and loved him dearly.

"Daddy," she said presently, when she had brushed away the tears which had crept into those soft eyes of hers, "Daddy, I will not paint my Troilus and Creseide until I have first painted you," and she rose to her feet and went off a little distance, and with her head a little on one side, she stood looking at him with an artist's eye. "Yes," and she laughed, a happy little laugh, for she was back in her dreamland of poetry and pictures already. Happy we who have a dreamland, whatever it may be, into which we can escape—a feather will often bridge the space between it and the world, or a puff of wind will waft us there! "Yes, Mr. Daddy, I will paint you, your very dear old self, sitting over the fire, just as you are to-night, *that* shall be my first picture; and then, if ever I should be really famous, I shall remember in looking back, that in painting the portrait of the face I loved best we laid the foundation of the future together, my daddy and I."

"Is it the face you love best?" he asked tenderly, not because he doubted it for a single moment, but because he liked the assurance, the words which satisfy us most often leave us hungry for a repetition of them.

"It is the face I have passed my life in looking at," she answered gravely, "and the one I have loved the longest."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DOOM OF LOT'S WIFE.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR, AND HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

WE may scarcely doubt that it was with a prophetic reference to the assaults which the scepticism of after ages should make upon the truth of the historical records of the Old Testament that we find not only general testimony borne to them in the teaching of our blessed Lord and His apostles, but also distinctive allusions made to particular events; which events are so essentially interwoven into the annals of Jewish history that if their credibility be established, the presumption in favour of the historical reality of the whole becomes almost irresistible.

Nor can it be without design that we find included amongst those portions of Old Testament history, which are thus stamped with the impress of Divine authority, just those particular incidents which present the greatest amount of divergence from the ordinary course of Nature and of Providence, and which have become in modern times, at once the stumbling-blocks of faith and the strongholds of unbelief.

It will suffice to appeal, by way of illustration, to the direct or incidental allusions which we find in the New Testament to the account of the creation, as contained in the first and second chapters of Genesis (Mark x. 6—9; Col. iii. 10; 1 Tim. ii. 13); of the temptation and the fall as contained in the third chapter of the same book (Rom. v. 14; 1 Cor. xv. 22; 1 Tim. ii. 14); of the flood, as recorded in the sixth and following chapters (Luke xvii. 27; 2 Peter ii. 5); of the appearance in the bush, as recorded in Exod. iii. 2 (Mark xii. 26; Acts vii. 30); of the miracles in Egypt and the Red Sea, as recorded in the early chapters of the book of Exodus (Acts vii. 36; xiii. 7; Heb. xi. 28, 29); of the miraculous supply of manna from heaven, and of water from the smitten rock, as contained in the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of that book (1 Cor. x. 3,4); of Baalam's ass speaking with human voice, as recorded in Numb. xxii. (2 Peter ii. 16); of the miraculous destruction of Jericho, as recorded in Joshua vi. (Heb. xi. 30); of the restoration to life of the son of the woman of Sarepta by Elijah, as recorded in 1 Kings xvii., and of the son of the Shunammitish woman by Elisha, as recorded in 2 Kings vi. (Heb. xi. 35); of the rescue of the three children of the captivity from the fury of the flames, as recorded in Dan. iii. (Heb. xi. 34), and of Daniel from the den of lions, as recorded in Dan. vi. (Heb. xi. 33).

But amongst all the remarkable instances recorded in the historical books of the Old Testament of deviations from the ordinary course of God's dealings with the children of men, there is probably none which has given greater offence to the unbeliever than the record of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire and brimstone from heaven, and, more particularly, that of the punishment executed upon Lot's wife. It cannot, then, be unworthy of notice that, just

as in regard to God's dealings with the world at large, and with Israel in particular, those portions of Old Testament history which involve the most striking interpositions of the Divine Arm, appear to have been selected for special confirmation by our Lord and His apostles; so, in regard to the general account of the destruction of the cities of the plain, and more particularly in regard to the doom of Lot's wife, we have the most direct and explicit attestation of the truth of the sacred narrative from the lips of Him who not only selected the overthrow of Sodom as one of the special types of His own second advent, but who also selected the history of Lot's wife as one most worthy of the special consideration of His hearers. "Remember Lot's wife" (Luke xvii. 32).

The whole of Lot's history is replete with lessons both of warning and of instruction. In his original selection of the well-watered plain of the Jordan, reminding him probably of the irrigated land of Egypt which he had lately left, and in his disregard of the danger of contamination to himself and to his family from the proximity of its sinful inhabitants, we observe indications of selfishness and of worldly-mindedness which the warnings given him in Egypt ought to have repressed. In his continued abode in Sodom, after his signal deliverance from the hands of Chedorlaomer and the confederate kings, we can scarcely err in tracing indications of a like insensibility to judgment and to mercy. It is true, indeed, that his own integrity was, at least partially, maintained, and that, whilst still dwelling in Sodom, "his righteous soul was vexed from day to day with the unlawful deeds" of its inhabitants. But the fatal results of the wilful exposure of his family and his household to the "evil communications" of those amongst whom he dwelt are but too apparent in the history of Lot. When Abraham offered up his intercessory prayer that Sodom might be exempted from the impending destruction of the cities of the plain, and received in answer to that prayer the assurance that if ten righteous persons should be found in it the whole city should be spared, we may well believe that he relied, and as it should seem, not unreasonably, on that number at least being found amongst the family and the dependants of Lot.* The result, however, proved that in this, as in other cases of wilful exposure to contamination, the evil example of the wicked is much more contagious than is the consistent example of the righteous. Not only had Lot's religious life been devoid of all beneficial influence upon the inhabitants of Sodom generally, but further, whatever may have been the number of his own immediate family and near connections, his wife and his two unmarried daughters could alone be prevailed upon, and that apparently not without force (Gen. xix. 16), to accompany him in his flight; and, whilst the open mockery of those who remained behind revealed but too plainly the corruption of Sodom, the lamentable history of those who were induced to forsake it is left on record as a solemn admonition to "him that thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall."

At the earnest solicitation of Lot, who feared that his strength would not hold out until he could reach the mountain, the little city of Zoar was saved from the general destruction, and to this city he was urged by the angels to hasten his escape.*

It was but a small remnant which was thus brought out of Sodom, a company consisting of only four persons; but that number was destined to undergo a yet further reduction before a place of safety was reached.

In common with Lot and with his daughters, Lot's wife had escaped out of Sodom. In common with them she had heard the solemn mandate, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain." There is no ground for the supposition that there was more reluctance displayed by her than by Lot himself, or by their two daughters, in leaving Sodom. If she lingered behind her husband, as seems to be intimated in ver. 26, the same lingering is recorded of Lot also in ver. 16, and there was the same necessity in his case as in that of his wife and of his daughters, that the men should lay hold upon his hand, and should "bring him forth and set him without the city."

And yet, alike unmindful of warnings already given, of mercies already experienced, of judgment about to be executed, "his wife," we read, "looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

* Some idea of the ordinary extent of a patriarchal household may be gathered from the fact that Abraham was able to arm 318 persons out of the number of those who were born in his house (Gen. xiv. 14).

* Canon Tristram, in his "Land of Moab," p. 330, regards the identification of the modern Zi'ara, at the *north* of the Dead Sea, as one of the most important results of his expedition. The arguments in favour of the northern site of the cities of the plain have also been ably urged by Mr. Grove. On the other hand, all ancient testimony, and, in the judgment of Bishop Harold Browne (see note at end of Genesis xix. in "The Speaker's Commentary"), "local names and local evidences" are in favour of the southern site of the cities. As regards Canon Tristram's presumed identification of Zoar with Zi'ara, it may be observed (1) that the fact of its position at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the Jordan Valley appears to us to present an inconsistency with the ground on which Lot urged his request for permission to flee to it "rather than to the mountain;" and (2) that Canon Tristram's argument from the Jerusalem Targum is based upon a misconception of facts, the name of the city in that Targum, as well as in the Targum of Onkelos, being the same as in the Hebrew text. It is true that the word *Zehira* occurs in the Targum of Onkelos (not in that of Jerusalem), in ver. 20, which Canon Tristram has probably taken as the equivalent of Zoar, but it is the equivalent for the Hebrew word rendered "a little one," and not for that denoting the city.

It would be an unprofitable subject of investigation were we to attempt to decide upon the precise manner in which Lot's wife perished. The testimony as to the exceeding saltness of the Dead Sea, which is commonly supposed to occupy the site of the Jordan plain, is express and abundant.* Diodorus Siculus says that the masses of bitumen were like islands, covering two or three plethra: Josephus says that they were of the form and magnitude of oxen.† Ibn Ezra supposes that Lot's wife was first destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven, and then incrusted over with salt, and the allusions to the statue or pillar of salt near the Dead Sea which are found in the writings of Josephus, Irenæus, and Tertullian, bear witness to the traditionary belief then prevalent.

The moral lessons which this narrative suggests are those of deepest interest and importance. The world in which we live presents to us the same attractions which the well-watered plain of Jordan presented to the eyes of Lot; and beguiled, like him, by its fair external aspect, we refuse to take heed of the wickedness in which it lies. Too readily those who profess to be "not of the world" adopt its customs, and become conformed to its spirit. Like Lot's wife, they see no symptoms of its impending doom, and if when warned of the speedy advent of the Judge, and the dissolution which then awaits the earth and its inhabitants, they refrain from mocking openly with their lips, they say in their hearts, "My Lord delayeth His coming;" and having once put their hands to the plough, they look back with envious gaze upon the world.

And what, it will be asked, are the excuses which men plead for thus deliberately making light of a warning as solemn as that given by the angels to Lot, of a doom as certain, and a destruction more universal? They plead, for the most part, their necessary duties, their lawful occupations, their innocent pleasures. And might not Lot's wife have pleaded the same excuses with equal or with greater reason? Was it nothing for her that she should be summoned, at a moment's notice, to leave country, kindred, and friends; a land like the Garden of Eden for beauty, and endeared, in all probability, to her by her earliest associations, and her most cherished recollections?

It may be that in that very moment in which the fatal look was cast upon the doomed city, her memory was reverting to the scenes of her childhood and her youth; and that that last longing, lingering, passionate gaze rested upon the roof beneath which she had been nurtured, and beneath which, it may be, at that same moment some of her nearest kindred were unconsciously doomed to destruction.

But, whatever the palliations of her guilt which might be urged, as they availed not in her case in justification of disobedience to a Divine command, much less will they avail in the case of those to whom clearer light is given, and to whom higher privileges are vouchsafed. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me" (Matt. x. 37, 38). To linger in Sodom, when charged to flee from it; or having once "clean escaped" from its pollutions, to become again entangled with them in heart and in desire, are alike perilous, and, in the issue, alike destructive. The sin of Lot's wife, as recorded by the historian, and as recalled by our Lord to the minds of His hearers, consisted not in the refusal to leave Sodom, or in the actual return to it when it had been once left. The command, "Look not back," was as imperative as the command, "Escape for thy life." The sin of disobedience to the one, was as great as that of disobedience to the other; and the punishment inflicted on the disobedient look was a punishment as severe and as enduring as that which befell those who "mocked," when they were urged by Lot to escape.

Allusion has already been made to the tradition which prevailed during the early centuries of the Christian era, respecting the identity of a pillar of salt near the Dead Sea, with that into which Lot's wife was converted. The tradition probably owed its origin to the idea of perpetuity, which was, not without reason, associated with "salt." Salt, as is well known, is used in Scripture as an emblem of that which is enduring. The salt with which the *minchah*, or vegetable offering of flour and oil was to be seasoned (Lev. ii. 13), denoted, doubtless, the perpetuity of Jehovah's love for His people, and the unchangeableness of that covenant between Him and them which is described in Numb. xviii. 19 as a "covenant of salt."

Now, when regarded as a lesson for all times, there is a deep and most significant meaning in the "pillar of salt" into which Lot's wife was changed; and in the "brimstone, salt, and burning,"—which were the types as well as the instruments of Divine vengeance inflicted upon the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, of Admah and Zeboim. In the case of the one, our Lord's solemn charge to "remember Lot's wife" may well suffice to engrave upon the hearts, as well as the memories, of the readers of the sacred narrative. the fearful penalty

* The following is an analysis of Dead Sea water, given in Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book," p. 624:—"Chloride of sodium, 8; potassium, 1; calcium, 3." Another given in the same book is as follows:—"Calcium, 2½; chloride of magnesium, 10½; of potassium, 1½; of sodium, 6½."

† See the note to which reference has already been made, appended by Bishop Harold Browne to "The Speaker's Commentary" on Genesis xix.

of disobedience; whilst in the case of the cities of the plain generally, the perpetuity of the warning which the doom was designed to convey to the Church of all after ages is asserted in terms the most express and unqualified by St. Jude, when he declares that "they are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire" (ver. 7).

But whilst, on the one hand, the doom of Lot's wife, when viewed, as the Book of Wisdom represents it, as "the monument of an unbelieving soul," may well suffice as a solemn warning of the peril of turning back in heart after once putting the hand to the plough; and whilst the record of the overthrow of the guilty cities stands out together with that of the Deluge as God's own sermon against sin, it is well worthy of observation that the unwillingness of God to give up His people, though they be prone to forsake Him, and His longsuffering and forbearance towards them even when they deserve punishment, are set forth by the prophet Hosea in figures derived from the history of two of those very cities of the plain whose history is so pregnant with warning. Having set forth, in the preceding portion of the chapter, the waywardness and perversity of Israel, their proneness to forsake the service of the living God, and to burn incense to graven images, Jehovah, speaking by His servant Hosea, sets forth in the words which follow His determination to stay the execution of His vengeance, and in wrath to remember mercy: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger. I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee: and I will not enter into the city" (Hosea xi. 8, 9).

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"RATHER an unexpected meeting, Mr. Atherstone," said the outspoken Squire Northcote with his genial laugh, as they walked down the avenue together. "I dare say you did not look to find me at Vale House so early, and I certainly did not anticipate seeing you as a young lady's escort at this time in the morning."

"An accidental encounter," said Atherstone, so grimly that Mr. Northcote hurriedly changed the subject, and plunged into explanations as to his own proceedings, which had he paused for reflection he would probably have withheld.

"Colonel Dysart asked me to come and advise him about his will, which he wishes to draw up in the course of the next few days, while Mr. Cunliffe is with him."

"Who is Mr. Cunliffe?"

"An Australian judge, who came over in the same ship with him from the Cape. It seems Dysart has some property in Australia, which he has never seen, and he thinks this man can advise him as to the proper testamentary disposal of it, so he has asked him to come and visit him for a few days, and he wishes me to be one of his executors."

"Is Colonel Dysart feeling ill, that he is making these preparations?"

"Not worse than usual, I imagine; but he tells me he has some malady which is likely to carry him off suddenly, though he may live for years yet. Of course, his only anxiety is about his daughter, to whom he wishes to secure this property."

"What would become of her if he died?"

"She has some relations on the mother's side to whom she could go, I believe, though she has never made acquaintance with them. But Dysart naturally expects she will marry and have a home of her own; and I should think there could be no doubt that she will, for she is an uncommonly pretty, attractive girl," added the squire, glancing at his friend. But when Mr. Atherstone spoke again it was to ask, with much apparent solicitude for Mr. Northcote's comfort, how he came to be on foot at such a distance from his home.

"My horse cast a shoe, and the groom took him to the blacksmith's; but here he is bringing him to meet me. I say, Atherstone," he continued, after he was mounted and ready to start, "the Dysarts are coming to dine with us the day after to-morrow, and they bring their guest with them; will you join us? I fancy this Cunliffe is a shrewd old fellow, well worth knowing."

For a moment Atherstone stood irresolute, with a frown on his face, as if he were in a sort of angry perplexity; then, with an impatient stamp of his foot on the ground, he turned impulsively to Mr. Northcote and said, "I will come with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Northcote. What is your hour?—seven? Thank you; I shall not fail to appear;" and therewith the men shook hands and parted.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Northcote to himself as he trotted away, "what on earth will Mrs. Northcote say? she has such a horror of Atherstone nowadays; and I never dreamt he would come. What possessed me to ask him?—old habit, I suppose. Well, the deed is done, and cannot be undone. I must do the best I can with her;" and thus philosophically making up his mind to endurance, the oppressed squire trotted on to his doom.

Never in all her life had Una Dysart felt so restless as she did during the remainder of this day. It might have been supposed that after her fatiguing walk in the morning she would have been glad to have rested in peace; but instead of that, if she attempted to sit still for five minutes, her impatient little feet seemed to carry her off in spite of herself. From room to room she flitted like an unquiet spirit, tormenting her father by her efforts to make him leave the papers with which he was occupied; then making wild proposals to go and meet Mr. Cunliffe at the station, to which plan Colonel Dysart strongly objected; and finally, in spite of the heavy rain which had quenched the brightness of the morning, and made it seem to her more like a sunny, far-off dream than a reality, she determined to go and visit Lilith Crichton, whom she had not seen since the cricket match a few days previously.

Una had often thought with great wonder and distress of the strange state of suffering in which she had found the rector's sister, by the river-side, on that occasion; but after the few words already recorded which Lilith had spoken when first taken by surprise, she had said nothing which could explain the seemingly unnecessary pain she was inflicting both on herself and Rupert Northcote. Their marriage had been considered an almost certain event by every one who knew them, including Rupert's own family, for with his usual cool nonchalance he had spoken quite openly of his wishes respecting Lilith, and she herself had seemed too entirely childlike and simple to make any concealment of the fact that she returned his affection with the utmost devotion. Yet there could be no question that she had refused to be his wife, and had flung all her hopes of happiness to the winds, on that sunny summer's day, when she stood with him beneath the shade of the drooping willows, while the river at their feet flowed onward to the sea, with its plaintive, ceaseless murmur, like the voice of a never-dying regret.

Rupert Northcote had left the cricket field immediately after he passed Miss Dysart in such hot haste, and it became known that he had gone that same evening to London, where it was supposed he still remained, as he had not reappeared in Northangleshire; while Lilith, abruptly quitting Una, had sought out her brother Richard, and besought him to take her home at once. This the rector had done with the utmost alacrity, being only too glad to escape from that peculiar phase of his duties which he was at the time performing with infinite labour, as he tried in his stiff, awkward manner to join in the amusements of his parishioners.

From that hour Lilith had shut herself up in the rectory, and had been seen by no one—even Una had been excluded, although their intimacy had ripened into a strong friendship, and she felt by no means certain that Lilith would receive her even now. Anything was better than staying at home, however, so, wrapped in a long waterproof cloak, she battled her way through wind and rain to the parsonage gate. Here she encountered the rector, who had just arrived from the opposite direction, and he welcomed her with a warmth very unusual to him, and said he was truly glad she had come to see his sister, as she did not appear to be well, and was certainly too much alone. Without consulting Lilith at all, he took Miss Dysart at once into the room where she was, and left them alone together.

For a moment Una stood looking in silence at the young girl, who did not seem conscious of her entrance. Lilith was sitting at the window, framed in by the heavy crimson curtains which hung on either side of her, and so perfectly still and motionless that she looked in her white dress much more like a marble statue set in a niche than a living human being. Her fair face had the waxen purity of a white camellia—entirely without colour, and wearing an expression of passionless calm, such as is rarely seen except on the face of the dead, who have done for ever with the world and its cares. An open book lay upon her knee; but her hands were clasped over the unread pages, and her blue eyes, fixed and dim, gazed out through the window with a vacant look, which showed that they saw nothing of the objects to which they were turned.

She slowly rose as Una came towards her, and yielded passively to her embrace, without any of the eager affection she had always hitherto shown to her friend, and then dropped back into her seat and turned again to the window, as if to resume her gaze on the unseen far-off vision which seemed to occupy her. Una hardly knew how to address her; she was so unlike the loving, childlike Lilith who had always welcomed her with eagerness, and spoken so freely of all the little interests of her life; of Rupert Northcote, it is true, they had not often talked, for Una respected her delicate reserve on the subject which lay so near her heart; but there had been a tacit understanding between them that Lilith would certainly one day be his wife.

Determined at last to break the oppressive silence in any way, Una began to speak of the gay little flower-garden which lay spread out before the windows, and had been one of Lilith's favourite amusements.

"I see your gardener has been making some alterations," she said; "I hope you did not forget

to tell him to carry out my special wish, and have a bed prepared to be entirely filled with snowdrops next spring."

"Hervey told him, I believe," said Lilith in a low, measured tone.

"Then, when the time comes for them to appear, you will have a multitude of little likenesses of yourself just under the window. You will only have to look at them, to know exactly how you appear to us commonplace mortals."

"I shall not see them," said Lilith.

"Why not? have you any plan for travelling next year?"

"No; but I shall not see them—because I shall be dead," she answered composedly.

"My darling! what are you saying?"

"Yes, it is true; and I am very glad of it."

"Oh, Lilith! you must not speak in that wild way; you are simply depressed and morbid. You will live to a good old age, I hope and believe."

"Do you remember the little singing bird Rupert shot?" said Lilith, turning her great blue eyes, with their unnatural calm, on Una's face.

"I remember the dead bird on the hill-side, you pitied so much; but we do not know that Mr. Northcote shot it, do we?"

"Yes, it was his hand that killed it; he told me he was out with his gun in that very place a few hours before we went to it, and for want of better sport, he took aim at a little bird soaring up through the sunny air on its happy wings, and brought it down all faint and wounded to the earth, where it beat about, helpless and quivering, till it died."

"He might have been better employed, certainly; but why think about that poor little bird now, Lilith? I am afraid it only shared the fate of thousands in this sporting county."

"Doubtless; and so shall I; but I shall die as that bird did, Una." She spoke with such a set, rigid face, and so much quiet certainty, that it seemed impossible to answer her.

Happily Una was spared the necessity; a quick, eager step came to the door, and Hervey dashed into the room, his handsome face glowing with excitement and pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

"WHAT wonderful good fortune to see you here, Miss Dysart!" exclaimed Hervey Crichton, as he found the two girls together. "Who could ever have hoped for such a visitor on this miserable day? and I so nearly escaped missing you altogether!"

"That would have been a tremendous misfortune," said Una. "How were you saved from the fatal occurrence?"

"By the good offices of an old fairy, in the shape of Martha, Lilith's ancient nurse, who now acts as the benevolent guardian of the whole family. Would you like to know what she said? She came to me, when I was lounging in the verandah in a state of the deepest despondency, and solemnly remarked, 'Muster Hervey, you doesn't know what I thinks you'd like to know—as how Miss Dysart's in the drawing-room, bless her pretty face.' She is gifted with penetration, you see; and I repaid her kind offices by nearly upsetting her altogether, for I flung my arms about wildly in my surprise, and I believe I jumped over her; but anyhow, here I am."

"Well, I am glad I am in her good graces," said Una; "she is the dearest old woman possible. But, Mr. Crichton, why do you not take better care of Lilith? she is looking very ill."

"I only wish I could," he said, "but she baffles me in every way; she has become a regular sphinx. However, it must do her good to have you with her, Miss Dysart; I hope you will come to us as much as you can. We have not shown you half the wonders of our neighbourhood yet, and we are sure to have fine weather for walking or riding parties after this rain. By-the-way, there is one expedition you must positively make; you have never yet seen the 'Eagles' Nest.'"

"Yes, I have," said Una, a sudden gravity settling on her bright laughing face.

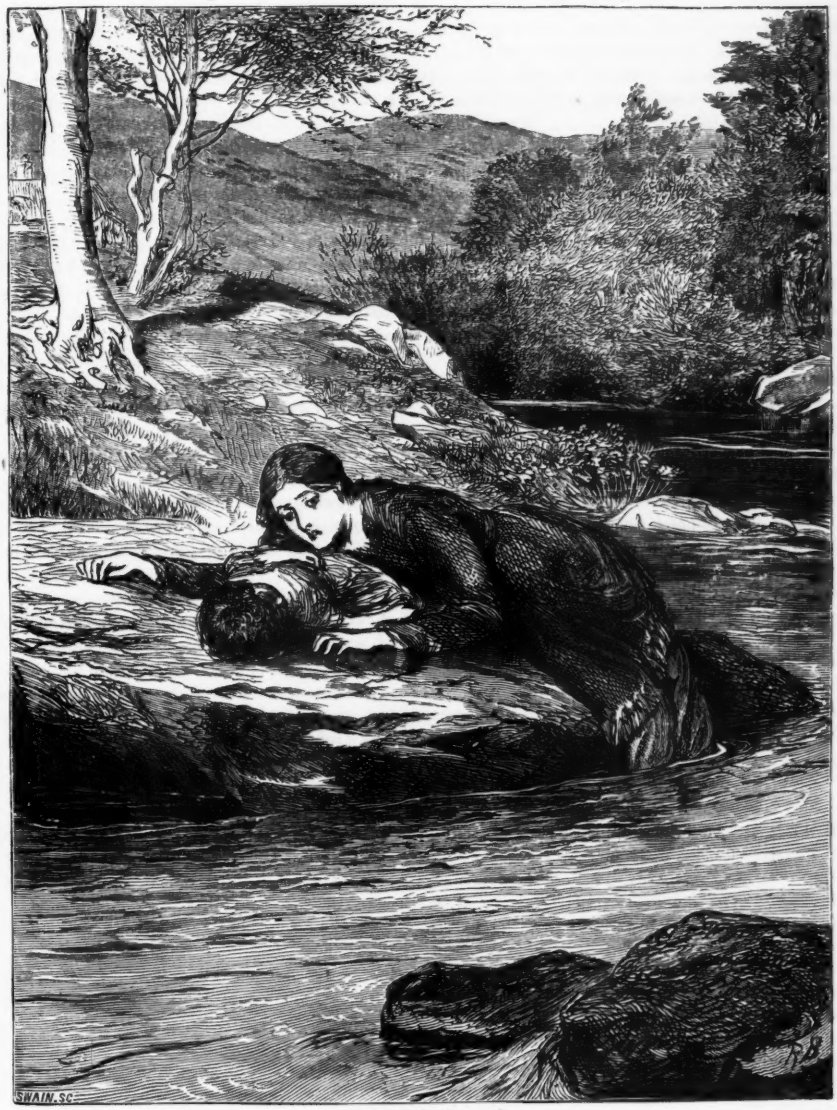
"You do not mean to say so!" exclaimed Hervey, looking much surprised; "when, and how? In what possible way did you get up the cliff?—not alone surely?"

"Alone, on my own two feet, as I told you I should," said Una; "but it was an exploit entirely of my private arranging, and I do not mean to tell you anything about it, Mr. Crichton."

"Did you see the spirit of Fulke Atherstone, as you expected?" said Lilith, suddenly turning her white face towards them.

For a moment Una remained silent, with a rather strange expression in her eyes, then she said, "I almost think I did."

"What a pity you must say 'almost,' Miss Dysart," said Hervey, "otherwise we might hope for quite an orthodox ghost story; but if he was visible in any shape, did you ask him to tell you what your future fate is to be? I hope if he did reveal it, he mentioned me," continued he, dropping his voice to a low whisper on the last words; not so low, however, but that Una might have heard him, had she not been absorbed in the thoughts to which his careless question had given rise. Her future fate! Had not the voice she had heard at the "Eagles' Nest" been prophetic at least of a great change in her existence? Could the world ever again wear the same aspect to her as in the days that closed but yesterday—when it seemed a realm all sunshine and brightness, with free airs blowing through it, and shining rivers bearing joyous spirits on through banks of flowers to the haven of a deep, serene sea? Could it ever look thus again, when the great cloud that hung over Humphrey Atherstone's life had cast



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Where she sank down exhausted"—*p.* 539.

its shadow on her path, and made her feel that to disperse that gloom for him, in ever so partial a degree, were a fate more desired by her than all the visions of a happy love, which once had charmed her girlish fancy? She remained silent, thinking on these things, with thoughtful eyes and serious lips, while Hervey Crichton watched her anxiously.

At last he spoke. "I really believe the ghost did foretell your future fate, Miss Dysart; you look so serious."

"Yes, I believe he did," she answered very gravely, turning her eyes full upon him. Then she rose somewhat abruptly, and saying she would come to see how Lilith was very soon again, she took her leave, declining Hervey's escort in her homeward walk.

Mr. Cunliffe duly arrived next day; he was an astute, hard-headed lawyer, who had so long been employed in administering justice with that inflexible impartiality which is the special characteristic of English judges, that he had become exceedingly expert in adjusting the balance between the intricate developments of good and evil, as they appear in the complex human nature; and Colonel Dysart thought very wisely that he could have no better guardian of his daughter's interests in the event of his own death. He had, therefore, asked Mr. Cunliffe to become trustee for her property, as well as his own executor, jointly with Mr. Northcote. Of course these arrangements involved the transaction of a good deal of business, and Una was left quite to her own devices, while the two gentlemen were closeted with Mr. Knight in Colonel Dysart's study the whole afternoon.

The rain of the previous day had been succeeded by brilliant sunshine, which tempted Una to spend the afternoon out of doors; but not caring to ride without her father, she started off to take a solitary walk by the river-side. She passed through the village, keeping out of sight of the rectory, as she did not wish to be joined by Hervey Crichton, which was an event pretty sure to happen, if he chanced to perceive her at any distance.

After leaving the last cottages in the little street behind her, the road, or rather path which skirted the river, entered on a wild uncultivated district, where a far-off, lonely little house was the only sign of human habitation. Una met no one whatever, as she walked along, absorbed in her own thoughts, and the whole tract of country seemed entirely deserted, excepting by a peasant lad who was herding cows in a distant field.

Just as she came in a line with the solitary cottage, however, she saw a child standing on the river-bank, who irresistibly attracted her attention. He was a little boy about four or five years old, and he was entirely occupied in watching the fate of a vessel he had just launched on the river, in the shape of his own little tin drinking-cup, freighted with cowslips; but his peculiar appearance, with his keen dark eyes, olive complexion, and the spiral black ringlets hanging round his head, enabled Una at once to recognise him as the child of Edwards and the beautiful gipsy, who had gazed at her so intently on the day of the cricket match. Everything connected with this man had a sort of horrible fascination for Una, not only on account of the singular aversion she had felt towards him on the first occasion when she had seen him, but because she knew by instinct that he was the object of the deep undying hatred, which Atherstone had told her was the one great element in his life. She drew near to the child, therefore, and asked him if he were there quite alone, in the soft low tones which were usually found so winning by all who heard them. They seemed, however, to have quite the contrary effect on this strange-looking boy. He started aside like a little wild animal, and then, when he thought himself at a safe distance, he glanced out of the corners of his eyes at Una with a sly scrutiny, which invested the childish face with a look of preternatual old age and cunning. She felt only the more anxious to make some sort of acquaintance with him; so in order to reassure him, she went and sat down under a tree, and appeared to take no notice of him whatever. This plan succeeded. In the course of a few minutes he crept stealthily back, keeping his black eyes fixed on her, however, even when he was engaged in the rescue of his boat, which was making an undeniable shipwreck among some reeds. Gradually, however, as she neither spoke nor moved, he seemed to forget her presence altogether, and darted backwards and forwards with supple swift movements, utterly unlike those of an English child, while he collected a new cargo of leaves and blossoms, wherewith to load his tiny vessel. When it was finally arranged quite to his satisfaction, he proceeded to the very edge of the water, and launched it with an energetic push, intended to give it an impetus down the stream; but in doing so, as might have been expected, he overbalanced himself and fell headlong into the water, with a wild piercing shriek, which rang in Una's ears for many a day afterwards. The current was at this point exceedingly strong, and in another moment the poor little child was being whirled away with a rapidity which left small chance that his living body would ever be rescued from that fatal stream. But Una had started to her feet the moment the accident happened. Quickwitted, and thoroughly brave, she had seen at a glance that there was but one chance for the drowning child's rescue. Some way further down, a rock jutted out nearly to the centre of the river, and it was possible that his frightful course in the power of the foaming torrent might be stopped at that point, or at least, greatly impeded. If she could reach it before he did, she might find it practicable to save him; for she had been taught to swim like many other girls in this

sensible age, and although she could not, of course, plunge into the water without great risk to herself, burdened as she was with her heavy clothes, she did not hesitate for a moment to make the attempt. She started instantly along the river-bank at her utmost speed, flinging off her hat and jacket as she ran, to give a little more freedom to her movements, and she succeeded in reaching the rock, before the river had brought its burden quite to that point; it was very near, however. The gleam of colour in the midst of the foam made by the little red frock, was all she could see—and it was within a few yards of her, as she sprang without hesitation into the stream, and struck out boldly towards it. For a few minutes she struggled on, gasping, toiling against the fierce current, weighed down by her clinging garments, and half blinded by the spray dashing over the stones. She felt almost in despair, and it seemed to her quite like a miracle, when just as the sinking child was being borne past her, she was able with a sudden effort to catch hold of his clothes, and then exerting all her fast-failing strength, she succeeded in dragging both herself and him on to the rock, where she sunk down exhausted, half in and half out of the water. For some little time she remained thus, grasping the child tightly with one hand, while she maintained herself in her perilous position with the other; but gradually she rallied from the almost overpowering effect of her great exertions, and crawling along the slippery rock she gained the river-bank with her burden, and soon found herself once more on the path she had so abruptly quitted. Then for the first time she was able to look at the child, and she saw with dismay that his eyes were closed, and he was quite insensible, if not dead. She glanced wildly round for help, and perceived with infinite satisfaction that the boy who had been tending the cattle in the field at some little distance, had seen the accident, and was now making his way towards her. She told him hurriedly, as soon as he reached her, that he must run for the doctor as fast as he could, and asked him if he knew where the child's parents lived.

"Sure and I do; it's little gipsy Edwards," he answered; "they lives up yonder, all by theirselves;" and he pointed to the lonely house Una had noticed as she came along.

"Then I will take the child there, and you must go and bring the doctor. Tell him Miss Dysart sent you. You know where Dr. Burton lives, I suppose?"

"A babby might know that," said the boy, who was a somewhat uncouth specimen of the British peasant; "but will you mind the cows, whiles I be gone?"

"Never mind the cows," said Una, laughing, in spite of her anxiety about the child; "I will pay you well, only go quickly."

This assurance reached even the remote gleams of intelligence which were existent somewhere within the lad's thick skull, and he started off at once in the direction of Valehead.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XI. CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.

Chapter to be read—Luke xv.

INTRODUCTION. (Read 1—3.) Remind of the circumstances of the last lesson—a crowd gathered on sea-shore; Christ pointing to sower, &c. Now again a crowd—of whom composed? Explain that publicans were tax-gatherers, noted for extortion; hence, John the Baptist's rebuke (Luke iii. 12); mostly rich, but of bad repute: these open, notorious sinners now gathered together. Who made objections, and why? What standard of morality did Christ set up? Remind of lesson on Sermon on Mount; yet professing to be so pure, Christ sat down with open sinners. Why? Ask His mission; the meaning of His name Jesus. Who require salvation? Remind of parable of Pharisee and Publican praying (Luke xviii. 11). Which, then, were those Christ came to save?

I. SOMETHING LOST. (Read ver. 4, 8, 12—19.) Point out that in all the parables something was lost. What was the difference? one out of one hundred, ten, two. Show the different ways in which they were lost. (*a*) Do sheep know any better than to stray after food, &c., which may appear tempting? Then whom do they resemble? Show how the hundred sheep are like the masses of heathen who have not heard of Christ. Remind how all are called God's sheep because made by Him (Ps. c. 3), though may not recognise Him as Shepherd. (John x. 16). Become lost when err from His ways, go after lusts and pleasures of this world, &c. What do they lose? Show from the analogy of a sheep-fold that they lose the loving care, guidance, heavenly food and drink (John iv. 10, vi. 56) given by the Good Shepherd. (*b*) Then ask about the piece of money. What is a coin? Whose image does it bear, and of what use is it? Who lost this coin, and how? Show that, as result of this carelessness, the image of king would be defaced, and the coin itself be useless. Ask in whose image man was originally made (Gen. i. 26); how has he lost it? Show that, like tarnished coins, sometimes man so defaced by sin as to have lost all likeness to God. Whose fault is this? Suppose parents do not train

up children in fear of God, whose fault is it if lost? Remind of duty of all to let light shine before men; to influence others for good, lest their fall be laid to our charge (Matt. xviii. 7). (*c*) From the third parable, show the son of own free will deliberately leaving father, home, happiness, in search of own pleasures; describe his gradually falling into want; a stranger in strange land; his false friends leaving him when money spent; in danger of starving; thankful for most menial employment. Show the misery of a sinner; left the love and favour of God for things which can give no lasting happiness. Remind of Rich Fool, and Dives in parable. Show how riches and earthly favour and bodily pleasures can give no lasting satisfaction. Such a man by his own fault lost.

II. THE SEARCH. (Read ver. 4, 8, 18—20.) Again show the difference in the parables. (*a*) The shepherd, missing his sheep, going in search. Ask for texts about the love of Christ in leaving heaven to come and seek us. Let the children note the greatness of sin which needed, and of love which prompted, such salvation. (*b*) The woman lighting the candle, searching nooks and corners. Show the resemblance to the Church of Christ alive to her duty, by means of God's Word (Ps. cxix. 105) searching for lost souls: make this practical by showing how children may try and bring back any over whom they have had bad influence. Let all example and influence be now for Christ, so may have reward of those who win souls (Dan. xii. 3). (*c*) In the Prodigal Son. Show how God as Father was watching for signs of returning life—was looking out for son; before son had time for full confession the Father was kissing him, and treating him as a son once more. Let children learn how God is eager for them to turn to Him; how He marks each step; but let them note His requirements—heart-felt confession and true repentance (1 John i. 9). For examples of such, remind of David (Ps. li. 1—3), Peter, and others.

III. THE LOST FOUND. (Read 5—7, 10, 22—32.) Picture out (from the well-known picture) the sheep found, faint, bleeding, laid on shoulders, brought home, once more safe in the fold; the joy of all. Also the coin found at last, the dirt rubbed off, again put in circulation. Ask when will be safe for ever—no more go out, no more dangers—enemies, &c.; but not to be idle—have to serve God, be useful (Rev. xxii. 3); but will always wear renewed image of King—*i.e.*, be like Him (1 John iii. 2). Show how angels (like real friends) interested in all that concerns Christ—share His joy at conversion of a sinner, as did His return to heaven (Ps. lxviii. 18). Turning to third parable, ask who disliked the merry-makings, and why? Notice his boast of perpetual obedience; was it likely to be true? What was his feeling? Show what a deadly sin this envy; remind of its leading the chief priests to desire Christ's death. From ver. 1, 2 show who were meant by Christ in description of elder brother. For their privileges, see Rom. ix. 4, 5, yet jealous of favour to Gentiles. Point out the Father entreating the elder son, as Christ yearned over Jerusalem (Matt. xxiii. 37).

PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *God's call to sinners.* Ask who were saved in each case; so must realise our lost state, or else cannot be saved. If puffed up with idea of our goodness, &c., are not in state to receive salvation. Right state is that of blind man, "Jesus, master, have mercy." (2) *God's love to sinners.* Show how in each case search was continued till thing found. So God will not leave alone; He able, ready, willing to forgive all who come to Him. (3) *God's joy for sinners.* All restored to previous condition before fell. Place in fold; of use to King; home in Father's house. Surely will make us more anxious about our salvation.

Questions to be answered.

1. For whom were these three parables spoken, and on what occasion?
2. Point out the different ways in which the three were lost.
3. What is meant by the piece of money? Show the resemblance.
4. Describe the state of the prodigal. How is it a picture of a sinner?
5. What does the parable teach as to the angels?
6. What are the three practical lessons to be learned?

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

VIII.—CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

ONE of the old Saxon commentators on the Holy Scriptures, in referring to the passage, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall be found after many days," ventures to suggest as a meaning—"Give succour to poor and afflicted seamen." Whatever may be the conclusions of critical Biblical expositors, there can be no doubt that the pious annotator was right in a true—that is, in a spiritual interpretation of the text.

Should it be necessary to appeal twice to the English nation—which has, as it were, a savour of sea-salt in its very blood—to hold out a helping hand for those who, having struggled to keep our dominion by carrying the flag of British commerce all round the world, are themselves flung ashore,

weak, old, and helpless, dependent on the goodwill of their countrymen to take them into some quiet harbour, where they may, as it were, be laid up in ordinary and undergo some sort of repairs, even though they should never again be able to go a voyage? It is with feelings of something like regret that an average Englishman sees the old hull of a sea-going boat lie neglected and uncared for on the beach. Not without a pang can we witness the breaking up of some stout old ship no longer seaworthy. Yet, unhappily, we have hitherto given scant attention to the needs of those old and infirm seamen, who having for many years contributed out of their wages to the funds of the Naval Hospital at Greenwich, and having been again mulcted of some subscriptions which were to have been specially devoted to found an asylum for themselves, are left with little to look forward to but the workhouse ward when, crippled, sick, or feeble with age, they could no longer tread the deck or crack a biscuit.

It is true that there are now hospitals or sick-asylums in connection with some of the sailors' homes at our seaports, and to the general hospitals any sailor can be admitted if he should be able to procure a letter from a governor. The 'tween decks of the *Dreadnought* no longer form the sole hospital for invalided merchant seamen in the Port of London; but even reckoning all that has been done for sailors, and fresh from a visit to that great building where three hundred hale and hearty seamen of the great mercantile navy find a home, we are left to wonder that so little has been accomplished for those old tars who, having lived for three score years or more, going to and fro upon the great deep, can find no certain anchorage, except within the walls of some union where they may at last succeed in claiming a settlement. Surely there is no figure which occupies a more prominent place in English history than that of the sailor—not the man-o'-war's man" only—but the merchant seaman, the descendant of those followers of the great old navigators who were called "merchant adventurers," and who practically founded for Great Britain new empires beyond the sea. In the poetry, the songs, the literature, the political records, the social chronicles, the domestic narratives of England, the sailor holds a place, and even at our holiday seasons, when our children cluster on the shingly shore or the far-stretching brown sands of the coast, we find still that we belong to a nation of which the sailor long stood as the chosen representative. Nay, in the midst of the life of a great city we cannot fail to be reminded of the daring and the enterprise which has helped to make London what it is.

The poet, who, standing on the bridge at midnight, and listening to the chime of the hour, found his imagination occupied with serious images and his memory with solemn recollections, would have been no less moved to profound contemplation had he been a temporary occupant of one of the great structures that span the silent highway of the Thames. There is something in the flow of a broad and rapid stream which has a peculiar association with thoughts of the struggle and toil of human life, and as we look on the ever-moving tide, we ask ourselves what have we done for the brave old toilworn men who, having seen the wonders of the great deep for so many years, and who have brought so much to us that we can scarcely speak of food or drink without some reminder of their toilsome lives and long voyages? Well, a little has been done,—very little when we reflect how much yet remains to be accomplished; and yet much, regarded as a fair opportunity for doing a great deal more. I have already recounted some part of the sad story of what a provident Government did when it thought to undertake the affairs of poor improvident Jack. How it collected his money, and neglected to give him the benefit of the enforced subscription; how it administered and laid claim to his poor little effects and arrears of pay, if he died abroad and nobody came forward to establish a right to them; how it demanded additional contributions from his monthly wages, in order to show him how to establish a relief fund; and how somehow the scheme went "by the board" (of Trade), and the balance of the money was lost in the gulf of the estimates.

As long ago as 1860 it became clear to a number of leading merchants, shipowners, and officers of the mercantile marine that nothing was to be looked for from the State when the subject of making an effort to provide for aged and infirm sailors was again urgently brought forward; but it was determined to make a definite movement, and "The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society," which had then 40,000 officers and seamen among its subscribers, was appealed to as a body having the power to form the required association.

It was not till 1867, however, that the actual work of providing an asylum for old sailors was commenced. The society had then put down the sum of £5,000 as a good beginning, a committee had been appointed, of which the late honoured Paymaster Francis Lean was the indefatigable honorary secretary, and Captain Thomas Tribe the secretary, while the list of patrons, presidents, vice-presidents, and supporters included many eminent noblemen and gentlemen who took a true interest in the undertaking.

Several public meetings were held, and "a pension and widows' fund" was first established. Then the committee began to look about them for a suitable house in which to begin their real

business, and had their attention directed to a large building at that time for sale, situated on the breezy height above Erith, and formerly well known as the residence of Sir Culling Eardley, who had named it Belvidere. The property, including twenty-three acres of surrounding land, cost £12,148, and £5,000 having already been subscribed, the balance of £7,148 was borrowed at five per cent. interest. Not till the 5th of May, 1866, however, was the institution inaugurated and handed over to a committee of management.

It is admirably suggestive of its present occupation, this fine roomy old mansion, standing on the sheltered side, but near the top, of the lofty eminence, whence such a magnificent view may be obtained, not only of the surrounding country, but of the mighty river where it widens and rushes towards the sea. Here on the broad sloping green, where the tall flagstaff with its rigging supports the Union Jack, the old fellows stroll in the sun or look out with a knowing weather-eye towards the shipping going down stream, or sit to smoke and gossip on the bench beneath their spreading tree opposite the great cedar, while the cow of the institution chews the cud with a serious look, as though it had someway caught the thoughtful expression that characterises "turning a quid." A hundred infirm sailors, each of whom is more than sixty years old, are serenely at their moorings in that spacious square-built house, where the long wards are divided into cabins, each with its neat furniture, and many of them ornamented with the curious nick-nacks, and strange waifs and strays of former voyages which sailors like to have about them. There is of course a sick-ward, where those who are permanently disabled, or are suffering from illness, receive medical attention and a special diet; but the majority of the inmates are comparatively hearty still, though they are disabled, and can no longer "hand reef and steer."

There are a hundred inmates in this admirable asylum, and ninety pensioners who are with their friends at the various outports of the kingdom, each receiving a pension of £1 a month, called the "Mariners' National Pension Fund," the working management of which, with the "Widows' Annuity Fund," is made over to the "Shipwrecked Mariners' Society."

A hundred and ninety worn-out and disabled seamen now provided for or assisted, and a total of 290 relieved since the opening of the institution. A good and noble work truly. But can it be called by so great a name as *National*, when we know how large a number of old sailors are yet homeless, and that at the last election there were 153 candidates who could not be assisted because of the want of funds to relieve their distress? Looking at the number of men (2,000 to 5,000) lost at sea or by shipwreck every year, and at the inquiry which has been made, through the efforts of Mr. Plimsoll and others, with respect to the conditions under which the service of the mercantile marine of this country is carried on, is it not a reproach to us that during the eighteen years since this institution was founded, so little has been done? Year by year it has been hoped that the Board of Trade would relinquish its claim to take possession of the effects of sailors dying abroad, and would transfer the £1,200 a year represented by this property to the funds of the society, but hitherto the committee have waited in vain. The donations from all sources are comparatively few; and though the annual subscriptions are numerous, they are rapidly absorbed.

Many masters, mates, seamen, engineers and firemen pay to this institution a subscription of five shillings a year, for which they have a vote at each annual election; or any such subscriber may leave his votes to accumulate for his own benefit when he shall have reached the age of sixty years, and becomes a candidate for admission.

One-fifth of the candidates admitted are nominated by the committee on the ground of their necessities or special claims to the benefit of the charity, while general subscribers or donors have privileges of election according to the amount contributed. Perhaps one of the most touching records of the subscription list is, that not only did the cadets of the mercantile training-ship *Worcester* contribute something like £100 in the last official year, but that the little fellows on board the union training-ship *Goliath* lying off Grays, have joined their officers and their commander, Captain Bourchier, to send four offerings to the aid of the ancient mariners, of whom they are the very latest representatives. On many a good ship these small collections are made for the same object, and at the Sailors' Home in Well Street there is a box for stray contributions; but much more has yet to be done. Perhaps it is far to go to see this great house on the hill, but most of us have caught a glimpse of its tall towers and its flagstaff in our excursions down the silent highway of London's river, and it might be well to think how little effort is required to give to each cabin its inmate, and to fill the dining-room with tables, each with its "mess" of six or eight old salts, who are ready to greet you heartily if you pay them a visit, and to salute you with a grave seamanlike respect. Would you like to know how this rare old crew lives in the big house under the lee of the wind-blown hill? To begin with, the men who are not invalids turn out at eight in winter and half-past seven in summer, and after making beds and having a good wash, go down to prayers and breakfast at nine or half-past

eight, breakfast consisting of coffee or cocoa and bread-and-butter. At ten o'clock the ward-men, who are appointed in rotation, go to clean wards and make all tidy, each inmate being, however, responsible for the neatness of his own cabin, in which nobody is allowed to drive nails in bulkheads or walls, and no cutting or carving of woodwork is permitted. The men not for the time employed in tidying up or airing bedding, &c., can, if they choose, go into the industrial ward, where they can work at several occupations for their own profit, as they are only charged for cost of materials. Dinner is served in the several messes by the appointed messmen at one o'clock, and consists on Sundays of roast beef, vegetables, and plum-pudding, and on weekdays of roast or boiled meat, soup, vegetables, with one day a week salt fish, onions, potatoes, and plain suet-pudding, and in summer an occasional salad. A pint of beer is allowed for each man. The afternoon may be devoted either to work, or to recreation in the reading and smoking rooms, or in the grounds. Tea and bread-and-butter are served at half past five in summer and at six in winter, and there is often a supper of bread-and-cheese and watercresses or radishes. The evening is devoted to recreation, and at half-past nine in winter, and ten in summer, after prayers, lights are put out, and every one retires for the night. None of the inmates are expected to work in the industrial wards, and of course there are various servants and attendants, all of whom are chosen by preference from the families of sailors, or have themselves been at sea. The whole place is kept so orderly, and everything is so ship-shape, that there is neither waste nor confusion, and yet every man there is at liberty to go in and out when he pleases, on condition of being in at meal-times, and at the time for evening prayers, any one desiring to remain away being required to ask permission of the manager. It must be mentioned, too, that there is an allowance of ninepence a week spending money for each inmate.

The men are comfortably clothed, in a decent sailorly fashion, and many of the old fellows have still the bright, alert, active look that belongs to the "smart hands," among whom some of them were reckoned nearly half a century ago. The most ancient of these ancient mariners at the time of my first visit was ninety-two years old, and it so happened that I saw him on his birthday. He came up the broad flight of stairs to speak to me, with a foot that had not lost all its lightness, while the eye that was left to him (he had lost one by accident twenty years before) was as bright and open as a sailor's should be. This is a long time ago, and William Coverdale (that was his name) has probably gone to his rest. Significantly enough, the oldest representative of the last muster-roll was James Nelson, a master mariner of Downpatrick, eighty-five years of age; while bo's'n Blanchard is eighty-one; able seaman John Hall, eighty; William Terry (A.B.), eighty-two, and masters, mates, quartermasters, cooks, and stewards range over seventy. With many of them this is the incurable disability that keeps them ashore; the sort of complaint which is common to sailors and landsmen alike if they live long enough—that of old age. It will come one day, let us hope, to the young Prince, whom we may regard as the Royal representative of the English liking for the sea. For the asylum for old and infirm sailors at Greenhithe has not been called Belvidere for some years now. Prince Alfred went to look at it one day, and asked leave to become its patron, since which it has been called "The Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution"—rather a long name, but then it ought to mean so much.

BLIND BIDDY'S STORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES, AUTHOR OF "PENELOPE," "LETTIE DEAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"PEOPLE talk of poverty coming in the way of living to God; but it was not so with my mother. The more her trouble seemed to thicken, the more she leant on the one strong Friend who could not fail her. Her love towards God was so great that she saw good in everything that happened, and would smile through her tears and work on hopefully. While we young ones were disposed to doubt and complain, she would cheer and soothe us, and rouse herself to fresh exertion and self-denial, saying sometimes, 'Children, we are but schoolboys and girls, grumbling over the hard lessons we have to learn. We do not see now how needful they are for us; and if we only set to work bravely to learn them, the difficulties will disappear. If, too, we trust our Master that He would give us nothing needless, but that each task is helping to fit us for the life before us.'

"The day I left for London was one of the mild spring days early in March. A few gillyflowers and spring-flowers were peeping out in our garden. The birds were singing as I passed down the walk to the carrier's cart by which I was to travel, to save coach-hire. They all followed me weeping, save Ralph, who tried hard to be the man. Poor father's face—I

can see it now—it was so sad. It was the first break-up in our family, and it seemed like tearing away a limb from a whole body.

"The carrier was a kind of cousin of my father's, and he was very good to me, and made me a bed in the wagon, of hay, and his coats, and brought me hot coffee and toast from the houses we stopped at by the way. We travelled all night, and it was cold and weary work; and when at last we reached London, I had a racking headache, and felt altogether very wretchedly ill. This did not help to make things look pleasanter, and I thought London the most horribly dirty place imaginable. My aunt was waiting at the inn where the carrier stopped. She was a sickly, rather sad-looking person, neat in her dress, but very silent.

"'Thank God you're safe, Biddy!' she said, as she helped me out of the cart. 'It's a dreadful journey for you; but you've got a brave heart, I hope.'

"'Yes, aunt,' I said, faintly; 'but is this London?'

"'Ay, child, it is, and likely enough you think it not over-sweet and pleasant; but it matters little where we live if we have got rest in our hearts, Biddy, and a contented mind.'

"'No, aunt,' I said in a choked voice, for I could scarcely keep down my tears; and I gathered my clean skirts round me, lest they should brush against the dirty women that passed me on the pavement, and I sighed as smuts fell on my blue bonnet-strings, and on my clean collar. My Aunt Elizabeth lived, like most poor people in London, in one room of a house that had once been inhabited by gentry, but was now let off in separate rooms to many poor families. As we went in, there were dirty children playing on the stairs, and bad smells coming from the rooms; and I shrank from the walls on either side, lest they should soil my clothes. I felt almost angry, and sick with disgust at the slatternliness and dirt and withal the finery of the people whom my aunt greeted as neighbours—I who had been brought up to think dirt and untidiness to be vices!

"The room was the third floor front, and there were several pots of nasturtiums, now yellow and drooping, outside. The room itself appeared to my dainty eyes very uninviting, and I had no sooner looked round it than I dropped into the nearest chair and burst out crying.

"'Poor child,' my aunt said, 'you're overtired. Come, take off your bonnet, and have a cup of tea. It's all strange to you at first, and London's not over-pleasant to look at, but there are hard lessons to be learnt all through life, and better to begin and learn them young. This place don't look like your mother's pleasant kitchen, but it's cleaner than it looks, and I've spent many happy hours in it, and I'll do all I can to make you happy too.'

"Happy!—why, it sounded to me mere mockery to suppose any one could be happy in such a place. I tried to smile, and thank my aunt, but as I did so I looked once more round the room and saw, as I thought, its wretchedness. One little low room, smoky, and with a dirty paper upon the walls; a bed in the corner, with dusky-looking coverlet and curtains; signs of cooking and even washing being done in this one little room—for a line hung across it, and a few clothes upon it. How different they looked to the snowy white linen our mother took such pride in!

"'Oh, mother—mother!' I said, and panted for breath, for the room felt close, and I could scarcely breathe; "'oh, mother—mother! what shall I do?'

"'Biddy, Biddy, thy mother would bid thee take a brave heart with you. It's a bad look-out indeed if you're home-sick already.'

"At these words of my aunt I did indeed feel ashamed of myself, and tried to help her get the tea, after which I did a little ironing, though I longed to wash the clothes again, and bleach them on the common." (*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

224. How frequently is "faith" defined in Holy Scripture?

225. How many times is it recorded that St. Paul used the words, "Be not weary in well doing?"

226. That St. Peter was married is incidentally mentioned both by St. Matthew and St. Paul. Give chapter and verse.

227. We read in the Apocalypse, "He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." Our Lord and Moses also gave expression to the same law. Quote the passages.

228. "And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did." Who were the people referred to?

229. On what does St. Paul base his argument for a general resurrection?

230. Mention two occasions when the Lord appeared to refuse to accede to the requests made to Him, but afterwards yielded.

231. Name several occasions, as recorded by St. John, when our Lord's words were taken *literally* by His hearers, and consequently were misunderstood by them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.

208. 1, The raising of Jairus's daughter (Mark v. 22—37); 2, at the transfiguration (Matt. xvii. 1, 2); 3, in the garden of Gethsemane (Mark xiv. 32, 33).

209. "The Feast of Ingathering" (Exod. xxiii. 16; xxxiv. 22), which lasted seven days (Deut. xvi. 13).

210. See James i. 12; Rev. ii. 10.

211. Tirhakah. See 2 Kings xix. 9; Isa. xxxvii. 9.

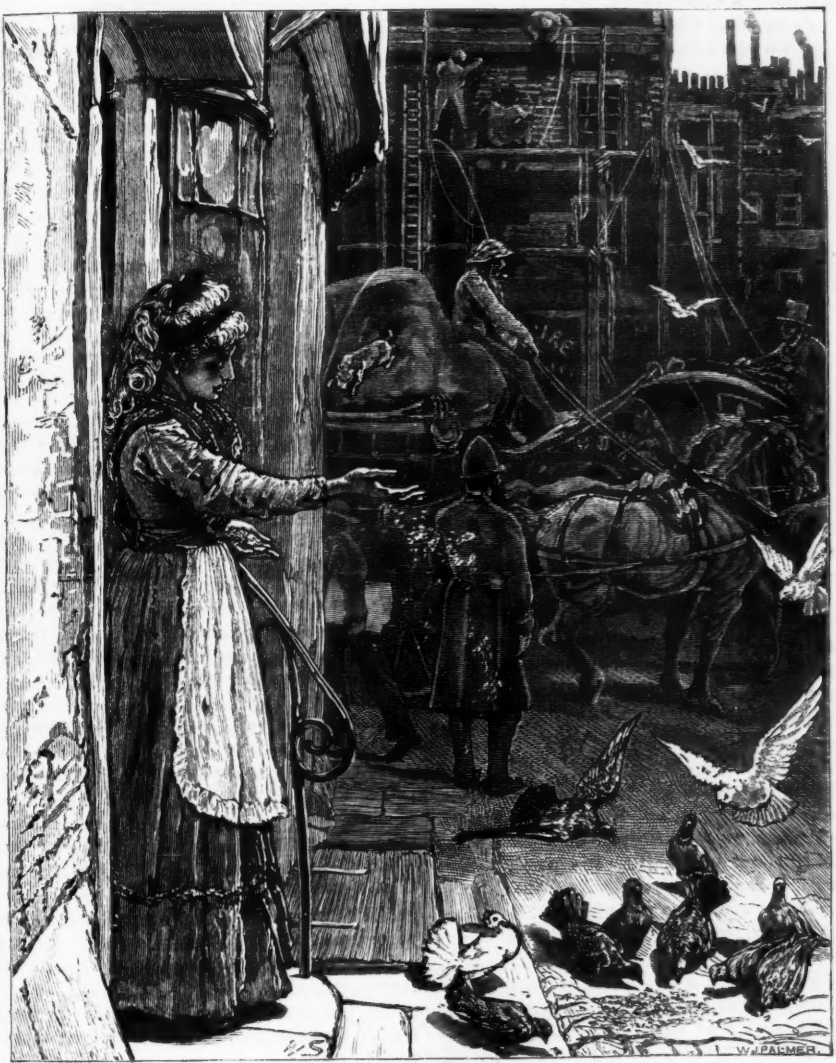
212. Gen. xxviii. 18.

213. St. Mark (iii. 21).

214. Two. See Matt. xi. 2—6; Luke vii. 18—23.

215. Matt. xv. 1; Mark iii. 2; vii. 1.

216. See John ii. 14—18.



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

STREET PIGEONS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

IN muddy ways, midst hurrying feet,
Who loves a homely sight
May mark how pigeons haunt the street,
And learn midst his delight.

Fragments of brighter worlds they bring
To us who little reck;
A myriad sun-tints bar their wing,
A rainbow rounds their neck.

When crushing wheels or trampling hoof
Approach, they flit aside,
And puff an ampler crop aloof,
And coo with conscious pride.

Bred in a noxious court, they cheer
Some heart athirst for love,
As tumbling o'er in swift career
Through airy rings they rove.

O happy birds! we hasten by,
Oppressed with careful thought;
You with bright mien and sparkling eye
Before our ken are brought.

Thus kindly nature would allay
Our baser moods, and teach
A simpler bliss, a calmer way
Of life is in our reach;—

Would often bid us beauty see
In common guise enshrined,
And hint, whate'er our station be,
Some winged thoughts we may find.

And now the pigeons rise, and coy,
Seek a less bustling nook,
Types that the world holds fleeting joy,
When men no higher look.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

STEPHEN BOWDEN AND HIS REFLECTION.

HE was a handsome man, not very young—some two or three and thirty perhaps, and he looked and felt older. A barrister by profession, and one who had already made his mark, though, refusing to take chambers in the Temple, he still lived on in his little rooms on the ground floor in Cocke Court (which, however, was only a stone's throw off), leading the quiet life he liked best. In spite of his success, he felt disappointed in his profession, as men sometimes do when they are brought face to face with its realities, so he supplemented it with his books, and now and then he wrote a little. He had made his mark in literature too, and was known as the author of one or two articles not likely to be forgotten. A clever man was Stephen Bowden, and recognised as one; educated and thoughtful and discriminating,—something of a dreamer perhaps, yet more of a thinker, and—for it is that which brings him before us—dear beyond all measure to the heart of Margaret Ashbury. He had known Herbert Ashbury for years, and now they lived in adjoining rooms, yet they were never violently intimate. There were strong, good points in Herbert, though he was always rather a reflection of his friend's greater mind than the possessor of a distinct individuality of his own, and there is no real depth in a reflection at any time. He was a good son and a good brother; had worked hard to prepare himself for his profession, and out of the slender means he had to do so, contrived to save a sum of money which, partly from kindness and partly in the hope of gain, he lent to his uncle; but he was aware of his own virtues. He was a man who did not shirk his own acquaintanceship; he knew precisely what he could and what he could not do, neither under nor over rating himself, forgetting that his very knowledge of his own strength proved its limit. He was not conceited or arrogant, but he felt a little superior to the general run of mortals; he had no vices, he indulged in but few follies, his tastes were rather elevated, and he knew it, and felt elevated in consequence. Books and study he delighted in, and he was capable of thoroughly appreciating those whom he recognised as greater than himself; but on the other hand he was apt to feel slightly contemptuous towards those whom he did not so recognise. He reverenced great thinkers, and might have been one himself, but for his conscious endeavour to be one, and his everlasting analysis of his own progress;—he was a man who was a dreamer in his way, and loved to contemplate the heights others had gained, wondering if he also might not reach them. He worked hard at his profession, yet in his quiet moments he thought of greater aims and ends, which he never quite defined to himself, yet which he might have attained if he had not sunned himself in an imaginary consummation till he learnt to shirk the labour which realisation would involve. But all this concerned only his inner life; we all live two—the one to ourselves, the other to the world; and in his outer one he was a persevering, studious young man, with a rather contemptuous manner, and a knack of making himself coldly admired rather than warmly liked.

The two men liked each other; the one saw the good in the other, and tried to expand it; the other tried to rest on his friend's stronger character, and strengthen his own by it; and between the two there was this link which must ever be felt as one, not merely old acquaintance, but the knowledge of the estimation in which each was held by the other.

Margaret Ashbury had known her cousin's friend for about two years, and though, excepting Hetty Ashbury, no one had the slightest idea of it, was engaged to be married to him. How it had hap-

pened, and why she liked him, is perhaps best told as she herself related it to Hetty, the only person to whom she could have spoken absolutely without reserve.

"You know, Hetty," she said, "we were not very good friends for a long time; I do not think we even liked each other, but we had between us, and felt it between us from the first, that link which, it seems to me, is a stronger one between two human beings even than love—sympathy. Have you not often felt the want of it even in those you love best,—felt that, though you lived your lives together, yet at the end of them you would still be strangers? I have, and when we have met and talked of the little incidents of everyday life, we have finished with each other, and after that we search about in our minds for something to say, and each gets dull and fagged. You cannot, you do not know why, creep into each other's world,—no, not by any means whatever, though you are together for years, so you each play a part to the other, while a sort of second self seems to look on and wonder. Stephen Bowden and I always understood each other, we entered into each other's ideas, and had no want of faith in each other's comprehension, though he is much cleverer than I——"

"Oh no," said Hetty, that excitable, euthusiastic Hetty.

"Yes, he is, dear," she went on musingly, as they sat, those two girls, over the fire on that quiet evening; "and I am thankful that he is—not that that is saying much for him—but still I can understand him, and follow him, far off, yet sympathetic, and thus the simplest woman and the cleverest man may tread the same path together, as a leaf and a branch may float down the same stream. He never forgets too that even if a woman has not studied a subject, she is generally quick enough to grasp it from some point of view, and now and then possibly from a fresh one. So we were always excellent companions—such as Herbert and I, cousins though we are, have never been, though we have many tastes in common, or as Harry Campbell and I should never be though we have known each other all our lives——"

"Why?" asked Hetty, breathlessly.

"Because, though we thoroughly like each other, there is no sympathy between us. He never enters into my world, and—dear good kind boy that he is—he has no world of his own, but clings to the surface of other people's, and so he fritters away his life. It was so different with Stephen," she said again, with quiet satisfaction in her voice. "He has understanding and appreciation of every one, and he is so perfectly self-unconscious. He is always interested in others, or in the thing he is doing, or in the book he is reading, or whatever it may be, but he never seems to think of himself, never forces himself on you, or seems to remember his own individual existence, and if he asks for your sympathy it is for what he is doing or thinking, not for himself. It was all this won me, Hetty—this and his truthfulness and uprightness, and all those good qualities, without which no nature could be great; but I never even dreamt of his caring for me, and when one day he told me that he did——"

"What did he say?" asked Hetty, girl-like.

"I am not sure that I can remember, but I could not tell you if I did," she answered; "I do not think any girl could tell what the man she really cared for said to her, any more than she could show his letters. I could not. It would seem like taking the edge off its sweetness."

"But why do you keep the engagement a secret?" It was only a month before she changed the design of her picture, that Margaret took Hetty into her confidence.

"That you mustn't ask me, dear," she answered; "you must be content to keep my secret without knowing why it is one."

"Do you ever quarrel?" she asked next; "I fancied that you were not friends the other day."

"We very often quarrel," Margaret laughed gaily, with one of her sudden transitions of moods. "It's so absurd too, he is always fancying he is too old and grave for me, though he is only two or three and thirty, and after a quarrel, or during one, always thinks I repent the engagement, and offers to release me; and then I get my pride up too, and think he is cold, when he is only proud, or that, perhaps, I fall short and disappoint him, and altogether I wonder it is not broken off, and sometimes fear it will be in one of these ridiculous squabbles; it would have been before this but for the knowledge of each other which underlies everything we may say or do."

"Do you care for him very much, Maggie—I mean very, *very* much?"

The girl hesitated a moment, then flushed, but answered fearlessly enough in her sweet calm voice, "Yes, Hetty dear, very much. I am not ashamed of it," she added, as if to excuse the colour in her face, "I should be more ashamed if I did *not* care for him;" then she laughed again. "I wonder if you will ever fall very deeply in love, you dear little dimpled Hetty. I am always telling Harry what a dear little wife you would make," and she put on that amusing air of patronage engaged girls and young married women love to assume.

"I believe he likes you——" Hetty began.

"That's what Stephen persists in," Margaret interrupted, impatiently, "and it makes me so angry! and I refuse to change my manner towards him, it is a lifetime old; why it might change his feeling towards me if I did, or make him think I'd changed mine towards him. We are, and always have been just like brother and sister."

"I understand you, Maggie," Hetty answered; "I always think I do somehow," she added thoughtfully; "though," she went on in an injured tone,

"Herbert thinks I know nothing, and think of nothing, because I laugh and amuse myself with trifles; but that is not a sign——"

"No," laughed Margaret, "a brook tosses and froths and plays over a trifling ridge or stone, and it might be called a sign of its shallowness; but the waves toss and frolic too, and yet the great sea flows beneath their playing—no, little goose, it is no sign at all;" and she rose and lit the lamp and pulled down the blinds, and the twilight in which Margaret had told Hetty her love-story was over.

(*To be continued.*)

"STRENGTHEN THE THINGS THAT REMAIN."

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God."—Rev. iii. 2.

DIVERSE indeed were the addresses and appeals of the Spirit to the seven churches of Asia. According to the circumstances of each was each addressed. Some were commended and some were blamed; and both praise and blame were mingled in the address to others. The worst of all the seven was the Church of Laodicea, provoking nausea and loathing contempt on the part of the offended Spirit of God—"I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. iii. 16). The next in order, just a shade better than the worst, was the Church of Sardis, to which the words of admonition contained in our text were addressed. The Church of Sardis was a backsliding church, gone back from God. It still retained its name, but nothing more—"Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." To this church, under these circumstances, is the counsel given—"Strengthen the things that remain." This counsel is addressed to the Church as a body, and to its members individually; and as addressed to each, the words have their own deep meaning and significance respectively.

First of all, this counsel involves that the Church of Sardis should make diligent inquiry as to its spiritual condition, and take stock of its state before God. The result would be to show that, if its liabilities are great, its assets are small; that its stock is run down, and the working spirit and strength of the church reduced accordingly. Certainly a ray of hope is let in upon this dark and dismal state of things—the Church still retained its "name," and even that was something. If a business be suspended, and a firm become bankrupt, and its stock reduced to almost nothing; yet if the "name" is still kept on, it may be worth something, as carrying with it the good-will of the house, and securing what remains of its former self. But besides this, there was another *residuum*, as the basis of future promise—"Thou hast a few names *even* in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments" (iii. 4). It must, indeed, have been a degenerate church, when "*even in Sardis*" there were found any righteous men at all; yet these are among "the things that remain," and serve as a ground of hope. The Lord's people are always and in every place but a "few;" as a "little flock" they are always capable of being numbered. Sardis was like Sodom, dependent on the few to save the city. How many or how few these "few" might be, I know not; but they would seem to be numbered; and the fifty righteous, or the lack of five of the fifty righteous, or the forty, or thirty, or even the "ten righteous," have much to do with a church's acceptance before God. Indeed, the New Testament seems to be, in this respect, more merciful than the Old, for the Gospel promise is that "wheresoever *two* or *three* are gathered," Christ is there. The remnant may be small, but if it be sustained, and (better still) if it be "strengthened," it will be as the salt, preserving the body from corruption; and, if only for their sakes, God will not destroy that church.

But to the individual members of a church do these words also apply. What is each one's own individual state before God? Here is the occasion for self-examination; taking stock again, not of the body collectively, but of self individually. The spiritual decline of a church means the spiritual decline of its members. It is the circumstances of individuals that make up the aggregate results of communities. As the constituent parts of a building are strong or weak, the building itself will be strong or weak. So it comes to individual inquiry after all; and in each heart are the things of God, many or few. A backsliding church means a community of backsliding members, where the stock has run low, and it looks like suspension of business, and closing up altogether. To individuals, then, are these words addressed—"Strengthen the things that remain."

And there are two reasons for which this counsel is given: one of these may be found outside the text; the other is contained within it. The reasons are these:—

First, *because there is a promise to such.* Nor is this so much *outside* the text; for every command of God involves a promise. The commands of God, and His promises—His enabling promises—are ever side by side. To the man with the

withered hand Jesus said, "Stretch forth thy hand;" and with the command He gave the power also to obey it; and the man stretched forth that which was withered and dead, and which of course he could not have stretched forth but for the quickening power of Christ which he received. The promise that would be best adapted to this command to the Church of Sardis is, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench" (Matt. xii. 20). This is the comforting and enabling promise to all those who receive, and endeavour to obey, the command of the Spirit, "Strengthen the things that remain." A bruised branch or twig of a tree may be hanging by a single shred; through that shred runs a vein, bruised, but not yet broken; and through that vein runs the life-blood from the tree to that bruised branch. The husbandman might, perchance, in his impatience break off that bruised twig, and cast it away to perish and die. Not so Jesus; He will the rather bind up the bruise, and gently swathe it round, and tend it, till the bruised parts knit together again, and the wound is healed. The flax has been all a-glow, burning brightly; but the flame has gone down, and now there remains nought else but the smoke of the slumbering embers. Some rude foot, perchance, passing by that way will stamp out even this remaining sign of life. Not so Jesus; He sees that the smoking flax wants air and fuel; and He supplies the food, and breathes upon it with the breath of His Spirit, and the smoking flax is fanned again into a flame. Such is the promise that I would suggest as the companion to the command of our text, "Strengthen the things that remain."

Then a second reason is contained *within* the words of the text itself—"Strengthen the things that remain, *that are ready to die;*"—that is, "Strengthen the things that remain, because, otherwise, they will die." It is like the physician urging upon a stubborn patient—"If you do not eat, you will die." All waste and exhaustion, unreplenished, means in the long run, and ere long, death and cessation of action; as the apostle says, though speaking on quite another subject—"Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away" (Heb. viii. 13). How important then is this admonition, "Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die!" It is each man's own individual affair. No one else (save God) knows the measure of the decline of your spiritual state better than yourself. You, surely, must know it. Then turn the eye inwardly upon yourself. How fares it with the garrison of the soul? It still holds out, but with diminished forces—"the things that remain." Then pour in supplies, for these are as much needed for the soul as the commissariat and ammunition are needed by the army in the battle-field.

What then is our individual state? At what degree of cold or heat does the thermometer of the soul register our spiritual atmosphere? Are we up to the mark? Is our vigour increased or decreased? Have we asked ourselves the question? or do we care to make inquiry at all? Our hope, through grace, is in "the things that remain." The "few names" in Sardis mean, in our own individual selves, the few thoughts that we retain of God; the few prayers that now and then we offer; the few stray feelings and emotions that occasionally remind us that all sense of religion has not left us. These I would have you to "strengthen." Every man has some religion left in him; and the little religion we have renders us responsible. That "little," if only used aright, would increase, as the talents did, and be for ourselves and for God to rejoice in.

"The things that remain" are a capital to start from, afresh and anew. It may be a small beginning; but have not princely fortunes been made from small beginnings, by use, and thrift, and industry, and watchfulness? Keep then an eye upon yourself; institute inquiry at times; mark the ebb and flow, the rise and fall, of your spiritual tides; and all will be well. But close your eyes to your own best interests; neglect the gift that is in thee; bury thy talent out of thy sight; and woe is the day of such folly and neglect!

And these are the germ within the man, to be "strengthened" and developed, lest they diminish and die. All spiritual strength needs this replenishing, just as physical strength also does. The spirit of man is subject to wear and tear and loss, and it needs fresh food and fuel to feed it. And this is to be supplied from time to time, the "daily bread" and nourishment of the soul. All ordinances and means of grace are temporary, declining in force and fading in the power of their results. They must, therefore, be oft repeated and renewed. Filled to-day, I hunger to-morrow, and must be fed again; and thus the effect of means of grace doth also decline, and the soul must needs have more. Life is like a dark road, and the spiritual life is also dark at times. Along this darksome path are the street-lamps, not all clustered together, but placed at intervals; these are the ordinances and the means of grace. And after we have passed this lamp, its light gradually decreases and declines, and, lo! another lamp begins to grow upon the sight; and our shadows are reversed, as the old light fades and the new one nears to view. Far from the light, the rays are faint and feeble, and scarcely reach at all; yet are these rays "the things that remain." Let us draw nearer to the light, and we shall see all things plainly.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM, AUTHOR OF "WORDS OF HELP," ETC.

CRUELTY.

"HEAD over heels!—what a fall! Let us come down from the cliffs and see! 'Poor fellow,' you say? Well, I'm not quite certain of that. The donkey has thrown him in an awkward place—very. These broken pieces of rock on the beach are certainly not the softest pillows to fall on, though they have often a loose sea-weed covering which smooths over their rough angularities; but head first on to any of them is not a pleasant sensation at any rate. He is not stunned, though; he has picked himself up somehow, so he is not senseless, that's one thing.

"Well, young man, are you hurt very much? 'Shaken a little,' you say. No doubt, for you came down with a sharpish crack. 'Awkward, obstinate beast,' you say; 'you'll lay into him now.' Not exactly, my fine fellow, or we'll have you up at the police court. What's that on the poor beast's side? Why, it's blood! 'You only pinned him a bit,' you say, 'to make him go.' Pinned him! ay, yes, you did, and a detestable piece of cruelty you were guilty of. Why, the poor creature is pierced in more than half-a-dozen places! You ought to be richly ashamed of yourself, young man, and I hope the donkey proprietor will prosecute you. Perhaps then you would be bailed off, or only fined; for English law has not yet become a law of equity concerning cruelty. Come, come, it's no good your getting into a white heat of passion; you richly deserved your crack on the rocks, and you've got off a deal easier than the poor donkey has. 'Thick-skinned beasts, they don't feel,' you say. How would you like a pin stuck deep into your flesh, young man? and how can you tell what donkey-sensation is on the *other side* of the skin? 'You'll square up to me in a minute,' will you, 'if I don't hold my jaw!' Try it, my man. Cruel people are generally cowards, and though I'm a parson, as you say, I'm not altogether a coward; only I shouldn't trouble myself to battle with such as you, but simply ask my friend here to help me hand you over to the police. Be off with you! and think yourself lucky if you don't hear of the matter again.

"Now that coarse customer has gone, Martin, tell me what you think of the laws affecting cruelty in England. I fancy you are one of the pessimist legislators, and think law should do as little as it can, and be confined to as limited a sphere as possible. 'Certainly you do, and you think society must protect itself against adulteration and cruelty, and all that sort of thing; for if law becomes too paternal, society is weakened in its self-governing powers.' Oh! that's it, is it, Martin? And tell me how society is to protect itself in a case like this. It's all very well to advocate liberty of the subject, and all that sort of stuff; but who is to constitute the Nemesis to punish a fellow like that? Here you and I are quite powerless, unless we caned him ourselves, and took the consequences. The fact is that cruelty is on the increase in England, and something must be done to prevent it and to punish it. Now I wanted to talk to you about the loose ideas you have been giving vent to lately in certain of your papers and speeches, about the ultimate principles of liberty, and so forth. The 'let-alone' theory is one of the easiest to be eloquent about, but one of the most pernicious to apply. 'Oh! but we shall be everlastingly harassed and irritated if bumbledom and beadledom in general are to be increased. Shall we? I doubt that very much. I don't know why amateur artists should chalk heads on church doors, or why lively boys should produce elaborate etchings on Mr. Briggs's carriage gates, with the epigram, 'Briggs is a fool!' written underneath. Bumbledom may be laughed at for eccentric follies; but I prefer in such a case bumbledom to boys. I for one believe that we want some public prosecutors, especially for cruelty. The position, for instance, of women has been an old-world difficulty of philosophy, and it is so now. And as the law stands in its present ridiculosity, a man may give *suitable punishment* to his wife! Why, almost every newspaper contains heartrending accounts of wife-starving and wife-beating; and when the hideous tyrants by courtesy called husbands pound their wives into jellies, juries often pronounce it manslaughter only, and where death does not ensue, but only the loss of front teeth, with a broken arm and a fractured skull, then the punishment ranges from two to four months. And then think of the mass of cases which do not result in gross disfigurement, or in more fatal results—they scarcely come into our courts at all. Doubtless, drink does it, the root of the evil is there, but the fact remains that when done, theft of a *thing* is often punished ten times more seriously than cruelty to persons. If the law is not to be more active in this direction, do you think it is easier now than of old to step in between man and wife? Would *you* do that, Martin? 'Not exactly,' you say; 'but the everlasting intermeddling of law would be a greater evil than cruelty.' Would it indeed? You see, Martin, the cruelty is not tried on *you*, so you are scarcely a good expositor of the case. Then take the dumb animals. I know we have an admirable society for their protection in

such cases; but how slender are its resources, and how limited its range. It would be too much to suppose that ten per cent. of the actual cases come within its range. Here are over-driven underfed beasts of burden every day around us; here are coarse fellows jagging the bits of cart-horses with tender mouths; and here on these sea-side sands, day by day through the season, are these poor donkeys hacked and whacked and kicked, and nobody interferes. Look at the sights here daily! Why, even the poor *horses*, meekest and gentlest and most obedient of animals, become obstinate—as well they may do in this sad employ. Here at mid-day when the excursion trains come in, the streams of visitors pour down to the sands. A crowd of holiday-makers want amusement. Forthwith great heavy fellows, whose boots nearly touch the sands bestride these poor donkeys, and begin to belabour them with heavy sticks, and to hack their jaws as though they were made of leather, and Christian people laugh at the *fun* when the company of women with hats half-blown off, and men out for a holiday, gallop by shouting and screaming to each other. Why, if we saw such sights in some countries we should illustrate *heathendom* by them.

"There is another aspect of the case too. Public authority should stop beggars in cold piercing weather carrying out little children as mute appeals to the sympathy of the public. Dosed with laudanum, or schooled into obedience, these little ones shiver and die. But the entire subject wants full consideration. Why should we have a committee of Parliament on coals and not have a committee on cruelty? It would tell on rich and poor alike; on merciless pigeon-shooting and detestable steeple-chasing, and on wife-beating and cruelty to dumb animals in general. It's all very well, Martin, to say that this is my 'craze' just now, and that keeping one subject before the eye for too long a time shuts out others; but the difficulty in this England of ours, is to keep one subject before the public eye long enough to make us energetic and active enough about it: and then, to hinder all, we have gentlemen of ability like yourself depressing all efforts by your elaborate theses on the ultimate principles of liberty. The everybody-doing-as-they-like principle is likely enough to end in disaster some day. You cannot attend a court of justice, great or small, without noticing that there is a multitude whose motto, in cases of wife-beating is, 'One's as bad as the other,' and who hope the accused will get off. How these fellows who have half-murdered their wives wince and howl if they get the 'cat!' and how seldom they *do* get any such measures of justice at all! I tell you what, Martin, the path of England must be in the line of social regeneration, or else all other measures to ensure progress will be delusive and ineffective. These measures are all right enough and wise enough in their place; but we must not shut our eyes to the fact that inhumanity may continue to exist, and may develop in the most atrocious forms of cruelty, unless the public conscience is quickened to make cruelty of all sorts a heinous crime. I know law cannot touch the worst forms of cruelty—such as neglect and contumely, and inward heart-breakings; but it can and ought to be severe upon the rampant cruelties of the present day. 'We are not so bad,' you say, 'as in the old Coliseum and gladiator days of Rome.' Very likely not, my friend, but ONE has been born into the world since then, who has taught humanity that 'blessed are the merciful,' and whose ancient prophets declared that 'they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.' There is a reporter behind who has heard our Private and Confidential, but as there is nothing that reflects on you personally, my true and most kind-hearted friend, but only on your 'least possible' of law, we need not mind his reproduction of our talk. My only hope is that multitudes more will do their best to chide, to check, and punish cruelty whenever they have opportunity—for in a Christian sense every woman is our sister, every child is our own, and the cattle in a thousand streets are God's."

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

MARY OF NAZARETH.

"Blessed art thou among women!"—Luke i. 28.

BLEST among women, hail! We fear no shame
To mention thee with love and reverence meet,
Since the archangel from his bright retreat
Came down to breathe a blessing on thy name.
Imperfect were our roll of Christian fame,
Our women of the Bible, did not thou,
Whose lot it was above thy Christ to bow,
And teach His lips thy mother's name to frame,
Its ranks adorn. O blessèd, not above,
But womankind among; thy Babe adored
Brought joys unguessed, but brought the piercing sword
To chasten thy fond heart. Mistaken love
Hails thee Madonna. Our respect to prove
We name thee simply woman. Light and shade,
Just like our own, above thy pathway played,
Yet hovered over all Heaven's calm, peace-boding dove.

M. D.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SWENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVING done her best to secure the doctor's attendance, Una, burdened with the child, who lay a cold heavy weight in her arms, and impeded by her own wet, trailing garments, went on as quickly as she could to the cottage the boy had pointed out. The door was open, and she walked straight into a room, which even her first hurried glance showed her was singularly unlike, in all its arrangements, to similar apartments in the cottages she had already visited. Although the wide hearth was evidently used for cooking purposes, the remainder of the room was furnished and ornamented with a degree of meretricious luxury, which was strangely at variance with the appearance of the house and its size. Gaudy curtains hung on either side of the window, damask-covered sofas and chairs stood against the walls; gilt-framed pictures were placed around, and wherever there was a vacant corner it was filled up with great green boughs, evidently freshly cut, which made the whole place seem like a garden bower. Through an open door at one side, a little room could be seen, fitted up as a study with well-filled bookshelves on all sides, and a writing-table in the centre strewn with papers.

At the open window of the room Una had entered stood Ashtaroth, the gipsy wife of Edwards, engaged in stringing some glittering beads on a silken thread. She was a most striking-looking woman, both in her dress and personal appearance. Though splendidly handsome, with a richness of colouring which made the English girl look like a pale ghost beside her, she had an expression at once fierce and haughty on her scornful red lips and in her dark, flashing eyes. Her hair, of the most intense black, was gathered up in thick masses on the top of her head, and a ponderous gold arrow was thrust through it to keep it in its place. She wore a scarlet petticoat and purple jacket, both embroidered with gold, over a white garment, which was fastened at the throat with a jewel of some sparkling kind, and which had long hanging sleeves, revealing her brown arms covered with bracelets.

The moment Una's tired feet sounded within the room, Ashtaroth turned with a quickness of movement which showed that her hearing must have been singularly acute.

At once her glance fell upon the child; his head hanging over Una's arm, and showing, as his wet hair fell back, that his lips were blanched and his eyes closed. Uttering a wild piercing cry, the gipsy made one bound towards Miss Dysart, and literally tore the child from her hold, and pressed him frantically to her breast, exclaiming, "My boy! my treasure! he is dead—he is dead!" Then turning with an almost murderous look in her great black eyes upon Una, she exclaimed, "What have you done to him? If it is you that have killed him, I will strangle you where you stand."

"Why should I kill him?" said Una, quietly; "on the contrary, I have tried to save him. He fell into the river, and I swam out to him and caught him before he sank. He is not dead, I am nearly certain, for I could feel his heart beat as he lay in my arms; but unless we use means for his restoration at once, he is very likely to die. You are almost smothering him, and he needs air and warmth."

"Oh, save him! save him! I do not know what to do for him," said the woman impulsively. "Tell me how to restore him; I will do all you bid me, only don't let him die. My jewel! my Maurice!" and her chest heaved convulsively.

Una's prompt energy and good sense were at work in a moment.

"Get a blanket made hot to wrap him in, and some brandy, and I will take off his wet clothes. Lay him down on the sofa."

Ashtaroth obeyed without a word; and so quick and clever was she in all her proceedings, that in a very few minutes they had the child in a glow of heat, and Una was forcing a spoonful of hot brandy-and-water between his closed teeth, while his mother, by her direction, kept up an incessant friction of his limbs. Their efforts were soon quite successful; he began to breathe strongly, and moved under his heavy coverings, while the colour came back to his lips. Finally he opened his eyes, and after looking round for a few minutes in a bewildered manner, asked in a feeble voice where his boat was.

At the sound of the little, sighing voice, the gipsy woman went into an ecstasy of joy, as wild and impulsive as her grief had been fierce. She clasped the child in her arms, and showered kisses upon him, half crying, half laughing; while Una, who had been kneeling beside the sofa, rose to her feet, and stood looking on at the scene with a smile, well pleased that she had been able to restore such a deeply-prized child to the poor passionate mother.

Suddenly, just at this juncture, there came a voice, in breathless tones, hoarse with agitation, that exclaimed, "Is the child dead?—is Maurice Edwards dead?" and the next moment Humphrey Atherstone had crossed the threshold, with an eager, rapid step, and stood within the room.

He paused, stricken, apparently, with some strange



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"No, he is not dead"—*p.* 554.

emotion at the sight which presented itself to him. Una Dysart stood before him, her long hair, dripping with water, falling back from her charming face, which was now very pale, though her eyes were bright with excitement and pleasure. She had neither hat nor jacket, and her wet clothes clinging round her showed that she had been completely immersed in the river. The child was now sitting upon the sofa, laughing as his mother buried her face on his breast, while she held him in a convulsive embrace, and twisting his hands in her thick black hair.

Ashtaroth had heard the new-comer's question, however, and turning round, without rising from her knees, she fixed her black eyes, glittering with a strange expression, upon Atherstone's face, and said, "No, he is not dead; he lives, and will live; but he would have been cold and dead—my little Maurice now—but for this dear beautiful lady, who saved him. Oh, you darling lady!—you darling! I will love you for it for ever! I will remember it for good to you as long as I live!" She had flung her arms round Una as she spoke, and was kissing her hands with impassioned ardour. Presently, however, she glanced from her to Atherstone, her forehead contracted in a frown, and she stopped suddenly in her vehement gratitude; but as the little child, feeling quite restored, slid off the sofa and stood laughing beside her, wrapt in his blanket, her face softened, and she said, with a concentrated determination which seemed almost too great for the occasion, "Yes, I *will* remember it for good to you—whatever you may be one day."

Atherstone, meanwhile, had seemed for a moment unable to understand the scene on which he had so suddenly entered; but when the whole truth became plain to him, he said in a low voice, and as if half unconscious that he was speaking aloud, "You have saved him, Una Dysart!—*you!*"

Una felt that there was more in his tone than she could understand; but she answered lightly, "I suppose you are surprised at the extent of my accomplishments; you did not know that I could swim. But I am so thankful I was at hand to rescue the poor little fellow. Little Maurice, you must not go and play alone by the river-side any more," she continued, stooping down and kissing the child, who caught hold of her wet hair, and held her face close to his with a merry laugh, saying, "Lady's all wet, too; lady went in the river with me."

Then Atherstone started, like a man waking from a dream, exclaiming, "Miss Dysart, you are running a terrible risk by remaining in your wet clothes; you may get some serious illness. You must change at once; I dare say Mrs. Edwards can supply you with some temporary dress, and I will go and bring the carriage to take you home."

"It will be better for me to walk," said Una; "I shall get warm much quicker—and I do believe that good boy has found my hat," she added, "which is better fortune than I expected;" for the lad she had sent to the doctor's walked in at the same moment, holding it with her jacket in his hand.

He went stolidly up to Una, and pointing to Atherstone, said, "I could not get the doctor, so I sent he."

"It is true," said Atherstone; "I met him coming away from the doctor's door, much disappointed, and he asked me to come here because Edwards's child had been drowned; but he did not mention you, so I was struck by surprise when I saw you."

"I found these atop of the bushes by the river; I expects they're yourn," said the boy to Una.

"Yes, indeed, they are," she answered, taking possession of her goods very gladly; "and you must come to Vale House this evening to be rewarded for all these good deeds. Now, Mrs. Edwards, can you give me something to put on for a few hours, till I can reach home?"

"You may have everything I possess," said the gipsy impulsively, and catching hold of Una's hand, she drew her away into another room.

Atherstone sat down to wait for her, and leant his head on his hand with an air of the deepest despondency. The child had placed himself on a stool just opposite, his sharp eyes peering out from the blanket in which he was enveloped, and his two little brown hands planted on his knees. He stared fixedly at Atherstone, who seemed scarcely conscious of his presence, and after having maintained this deliberate contemplation for some time, he advanced his shrewd little face nearer to him and said, "I aint dead, Mr. Atherstone."

Atherstone started, and then looked gravely down at the odd, elfish child who had made so strange a remark.

"So it seems, child," he said; "the fates have reserved you for some purpose; whether of good or evil remains to be seen." Then rising, he walked moodily up and down the room till Una reappeared, half laughing, half blushing at her own strange costume, in which, however, there could be no doubt she looked very bewitching; a scarlet dress of Mrs. Edwards's was relieved by her own black velvet jacket and hat, and her rich chestnut hair, spread out on her shoulders to dry, framed in her fair face, on which there was now a brilliant flush, and the soft, bright smile which was one of her greatest charms.

Atherstone fixed his eyes upon her with a look of the most intense, wistful sadness, and followed her every movement as she knelt down beside the child and playfully took leave of him.

"This little man ought to go to bed, I am sure," she said, looking up at Ashtaroth; "his hands are hot, and I am afraid he is growing feverish."

"He shall go," said the mother; but her eyes were fixed on Una, not on the child. "You are a sweet, kind lady," she continued, "and it is your good star

brought you to Ashtaroth's door to-day with her son, rescued from the dead, in your arms; there will come an hour when I shall repay you. The daughter of the wandering people knows how to curse," and she glanced at Atherstone, "but she knows also how to bless."

"It is enough that I have been of use, I am very thankful for it," answered Una, putting her hand into Ashtaroth's with the bright frankness peculiar to her; "I hope the dear little fellow will not suffer from his accident. I will come some day soon to see how he is."

"Ay, do; I will make you welcome, and so will the child's father. It is not every one whose foot he would allow to pass his threshold, but for you there will always be an open door."

She bent forward and kissed Una on the forehead, but she drew herself up, silent and motionless, when Atherstone passed her to follow Miss Dysart; and he, too, merely bent his head without speaking.

CHAPTER XIII.

ATHERSTONE walked on by Una's side, uttering no word for some time, and she did not like to break the silence—only looking up furtively at the face she was learning to love too well, and feeling a great pang at her heart as she saw the deep sadness that overshadowed it. At last Humphrey gave a heavy sigh.

"Life is very inexplicable," he said; "that child rescued from almost certain death—and by you, of all people!—this is mysterious enough, but it is a darker mystery why persons continue to exist whose influence is baleful as the poisonous blasts of the desert that blight and burn up every living thing. Why is it not a duty instead of a crime to destroy such an evil power, and cast it out from the earth—as one would root up a noxious weed, and trample it under foot?"

"You are thinking of the man you hate," said Una.

"Yes, of Edwards—the bane of my whole existence; there is not room enough in this world for him and me to breathe in."

"I wish you did not feel this terrible hatred," said Una, very softly; "it seems to me to warp your true nature, and make you very different from what you would otherwise be."

"It does; you are right, it transforms me almost into a demon at times. And how kindly I once felt to all the world!—unreserved, trusting, believing the best of every one. Can you wonder that I should hate this man," he continued vehemently, "when he has been my actual destroyer, making earth a barren wilderness for me, instead of the bright home full of love and joy it can be to other men? Why is all the sweetness of life to be for ever withheld from me by his cruel hands? Do you think it is easy to look on happiness which never can be mine? I tell you I should have liked to have died to-day when I saw your tenderness to that child."

The vehemence of his tone scared poor Una, and she drooped her head, literally trembling. Atherstone saw it, and in a moment his mood changed completely.

"Forgive me, Miss Dysart," he said in the softest tone; "I was inexcusable in saying that to you; but indeed the events of this afternoon have so greatly moved me that I have not been master of myself. I will never so offend you again. I trust you forgive me?"

"Oh yes," she said, looking up brightly; and smiling back upon her, he began to talk on other subjects, exerting all his powers of pleasing to such good purpose, that she secretly regretted intensely when their walk came to an end at the gate of Vale House.

Colonel Dysart and Mr. Cunliffe were sauntering up and down the terrace in front of the house when Una and her companion reached the gate, and the shrewd Australian watched them rather critically as they took leave of each other. Atherstone walked away at last with a very lingering step, and Una, unconscious that she was observed, stood with her gaze fixed on his tall, stately figure, till he disappeared from her sight. Then she turned and came slowly along the avenue, apparently in deep thought.

"It seems to me, Colonel Dysart," said Mr. Cunliffe, "that even if the duration of your life should be much shorter than I trust it will be, the period of my guardianship would be likely to be extremely brief—little likely indeed to come into action at all."

Colonel Dysart looked round at him inquiringly, and by a glance, Mr. Cunliffe indicated Una, who seemed hardly advancing, so very slowly did she move, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"That young lady," he said, "is at this moment thinking very kindly indeed of the gentleman who has just parted from her."

"Atherstone! do you really mean——" then the Colonel checked himself.

"I mean that I think she is likely to be Mrs. Atherstone as speedily as possible, provided you have no objection."

"I am by no means certain that it might not be necessary I should object," he answered.

"Surely it is not the first time the idea of such a possibility has occurred to you; it is clear that they have arrived at a point far beyond being mere acquaintances already," said Mr. Cunliffe.

"I thought Atherstone admired her, undoubtedly—every one must have seen that much; but I did not contemplate any serious result, because he asserts so positively, as I am told, that he never intends to marry."

"My dear sir! have you lived half a century in

this world and still feel able to give credence to a declaration of that kind? Such resolutions only exist to be blown to the four winds of heaven by the least breath from the lips of a charming girl like your daughter."

"Of course, that would be one's general idea of the matter; but there seems to be something peculiar in the case of Atherstone. He has systematically published this intention ever since the death of his uncle, which has, I believe, caused a great change in him in all ways, and roused some unpleasant suspicions concerning him."

"Suspicions! of what?"

"I cannot tell, nor can any one, I think; only a general sort of impression that everything is not straight and aboveboard in his life."

"Is there any foundation on which to rest such a charge?"

"None whatever that I know of; excepting, that after having been as gay and frank as any young fellow could be, he suddenly changed into a cold, reserved man, who shunned society and amusement, and declared that he was irrevocably bent on a life of celibacy."

"About the vaguest grounds for a criminal charge I ever heard of," said Mr. Cunliffe.

"Nevertheless, those undefined suspicions made me feel, when you first broached the subject, that I might hesitate to give him my daughter."

"Is his position in other respects suitable?"

"Entirely; he has a large income, and a splendid old place, to which my Una, as it happens, has taken a great fancy."

A smile passed over Cunliffe's face. "You will see her installed as mistress there, or I am much mistaken. But, of course, before that comes to pass, it behoves you to make him yield up his secrets for your satisfaction; perhaps it might be possible to make a good guess at them now. Is he likely to come here while I am with you?'

"He often calls, and he has come more frequently of late, which fact supports your theory as to his feelings. But by the way, I think Northcote said this morning that he had asked him to meet us at dinner to-morrow, so you will see him there. I was rather surprised to hear he had invited him, for Mrs. Northcote maintains most strongly that he must have committed some hidden crime."

"Probably she has a private spite against him," said Cunliffe; "women cannot reason upon general grounds; they always have some personal motive."

"Una, my child, you arrive just in time to hear Mr. Cunliffe making the most ungallant speech," said Colonel Dysart, as his daughter came up the steps which led to the terrace. "You must take up the cudgels on behalf of your order. But, my dear, what in the world is the meaning of your extraordinary costume? surely you do not habitually go about in a scarlet robe trimmed with yellow, and your hair streaming on the wind in this extraordinary fashion?"

"Do you not think it makes a pleasant variety?" she said, laughing; "but if you want to know the exact truth, I borrowed my dress from a gipsy."

"From a gipsy! what have you been about, child?"

"Swimming in the river," she answered; and then very briefly and simply related the circumstances of the child's rescue, somewhat to Colonel Dysart's horror, who saw very clearly what a risk she had run. He manifested great anxiety about her all the evening, dreading that she might suffer from the chill. But his fears were dispelled the next morning. She came down looking bright and well, and in no-wise disposed to forego the party at the Northcotes', where she well knew she should see once more the face, whose haunting beauty came now between her and all the brightness of the world she once enjoyed so freely. Her father wished her to ride out with him and his guest, so she had no opportunity of going to see how the gipsy's child was; and it was the first question she asked Atherstone when they met in the Northcotes' drawing-room. He answered that he had not gone to the house, but that he had sent to inquire as to the boy's health, and had been told that he was perfectly recovered. When Atherstone had repeated the message, he went back a few steps from the post he had at first occupied with great eagerness, by Una's side, and leaning against the wall silent and motionless, he seemed to resign her to Hervey Crichton's very demonstrative attentions. Mrs. Northcote glanced at him once or twice, with, as Will expressed it, "all manner of thunder and lightning in her aspect," while Mr. Northcote, who was looking extremely meek and depressed, moved uneasily in his vicinity, and was evidently greatly relieved when Mr. Cunliffe asked him to make him acquainted with Mr. Atherstone. The two men conversed together till dinner was announced, and then, as the party was not large, found themselves side by side once more, with Una, whom Hervey had succeeded in bringing in, seated opposite to them.

Cunliffe was very agreeably impressed by the man of whom he had heard such doubtful accounts. He soon satisfied himself that he had a mind of no small depth and power, and as he glanced at the dark noble face, he found it impossible to believe that he had ever acted in any mean or unworthy manner. Nevertheless, he was bent on testing Atherstone, so far as he could, and he gradually led the conversation round to the case of a man whose crimes, long marvellously concealed, had originated one of the most remarkable trials of a few years previously. The criminal had been in a high position —known and esteemed in the best society, and with a reputation which seemed in every way perfectly unassailable. At last, however, an accidental circumstance betrayed him, and it was discovered that he

had been carrying on a gigantic system of fraud, and finally it was proved that he had not stopped short of murder, in order to put an end to an existence which was dangerous to his own safety.

After they had discussed the case for some time, Atherstone talking of it with entire ease and freedom, Mr. Cunliffe mentioned that he had heard of it when he was in Melbourne; "and," he added, "I must say, what struck me most was the idiotic blindness of those who were connected with him in business matters for so many years. I do not know if you recollect that, on one occasion, almost at the very commencement of his career, they were aware that in some one matter of no great importance, he had acted falsely; not so as to involve any serious result, but falsely; definitely and distinctly. After that, they ought, not only never to have trusted him again, but to have been prepared to see him reach any amount of fraudulent villany."

"A hard doctrine, indeed!" said Atherstone, "harder than any which I should have imagined had ever been promulgated by the most intolerant sects. Does not every system admit the possibility of a man repenting of a first misdeed, so thoroughly as to maintain his integrity unimpeached ever after?"

"It is not a question of ethics but of facts. All my experience, which is not small in such matters, goes to prove that unless a man holds with indomitable grasp to the idea of the absolute necessity of inviolate honour, and unswerving truth, there is really no barrier whatever between himself and the lowest depths of falsity and baseness. A fortunate concurrence of circumstances may keep him from taking the descending track; but if he have once fallen from the pure pinnacle of unblemished principle, and lost his own self-respect, the chances are that he will speedily go down hill with as much ease as rapidity."

Atherstone was quite silent for a few moments, then he resumed, "There is another side to the question, Mr. Cunliffe; moral laws are after all to a certain extent arbitrary. Can you not imagine the possibility of a man, perfectly upright and honourable, finding himself in such an extraordinary conflict of duties that the boundaries of right and wrong are wholly confused, and an offence against the received code as to truth and justice becomes a higher virtue than the maintenance of a principle which could only cause serious and extensive evil?"

"The end justifying the means, as theologians define it. No, Mr. Atherstone, such a course can never be either excusable or successful; it is only a warped judgment, biassed probably by some strong personal consideration that could ever imagine confusion in the well-defined lines of right and wrong in matters of equity; and unless the offender could control all the events of the future and bring them into harmony with his crooked policy, he would be quite certain to see his purpose overthrown by some combination of circumstances on which it was wholly impossible he could have calculated; whereas actions flowing from a simple sense of right and justice are as certain to reach their due and logical result as rivers are to run into the sea."

At this moment the ladies rose, and as Atherstone moved to open the door for them, Cunliffe looked after him muttering, "He is a very fine fellow, with a high-toned mind, and the pride of Lucifer; but he has his secret, and it is not altogether an innocent one. If he gets little Una, however, I believe she may set him straight. She is safe to find it out, and she is as pure-hearted a girl as ever breathed;" and with that Mr. Cunliffe sat down to his wine, fully determined that neither then nor at any future time would he be an adverse influence between Atherstone and Una. *(To be continued.)*

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No 15. CHRIST. PART XII. CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.

Scripture to be read—Luke xviii. 1—14.

TWO kinds of parables have already been spoken about—those describing natural objects, and those taken from life-stories. What did the last set of parables teach? When the penitent does return to God, what does he do? Which parable taught the kind of prayer used? To-day shall speak of two more parables about prayer.

I. PRAY WITHOUT CEASING. (Read 1—8.) Ask the children what a parable is—given last lesson. This is just such an earthly story as might happen any day in the East. Remind of Samuel's sons (1 Sam. viii. 3), who took bribes;—of Pilate who crucified Jesus to please the chief priests (Matt. xxvii. 22, 23). Now question upon the story. Picture the widow with no one to take up her case; oppressed by her adversary—perhaps sued wrongly for some debt—coming to the judge day by day; the judge surrounded by friends, officers, flatterers; the woman finding it difficult to get near; at last obtains a hearing; but, to her dismay, judge refuses to help her—too much trouble; perhaps her adversary a friend of his own. She, not daunted, comes again; pleads again; at last not only heard but helped; why? because judge getting tired of her coming, wearied by her. Let children contrast this judge with God. For texts speaking of God as judge, see Gen. xviii. 25; Ps. vii. 11; ix. 8; Acts xvii. 31, and many others. These will show the nature of God's judgment as being

certain. No doubt as to whether God will hear us, He delights to hear (Ps. xxxiv. 15), His ears spoken of as always open; He never tires of hearing; longs for us to come and tell all our tale; also His judgment is *just;* ask if this is always so with earthly judges. Why cannot God make mistakes? Read Ps. cxxxix. 1—4. We only know part—not whole. Remind of Solomon—wisest man—who had to devise a scheme to find out the true mother of the babe. God knows all, and judges right; show how this is an encouragement to prayer. We do not know what is good for us; might ask for wrong things, but if pray, saying, "Thy will be done," God will hear and answer. God's judgment also is *helpful.* This judge at last took the woman's side against her enemy; so will God avenge His elect. What do they often receive now? Remind of persecution of Stephen, Peter in prison, Paul in stocks, &c. All Christ's people must suffer with Him, but at His coming all shall be avenged. The Judge on their side will Himself destroy their enemies; show how this is also true now; how God, by His Spirit enables to overcome man's enemies of the flesh and the devil, so that does not wilfully sin (1 John iii. 8, 9). So must pray constantly and earnestly, and will obtain help in time of need.

II. PRAY WITH HUMILITY. (Read 9—14.) Picture the two men—the Pharisee in a prominent place, where all could see him; praying aloud in boasting manner; going home thoroughly self-satisfied. The publican in a corner, not daring to look up; feeling his sin; praying for pardon; going home happy, because forgiven. Question on this well-known story, so as to show the resemblance and difference between these two men; notice that both were Jews accustomed to daily service; both wished to pray; went to the Temple for that purpose; both thought they were praying. Now show the contrast—the Pharisee *did not pray at all.* Ask what his speech was: a boast of his good deeds. Remind how fasting and alms-giving are two of the Christian duties, but show wherein he was wrong. How are they to be done? also show carefully what must always come first in worship of God—viz., confession of sin and prayer for forgiveness. Ask who brought a thank-offering without a sin-offering, and was not accepted. Then show how the publican's prayer was a true prayer, because he confessed his own unworthiness; acknowledged God as Saviour, and asked for pardon. How did he go back home? Explain *justified* to mean "being declared just or righteous" before God, not because of his goodness, for he was a sinner, but because of mercy of God who forgave. Press upon the children the nature of true prayer—show how they are sinners daily, in thought, word, and deed; have no real goodness; even when done all they can are but unprofitable; because best deeds mixed with sin; must therefore plead for mercy through Christ's merits, and so pleading, will obtain; none who so come ever sent empty away.

Questions to be answered.

1. What two great lessons are taught by these two parables?
2. Contrast the conduct of the unjust judge with that of God as Judge.
3. Name three characteristics of God's judgment.
4. What are the points of similarity between the Pharisee and the publican?
5. Why was the Pharisee's prayer rejected, and that of the publican accepted?
6. What does the parable teach us?

BLIND BIDDY'S STORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY LEATHES, AUTHOR OF "PENELOPE," "LETTIE DEAN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"I AM still ashamed to think of the trouble I gave my aunt. The few first weeks I used to be always crying and complaining, and very little work I got through, for my eyes were blind with tears, and my hands I declared never clean in that dirty place. My aunt had just said, 'Well, Biddy, my child, if you can't make yourself happy here you had better go home again, though I do wonder that a well-brought-up girl like you should not have the sense to bear a little inconvenience and discomfort in a better temper.'

"That day a letter came from my home; it was in the dear mother's handwriting, and told of fresh troubles. The gamekeeper at the hall had told father that some one had been persuading Sir Geoffrey to throw two or three small farms into one, and that ours was one of the number. It was thought that Job Smith was at the bottom of it; and there was a postscript, saying that father had had notice to leave the farm. I knew what this would be to father, and I felt so ashamed of myself, that I should have been fretting over my own troubles. I felt humbled, for I saw that though I had been thought unselfish and patient at home, new circumstances had shown me that I was neither—indeed, I felt that my aunt had said the truth when she called my conduct temper. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

"From that day I set to work in earnest. I got up very early the next morning and cleaned the little room thoroughly. I blacked the grate, cleaned the window, and polished everything that could be polished; and then I sat down to my work. I was rewarded by my aunt saying, when she awoke,

'Well, Biddy, that is comfortable,' and I felt happier than I had been since I left home.

"My aunt was employed in a large outfitting warehouse. She was a beautiful worker, but her eyes were beginning to fail, so she was glad for me to take the stitching and the more delicate parts. My work was greatly praised at the shop, and I soon found I could have any amount I chose. The finer the work the better it paid, and I undertook the best shirts, and earned a good deal in the first fortnight. I worked now with a will, and it was strange how differently things appeared to me. My mother had often said to us, 'Work with a will, girls, and you'll find pleasure in your work; but if you take it up as a burden, it will be a burden indeed, and of your own making.'

"I began now to really take a delight in my work, and a pride in keeping our little room as clean as possible. It seemed heartless work at first; but difficulty after difficulty disappeared before determination and perseverance, and my aunt sometimes said I was making the room a little palace. With some of my earnings I bought a cheap paper, and one morning I got up as soon as it was light, tore down the dirty one, and made a bonfire of it; scrubbed the walls with a broom, and put up my pretty fresh one. My mother had been handy at all such things, and we had often helped her to paper the rooms. A little whitewash and paint, which cost but a trifle, soon made our room very smart, and I also learnt that in London everything must be washed; and by this means all the dusky old furniture, after a little time, both looked and smelt clean. I got a box full of mould, too, and planted such flowers in the window as will grow in London; and early in the morning, before people were passing underneath, I washed their leaves thoroughly with a watering-pot, so that they really grew and looked fresh. I had scarlet runners, nasturtiums, creeping jennies, stocks, wallflowers, London pride, and white allison, and all were bought for a few pence; indeed, all my improvements, paper and all, cost but a few shillings, and the comfort was worth a great deal. And though it may sound as if these things must have taken up a great deal of time, they really did not; and any poor woman may do them, *if only she will work with a will, not lose heart, and get up early in the morning.*

"Well, to my story. My next news from home was that father had left the dear old place, that Ben had gone out to work, and that Mary had taken a place as a lady's-maid at the Hall. Jessie, they seemed to think, was very delicate, and they had had to call in the doctor to her, just when a doctor's bill could ill be afforded. Father's health and spirits had quite broken down under his troubles, so that he seemed quite unable to work, and so they lived as best they could on Ralph and Ben's earnings. They had taken a cottage near Warbridge, and father hoped soon to get employment as a milk-carrier, if only he got stronger.

"It seemed a sad come-down, and I felt that, though poor mother wrote cheerfully, she was feeling very deeply the trial for father's sake.

"I now sat myself to gather together a little purse of money to send to my mother at Christmas to buy flannel and warm clothing, or whatever might be needed. It gave me a new zest for my work, and I rose early and sat up late to get through the more.

"I paid my aunt for my board and lodging, so to lay aside much it was necessary that I should work hard.

"One day when I went to the shop, the foreman asked me if I would undertake all the fine button-holes, for they could not get them done to their mind. He offered me good pay for it, and I was tempted by this, and immediately said, 'Yes.'

"When I returned home I told my aunt, and she said, 'Oh, Biddy, my child! I am very sorry to hear it; why, you'll ruin your eyes before you're thirty.'

"I only laughed and said, 'I never met trouble half way.'

"'If you take my advice, you'll go back and say your friends don't wish you to do so much fine work. It's penny wise and pound foolish.'

"'No, aunt, it won't hurt me, I assure you. My eyes are good enough. Let me try for a while. I want to earn money, and I can earn more at this than at anything else.'

"'Biddy,' she said in a grave voice, 'this is self-will, though it may be in a good cause; still it is self-will; and it will bring you into trouble: I never knew when it didn't.'

"I felt the words, and never forgot them; but I quieted my conscience by saying to myself, 'It is not for myself I am doing it; it cannot be wrong.' And I had great pleasure in sending off my parcel of nice warm clothing and my little packet of money; and when it was gone I set to work afresh to earn more. I would, I thought, this time send a sum sufficient for Jessie to go to the sea-side, for she was still very sickly, and mother seemed to be fearful she would not get better.

"Well, to cut my story short, I worked on in this way for five years. I paid several visits to my home in this time, and found them very poor; but my mother never lost her trustfulness or her contented spirit. My father could do very little, for he had become very infirm and feeble; and Jessie earned a little by her needle, but not much. It was still a very happy home, though there were many comforts missing, that it was my ambition to supply. I had been in London about five years, when one day I received the news that my father was very ill. It was the height of the season, and I could not well be spared from the shop, for I was the best hand; so I delayed going from day to day, hoping to hear better news. But, instead of that, tidings came to me of

his death, and also at the same time I heard that Jessie was very dangerously ill.

"Mary was in Scotland with her mistress, and all the boys out at work, therefore I could not now delay going; so I went as quickly as I could in those days, and when I arrived I found mother so broken in health, and Jessie so very ill, that I could not return again, as I had intended, in a few days. Poor Jessie, she lingered several weeks, and then died; and we laid her by the side of our father, in the same grave. I was now alone with my poor mother, and I felt I could not leave her. I had it on my mind to propose that she should return with me to London; but I waited for a while, till her sorrow should be somewhat softened.

"It was during the nursing of my sister that I first felt a strange sensation in my eyes. For a moment my sight would entirely go away. I mentioned it to my mother, and she (I found afterwards) spoke of it at once to the doctor. So when I made my proposal of going back to London, and taking a room in the same house as Aunt Elizabeth, she said, 'No, Biddy dear, the doctor says you must not return to fine needlework, or you will lose your sight. At any rate, he says you must give your eyes six months' entire rest, and at the end of that time we shall see. It will be all right, Biddy dear,' she said, when she found that I took this greatly to heart; 'God has provided for us hitherto, and He will to the end. Biddy, we shall never want bread.'

"We shall see! Indeed! why, at the end of six months I could no more have made a fine buttonhole than a shoeblack: and gradually my eyesight went from me, till I became quite blind; and the dear mother smiled on, and trusted on. It was still 'all for the best.' She took in washing, and toiled for me, and the boys and Mary helped us, and so we got on. I earned a little by knitting stockings; but I had no great sale for them. Oh! how often, when I felt so helpless and useless, did I remember Aunt Elizabeth's words. Self-will had brought sorrow indeed.

"At last, after I had been blind ten years, my mother died. Mary and all my brothers were married, and I scarcely knew where to go, when good Aunt Elizabeth wrote and asked me to go back to her again, and I went. She was very old and infirm, and lived on a very small pension allowed her by the firm for which she had worked all her life. Through the interest of a clergyman who visited us, I got the small pension for the blind, and so we lived together till she died.

"And now, miss, you understand why I said to you, 'Take care how you are self-willed, even in a good cause.'"

"Yes, I do indeed, and I shall not forget your story. "Good-bye; I have had such a happy evening!"

"And so have I, miss. God bless you! Good-bye."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

232. Which one of the Evangelists gives the healing of the leper as the first of Christ's miracles?

233. State how long David reigned respectively over Judah in Hebron, and over the whole kingdom in Jerusalem, and give his age at death.

234. In speaking of Himself *to His disciples*, the Saviour uses one uniform designation. What is it?

235. Give a passage to prove that at least on one occasion, Jesus evinced His power over wild animals.

236. The names of only *three* women, besides Eve, who lived before the Flood are recorded in the Bible. Give them, and state who the women were.

237. Our Lord very frequently told those whom He cured to keep the fact a secret. Give an instance in which He enjoined a publication of the miracle.

238. Where do we *first* meet with the use by our Lord of the words "verily, verily?"

239. Reference is made in the Acts to the foster-brother of a certain Jewish king who embraced Christianity. Name him.

240. Quote the *exact* words the Saviour used when He *first* clearly announced His Messiahship.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 528.

217. That of Ephraim (Judges viii. 1).
218. Heb. i. 10; Ps. cii. 25—27.
219. Gen. xiv. 13; xxxix. 14, 17; xl. 15; xli. 12.
220. St. Mark (i. 23—26) adopts the same order.
221. See Acts xv. 36—40.
222. Luke iv. 42; Matt. viii. 34.
223. Ps. xvi. 10.

A PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

OH, gracious God, too small am I
As yet to praise Thee as I ought;
My little tongue can only try
To say to Thee what it is taught:
Yet little ones to Thee are dear,
And Thou my childish words wilt hear.

Oh, what shall be to Thee my prayer?
Shall it not be that, all above,
I still may love Thee, and may care,
Beyond all else, for Thy dear love?
That all Thy words my heart may heed,
And Thou my steps may'st always lead?

Oh, give me, Lord, the will to know
That Thou, our Father, canst but be,
Even should I grieve in pain and woe,
But, in Thy wisdom, good to me;
Safe in the trust, oh, let me rest,
That Thou knowest what for me is best.

W. C. BENNETT.



THE COMET AND THE GLOWWORM.

ON leaving home, and not far from it,
To get a good view of the comet,
A trembling glowworm in the way
Occasioned me some short delay.

"Good sir," said she, "mind where you tread,
Or you may chance to leave me dead.
'Tis true my little lamp might not
Be missed far round this shady spot;

But gladly do I guide and cheer
Whatever comes within my sphere.
Besides, you know, the hand Divine
Which fires the comet makes *me* shine;
Then sure you would not willingly
Set foot upon a worm like me."

With thanks for caution, then I sought
The mountain-top, and thus I thought:
"Few, like this comet blaze along,
Admired and gazed at by the throng;
'Tis well, if in a dark place shining,
I do God's work without repining."

D. G.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW HERCULES WAS NEGLECTED.

MARGARET sat in the long gallery of the British Museum. It was Monday, so not a students' day, yet here and there a stray easel was to be seen, and a diligent worker before it. Margaret was thinking of, rather than drawing, the face of Hercules, which stood on the shelf to her left. It was afternoon, the day was dreary and the light bad, so the excuse for idleness was good. She got up, stopping for a moment to gaze at the sweet face of Clytie and at the fearless one of Diana, and sauntering on into the hall as the clock struck three, met Stephen Bowden.

"I have only half an hour," he said; "I can't stay to take you down to the Temple."

"I know," she answered: "my father is coming at four, and I am going with him."

They went past the reading-room, up the stone staircase, past the grotesque line of animals, "so like Noah's ark," as Maggie said, through the courts and half way down another flight of stairs, and stopped to lean over the railing that bounded the space between them and the huge bust of the Colossus of Rameses which is placed over a doorway leading into some unfrequented department. They had often lingered there, talking over books and pictures and things in which they took a common interest. They talked about themselves to-day, however.

"Margaret," he said, as they leant over that convenient railing, "I am going to Marlow next week, and I should like to tell my mother about you."

"Yes," she said uneasily.

"But," he continued, "I should like your father to know at the same time."

"No," she said; "not yet, Stephen."

"I cannot think why you object; you say you like me, and you are not ashamed of me."

"Oh no!"

"Well then, why not—why not trust me? Is it anything to do with your father's affairs?" he asked gently; "I've thought so sometimes, and Herbert seemed to hint at his being in some difficulties, but *that* would make no difference. I have a great respect for your father, Maggie," he went on; "and he was telling me only the other day how many chances he has lost of doing great things, simply from want of money; if he knew of our relationship we could talk more freely, and I might be able to help him in some way."

"I detest speculation," she said.

"So do I; but a man who has talents, and only wants means to display them——"

"Oh, it is not that." She sighed wearily. "But let it be a little longer as it has been—say till Christmas"—she thought something might turn up by then—"that is not much more than two months. You will, won't you?" and she put her hand through his arm, and he was conquered again, for he was very fond and proud too of the fair woman who stood by his side, and so he answered, "Yes, Margaret, it shall be so if you like;" and then he added with a half smile, "don't go flirting with all your might with poor Campbell though, in the meantime. I believe you do. I think sometimes you feel I am too old for you." He always remembered the ten or twelve years' difference between them, and had a lurking doubt, not of her, but of his power to keep her love.

"I hate boys," she said; "and as for Charley, it is simply friendship on both sides."

"Humph! your friend is always hanging about you anyway."

"Don't be jealous," she laughed. "Besides," she added, for she was something of a coquette, "it is too bad of the sun to grudge the sky its stars."

"No," he laughed back; "but to answer you after your own fashion, the stars have a way of doing a little shining on their own account when the sun is out of the way."

"Then the sun should keep in the way,"

"That is not always possible. Why doesn't Campbell study more? he never seems to do much but go to parties and make himself agreeable to young ladies. I thought he was a civil engineer."

"So he is, but on the whole he is very much civil and very little engineer, I fear."

"So do I," he said, lazily looking at the dust

which disfigured the huge ears of the Colossus. "But it's just upon four, and you have your easel to put away, so we had better say good-bye to our friendly myth for to-day."

"Good-bye, dear myth," and she made it a curtsey, and he took her hand and made her run down the wide stone steps, and laughed at her fear of falling.

"Why don't you learn to jump?" he said.

"I can," she answered, halfway, "but not off stone stairs, because they would be so hard if one did have a tumble." She lingered a moment, looking at him. What a mercy it was for those two foolish people that on dull October days the British public seems to ignore its Museum in Bloomsbury! "Whatever made you ask me if I was ashamed of you?" she asked.

"I thought you might be; I've not at all an exalted opinion of myself."

"I have then," she said, while the light flashed from her eyes; "I think there's no one like you—no one in all the world!"

"You silly little woman," he said, and drew nearer to her for a moment; "I hope you will never grow wiser on this point."

"I never shall," she said, "never as long as I live," and then they went back to Hercules. A pair of high shoulders and a disappointed face were beside the easel, and their owner darted forward as he beheld Margaret coming.

"Charley!" she said, while a flush dyed her face, "I did not expect you."

"Didn't you get my note?" he asked ruefully.

"No."

"Well, I wrote one to say aunt hopes you'll come to-morrow, and she's thought over what you said."

"Oh;" and she coloured up again.

"Hetty's here," Charley went on, "she and I came to fetch you. Your father asked me, as he has an appointment which will keep him till half-past four, then we are to meet him in Covent Garden and go on to the Temple; I suppose you'll come too?" he asked, turning to Stephen Bowden.

"No," he answered; "I'll join you all at the Temple. Did you say Miss Hetty was here?"

"Yes, she's poking about among the Elgin marbles—don't they look like tombstones?"

"Very," the other answered with a glimmer of amusement in his brown eyes.

"Well?" asked Margaret, turning to her future lord and master, while Charley went to look for Hetty.

"Well, I didn't know you were such a coquette," he said, teasingly.

"Oh, indeed I'm not one at all," she answered, almost tearfully.

"No," he said soothingly, "you are only a woman, dear, a perfect woman; but I must go now, and here come your friends. I shall see you again presently." He went away satisfied; but when he got a quarter of a mile off he pulled up. "I wonder what on earth she coloured up so for when she saw Campbell. I don't understand what she's always going to the aunt's for either. She surely can't like him without knowing it."

"Why don't you work at your profession, Charley?" Margaret asked, on their way to Covent Garden. "You seem to have lost all your old love of it."

"It's such a grind, I like hanging about better, and it's no use bothering my head with a lot of things I don't care for. Then some one is always wanting me to do something or other, or go somewhere, and the days slip away like anything."

"Yes, they do," said Hetty, simply; "especially the nice ones."

As they entered the centre avenue of Covent Garden Market they met Mr. Ashbury; a flush was on his face and an uneasy expression in his eyes. He greeted his niece and Charley Campbell with the politeness in which he never failed, but walked with Maggie, saying he wanted to ask her about her work. True to his character, he did not speak first of that which was uppermost in his mind, but listened to her gossip, and seemed amused and interested.

"By the way, my dear Maggie," he said as she finished, "if you have an opportunity give your cousin Herbert a hint not to speak to me about money matters to-night. It vexes me; and if he asks me again for the sum I unfortunately owe him, I shall tell him plainly what I think of his conduct."

"Yes, daddy."

"I have been greatly annoyed this afternoon," he went on, "greatly. There was a committee meeting at the Atalanta" (the name of the company to which he held the post of secretary)," and in consequence of some disagreeable remarks, I handed in my resignation for the end of the month."

"My dear father!" she said in consternation," it was your chief source of income, was it not?"

"That and some commission agencies; but I must try and get into something new," he said. "I'm tired of all these things. I wish I had never left the army; all my heart was in that profession."

"Poor daddy," she said; "it must have been hard to give up what you liked best. We have no certain income then after the end of the month?" she asked, recurring to the subject of money.

"No, dear," he answered. "But when I have thought over my plans, I dare say I shall hit on one which will succeed."

"I hope you will," she answered, and the tears were standing in her eyes; but he said nothing, and they went on in silence.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTEBOOK.—VI.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

JESUS SEEN OF THE FIVE HUNDRED.—Matt. xxvi. 32; xxviii. 7, 10, 16—20; 1 Cor. xv. 6.

THE Lord Jesus made an appointment with His disciples before His death, and kept it after His resurrection. On the night on which He was betrayed, He said to them, "After I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." They had followed Him *from* Galilee, and as they followed Him, He had forewarned them that He must be delivered into the hands of men who would put Him to death. And now that His death is at hand, He promises them that before they have returned to their cottages by the Galilean lake, He will have risen from the dead and will be there before them, ready to resume His intercourse with them. Nay, as we learn from St. Matthew, He appoints the very place of meeting, names the mountain on which He will rejoin them. "Go," He says to them, "go to that mountain in Galilee"—perhaps the Mount of Transfiguration—"where we have often walked together; and though I have now the sentence of death in myself, yet I will be there before you. Once more we shall meet and talk together of the things of the kingdom of God."

It adds to the beauty of the promise if we connect it with the words that immediately precede it. He had just told them that He, the Shepherd, was about to be smitten, and that they, the flock, would be scattered abroad. And the pastoral figure is carried on into the promise. "I will *go before* you into Galilee;" for the verb implies, "I will go before you, as the Shepherd goes before his sheep, calling them by name, that they may follow him." The disciples *had* followed Him, hearing and knowing His voice; and, though He was now about to lay down His life for the sheep, He would still be the Pastor of their souls: He would still go before them; they would still go after Him.

Now we should have thought that the disciples could never have forgotten so precious a promise as this. We should have thought that, so soon as He was dead, or, at least, so soon as the Paschal feast was over, they would have hastened back to Galilee, and have climbed "the mountain where Jesus had appointed them," in order to renew their intercourse with Him. But just as *we* forget many a word of command or promise when we most need to remember it, so the Eleven forgot their promise. And just as we suffer for our forgetfulness, so also they suffered. For joy they had grief, for hope despair. Instead of travelling to the appointed mountain, they lingered in Jerusalem; and therefore, instead of rejoicing in a living and present Lord, they mourned and wept as over a Lord, absent and dead.*

But though *they* forgot His promise, *Jesus* did not forget it, or them. That He might keep it, He was even better to them than His word. First, He reminded them of His promise. On the morning of His resurrection, the angel, who had rolled away the stone from His sepulchre, charged the holy women, who came to embalm the body of their Friend, "Go quickly, and tell His disciples that He arose from the dead; and, behold, *He goeth before you into Galilee:* there shall ye see Him:" nay, as if this were not enough, Jesus Himself appears to the women as they leave the garden, and repeats the charge of the angels, "Go, tell my brethren *that they go into Galilee*, and there shall they see me." And then, when the words of the women seem to the Eleven as idle and incredible tales, Jesus appears to them also. He is seen of Cephas. He appears in another form to two of them as they walked and went into the country. Even this does not suffice. The "residue" believe neither Peter nor the two travellers to Emmaus. But Jesus will not suffer their unbelief to make His promise void. And so He passes through the closed door of the chamber in which the Ten sat at meat, shows Himself to them, and upbraids them with the hardness of their hearts. Nay, more: because one of the apostles had been absent when He came, "an eight days afterwards" He appears to them again, convincing even sceptical Thomas, permitting them all to *see* that they may *believe*. It is only *then*, when every doubt of His resurrection has been removed, that the Eleven leave Jerusalem for Galilee.

But even yet they do not go to the mountain where Jesus had appointed them. They linger about the shores of Gennesaret. They go a-fishing. They keep Christ waiting still. It is only when the Seven, wearied with a long night's fruitless toil, behold Him standing on the beach, and once more hear the familiar command, "Follow me," that they ascend the mountain, and there receive the great commission, "Go ye, and teach all nations . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

But what have the "five hundred brethren"

* These points—the appointment made with the apostles in Galilee, their forgetfulness of it, and what they lost by forgetting or omitting to keep it—are not sufficiently emphasised by the commentators: I have never seen them insisted on.

to do with all this? Were they also on the mountain?

In all probability they were. For *only in Galilee* could so many as five hundred of the Christian brethren be found. In Jerusalem, we know that "the number of the names" on the roll of the Church was only "about a hundred and twenty," all told. The risen Saviour could not, therefore, have been seen of more than five hundred of the brethren *there;* and, if not there, there was only one other place on earth in which any considerable number of them could be found. Only in Galilee, where He had won many hearts by the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth, could five hundred men have been gathered to greet and worship the Victor over death.

And if the meeting took place in Galilee, it is reasonable to believe that it took place on the mountain in Galilee on which Christ had promised to meet the Eleven: for, when they returned from Jerusalem, the apostles, as they lingered about the shores of the lake, would naturally speak to as many as had believed on Him, of the marvels which had transpired in Jerusalem—of the earthquake and the angel, of the empty tomb, and the successive appearances by which they had been convinced that Jesus had risen from the dead It would be natural, too, that the Galilean disciples, like the Eleven, should not at first believe, for wonder,—that they should hold the news to be too strange and good to be true: and it would be natural that, in response to their doubts, the apostles should speak of the interview which they were yet to enjoy with Him on the mountain, and invite their brethren to come and see Him for themselves. They *must* have spoken about these things, or how should the "five hundred" have been gathered to meet Christ *anywhere?* And, therefore, we may well believe that the Galilean disciples resolved to go with the apostles to the appointed mountain; and that, as they climbed it, they saw Jesus in the new glory of His spiritual body, alight upon it, and found all their doubts melt away as He drew near and talked with them.

Many thoughts are suggested by this strange interview of the risen Lord with the disciples who had known Him before He saw death. But let us select only three of them.

1. It suggests that *Christ constrains us to meet and see Him, in order that we may know that He is always with us.* It was not of their own motion or goodwill that the Eleven came to the mountain in Galilee. It was not simply because they had been asked to come, or because they had been promised that, if they came, the fellowship with Christ, which death had broken, should be renewed: they never thought to see Him again. They forgot His promise to meet them, and neglected to act upon it, even when they were reminded of it. It was only because constraint was laid on them, only because He pursued them with His forgotten word, only because He showed Himself to them again and again, and would give them no rest till they obeyed His command, that they now stood on the mountain to which He had charged them to come. And what was His motive in thus graciously and patiently compelling them to meet Him? It was simply this,—that He might bless them and do them good. They are constrained to enter His presence, that He may teach them they can never wander from His presence; He iterates and reiterates His command, "Go into Galilee," that, when they do go, and while they worship Him, He may assure them, "Lo, *I am with you alway,* even unto the end of the world." They had thought it incredible that He should return from the gates of death to meet them even once; He compels them to meet Him once, that they may know He is always with them.

And in this gracious motive we have the key to many of His dealings with us. He is ever seeking to win *us* to His presence, to a sincere and open recognition of Him as our Lord and Saviour, in order that we too may have the comfort of knowing that He is always with us, and for us. In our childhood He is present and real to us, as we read the Gospels or listen to the story of His love. Our sensitive hearts and quick imaginations vivify and give colour and warmth to the scenes recorded in the Sacred Narrative. Our ready faith apprehends the Divine beauty of the life which found its earthly close on Calvary. We have no doubts *then;* we ask no sceptical questions; we may, indeed, have no large or complete conception of Him, any more than the apostles had before He left them and went up on high; but the conception we have is a sacred reality to us. We speak to Him in our prayers with the most entire confidence that He hears us, and can almost *see* His kindly form bending over us as He listens to our words. But, as the years pass, and new desires and ambitions arise within us, they obscure, if they do not obliterate, the Divine Image reflected in our souls. We lose our early faith. The Christ formed in us dies out of us, or lies buried under a growing weight of cares and labours and pleasures. He no longer speaks to us, or we no longer recognise His voice. We no longer speak to Him, or we speak only in cold formal petitions, not expecting that He will hear and respond. The thronging solicitudes and schemes of our daily life crowd out the living conception we once had of Him. His messengers come to us, as the angels came to the women and the women to the disciples, repeating the invitation and command of His love, "charging us" in His name to climb a loftier eminence of faith, that we may behold a Christ more glorious and perfect than our child-

hood knew, and assuring us that we may now know Him "after the Spirit," instead of after the flesh. But we give little heed to them. Their words seem to us as idle tales; or, if at times, we listen, we do not act upon them. Like the Eleven, we doubt, and we forget; nay, like them, even after we are convinced that Christ has risen, and that He is the Life of men, we sink back into our old round of habit, and do not suffer our conviction to shape our lives.

And still Christ does not forsake us. He comes to us again and again, comes invitingly in our joys and prosperities, comes rebukingly in our adversities and griefs; He gives us glimpses and foretastes of the blessedness that will be ours when once we have seen Him as He is; He gives us the proofs our doubting hearts demand, or He constrains us, despite our doubts, to seek for Him if haply we may find Him. And His motive is the very motive that inspired Him to frame a similar discipline for the apostles. He *will* bring us to the Mount of Vision and Adoration; but it is that we may ever find Him on the dusty plain on which our lives have to be spent and our work has to be done. He compels us to meet Him, to recognise Him as our Saviour and King; but it is that we may be sure that He is always with us, and always blessing us.

2. The incident suggests that *the Lord Jesus manifests Himself to us in order that we may bear witness to Him.* To the "five hundred" disciples, as well as to the eleven apostles, He showed Himself on the mountain. And why?—why did He meet them, and constrain them to meet Him? It was that they might testify of Him, that they might teach all nations "all whatsoever" He had taught them. They are permitted, they are drawn, to fall at His feet and worship Him; but this worship of adoration is designed to lead to the higher worship of active service. While they worship Him, they receive the commission which bids them go out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

And if Christ manifest Himself to *us*, if through the glass of the Word or the worship of His house we see Him who is invisible, and reach the conviction that He is our Redeemer and Friend, it is that we also may bear witness to Him. Whenever we stand on the Mount of Communion the command comes to us that came to the disciples, "Go and teach what I have taught you." Public witness—or rather, the witness of public speech—may not be required of us. Though the apostles, though, perhaps, some of the five hundred, came down from the mountain to stand before kings and nations, and to announce to them the good tidings of great joy, we have no reason to think that all of them became missionaries and ambassadors of the truth. Yet even those who did not go forth to preach the Gospel bare their witness to Christ—the witness which shines through every spiritually-toned and kindly life. If not by many words, or words spoken in public, yet by the actions which speak louder than any words, they testified to the reign of the crucified and risen Lord. And this is a testimony which we should all bear, which we must bear, if we have really seen the Lord. To see Him is, in some measure, to be changed into His image. We cannot enter into any true fellowship with Him without having our lives raised toward the level on which His life moved. Every act of spiritual worship should, and must, prepare and strengthen us for His service. If when we come to His house, we take nothing from it but a little personal comfort and enjoyment, we may be sure that our worship has not been in spirit and truth. There must be some secret and fatal insincerity in the worship which does not impel us to lead a better life and to show a more genuine kindness to our neighbours. To see Christ is to receive of that Spirit by which we are created anew; to listen to Him is to learn the truth by which we are to live. We cannot have seen Him, and have sat at His feet, if we are not trying to shape our conduct by His word and to carry on His work of mercy in the world. We cannot have learned of Him unless we are teaching Him. Not that we are all to be speakers and preachers. Like many of the five hundred, we may simply have to return to our old round of toil in a new spirit, and so to fill it as to show that we have been with Him. But in some form every true worshipper must bear witness to Him. Prayers and praises that lead to nothing are worth nothing. Any acts of worship are vain which simply give us a little pleasure or a little ease, but which do not raise the tone of our life and make us more zealous in good works.

3. The incident suggests that *Christ bids us serve Him because His service is helpful to us.* The apostles and the brethren when at last they reached the mountain, found that the blessing which Christ had promised them was a commission which empowered them to go and teach, by word and life, whatever Christ had commanded them. Was *this* the reward of their obedience? Yes, even this. For, what higher reward could they receive? In publishing the truth to others, they will make it more entirely their own. In living and obeying the truth, they will not only gain a firmer grasp on the truth they have, they will also advance to other and larger truths. For all truth is one; and wherever we begin our study of it, and in proportion as we master and appropriate that with which we begin, we shall be led on to new discoveries, and find in every truth we hold a clue to truths that lie beyond it. Even the apostles did not know much of the truth, although they had been taught



(*Drawn by the* HON. E. PLUNKET.)

"Lapped in the languor of a sweet delight
Of sound and scent and glow of summer noon."

"A MIDSUMMER'S-DAY DREAM."—P. 567.

by Him who was "The Truth," when they came to the mountain; nor was their grasp of what truth they knew very strong. Peter had just denied Christ; Thomas had just refused to believe that He had come back from the grave; they had all abandoned Him before He was condemned, although but a few moments before His arrest they had pledged themselves to die with Him. They were little better than silly sheep, who are scattered the moment their shepherd is struck down, and stand staring afar off, with wistful dubious faces, even when he rises again from the ground. And if the Eleven were weak and ignorant, we may be sure that the five hundred were still weaker and knew less. How shall they ever know more, or hold what they know with more resolute grip, unless they learn by teaching and grow strong by obedience? But if they obey Christ, if they do His will and engage in His service, what then? Why then, not only shall they increase in wisdom and in strength, as the natural result of their obedience, but before many days are past there shall come down upon them a Spirit who will lead them into all truth, teach them what to teach, and confirm their word with signs following—a Spirit who will give them the very wisdom and energy they now worship in Christ their Lord.

And is it not thus with us? When Christ calls us to Himself, when we take Him for our Master and engage in His service, are we not apt to suspect that a mysterious and happy change is to pass over our whole life? Are we not saddened as we learn that we must descend from the Mount of Communion to the dusty plain where the common work of life is done, and see a scene of samely and wearisome duties stretch out before us? Are we not tempted to ask, "Is this all? Is this the reward, the blessing, I was taught to expect?" Yes, it is even this; for only as we do the common work of life well can we rise to the full height of Christian manhood.

Christ calls us, He compels us, to His service; but it is because He loves us, because He knows that His service will be helpful to us, because only as we serve Him can we become wise and good and free.

Let us try ourselves, therefore, by this test. We must not build our hopes on our careful observance, or even on our sincere enjoyment, of the forms of worship. What are we the better, what is Christ the better, what are men the better for our worship, if we are not strengthened by it, and consecrated for an active and patient service in our daily lives? It is not by what we do and feel in the sanctuary, but by what we are and do in the home and in the world, that Christ will judge us, and that we should judge ourselves. If we cannot keep our temper when we are provoked, if we cannot be of "an incorrigible and losing honesty" when a slight deviation from truth and integrity might bring us much gain, if we cannot do a kindness when we can hope for no return, what, after all, is our worship worth? How can we go and *teach* the things which Christ has commanded us, when we ourselves are not keeping His commandments?

Let us try to keep them, to live His life, to breathe His Spirit; for our obedience will be our best service, our most eloquent and persuasive testimony to Him. As men look on our lives, they will see what His commands are, and see also how good and how pleasant it is to keep them. If we have received the light of life from Him, let us allow our light to shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our Saviour who is in heaven.

A MIDSUMMER'S-DAY DREAM.

IT fell upon a day in summer fair,
When sunlight filled the cloudless sky in June,
And through the hyaline the luminous air
Was throbbing in the heat of drowsy noon.

Scant sound to break the silence of the hour,—
The chirp of grasshopper; the chant of bee
In honey-labour amid gorse and flow'r;
Music of waters babbling slumberously.

From flow'r-beds gemming the trim-shaven grass,
And aromatic shrub and evergreen,
Through the half-opened door of panelled glass
The odorous air flooded the room within.

There, in her chamber, mid the mellow light
Diffused around her on that day in June,
Lapped in the languor of a sweet delight
Of sound and scent and glow of summer noon,

Sate a fair maiden, slumber-thralled. The spell
Stole on her while a-reading, it may be,
Love-tale or poet-song, until she fell
A-musing, lost in pleasant reverie.

And so she passed from reverie to sleep,
And then from sleep to dream. Ah me! I fain
Would know what phantom-things their revels keep
Within her happy heart and busy brain.

Haply the glamour of some quaint romance
Conjures up visions of Arthurian days,
The gentle knights a-tilting with the lance,
To win from ladies fair or love or praise.

"Lapped in the langnor of a sweet delight
Of sound and scent and glow of summer noon."
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XUM

Haply the form that meets her sleep-sealed eyes
  Is nearer, dearer than those knights of old,—
Who seeks to win her as his noblest prize,
  With soul as chivalrous and heart as bold.

Dream on, fair dreamer. Life is but a dream,
  So sings our Shakepeare * and Spain's Calderon.†
And men like shadows come and go, and seem
  But phantoms fleeing at the rise of sun.

Dream on. Thy soul, perchance, in dreams may be
  Awake more truly than in waking hour,
From bondage of the physical set free,
  To seek the fountain-life of psychal pow'r.

So, in our world of dreams, this comfort take,
  That there's a waking world to mortals given,
And they that fall in sleep shall yet awake,
  From dream-life here to waking life in heaven.

* "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." † "La vida es su eno." J. F. WALLER.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. NORTHCOTE never dared to remain long absent from the stately lady who ruled his life, and the party were soon all re-assembled in the drawing-room. Miss Dysart was singing when the gentlemen came in, and the well-known song she had chosen, "In questa tomba oscura," was particularly suited to her rich contralto voice, with its pathetic *timbre*. Atherstone came and stood behind her, his eyes growing dark with intense feeling as he listened. When she had finished, Una rose and retreated to the window, where she stood looking out that she might escape from Hervey Crichton's enthusiastic plaudits, and Atherstone joined her at once.

"I want you to make a very pleasant dream in which I have been indulging for a long time into a reality, Miss Dysart. You promised once to come some day with your father to spend the whole afternoon at Atherstone, to study the pictures at your leisure, and I see no reason why there should be any further delay. Will you not come this week?"

"I should like it excessively," exclaimed Una, "and I am sure my father would enjoy it too; but we must ascertain what day would suit him best."

"I will find that out before he leaves the room to-night," continued Atherstone. "You do not know how I look forward to it, Miss Dysart; there is so much I am anxious to show you."

"Yes, there is a great deal for me to see, and I ought to have seen it long before." The voice that said these words was not Una's; and Atherstone, turning round with a start, met the merry glance of Will Northcote's bright black eyes, who had come unperceived quite close to them. She put her arm round Una's waist, and leaning her piquant little face against her friend's shoulder said composedly, "You did not know I was coming too, did you, Mr. Atherstone? but I am; I have been dying to go over the Abbey for a long time past, only my mother objects to my calling anywhere by myself—a curious superstition, is it not? and she declined to accompany me. You have failed to win her affections, as you are probably aware. So now I have simply to say that I will take means to prevent Una going, unless you invite me too. The matter is quite in your own hands."

"Then I shall decidedly beg you to come," said Atherstone, smiling. He had felt somewhat annoyed at first, but Will's absurd speech had given him time to reflect, that he should be much more likely to get Una to himself, if they were a large party than if she came alone with her father. "The more the merrier, Miss Northcote; so pray bring any one with you who might care to see the old Abbey."

"In that case, might we come before Mr. Cunliffe goes away, and let him accompany us; I should like to show him what a real old English castle can be?" said Una.

"By all means," said Atherstone; "any friend of yours will be most welcome."

"Then, of course, you will invite Mr. Hervey Crichton," said Will, with great apparent innocence.

Atherstone frowned darkly, but Hervey, who was hovering near, had so evidently overheard Miss Northcote's speech, that Atherstone was obliged to invite him then and there, with as good a grace as he could, greatly to the malicious little lady's amusement. Hervey, of course, accepted with alacrity, and when Humphrey spoke of the plan to Colonel Dysart, including Mr. Cunliffe, who was sitting beside him, in his invitation, both gentlemen agreed to his proposal, with a satisfaction which was due to somewhat more far-seeing prognostics than he at all suspected. It was finally arranged that they were to go two days later, if the weather was fine.

The grand old Abbey was looking its very best under the glowing radiance of the powerful July sun, as Una, with Mr. Cunliffe and her father in the carriage beside her, brought her spirited ponies clattering



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"The matter is quite in your own hands"—*p* 568

over the ancient drawbridge to the door. The strong lights and shadows brought out the massive proportions of the grim, grey building with wonderful effect, and showed the lovely sweeping lines of the magnificent cedars on the lawn to perfection, while the park-like grounds were in the height of their summer beauty, and the deer, seldom disturbed by a stranger's foot, had taken up their positions close to the house in every variety of picturesque attitude.

Humphrey Atherstone certainly looked well worthy to be the master of so stately a dwelling, as he came down the steps to receive his visitors. His face, always undeniably beautiful even in his saddest moments, was now lit up with an intense pleasure which dispelled every trace of the gloom that sometimes overshadowed his noble features and dark, expressive eyes. He greeted Colonel Dysart and Mr. Cunliffe with the utmost courtesy, but it was a mute, though more eloquent welcome that he bestowed on Una, as he retained her hand for a moment, after he had helped her to alight and looked down with deep tenderness into her sweet brown eyes.

They had scarcely entered the courtyard when the sound of horses' hoofs on the bridge announced the arrival of Mr. Northcote and his daughter, with Hervey Crichton. Little Will at once cantering in on a mettlesome steed, which seemed indisposed to stand still, long enough to let her even dismount, Humphrey of course went to her assistance, along with his servants, while Crichton precipitated himself off his horse in his hot haste to reach Una's side.

Meanwhile Mr. Cunliffe and Colonel Dysart had gone back to a corner of the courtyard, where they could get a good view of the ponderous keep, which was the most ancient part of the building, and excited the Australian's enthusiastic admiration.

"Well, really," he said, "if a daughter of mine had a chance of becoming mistress of such a glorious old place, I doubt if I should have the courage to inquire too curiously into the antecedents of the man who could give her that position. It is enough to make one compound a felony to think of obtaining possession, even indirectly, of this undecayed, unblemished inheritance of ages."

"The man does not exactly look like a felon just now, does he?" said Colonel Dysart, directing his friend's glance towards Atherstone, who was standing bareheaded at the door of the entrance hall ushering in his guests.

"No, indeed. If he is one, Lavater is completely at fault as a physiognomist, for a finer face I never saw, or one indicative of nobler qualities. I believe that the secret which mars his life and subjects him to such evil report, partakes more of the nature of a mistake than of a sin—a mistaken sense of duty probably. Anyhow, I believe your sweet little Una would be entirely safe in his hands."

"I must be well assured of that before I let her go to him. I cannot have the fair promise of her life destroyed; but I quite agree with you in your opinion of Atherstone, and I have little doubt, if for her sake he gives up his celibate tendencies, that he will be able to give me satisfactory explanations."

Of course luncheon was the next feature in the small entertainment of that day, and to please Una Atherstone had ordered it to be served in the huge banqueting-hall—where the table and the small party seated around it seemed like an oasis in a perfect desert of black oak flooring, while the grim old Atherstones for centuries back, looked down with apparent scorn on the ephemeral beings who were living out their little day in the world they had so long since spurned with their upward-flying feet, as they passed to purer realms. Una's bright eyes glanced with keen interest along the pictured row of mute, dim faces as she sat by Atherstone's side, and noting her every look, he told her the names of those that most attracted her.

"You must examine them systematically afterwards," he said.

"Yes, I shall like to do so," she answered; "but more than all these, I want to look once more on that one picture—you know which I mean."

"Yes; but we must be alone when you see it again. I cannot look on that portrait now in company with any one but yourself;" and Atherstone changed the subject.

Will Northcote was the first to start from the table, exclaiming that she could not possibly remain within those four walls any longer, wide as they were, while such glorious sunshine was wasting its beauty outside. She wanted to explore the gardens, she said, and conservatories, and the lake with the island, and all the other reported wonders of Atherstone; and she would go by herself if no one else chose to come. They were, however, all as willing as she was to go out into the lovely summer air, and soon they were dispersed in groups over the grounds. Atherstone found himself, somewhat to his dismay, obliged to pilot Mr. Northcote over some new stables he had recently built, while Will Northcote took possession of Mr. Cunliffe, whom, to his amusement, she persisted in calling a Maori, and went off to the lake. Meanwhile, Una succeeded in detaining her father by her side, in order to avoid being alone with Hervey Crichton, who kept as usual close to her, and seemed exceedingly anxious to draw her away from the others, as they walked on to the conservatories, which Colonel Dysart wished to see. These were very extensive, with doors at either end, and they soon encountered a gardener, with whom Colonel Dysart remained discussing a green-house he proposed erecting, while Una, in the narrow space, was perforce obliged to pass on with Hervey. She hurriedly began to talk to him: "Tell me how Lilith is," she said; "I cannot help feeling very uneasy about her. I do not understand her state."

"Nor do I; she is very inscrutable."

"I fear, whatever may be the cause, that she is quite unhappy. Does she seem at all better?"

"Not in the least. She is like a white marble figure, sitting perfectly still and silent, excepting when she thinks she has some duty to perform, and then she goes through it in an entirely mechanical way."

"Poor dear little Lilith! I am so grieved at her suffering; I wish I could do anything for her."

Steps advancing in the distance, which could be heard at that moment, seemed to precipitate Hervey into action; for Una had so often successfully evaded his wish to be alone with her, that he could not afford to lose this rare opportunity; he seized hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Miss Dysart, you might do much for Lilith, and everything in the world for me! If you would only let me give you to her as a sister! I have been trying to speak of this for weeks, though in truth I have longed with my whole heart to win you from the day I first saw you. Do not turn away from me; no one can love you as I have done." But even as he spoke, the door of the conservatory near which they were standing was pushed hastily open, and Una had only time to say, "Mr. Crichton, it is impossible; I entreat you to forget that you have ever spoken those words to me," when Atherstone came hurriedly forward.

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Miss Dysart," he said. Then he stopped abruptly, and a darkness came over his face which made him resemble so exactly the portrait of Fulke Atherstone that Una almost trembled. She well understood the cause of that ominous gloom; he had seen her draw her hand out of Hervey's grasp, whose agitated manner as he turned away would alone have betrayed the nature of the conversation which Atherstone had so unexpectedly terminated. "I thought you were waiting for me; but I have interrupted you," he said, in a low tone.

"No—no!" exclaimed Una; "I am ready to go and see the picture now, if you are at leisure."

Hervey Crichton had already disappeared, and without a word Atherstone held the door open for her, and she passed out.

CHAPTER XV.

Atherstone and Una in silence traversed the lawn in the dazzling sunshine, and entered beneath the dark archway into the shadows of the stern old Abbey. Together they walked through the outer hall, where the suits of armour carefully set up on all sides looked like the rigid figures of long-dead knights, passed up the wide oak stairs, and along the echoing corridors to the picture-gallery, and there the heavy door closed after them with a hollow sound; but never a word did Atherstone speak all the way as they went, and Una found it utterly impossible to break the meaning silence. At last they stood side by side before the picture, and with a movement that was almost fierce in its violence, Atherstone tore aside the veil that shrouded it, and let Una look once more on the ghastly scene it represented. Ghastly it did indeed appear to her, for she knew now what had been the true nature and duration of the remorse that had eaten like fire into the heart of the dead man whose image was before her, and fixed such a look of intolerable anguish on the worn, haggard face—such an indescribable pathos of supplication in the uplifted, pleading hands. And ghastly it was, too, in another and deeper sense; for since she last had looked upon the pictured face of Fulke the murderer, she had learnt to know the lineaments of the living Atherstone so well, that she could see it needed but such a stamp of inward pain to make him perfectly resemble the unhappy ancestor who lived and died in expiation of a mortal crime. A glance from his face to the picture showed the current of her thoughts, and Atherstone responded to it. "Yes," he said, "I am like him—like him not in features only; I should be so altogether but for one point in which he is happier than I am."

"Happier! it seems as if the idea of happiness would not apply to him at all—he looks the very embodiment of bitter pain."

"True, in all save this—that he is dead. In that respect he has the advantage of me, and had it, even when he still lived and breathed in misery, for he was dead to all things earthly then, and knew no hope, nor wish, nor fear, so far as this world was concerned; while I, cut off like him from every human tie—solitary, loveless, even as he was—I pine for the joys that are denied me; I crave for the love—the treasures of existence—that might have been mine, as men dying in the flames long for a draught of cold water."

He spoke with such vehemence that Una hardly knew how to answer him, and only raised her eyes towards him with a look which showed the depths of sympathy he had awakened in her. Atherstone turned away from the tender pitying gaze, as if he could not bear it.

"Hide your eyes from me," he said; "I believe it would be best for me to look on them no more; for their sweet compassionate gaze has but led me to try and satisfy my hungry heart with a delusive mockery of that it most desires."

"You cannot think that I have mocked you in any way," said Una, in a low tone of pain.

"I have this day feared it; but the time is come when I must know the truth. I cannot go on feeding on hopeless dreams, if they are nothing more. I will ask you to tell me now in so many words what I may expect from you."

With a grave courtesy he took her by the hand, and placed her in an old oak chair that stood in the recess of the window. She made no resistance, but

folded her little white hands and drooped her head beneath his earnest gaze, while gleams of sunshine fell upon her graceful figure, and made her the one bright object in that sombre gallery.

When Atherstone spoke at last it was with a depth of strongly-suppressed feeling which made his tone almost harsh.

"Did you not tell me, Una Dysart, that you would be my friend—not in the ordinary sense of the word—but my special, constant friend—nearer and dearer than any other, filling at least to some extent the terrible void of love to which my strange fate has condemned me?"

"Yes, I said so—very truly—very really," she answered, lifting her soft eyes to his face.

"But what did you mean when you made that promise? this is what you must tell me now. Did you mean," he continued, growing almost fierce as he spoke, "that you were to give your whole heart to some other man, blessing him with all the riches of affection of which you are capable, living in his very life, belonging to him absolutely—his own, his wife—while to me you were to dole out only the measured pittance of friendship which would be consistent with such a position: was this what you meant?"

Tears gathered in Una's eyes, and she pressed her hands together as if in pain. "Mr. Atherstone, I had but one thought—that you were lonely and suffering, and I longed to comfort you. I did not limit the friendship I offered you in any way in which I could lawfully give it to you."

"But only while you were free, I conclude? Were you not well aware that some other was soon to stand utterly between you and me, cutting you off from me as completely as if you had never consoled me with delusive hopes that already are only torture? Is not Hervey Crichton standing between us even now?"

"Mr. Crichton is nothing to me," said Una with a quiet dignity, "and never will be."

"He does not think so; he is open-mouthed in his desire to win you, and full of hope that he will do so."

"He is not so now," she said in a low tone. A gleam of satisfaction lit up Atherstone's face, but it as quickly faded.

"If not he, then another," he said; "I do not know with what kind of friendship you flattered me you would console me, if your whole heart's love was to be all the while in the possession of some man who could not value one look from your dear eyes as I should."

"Mr. Atherstone, what is it you wish?" said Una, lifting up her head and showing her sweet face, usually so bright and smiling, filled with an expression of bewildered pain.

"What is it I wish!" exclaimed Atherstone, his whole manner softening and his voice growing tremulous with emotion; "oh, my darling! I well know what it is I wish—what I would give years of my life to win! I wish to have you for my wife—my love, my joy, my priceless treasure! I long for you with all the love of which my heart and soul are capable. I struggle in my bonds with a very madness of yearning to gain you for my own—my one sweet comforter—for ever; and yet I dare not ask for you. I am fettered in chains of iron, which hold me down like Prometheus on the rock, in the very sight of that for which alone I care to live, without the power to lift up so much as a hand to win it—this is my cruel torture! Una, you are more inexpressibly dear to me than words from human lips could ever say, and but for the bitter irony of fate which holds you before my eyes—so near and yet so hopelessly unattainable—I would fling the whole powers of my being into the one effort to draw you home to my heart, and win you or die. But, as it is——"

His voice became choked with emotion—he could not go on; and burying his face in his hands, he leant his head against the wall and remained silent, his broad chest heaving convulsively.

The sight of his anguish was unendurable to Una Dysart, for she loved him. Poor child! she knew it but too well; she loved him with the deep overwhelming devotion which a woman feels in actual truth but once, however often her fancy may be caught by passing feelings of a lesser kind. Her heart throbbed almost to suffocation, and the intolerable longing to comfort him sent impulsive words to her lips, which at another time her timidity might have shrunk from uttering.

"As it is," she said, "tell me what I can do for you. Tell me what there is, short of that which may not be, which I can still do to brighten your sad life, to make you feel and know that there is one at least whose whole heart's sympathy is yours; all that is yet possible for me to do I am ready to perform to the uttermost, if only you will tell me how best I may give you rest and consolation."

He turned to her, deeply moved, and caught her hands in his. "Sweetest—dearest child!" he said, "I fear I love you too intensely to be satisfied with any friendship or even affection you could give me, while I have the bitter misery of knowing that you are certain to become to some other man all that I would have you be to me."

"If it would make you happy," she said in her low, soft voice, "I should be content to promise you that what you fear should never be; that I would be your friend only, and nothing else evermore to any one."

"My own darling! can it be possible that you would indeed make such a sacrifice for me? that you would really forego all the happy ties of wife and mother to be the friend and comforter of a solitary, hopeless man, driven by a cruel fate into a barren

life of cold endurance? Could you so bless me to your own infinite loss?"

"If it would make you happy," she repeated.

He let her hands fall, and turned away in uncontrollable agitation; but while he paced hurriedly to and fro in the gallery, battling out once more the terrible problem of his life, the sound of approaching voices warned him that they were about to be interrupted. He flew back to Una, and bending over her whispered hoarsely, "My sweetest, I feel as if I dared not accept such a sacrifice; but I must look my destiny in the face, and fight out the whole momentous question in my mind this night; some solution I will reach before I see you again; let me come to you to-morrow, and then my whole heart shall be laid bare before you."

Una's eyes rather than her lips gave assent, for already the gallery door had opened, and Miss Northcote with Mr. Cunliffe and Colonel Dysart came in to examine the art treasures it contained.

Soon after the guests departed, and the master of the Abbey remained in it alone.

Toiling up the steep cliff that led to the Eagles' Nest, with straining sinews and panting breath, as if on some desperate enterprise, went Humphrey Atherstone that same night; when the gay voices that had filled the old Abbey for a time with the echoes of life had died away within its walls, and silence and gloom had fallen upon it once again. He gave himself no respite from the violent exertion needful to scale the difficult ascent, till he had reached the doorway of the lonely tower, where from the dying eyes of his unhappy ancestor the living world had flashed away as they closed in the night of death, and on his own had dawned the vision of that human love, in all its unutterable sweetness, for which his strong nature was craving now with a yearning hunger that could be stayed by no lower aliment.

He stood on the narrow platform of rock which alone separated the ancient building from the precipice, on the brink of which it stood. A few rough stones had been thrown together in front of the doorway as a species of wall to lessen the risk of an unwary step at so perilous a height, and to these Atherstone went forward, instead of turning into the dark cell, and leant upon them with his folded arms while he looked out into the calm night in which the earth was steeped. Above, the heavens were dropping light from myriads of unclouded stars, while below, the vast far-spreading landscape was veiled in a dim soft gloom that seemed to give it the vaporous unreality of dreamland scenery.

There was not a sound excepting the faint mysterious whisperings that rose up from the pine-wood in the hollow of the deep abyss, and the sighing breath of the night wind as it passed him moaning, ever dying away on the dark air only to wake again like the wail of a sorrow that could not sleep; and of that which was or had been human, there was nothing save himself quivering with strong, insatiable life, all gathered up at this moment into one intense overpowering craving for earthly happiness, and the silent corpse of the man whose life agony, far worse for him than the agony of death, had worked itself out in this spot, and over whom since then long centuries had passed in all their chance and change, without the power to stir his cold, dead ashes with even a thrill of feeling.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. Second Series. No. 15. Christ. Part XIII. Christ Teaching by Parables.

Chapter to be read Matt. xxv. (parts of.)

ASK questions about the parables already spoken of, and the lessons taught by them. Those speaking of God's love to sinners, repentance, fruit to be brought forth, &c. Ask what these parables were intended to show—viz., the nature and object of Christ's kingdom, its rise, and progress, hindrances and helps. To-day have parables looking forward to the future, when the King shall come to enter in His kingdom. The Ten Virgins speaks of the preparation for His coming; the Talents, of the honours attending the same.

I. The Ten Virgins. (1) *The story.* (Read xxv. 1—13.) Marriage always an interesting and joyous event—commencing of new life. Eastern customs differ much from ours. Describe the bridegroom with his friends (John iii. 29) going to the bride's house, and fetching her, accompanied by her friends (Ps. xlv. 15), while others—as the virgins—meet and join the procession on the road. Now point out the similarity and the differences. All took lamps, because marriages generally at night; all made what preparations they considered necessary, and then quietly in sleep awaited the summons; but—five had the necessary oil and five had not. Till the bridegroom came no difference noted. Then picture the scene; the crowd in the streets; the shouts of joy; the midnight procession with torches and lamps; the bridal party coming near; the virgins suddenly awakened; the calm composure of five trimming their lamps; the confusion of the foolish ones at finding their lamps "going out" (not "gone out" as in Authorised Version); their excited appeals to their friends for aid; the courteous refusal; the running about to buy oil; the return too late after the wedding party

had entered the house; their being "shut out" into outer darkness.

(2) *The application.* Take the following points: the virgins as nominal professors of religion—all alike professing to hope for heaven, to look for coming of Christ the heavenly Bridegroom, all with lamps—*i.e.*, means of grace, and taking things quietly till He comes. From examples of destruction of Sodom and the Flood, &c., show the suddenness of Christ coming as a King to destroy His enemies and save His friends. To explain the oil, ask who were formerly anointed, and what the oil was a type of, reminding of the great Prophet and Priest anointed not with oil but with the Holy Ghost (Acts x. 38). Point the obvious lesson as to the time when this Holy Ghost must be sought and used, and the danger of deferring the seeking for it till took late.

II. THE TALENTS. (1) *The story.* (Read Matt. xxv. 14—30.) Observe word "for" connecting the two parables, must watch and be ready at all times, for Christ comes suddenly back like a king to reckon with his servants. Describe the king on eve of journey distributing his money to each servant according to his ability—their setting to work at once to trade, each just doubling what he had received, except the servant with one; their welcome to their lord at his return, each giving in his account, receiving approving words and reward. Then picture the other coming up with nothing to show. What excuse did he offer? Explain what a wrong view he had taken of his master, afraid to venture to trade with one talent (lest he should lose it) for a master who could gather without having first sown. Notice how his master condemns him. So far from this being excuse, he ought *much more* to have put out his money to trade, therefore he is punished, and his talent given to the one with ten already.

(2) *The application.* Ask the children to name some of God's gifts to them—such as vigour of body and mind, time, health, power to please, &c. Show how all are from God (James i. 17), and to be used to His glory (1 Cor. x. 31). Remind of those on the left hand (Matt. xxv. 42),—condemned, not for what they had done, but for what had left undone. Point out ways in which can be "ministering children," according to varying circumstances, and warn of the danger of selfishness. Let the parable be encouragement to others who are doing best. (*a*) *God notices:* no effort unseen. (See Matt. iii. 16.) (*b*) *God rewards:* each has according to ability here, but full reward hereafter. (*c*) *God increases gifts.* No standing still, each using his talents well, receives increase of good gifts: thus Christ increased in wisdom (Luke ii. 52): so shall all. (1 Thess. iv. 1) Let each ask, How am I using God's gifts?

Questions to be answered.

1. What are these two parables intended to teach?
2. Point out the similarity and difference between the two sets of virgins.
3. What is the oil? Prove this from Scripture.
4. What important lessons does the parable of the Ten Virgins teach?
5. Explain what is meant by the Talents.
6. Name three encouragements the parable gives.

MAGGIE'S SCRAPES.

A STORY FOR GIRLS. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"MISS AMY and Miss Margaret, come in to your teas. Miss Amy—Miss Maggie! Dear, oh dear! wherever have those children got to?"

The speaker, a tall middle-aged woman, dashed out of the door, with sleeves tucked to the elbows and arms besmeared with flour, in search of the two children. She ran along the garden paths, for she was very busy and grudged the time she was losing, and peeped into every odd nook and corner. Presently she lighted on a small figure, curled up in the little arbour, fast asleep. "Miss Amy!" she cried, giving the sleeper a little shake, "come, wake up; it's tea-time. I've been calling to you with all my might. It's a fine thing, indeed, for me to be wasting my time in running after you children, when I've got my hands so full already that every half-hour ought to be an hour, to give me time to do it all. Just run and fetch Miss Maggie in, there's a good child, and be quick, for your tea's waiting."

Amy let herself slowly down from her comfortable quarters, indulged in a stretch and a yawn, and then walked off in search of her sister, while Susan, the servant, returned to the house and her interrupted work. But the task of finding Maggie was not by any means an easy one. She was a child who had the most extraordinary aptitude for getting out of the way when she was wanted, engaging in the most unheard-of pursuits, hiding in the most out-of-the-way corners. Amy wandered all over the garden, but without discovering a sign of Maggie's presence. At the further end was a ditch and hedge, separating the kitchen garden from a large field. As Amy went along the path by the hedge she suddenly noticed a gap, as if some one had pushed a way through. A little bit of stuff was hanging from a bramble that she recognised directly. She peeped through the gap, and there sure enough in the

distance was Maggie and a little boy. Amy called as loudly as she could, for she had no desire to push her way through the hedge, and climb down into the ditch and up again into the field, as Maggie evidently had done.

After a few minutes' screaming to her, Maggie came running along. She scrambled up into the garden with the utmost ease, and catching hold of Amy's hand pulled her along at a furious rate towards the house. Amy looked at her in dismay, wondering whatever Susan would say when she saw her. Her pinafore, that had been clean and white an hour or two ago, was grass-stained and muddy; her frock hanging in a deep festoon on one side from a long rent; her hat swinging at the back of her head; arms, hands, and face black and besmeared; a tangled mass of hair hanging down over her eyes, making her look like a little terrier—this was the picture that Maggie presented.

Susan turned from her paste-board when the children entered the kitchen, and then, as her eyes fell on Maggie, she exclaimed in consternation, "My goodness me, Miss Margaret! wherever have you been? Was there ever such a child? Whatever will your mamma say when she comes home?"

"It was the stupid hedge tore my dress," said Maggie with dogged unconcern.

"And whatever business had you with the hedge?" asked Susan, sharply.

But Maggie did not answer. She rightly judged that Susan would not be the better pleased to hear that she had been setting traps for the sparrows with Dick, the gardener's boy. She submitted quietly to a sharp, quick washing and rubbing, had her rough locks brushed into some sort of order, her torn dress replaced by a clean holland one, and then she and Amy went in to their tea.

It was nearly cold, for the mugs had been filled by Susan ever so long ago, and Maggie was not at all well pleased. Amy certainly had the most right to complain, as it was by no fault of hers that she had been kept waiting for her tea; but she said nothing, eating and drinking quite contentedly.

"What a nice smell there is all about the house," Maggie presently remarked.

"Susan's baking tarts and things for the party," replied Amy.

"Tarts and things, is she?" said Maggie, her eyes sparkling at the very mention of such delicacies. Then she slipped down from her chair and rung the bell.

Presently Susan came steaming in from the kitchen. "What is it you want?" she asked hastily.

"I want one of those tarts," said Maggie, "do give me one Susan; I know mamma would if she were at home."

"I might have known better than to answer the bell," said Susan, angrily, and then, determined that her journey should not be in vain, she caught up the tray and whirled it away, regardless of the fact that neither mugs nor plates were empty.

"Nasty mean thing!" cried Maggie, wrathfully, half inclined to cry at the loss of her bread-and-butter.

It was too hot to spend the evening in-doors, so the two children went back to the garden, Susan calling to Amy to look after Maggie, and let her know if she was after any more mischief. But Maggie was put out, and not in a humour for play, so she went and sat in a sulky fit on the swing seat, letting the ropes sway gently to and fro. Amy, seeing her thus, returned to the arbour and the book she had been reading when she fell asleep.

Maggie did not stay long on the swing. The tarts dwelt on her mind, and she was very curious to know exactly what Susan was making. She had seen, when in the kitchen, that Susan had got the table right against the open window, for the sake of keeping herself or her pastry as cool as possible. So Maggie crept round to the kitchen window, and crouched down underneath it. She waited till the servant went into the other kitchen to fetch something, and then she raised herself to have a peep. There were ever so many dishes of nice things standing on the table to cool, for Susan had just emptied the oven. Maggie had time to see a pile of cheese-cakes, another of jam-puffs, some little golden cakes, and an enormous plum-cake standing ready to be crusted over with some icing that was there in a plate, and then she was obliged to bob down again, for Susan was coming back. She thought how easy it would be to help herself to one of those cheese-cakes or puffs, for they were very carelessly piled, and there were so many Susan could never miss one. As she was thus thinking Susan again turned away from her paste-board.

Maggie jumped up quickly and quietly, and stretching her hand over the low window-sill secured a cheese-cake. Susan was engaged at the pantry, and Maggie determined to have another try for a puff. She was successful again, and managed to bob down before Susan turned her head. She gathered up her frock with the tarts in it, and crept quietly away, for she did not care to risk eating them just under the window.

"I'll go halves with Amy," she said to herself, for she prided herself very much on not being mean. "Look here, Amy!" she cried, running into the arbour; "see what I've got!" and Amy, who was just as fond of tarts as her sister, threw down her book at the sight of Maggie's treasures, in delightful anticipation.

"You shall have the puff, and I'll have the cheese-cake," she said, giving the puff to Amy, after a great deal of consideration on the matter. She did not eat the cheese-cake, however, but sat turning it round, and eyeing it not altogether contentedly. Presently an idea struck her. "Let's halve them," she said; but, unfortunately, Amy had already eaten the larger

portion of her puff, so Maggie had to make the best of her cheese-cake. She was thinking, "I had all the trouble of getting them, and it's a shame I can't have a taste of both;" but it was no good saying that, so she had to keep her grievance to herself, and this made her feel very cross.

By-and-by she went into the kitchen to beg for a glass of water. "What's that grease on your frock?" asked Susan, eyeing her suspiciously. Maggie looked down, and found out for the first time that the rich pastry had left great patches on her clean holland frock. The cat was out of the bag now. "I thought I missed some tarts," said Susan. "And now, Miss Maggie, I won't be worried with you any longer;" so saying, Susan caught Miss Maggie up in her strong arms, carried her up-stairs, whipped off her things, slipped on her night-gown, popped her into bed, and left her there, locking the door behind her.

The next morning Maggie's mother called her to her, and talked very seriously about yesterday's bad behaviour; but Maggie listened impatiently. She hated being talked to like this; besides, she didn't see that she deserved it. She had only been amusing herself, and hadn't Amy been doing the same thing, only with a book? She didn't care for books, and so she must find some other way to amuse herself. And as for tearing her dress, it was just an accident, and accidents would happen. Susan had not said anything about the tarts, so she hadn't to find an excuse for that, though doubtless she would have found one to satisfy her own conscience, had the need arisen. She was an odd child—this Maggie, with some good points, we'll hope, but certainly with a very great many bad ones.

"Oh, Maggie—Maggie! you trouble me sorely," her mother said, when she had finished her "lecturing," as Maggie called it. "You are so wilful and headstrong, I don't know what I shall do with you. Why don't you try to be more like Amy?"

"It's the same thing over and over again," exclaimed Maggie, passionately, when she was by herself. "It's all Amy: why can't I be more like Amy indeed! I hate it. They don't like me; Amy's their favourite, and they all try to tease me as much as they can." This was always Maggie's cry; she allowed herself to be so blinded with passion that she could never see her own faults, but was ever ready to accuse others of unkindness towards her.

The day after this was the one fixed for the party. Amy and Maggie were dressed early, and told to keep out of the way, as both their mamma and Susan had plenty to do in preparing for their guests. They went out into the garden to drive in the arches and prepare the lawn for croquet; but Maggie, who was never satisfied with letting things be, was seized with a grand notion of moving the garden-seats to places from which the game might be watched. In the effort of dragging one along the seam of her thin muslin dress gave way. There was nothing for it but to go in, and beg Susan or her mamma to stitch it up, for it would never do to appear with a great gap in the body of her dress.

She went in reluctantly enough, and got her dress mended, but her mamma said she must stay in her own bedroom quietly till the young people began to arrive, for she was not to be trusted out of doors.

This did not suit Maggie at all; she pleaded very hard to be allowed to go into the dining-room and see the table laid out for tea, but this also her mother firmly refused. Then Maggie thought herself very badly used, and began to indulge in some of the wicked, jealous thoughts she was so prone to.

"It's a shame that Amy should be let to stay out of doors, while I am poked up here, just because that stupid seam burst; just as if I could help it. It wasn't sewn tight, I know—a stupid flimsy thing. They do favour Amy, and they hate me—I know they do. I wonder they don't grudge me the food they give me," thought Maggie, and her thoughts were as unreasonable as they were wicked, for her mamma had never punished her severely for any of her mad freaks, thinking that they proceeded more from thoughtlessness than wilful disobedience.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

241. Omitting that of Manasseh, point out the *smallest* of the twelve tribes of Israel, and what was remarkable about it.

242. Both our Lord and St. Paul speak of faith removing mountains. Give the passages.

243. Do the Scriptures ever use the expression "The righteousness of Christ," or "the imputed righteousness of Christ?"

244. The "disciple whom Jesus loved" evinced great affection for the Saviour on several occasions. Point out a few of them from St. John's Gospel.

245. The writer of one of the Epistles quotes Job and the prophets, not our Lord, as examples of patience. Give his name.

246. We read in 1 Tim. vi. 16 that God dwells in *light* that no man can approach unto. In what part of the Pentateuch is God represented as being in *thick darkness?*

247. In recording the transfiguration of our Lord one of the Evangelists uses a phrase totally different from the others. Point it out.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 544.

224. Once only. See Heb. xi. 1.

225. Twice. See Gal. vi. 9; 2 Thess. iii. 13.

226. Matt. viii. 14; 1 Cor. ix. 5.

227. Rev. xiii. 10; Matt. xxvi. 52; Exod. xxi. 12; Lev. xxiv. 17.

228. The Samaritans (Acts viii. 5).

229. On Christ's rising from the dead (1 Cor. xv.)

230. John ii. 1—11; Matt. xv. 21—28.

231. John ii. 20; iv. 11, 33; vi. 42—52.



(*Drawn by* EDWARD HUGHES.)

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THERE'S a tall lean spectre draped in white,
With bony visage and hollow eyes,
That hovers around our couch by night,
And troubles our sleep with its ghostly sighs;
And when at the dawn it disappears—
For spectres in daylight may not be seen—
Its woeful wailing still haunts our ears,
For this is the ghost of what might have been.

It beckons and points with its taper hand,
As a bailiff might sue for an unpaid debt;
And it drags from the shades of the unseen land
Some deeds of the past we would fain forget.
Some friend we have slighted, some word escaped,
Bespeaking an anger we did not mean,
That the whole of our after life has shaped,
And left us to sigh o'er what might have been.

Is there no vow we have failed to keep?
No evil path we refused to shun?
Is there no heart we have caused to weep,
Or some good work we have left undone?
Is not childhood's innocence far from us now,
With a broad deep gulf of sin between?
And can we sit with unclouded brow
And balance what is with what might have been?

In every heart there's a tender spot,
With some sweet hope lying buried there,—
A faded dream that seems half forgot,
Like the secret drawer with its lock of hair.
The summers they come, and the summers they go,
But the grave of that hope shall aye be green,
And the hearts that cherish it only know
The grief lying under what might have been.

But a morbid fancy, forgetting deeds
And ever sighing, new grief begets,
And the loveliest lives will run to weeds
If left to brood over vain regrets.
Then let us eschew the heart's decay,
And escape from this spectre tall and lean,
Work while it is day, that each one may
Fulfil in the end what might have been.

W. C. H.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.
THE CALL NIGHT.

THEY all met on the steps of the Middle Temple Hall—Mr. Ashbury, Maggie, Charley, Hetty and her mother, the two Morton girls, their mother and brother, and Stephen Bowden, "quite a large party," Herbert said, as, by dint of some previously arranged plan, he passed them all in, took them up the dark narrow winding staircase, under a heavy curtain, and placed them safely in the gallery overlooking the hall. They could see him "called" from there, he informed them, and added that he had to dine with his fellow-barristers afterwards, at one of the many already-laid dinner-tables on which they looked down. It was rather a pretty sight, Hetty thought (Hetty was as happy as a child when it first sees the Lord Mayor's show), but she soon tired of the glare and the heat up in the closely-packed gallery, and when she had had a long look at the glittering tables, and the barristers walking about, especially at those in wigs and gowns, and had managed to pick out Herbert for the first time in his, and when she had stared up at the hall and its ceiling and the armour, she tired of the whole thing. She could not hear what was said when at last the students whose names had been "screened" were called, it only sounded like some one grumbling a little at the other end of the building, and then there was a good deal of confusion, and they were all turned out while the lawyers took their places all round those many tables and fed.

"I think it was very disappointing," she said, as they groped their way down the dark staircase again.

"Did you think they were going to stand on their heads?" asked Charley Campbell, who, to tell the truth, had been disappointed too.

"No," she answered, "but I should have been delighted if they had." Then Stephen Bowden, who had put himself at the service of Herbert's guests, took them round to Coke Court, where tea was awaiting them, and over that Herbert's mother, Mrs. Henry Ashbury, presided. It was a little old-fashioned house with a sitting-room on each side of the street door, Herbert had one and Stephen Bowden the other. The latter showed them his. It was a different room from Herbert's, Maggie thought, rather cold at first by virtue of some oil-cloth which bordered the room, but in the middle there was a square of Turkish carpet, and there was a cosy easy chair in one corner and a couch in another, and books and papers everywhere. It was rather nice, Maggie thought, too, that getting a glimpse of the room in which her lover passed his days. Then they went in to tea, and before they had finished Herbert, who had hurried over his dinner, came.

Herbert was inclined to like Rose, the younger of the Morton girls, and the respective mammas were inclined to encourage it, so what with the piano and the people who paired off together the time soon slipped by. Poor Charley found it a little stupid at first perhaps, but he amused himself at last by sitting in a corner and talking to Hetty about Margaret, and Hetty was so animated and so happy in discussing the virtues of her friend, that once or twice Charley almost forgot the subject while he thought what a jolly little girl Hetty Ashbury was, "There's so much 'go' in her," he said to himself afterwards; "I don't wonder Maggie likes her."

They were soon disturbed from their tête-à-tête, however, for Mr. Ashbury, who always tried to make himself agreeable, had got up quite an animated discussion with Ellen, the elder Morton girl, on the women's rights question, and her sister Rose had come to her aid, and Herbert put in a word or two, and as Herbert strongly objected to waste his eloquence on unattentive ears, he took care that all the room listened. Seeing that the discussion was getting a shade too warm, Mrs. Ashbury asked for some more music, and Rose Morton sat down to the piano, and after a minute or two began in a voice which, though rather loud, was yet not altogether unsympathetic, to sing "When all the world is young;" and when she had finished Stephen Bowden looked across at Maggie, the face *he* loved while all the world was young, and saw that she was in close conversation with Charley Campbell.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING A ROSE AND ITS WEARER.

TEN o'clock came at last, and they all got ready to depart, Herbert went home with the Morton party, and Stephen Bowden with the rest. Mrs. Ashbury walked with her brother-in-law, Charley and Hetty together, and Maggie with Stephen. It was a long way to St. John's Wood, but they were all good walkers, so the idea of taking a cab never once presented itself.

"Now, Maggie, tell me why you have looked so grave all the evening," Stephen Bowden said. Poor Maggie had been thinking of her father's communication in Covent Garden.

"It was nothing," she answered, "only a little business of my father's."

"I like Mr. Ashbury so much," he said, not replying to her remark; "I am sure we shall get on together."

"Yes, I hope so," sighed Maggie, mentally hoping that her father would not borrow and lose Stephen's money. It worried her terribly, that borrowing propensity of her father's, against which, if only for pride's sake, she could not warn her lover. Then, too, she had had some difficulty in keeping Herbert and her father at a respectful distance through the evening, and there was the remembrance that her father had thrown up the secretaryship; and the last quarter's rent was not yet paid, and there were all kinds of odd sums owing for different things, and the prospect of paying was—nowhere.

"Maggie, my dear Maggie," said the old man, turning back to meet them, and speaking to his daughter with the old-fashioned politeness which characterised him, "how forgetful of me! before I met you to-day I purchased this rose for you in Covent Garden, thinking you would like to wear it this evening, and—will you believe me?—I put it into my great-coat pocket and forgot it entirely until this moment;" and he handed her the crushed blue paper containing his gift.

"Oh, daddy!" was all she said as she took it gratefully, and her eyes filled with tears while she thought, and could not help thinking, that it was very kind of the dear old man to give it to her, but that it was rather a pity to buy roses on a winter's day when the rent was still unpaid, and even the baker's bill was likely soon to be a consideration.

"Flowers are expensive at this time of year," Mrs. Ashbury said sharply, as she took the old man's arm again. She thought he might have been a little more careful of his money than to waste it in buying roses for his own daughter. Had it been for her even it would have been different. It is so easy to forgive a pleasant fault when one's own self has been the excuse for committing it.

"I do not consider expense, when I wish to give my daughter a trifling pleasure," Mr. Ashbury replied in his most stately manner, and the scant amount of affection between the two was not augmented that night.

"Stephen," said Maggie, "you will have to sit for Troilus some other time. I am going to make my father the subject of my first picture, and I shall begin it to-morrow."

"Well, I always felt an unworthy Troilus," he laughed, "so it is a load off my mind, and you had not found a Cresseide had you, excepting the one I suggested—yourself? It is just the face for it," he added, and he looked at her, and thought Chaucer must have had some fair fearless face like Margaret's before him when he put that beautiful confession into the mouth of his heroine—

"And as the new-abashed nightingale," &c.

"Oh no," she answered, "it would look so absurd and conceited to sit to oneself for anything of that sort. Besides, I hope I have *not* the face for it," she laughed, "for Cresseide was inconstant, you know."

"Ah, I had forgotten that, and Troilus forgave her too: I shouldn't forgive, Margaret, though I could understand you being so," he said, with the self-doubt creeping back.

"Do not let us talk about inconstancy," she said uneasily; "besides, if either of us distinguish ourselves in that way, perhaps it will be you."

"Well, and would you forgive me?"

"Yes," she answered quickly, "I would forgive you anything in the world."

"You are better than I, Maggie: I said just now I would not forgive you."

"Ah, it is different," she answered; "if I never saw you again after to-night I should not regret the past, but still be grateful that all that is now had been, and feel that my life was better for having known and cared for you." So Margaret Ashbury proved herself something of a hero-worshipper after all, in spite

of the speech she had made to Charley Campbell about a middle pathway being the best one to tread.

"You'll come to Margaret Street in the morning, won't you, Maggie?" Charley Campbell said when they reached St. John's Wood.

"Yes," she answered, "I shall be there about eleven." There was no occasion to have told him the time, Stephen thought. Then Maggie and her father wished the two men good night (they had seen Mrs. Henry Ashbury and Hetty home) and entered the gate.

"I say, Maggie," exclaimed the irrepressible Charley, returning, "tell me which way you'll come in the morning, and I'll come and meet you. We haven't had a walk for an age, and we used to have so many." She gave a hurried look at Stephen, who stood watching them.

"No," she said nervously, "I like walking alone, I can think about my work then, besides Hetty would be jealous perhaps," she added, in a diplomatic manner, as she went into the house and shut the door.

"Hetty!" he exclaimed aloud, while Bowden still calmly looked at him, "well, she must know better than that anyhow."

(To be continued.)

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—VII.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about."—Ps. iii. 6.

THERE is something remarkable in the tone of calm confidence which characterises this psalm. Remarkable—not in itself: for why should we not implicitly trust our God and Father?—but remarkable under the circumstances. Just recall those circumstances. Not long before, David, the writer of the psalm, had fallen into grievous transgression. He, the King of Israel—the man after God's own heart—the inspired singer—the head of the religious portion of the Jewish community—had done a deed, the criminality of which it is not easy to express in adequate terms. That crime had alienated his people from him. It had raised up a formidable antagonist in the person of Ahithophel. It had encouraged the reprobate Absalom to plot against his father's crown and life. The rebellion then which broke out, and nearly overthrew David's throne, was distinctly traceable to the sin in question: and when the Psalmist cried, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me," he knew perfectly well that his own conduct was the true cause of the trouble which he was deploring before God.

Worse than this, he had caused the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme. It requires but little effort of imagination to picture to ourselves the effect which would be produced in the country generally when the news of the King's conduct came to be talked about. The inconsistency of religious people is often a sad stumbling-block to those whose minds are not made up,—who have had no personal experience of the difficulty of leading a godly life. David's fall would do mischief here. Young people especially would begin to think that there was nothing in religion. On the other hand, the open enemies of godliness would openly rejoice. They would laugh over the unmasking of another hypocrite. They would ridicule the apparent powerlessness of religion to preserve its adherents from the worst sins. Directly and indirectly, they would blaspheme the Lord God of Israel. And when David heard them say, "There is no help for him in God," there must have been a painful echo to the savage taunt in his own conscience. He must have felt, though not forsaken, how deeply he had deserved to be forsaken by the Lord his God.

And yet, under such circumstances as these, David, no longer blinded by passion, but realising to the full the evil and the mischief that he had done; no longer insensible and hardened, but feeling acutely the heinousness of his offence, and understanding all its exaggerations, could express himself confidently about God: "In spite of what men say, and say truly against me, Thou, O God, art a shield for me: my glory, and the lifter up of my head."

This state of mind is very surprising.

Now what brought it about? A full belief of—a full assurance of the Divine forgiveness. To be exempt from suffering, from punishment on account of his sin—David never expected. His days were to be darkened, down to the end by the shadow of that tremendous crime. The sword was never to depart from his house; and he knew this. But—he was a forgiven man. God the Father had generously extended pardon to His erring child. David had been received into favour again. The light of the Divine countenance was once more beaming upon him. Peace had dawned, after a black night of disquiet and mental distress. Yes, what stood between David

and utter madness was just a simple word: "The Lord hath put away thy sin." David believed the word; and death passed away, and life came.

In all this we have an apt illustration of the effect produced upon the soul by an assured conviction of the forgiveness of sin. David, plunged into spiritual stupor, is a type of the soul before it is awakened by the touch of the Spirit of God to see itself as it is. David's condition in the psalm is a type of the soul rejoicing in the Lord. And just as with him, so with us. When the awakening has come, when we understand what it is that a sinful nature, and sinful practice have exposed us to, then that which interposes between us and the wretchedness of despair is the simple assurance, that God has put away our transgressions for Jesus Christ's sake. It is a word—a word believed—that makes the difference. But *that word is a word of God.* On one side of it is death—spiritual death; on the other side of it is life—life eternal.

Let us settle it then in our minds—that we have to begin, in the spiritual life, with a belief of the forgiveness of our sin. The "little children" of whom St. John speaks in his Catholic Epistle—the mere beginners in religion—have "their sins forgiven for His name's sake." The Divine order is—first peace, then holiness. Peace, through an assured conviction of being reconciled to God through Christ: holiness, as the product of the joyful filial obedience which results from reconciliation. And how are we assured that our sins are forgiven? As David was; by a simple, child-like acceptance of the Divine statement. To the eye of sense, we build a pyramid on a cobweb, when we trust to the bare word; but to the eye of faith, the word of the Lord is the only solid and trustworthy foundation. It is as indestructible as His omnipotence; as lasting as His eternity.

Let us consider also that, as with David so with us—a feeling of confidence flows from the sense of forgiveness. Soldiers, statesmen, councillors, were setting themselves against the Jewish king in a skilfully organised conspiracy. There was everything to be dreaded in the traitorous combination; and, probably, amongst the little band of tried veterans who still remained faithful to their allegiance there were few that could "take their rest," as their sovereign did, until the matter was brought to a decision. Few could say, as he did, "I laid me down, and slept: I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." And why was David so self-possessed and calm? Because he was forgiven; because the breach was healed; because all was right between him and his God. He could afford now to be calm. He could leave matters with the Lord now. "Salvation is of the Lord." What had he to do but to wait in quiet confidence and see that salvation, although ten thousands of the people, led on by skilful and unscrupulous chieftains, had set themselves against him round about?

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

IX.—WITH THE FEEBLE AND FAINT-HEARTED.

IS there any condition wherein we feel greater need of human help and true loving sympathy, than in the slow feeble creeping from sickness to complete convalescence, when the pulse of life beats low, and the failing foot yet lacks power to step across that dim barrier between health and sickness—not far from the valley of the shadow of death?

In this bright glowing summer-tide, when the sun warms bloodless creatures into renewed life, our English sea-coast abounds with visitors, among whom near and dear friends, parents, children, slowly and painfully winning their way back to health and strength are the objects of peculiar care. In all our large towns people who have money to spend are, at least, beginning to make up their minds where they shall take their autumn holiday;—in many quiet health-resorts wealthy invalids, and some who are not wealthy, have already passed the early spring and summer;—at a score of pleasant watering-places, where the cool sparkling waves break upon the "ribbed sea-sand," troops of children are already browning in the sun, scores of hearts feel a throb of grateful joy as the glow of health begins to touch cheeks lately pale, and dull eyes brighten under the clear blue sky.

Thousands upon thousands are on their way to that great restorer, the sea, if it be only for a few hours by excursion train. England might seem to have gathered all its children at its borders, and very soon we shall be hearing how empty London is, and a new excuse for a holiday will be that there is "nothing doing" and "nobody is in town." And yet throughout the busy streets a throng continues to hurry onward in restless activity. Only well-accustomed observers could

see any considerable difference in the great thoroughfares of London. Shops and factories look busy enough, and if nothing is doing, there is a mighty pretence of work, while the nobodies are a formidable portion of the population when regarded in the aggregate. In another month or six weeks the census of our large towns will still further have diminished. Prosperous tradesmen, noting the decrease of customers, will begin to prepare to take part in the general exodus. "Gentlefolks" will have concluded bargains for furnished houses on the coast, and put their dining and drawing rooms into brown holland. In West End streets and squares the front blinds will be drawn, and all inquiries will be answered from the areas, where charwomen supplement the duties of servants on board wages. "London is empty," the newspapers will say, and in every large town in the kingdom the great outgoing will have left whole districts comparatively untenanted. Yet what a vast population will remain; what a great army of toiling men and women who go about their daily work, and keep up the unceasing buzz of the industrial hive. What troops of children, who, except for Sunday-school treats, would scarcely spend a day amidst green fields, or learn how to make a daisy chain, or hear the soft summer wind rustling the leaves of overhanging trees.

It would perhaps astonish us if we could have set down in plain figures how many men and women in England have never seen the sea; how many people have never spent a week away from home, or had a real long holiday in all their lives. It may be happy for them if they are not compelled, by sudden sickness or accident, to fall out of the ranks, and to leave the plough sticking in the furrow. It is not all for pleasure and careless enjoyment that the thousands of our wealthy brethren and sisters go to the terraced houses, or handsomely appointed mansions, which await them all round the English shore. Into how many eyes tears will spring, when the prayers for all who are in sorrow, need, or adversity are read in seaside churches next Sunday. By what sick-beds, and couches set at windows whence wistful eyes may look out upon the changeful glory of wood and sea and sky, anxious hearts are throbbing. What silent tears and low murmuring cries on behalf of dear ones on whose pale cheeks the July roses never more may bloom, mark the watches of the silent night, when the waves sob wakefully upon the beach. What thrills of hope and joy contend with obtrusive fears as, the golden spears of dawn break through the impenetrable slate-blue sky, and a touch of strength and healing is seen to have left its mark upon a brow on which the morning kiss is pressed with a keen throb that is itself almost a pang.

The first faltering footsteps back to life after a long illness or a severe shock, how they need careful guidance. Let the stronger arm, the helping hand, the encouraging eye be ready, or they may fail before the goal of safety be reached.

"All that is now wanted is strength, careful nursing, plenty of nourishment, pure air—the seaside if possible, and perhaps the south coast would be best." Welcome tidings, even though they herald slow recovery, inch by inch and day by day, while watchful patience measures out the time by meat and drink, and the money that will buy the means of comfort or of pleasure, becomes but golden sand running through the hour-glass, which marks each happy change.

Yes; but what of the poor and feeble, the faint-hearted who, having neither oil nor wine, nor the twopence wherewith to pay for lodging at the inn, must need lie there by the way-side, if no hand is stretched out to help them?

While at those famous health-resorts, the names of which are to be read at every railway station, and in the advertisement sheets of every newspaper, hundreds and thousands are coming back from weakness to strength, there are hundreds and thousands still who are discharged from our great metropolitan hospitals, to creep to rooms in dim, close courts and alleys, where all the tending care that can be given them must be snatched from the hours of labour necessary to buy medicine and food. How many a poor sorrowing soul has said with a sigh, "Oh! if I could only send you to the sea-side. The doctors all say fresh air's the great thing; but what's the use? they say the same of pure milk and meat and wine."

It may be the father who has met with an accident, and cannot overget the shock of a surgical operation—or rheumatic fever may have left mother, son, or daughter in that terrible condition of utter prostration, when it seems as though we were in momentary danger of floating away into a fainting unconsciousness, which not being oblivion, engages us in a struggle beyond our waking powers.

Alas! in the great summer excursion to the coast these poor fainting brethren and sisters are too seldom remembered. Here and there a building is pointed out as an infirmary, a sea-side hospital, or even as a retreat for convalescents, but the latter institutions are so few, and the best of them are so inadequately supported, that they have never yet been able to prove by startling figures the great benefits which they confer upon those who are received within their walls.

It will be worth while to pay a visit to the oldest of these truly beneficent institutions, the "Seaside Convalescent Hospital at Seaford," and to see how, in an unpretentious way, and without costly appliances, such a charitable effort may be worthily maintained.

Curiously enough, Seaford itself is an illustration

of declension from strength to weakness, and of the early stages of recovery; for though it is one of the famous Cinque Ports, it has for nearly 200 years been an unnoted retreat. It is a chartered town nevertheless, having been elevated to that privilege in 1544, and is still governed by bailiff and freemen, or, "jurats," who solemnly administer justice in a quaint old town-hall, of about the size of a boat-house and the appearance of an old-fashioned tin tea-caddy.

Seaford is still a place of old, odd customs, such as the election of the chief of the municipality at an assembly of freemen at a certain gate-post in the town, to which they are marshalled by an officer bearing a mace surmounted with the arms of Queen Elizabeth. It is famous, too, for Roman and other antiquities, and its queer little church dedicated to St. Leonard, has some rare specimens of quaint carving and a peal of bells which are peculiarly musical, while the sounding of the complines on a still summer's night is good to hear. In fact, for a mere cluster of houses forming an unpretentious and secluded town, almost without shops to attract attention, with scarcely the suspicion of a high street, and destitute of a grand hotel, Seaford is remarkably interesting for its legendary lore, as a good many people know, who have discovered its greatest attraction, and take lodgings at the dull little place, where even the martello tower is deserted. The chief recommendation of the place, however, is its healthfulness, and the grand air which blows off the sea to the broad stretch of shingly beach, and the range of cliff and down-land which stretches as far as Beachy Head, and rises just outside the town into one or two bluffs, about which the sea-gulls whirl and scream, as the evening sun dips into the sparkling blue of the water. It is just at the foot of the boldest of these ascents that we see an old-fashioned mansion, once known as Corsica Hall, but now more distinctly associated with the name of the Convalescent Hospital, of which it is the temporary home, the London offices of the charity being at No. 8, Charing Cross, London.

The institution, which was founded in 1860, has for its president the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for its patronesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duchess of Teck, and it has done its quiet work efficiently and well, under difficulties which must have required staunch interest on the part of its committee.

It is difficult at first to understand that the big many-roomed house just by the spur of the cliff, and peeping out to see over the shingle ridge, is in any sense a hospital; but here is a convalescent who will give us a very fair idea of the work that is being done; a tall fellow who is but just recovering from acute rheumatism, and is now able to go about slowly but with a cheery, hopeful look in his face. Presently, as one comes near the front door, a lad, who having come from a hospital where he has been attended for fractured ankle, has been sent here to recover strength, is hobbling across a poultry-yard, where a grand company of black Spanish, Polish, Cochin China, and other fowls are assembled to be fed, and beneath a pent-house roof in this same yard, on a bench, which would be well replaced by a more comfortable garden-seat if the funds would allow, there is a sheltered and comfortable corner for the afternoon indulgence of a whiff of fresh air. Twenty-five men and twenty-four women are all the inmates, besides attendants, for whom space can be found; and an inspection of the airy and scrupulously clean dormitories, or rather bedrooms, on each side of the building, will show that all the accommodation has been made available. It must be remembered, however, that as the period of each inmate's stay is but a month of twenty-eight days, fresh cases are constantly admitted during all the summer months; so that though as late as at the end of March only fourteen men and six women were distributed in the wards, the average number admitted during the last official year has been 511 (an increase of twenty-four over the year before), while the total number of cases received since the opening of the institution amounts to nearly 5,000.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

MIRIAM.

"Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances."

STAR of the Sea!—so lives thy name for us,
And fairer is thine olden history
Than hers whom fables name sprung from the sea.
'Twas thine upon the morn of exodus
To chant the sacred pæan, and inspire
The Hebrew maidens with thy sacred fire,
As forth they sent their strain harmonious.
"The Lord hath triumphed gloriously!" In days
Far distant from thine own, thy spirit lives
Where many a modest maid her talent gives
To swell the choir within God's house of praise.
He triumphs still. In diverse forms and ways
He cleaves the Red Sea wave. The maiden's heart
He consecrates to Mary's "better part,"
And gilds earth's sweetest gift with heaven's own saintly lays.

MAURICE DAVIES.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. P. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.



T was a fit place, this Eagles' Nest, and a fit time, in the gloom and silence, for the work Humphrey Atherstone had come there to accomplish—a labour concentrated into one short night, which most men leave to the gradual development of years. He had come to meet his destiny face to face; to wrestle with it for the possession of that prize, which he already knew to be dearer to him than life—dearer than peace and safety, and which he must weigh in the balance now, that he might learn whether it were also dearer than his honour.

Two idols there had been for this man before the hour when he first looked on the face of Una Dysart, and these were honour and Atherstone Abbey; honour stainless, unassailable, and Atherstone, the home of his race—the princely old castle under whose shadow the people of the vast estate dwelt lovingly, and looked to its lord for all that concerned their well-being with a trust and fealty that had descended to them unimpaired from the ancient feudal times. To these idols he had done homage with a desperate worship, through all that thick darkness which had overspread his life and quenched the glory of his old inheritance obscuring even the light of honour, till he scarce knew if he had always rightly discerned it: and now for him a wondrous power had arisen, mightier in its intensely sweet and subtle fascination than all that claimed mastery over him before,—which swayed his whole being like a bulrush in the wind, and drove him to feel that he could trample even honour under his feet, to win that priceless love to be his own.

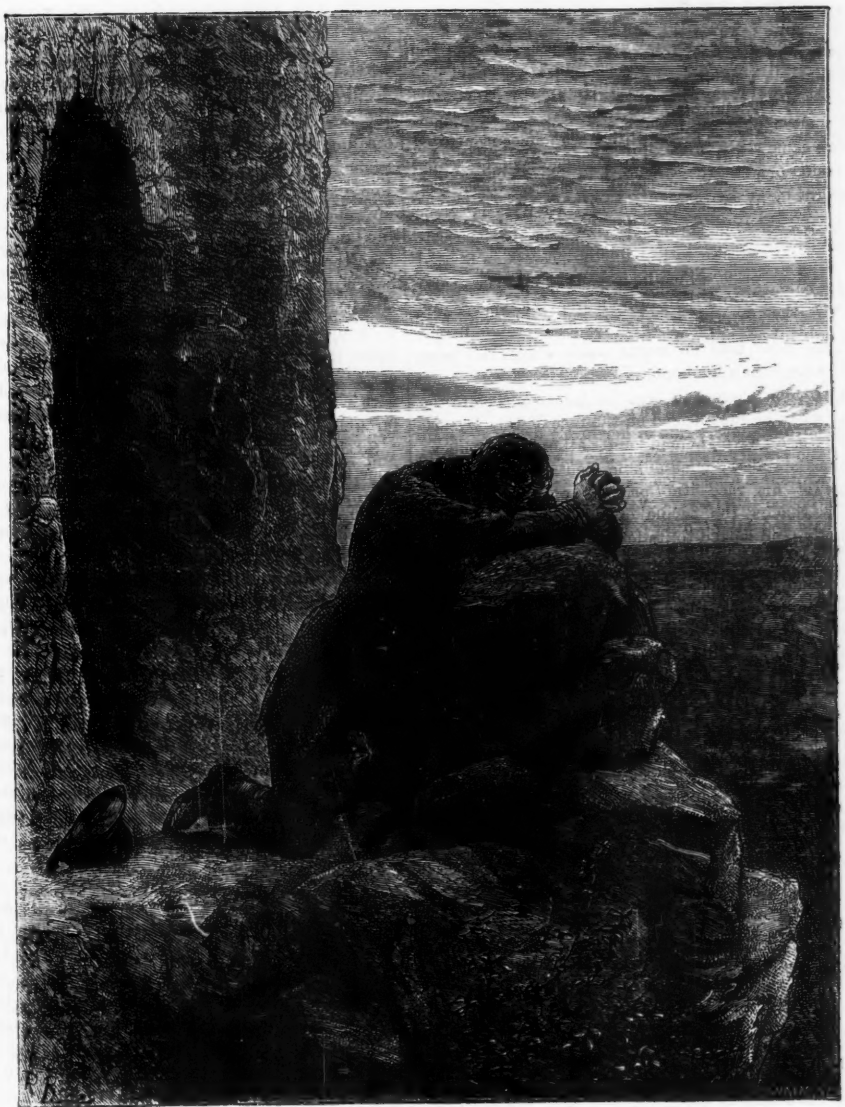
But could he—could he indeed let honour go? not honour only, but truth and justice—all for which he could respect himself? was he to become the object of his own utter scorn? In the one great struggle of his previous life, when he had been so sorely tossed between conflicting influences, that he felt as if he scarce knew at last the distinction between good and evil, he had seized hold of a compromise which seemed just to save him from the loss of honour, that would have been as moral death to him, and he had clung to it ever since, with a tenacity which had withstood the shock of many a temptation; but this last stronghold of integrity must be utterly thrown down if he was to yield to the craving of his whole being, and seek Una Dysart to be his wife.

All night long the struggle raged within him. There were moments when the lovely winning face of the first woman he had ever loved appeared to pass before his vision, with the sweet eyes full of wistful tenderness; the beautiful lips quivering with deepest sympathy. And it would seem to him that the far-off murmur of her low melodious voice came stealing up faintly from the abyss, whispering, "Come to me, my love,—my love, oh! come to me," and he would stretch his longing arms out into the empty air, and call aloud to Una that she was his only life, and he must win her to his heart or die; and then the remembrance of the oath he had so often sworn in his heart, that never wife or child should sit with him beneath the roof-tree of the Abbey, came back upon him in its strength, and he knew if he broke it for Una Dysart's sake, he would walk the earth a dishonoured man, a traitor to himself, and with a wail he would call out her name in accents of farewell.

So did he battle, vainly, fiercely, coming to no issue through the hours of darkness, and when the morning dawned it found him with his lofty head pillowed on the stones, prostrate, haggard, torn with the never-ending conflict.

He lifted up his weary eyes and looked towards the pearl-hued east, where the fair new day was gathering round her all her robes of light, and smiling on the earth that woke responsive with carolling birds and opening flowers, and dewdrops reflecting back the new-born glory; and something there was in the scene that brought before him the image of Una in her bright purity, her fresh unsullied youth, her fearless innocence, and he found the temporary solution of his difficulty in the resolve that he would leave the decision, of their mutual destiny to her,—he would tell her all that he could reveal of his cruel position, and that which she decreed for him he would accept, for weal or woe.

When Atherstone had come to this resolution, he rose from the stony couch on which he had been stretched, as on a rack, with his own soul for a torturer, and went with slow and weary steps down the rocky path where last he had gone with Una's little soft hand trembling in his own; the charm of her presence came back to him as he staggered on; her fair face seemed to gleam upon him from among the trees, her sweet voice was in every breath of wind, and the longing for her rose so imperiously within his heart that he could scarce restrain himself from turning even then in the direction of Vale House. It was, however, of course impossible to see her at that hour, and he knew it would be best that he should wait until the evening, when she was certain to be alone, as he had heard Colonel Dysart arrange to



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Pillowed on the stones"—*p.* 584.

drive Mr. Cunliffe to the station in time for the night mail to London. He turned, therefore, towards the Abbey to pass the interval as best he might.

The sun was slowly sinking after a day of overpowering heat, when at last Humphrey Atherstone passed through the gates of Una's home and went slowly up the avenue towards the house. He walked languidly, like a man recovering from an illness, for a mental conflict such as that he had sustained the night before does more to weaken life and strength than any mere physical malady could accomplish; but there came a gleam of light into his eyes, and his expression of weariness changed to one of energy and eagerness, as he suddenly saw at a little distance the graceful form of the woman on whom his great deep heart had fixed itself with a tenacity which nothing evermore could shake. She was standing in a flower-garden, which lay at one side of the house, below the drawing-room windows, looking with thoughtful eyes at a group of tall white lilies which had just reached the perfection of their summer glory.

Atherstone stood still and gazed upon her with eyes that devoured every line of her lovely drooping figure and snow-white draperies. She seemed to him in her whiteness and grace to have a peculiar affinity with the spotless flowers over which she was bending; her hair had all been gathered back from her pure, pale face, glorified by its expression of nobleness and truth, and her whole form, bathed in the last golden gleam of sunset, seemed to shine out with a dazzling brightness.

Atherstone's heart sank as he gazed; for he felt as if it were impossible that this fair stainless woman could take part in a course which diverged in ever so slight a degree from purest honour. He went towards her, and it was new life to him to see the sudden rapture that flashed into her charming face when she perceived him. Without a word, but simply as a trusting child, she placed both her hands in his, and he held them fast a few minutes, as if he could never let her go; then he said quietly, from the very intensity of his agitation, "I have much to say to you; will you come into the house and sit down?"

He could see that she trembled, but she turned at once and went up the steps of the glass door which led to the drawing-room, while he followed her almost like a criminal going to his doom; for it might be—it might be that when he left that house he should be parted from her for ever.

Una took her place on an ottoman in a corner of the room where already the shadows were gathering, and he sat down beside her, leaning for a moment his head upon his hand, as if he lacked the courage to begin the conversation that might decide his fate. At last he spoke, in a voice whose mingled passion and pathos thrilled to her very heart.

"You know, my darling, from what passed between us yesterday, that every hope I can ever have on earth is irrevocably fixed on you. I had never loved any woman before I met you; but from the moment when my eyes first fell on your dear face, I have loved you with a daily increasing intensity, which makes me feel that to part with you now would be worse than death itself. That which for years has been the bane of my life, has, however, thrust itself between you and me, and so long as it was still possible for me to endure the thought of existence without you, I believed it must stand for ever as a fatal bar, shutting me out from the paradise of your sweet presence. That time is past; I cannot—I will not lose you! or brook for a moment the possibility of your ever being the wife of any other man. Nor do I any longer delude myself into the belief that your friendship, dear as it was, can in any sense stay the hunger of my heart. No! it would but sadden me, by holding perpetually before my eyes the perfect companionship which might bless my home, and I am very sure that the generous sacrifice you spoke of yesterday could only be a lifelong torture to us both, if I were base enough to accept it. Therefore I come to you, my Una—my life's angel—to ask that you yourself would set aside the obstacle between us, and tell me that I may redeem my existence from the ban under which it lies, for it cannot be that one so pure and noble as yourself should err in your decision, and you shall be to me a conscience, better and safer than my own."

As he ceased she looked at him with an uneasy bewildered expression. "You must explain to me exactly what you mean," she said; "it is all incomprehensible and vague to me at present."

"So far as I can I will, my dearest; but it is one of the painful complications of my position that even to you I cannot reveal the real nature of the difficulty which has caused me such deep misery. This much, however, you can understand. Some years ago, by no fault of my own, I found myself in a position of the cruellest perplexity, in which it seemed impossible that I could hold to the laws of human justice, in the strictest sense, without originating such an amount of evil, widespread and malignant in its results, that I could not think it otherwise than criminal to bring it it into existence. There appeared to be but one compromise which could satisfy my own sense of honour, and that was the resolution which I then formed to live a solitary life, unblest by wife or child. The matter was known to no human being but myself, and the decision wholly in my own hands. I could have been called in question by no earthly power if I had resolved to avoid the tremendous evils involved in an adherence to the strictest letter of the law, and yet made no sacrifice of my future happiness; but to satisfy my own internal standard of right, I determined to forego marriage, and if I could now convince myself that I was the victim of too rigid a code of honour, there is nothing to prevent me from giving my Quixotic

resolutions to the winds, and taking freely of the happiness which is not denied to the poorest man on earth. You can never know, my darling, how terribly I was tempted to do this yesterday, when you spoke those sweetest words which, happen what may, I shall be thankful I have lived to hear; for I could so easily have kept back from you the impalpable obstacle which my own definition of highest rectitude alone has placed between us; but I dared not settle the question in my own favour which another might conscientiously decide for me, and therefore I come to you, my dearest, to ask you to absolve me from the fancied necessity of sacrificing my whole existence to an ideal code of honour; if you will but tell me your own happiness is involved no less than mine, it will altogether outweigh the seeming obligation of any self-formed law, and then without a doubt or fear I will fling aside the weight which so long has crushed me, and ask from your hands the perfect happiness which you alone can give me."

He ceased, and there was perfect silence for a few minutes, while the destinies of those two living beings hung in the balance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Una had listened to Atherstone with varying expressions of hope and fear and disquietude chasing each other over her mobile face, and when he paused and seemed to devour her with his eyes in breathless anxiety for her answer, she turned to him with an almost piteous look of distress. "I still can hardly understand what it is you mean me to do; surely you do not ask me to pronounce on a question of right and wrong without knowing to what it refers."

"My darling," he said eagerly, "the matter is so simple that I am sure you need not hesitate to decide upon it, merely to relieve me from the responsibility of seeking my own happiness at the cost of ever so fanciful an idea of almost impossible honour, for since I have learned to love you so utterly, so wildly as I now do, I have lost the power of being a law to myself, or seeing clearly where the line of justice may be drawn. Therefore it is that I have staked the whole issue on your decision, and if you will but say to me that your own precious life would be saddened by our separation, I should feel amply satisfied, that I am not bound to strain after the romantic chivalry of less enlightened days at such a cost."

Still the large eyes looked wistfully in his face and the sweet lips trembled, but were silent.

He caught her hands in his. "My darling Una! it would be for your happiness as for mine that you should come to me, would it not? say only that I have not deceived myself in this?—you do love me?"

"Oh yes," she whispered softly.

"Then come to me," he said, drawing her closer to him, "let us for ever forget all doubts and obstacles. I do not now ask of you any decision as to right or wrong, I only beseech of you to let me love you all my life, to come home to my heart for ever!"

She had been confused and bewildered by his ambiguous words, by his half-defined hints of some deviation from truth and justice which would be involved in a union with him whom she loved with the whole power of her being, but there was no mistaking the meaning of this last earnest prayer—he was but asking her to crown herself no less than him with uttermost joy; to receive, at the same moment that she gave, the highest happiness she could imagine on this earth; to secure herself for evermore from the dreary, hopeless wretchedness of life apart from him, and she all but yielded. The longing to chase away all clouds of sadness from that beloved face impelled her irresistibly to utter the glad consent already trembling on her lips; but suddenly, at this crisis of her fate, the strange sentence of warning once spoken to her and half forgotten, came echoing back upon her inner sense: "Remember, you have *one life only*, for good or ill," and with the words came the recollection of her own bold, confident assertion, that she would make this one life noble, whether happy or not—that it should be great and pure at any cost. And was she now about to decide for herself and another, that they should tamper with justice in any shape or way to gratify themselves? was she going to drag this man down from his own high standard as well as from hers? At the bitter thought her heart stood still, a struggle rose within her which was almost unbearable, and faintly she gasped out, "My happiness is bound up in yours, I do not deny it; but did you not say that until now you have believed the highest honour held you to your resolution?"

"Oh, Una, let it go! it was but a visionary fancy, it can weigh nothing against your life and mine; do you think I can endure to lose you now?"

"I cannot lead you to fall from principle," she said; "you yourself would one day hate me for it."

"Never, darling—never!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands almost fiercely in his own. "Let me but have you, and the whole world, with all that men deem best and greatest in it, were well lost to me!"

"Not honour—not honour," she said, "keep honour and let me go. Yes! if need be let me die! but never let me be to you a source of wrong or failure;" and with a violent effort she tore herself out of his grasp and rushed from the room.

Whatever might have been the obligations by which Humphrey Atherstone believed himself to be bound previous to this last interview with Una Dysart, they were now all swept away, as though they had never been, by the fierce tide of feeling which had completely overwhelmed him, and drowned all thought or care for anything on earth, but to win her swiftly

and surely as his wife, from whom nothing in the whole wide universe should separate him more.

He was too completely overwhelmed by her sudden disappearance when she struggled out of his grasp and fled away, to give a moment's consideration to the motives which impelled her thus to do violence to the love she had confessed, he only knew that he would not give her up—that she was and ever should be his, by all the strength of his will, and he could not even bring himself to leave the house until he had seen her once again, and forced from her lips the promise that she would fling aside all scruples as completely as he had done himself. He sent message after message to entreat that she would come and speak to him for but one moment; and at last when the astonished servants quite failed to satisfy him with the answers they conveyed, Una's own maid brought him a note, which contained these words: "Do not ask to see me again—at least to day; I cannot bear it." Then slowly and reluctantly he left the house, but it was with the indomitable resolution that the obstacle he himself had been mad enough, as he now thought, to raise in her mind, should not have the power to separate them ultimately, happen what might.

Meanwhile Una, flung across her bed with her face buried on the pillows, was giving way to a passionate agony, which was making her feel, almost with despair, the great power of the love which had taken possession of her whole being. By a desperate struggle in that last critical moment of their interview, she had retained her hold of the nobleness and rectitude which she had resolved should at least glorify the only life she had to spend, by whatever else of joy or sorrow it might be marked; but now she felt like one who comes out of a great battle wounded and bruised, and knows that all strength is gone to carry on the fight, or even almost to retain the victory won; it was nothing to her comparatively that she had doomed her own self to desolate wretchedness for the rest of her days; but it seemed simply impossible to endure the consciousness that she had at the same time condemned to hopeless solitude the man for whose happiness she would have died.

What need to describe the terrible night the poor child passed? is there one amongst us who has not known at some time or other what it is to lie down at night, dead beat—not with physical fatigue, but with some heavy wave of life which has gone right over our head, and knocked us down, shattered and exhausted, to feel only the weary longing to close our eyes for ever on the light of day?

How many such nights are passed in secrecy and silence by those who, with the dawn of morning, find just so much of returning courage as enables them to tie on their mask once more, and go out into the world without revealing the hidden fox gnawing at their heart-strings! The call to do this came next day to Una, almost before she had brought herself to feel that it was possible to live again at all.

When her maid came into the room, ostensibly to awaken her who had not known even a moment's forgetfulness in sleep, she told Una that Colonel Dysart's valet had been startled that morning at finding his master in a fainting-fit, and that it had been some little time before he could restore him to consciousness.

This account altered completely for the moment the whole current of Una's thoughts. She was greatly attached to her father, and had of late more than once felt some uneasiness at indications of failing health, which Colonel Dysart, however, always tried to conceal. Without waiting even to finish her toilet, she flew away to his room, in her long white dressing-gown, with her beautiful hair hanging round her like a veil. She found her father dressed and sitting at the open window, looking much as usual. He seemed somewhat troubled at the evident alarm which had brought her so hastily to his presence, and animadverted with a good deal of irritation on the gossiping propensities of servants.

"I particularly wished that you should not be disturbed, Una. It was a mere temporary faintness, which is quite gone, and I would rather you had heard nothing about it, especially as you are looking very ill yourself, child. What is the matter with you? I never saw you with so white a face or such heavy eyes. They told me last night you had gone to bed with a headache, but it must have been a very bad one to alter you so much."

"My head does ache, and I have not slept well, but that is nothing; I want to be sure that there is no serious cause for your fainting-fit. What can have brought it on? are you sure you are well again now?"

"Can you not see that I am?" he answered. "Do not think any more about it; I feel nothing but the wish to get as much fresh air as I can. You shall drive me out in the pony carriage after breakfast, and we will go a good long way and spend the day out of doors; you need it more than I do. I hope a good breeze will bring the colour back to your face; I do not like your appearance at all to-day—your very lips are white."

"I shall be pleased to go with you, dearest father," was all she said as she stooped over him and kissed him, and then went back to her room to dress, and she was glad at the prospect of being out all day, for it would at least defer a few hours longer any renewal of the struggle between herself and Atherstone—or rather, in truth, between herself and the love that had become almost too powerful for her strength. Breakfast was soon over; Colonel Dysart appeared to have little appetite, and Una, with her parched lips and heavy head, had none. But it was a glorious summer day, with a fresh wind blowing, which seemed to excite Una's skittish

ponies to a superabundance of high spirits, that caused them to prance and curvette at the door, till she and her father were ready to start, and then compelled her to give her whole attention to restraining their impetuous gaiety.

Colonel Dysart had arranged that they were to go to a picturesque village, some ten miles off, and have luncheon there, returning home in the evening, and Una had acquiesced without a word; she only so far regretted his choice of a route that it led them past the gate of Atherstone Abbey, and she dreaded beyond words the possible pain of a chance meeting with its master. None such occurred, however. As they skirted the massive old wall which separated the beautiful grounds from the road, she incited her willing ponies to their utmost speed, and they bounded past so quickly that it scarcely flashed on her sight till they were far beyond it. Then she slackened her pace and went on to the distant village. It so happened that her precautions had been only just in time, for the echo of her wheels had hardly died away when Humphrey Atherstone rode through the gate, and put his great black horse to its swiftest gallop in order to reach Vale House; whence he returned, however, moody and miserable, to wait with impatience for the evening, when he meant to try his fate again, and make another determined effort to see Una.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XIV. CHRIST TEACHING BY MIRACLES.

Scripture to be read—Mark i., ii. (parts of).

TO THE TEACHER.—Four lessons have been given on the parables, as illustrative of our Lord's manner of teaching by word of mouth; four will now be given on the miracles, to illustrate His teaching by acts of love. A few lessons will follow on the discourses.

I. THE LEPER. Read Mark i. 35—45. (1) *The circumstances.* Our Lord staying at Peter's house at Capernaum, had just healed his mother-in-law (ver. 31); the story spread in the little fishing-village; the sailors coming up to the house, standing about in groups and talking it over; many sick people healed in the cool of the evening. Peter's wife and her mother gladly ministering to Christ; cooking supper, &c., like Martha of Bethany (Luke x. 40). Next morning Peter and Andrew, accustomed to early hours, rise; find Christ before them; seek Him; tell Him of the crowds seeking Him. How does He take it? Not puffed up; does not stop there to make further sensation; must go on, to do Father's will in other places. Here a lesson to all. Christ always just went on doing His work unaffected by public opinion, good or bad: regarded neither applause nor contempt; knew His duty and did it. (2) *The miracle.* Ask about lepers; referring to Lev. xiv., to show the fearful nature of the disease. Three points may be noticed. It was *foul*; the man had to call out, "Unclean!" as he walked along; it was *infectious*, and therefore lepers had to live alone: and it was *incurable* by ordinary means. All this moved our Lord's pity. Make the children see the qualities exhibited by Christ. None might touch him; perhaps for years had touched no one; therefore Christ not merely spoke the word, but touched him. Showing *sympathy:* and His curing him at once showed the greatness of the man's need and of the Saviour's willingness and power. What might we have expected the man would have been told to do? Why did Christ not want these cures to be blazed about? What did the man do? What was the effect upon Christ (ver. 45)? What had the man to do? Why were these offerings made (Lev. xiv. 10)? Remind of the nine lepers who were ungrateful (Luke xvii. 17), but also of thank-offerings after deliverance, such as Noah's sacrifice (Gen. viii. 20).

Practical. Remind of that other leprosy, *foul* (Ps. li. 5; Isa. i. 5), *infectious.* See the spread of sin in the world (Gen. vi. 5); and again, after the flood, the cities of Sodom, &c. So with each child, by example and influence leads others astray; makes them sin or offend (Matt. xviii. 7); *incurable* by man's own effort (Hosea xiii. 9). But remind of Saviour's *willingness* (Isa. lv. 1) and *power* to save (1 John i. 9). Ask for instances of His forgiveness—Mary Magdalene, the dying thief, &c. So will forgive all who ask pardon.

II. THE SICK OF THE PALSY. Read ii. 1—12. By means of a picture or description bring the scene vividly before the children. Describe an Eastern house—three sides of an open courtyard with a staircase outside communicating with roof; the courtyard covered with tarpaulin to protect from sun; under this Christ with large crowd assembled, filling every corner even to doors. Now picture the sick man on his mattress, carried up the stairs by his four friends; the tarpaulin drawn aside; the man let down before Christ. What was he brought for? But what did he most want? Why forgiveness? Which is of most consequence, the soul or body? Which, therefore, did Christ give first? Who forgives sins? Then who did Christ claim to be? Explain ver. 9: ask children which *is* easier to *say*. Show that it is easier to *say*, "Thy sins forgiven," because cannot *see* whether results follow; but if say, "Arise and walk," and the man did not,

He would be shown to be an impostor. Christ, therefore, showed one almighty power by healing, which showed He might claim the other power of forgiveness. The result, as before, that God was glorified.

Practical. Ask what the sick man showed. (*a*) *Faith*: had heard of Christ; could not come; persuaded friends to bring. (*b*) *Eagerness*; he took trouble about it. These two things necessary for all. Must believe, but also must be in anxiety about our spiritual healing. Like Jacob, not depart without receiving a blessing (Gen. xxxii. 26). From the conduct of the four men, show how we may take our friends to Christ in intercessory prayer, and be sure of a welcome. From the miracle show Christ's power and willingness to receive and help all who come in faith, and realise in Him the Son of God.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the condition of a leper.
2. What qualities did Christ show in healing the leper?
3. How is leprosy a type of sin?
4. Explain the uncovering of the roof.
5. Explain "which is easier to say," &c.
6. Give any practical lessons taught by the second miracle.

WAITING.

I STAND upon its brink, and hear the fall
Of the dark river as it rushes by;
I stand and wait, and listen for the call
Of Him that draweth nigh;
And watch the shadows in the dreamy west
Fold weary day into their peaceful rest.

The active service of my life is o'er,
Passed is its morning glow, its noontide heat;
And now I know that I shall never more
Taste of its bitter-sweet—
The sweet of joys that quickly fade away,
The bitterness that savours of decay.

Dear memories of my life do I unfold,
Not that my heart would to its ruins cling,
But only to discern things new and old
Which from God's teachings spring—
New, as these feelings of my bosom are,
Old, as the brightness of "the Morning Star."

Lo! not one step my God has led me on
Would I that I had missed through all the way;
Firm is the staff that I have lean'd upon;
Thy rod has been my stay,
O Helper of the helpless! who art near
To quench all doubt and vanquish every fear!

No more my feet sink in the shifting sand,
They on the Rock of Ages firmly rest;
And through the waters I shall reach the land—
There to be ever blest—
Where Thou shalt wipe all joyless tears away,
O God, O King, O Light of endless day!

JEAN CURRIE.

MAGGIE'S SCRAPES.

A STORY FOR GIRLS. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

MAGGIE'S enforced imprisonment came to an end at last, and she was one of the liveliest of the happy group gathered on the lawn. Everything went smoothly and well during the afternoon, and the tea was announced. The dining-room had been prettily arranged with fresh white curtains, and ornamented with an abundance of flowers. The tea-table was as tempting with cakes and fruit as it possibly could be, and everything would have been delightful, but for one unlucky incident. Maggie's jealous temper had already been roused once to-day, and although the little storm had passed over, clouds were still hanging about, and something that occurred during tea-time brought to mind the old grievance with disastrous effect. There was a dish of cup-cakes on the table that met with especial favour. When they had been handed to each little guest one only remained; Maggie watched the dish with intense interest, longing to taste the cakes, but of course not daring to ask. She wondered whether her mamma would think of dividing it between her and Amy: but no such thing, for presently Susan took up the dish and handed it to Amy, who was sitting at the other end of the table. Now Amy was not at all a selfish little girl, and if she had thought that Maggie wanted the cake, she would have given it up willingly; but such a thing never came into her mind, for she was chatting away with her companions, and did not even notice that Maggie had not one.

But Maggie's peace of mind was gone. Why should Susan have taken the cake from her to give it to Amy? for Susan had borne the dish away regardless of Maggie's longing eyes and half-outstretched arm. It was the old story over again—every one favoured Amy and neglected *her*. For a long time she would take nothing, but when she saw how quickly the

dishes were emptied she thought better of it. The strawberries were nearly all gone, and she determined that she would not be served with them as she had been with the cup-cakes, so she stood up and stretched her arm across the table to pull the dish towards her, and in doing so gave the table a sudden jerk. Amy was just in the act of raising a cup of hot tea to her lips when the abrupt movement overturned her cup, emptying its contents into her lap. Her left arm, over which the tea fell, was very much scalded, and caused her so much pain that she was obliged to go to Susan to get it dressed with oiled rags. Of course there was no more enjoyment for her that evening, although she entered into the various amusements as cheerfully as she was able; but although Maggie must have known this, she did not choose to offer any apology, but on the other hand was very much annoyed at the fuss every one was making over Amy and her scald, and the little notice that was taken of herself.

But the matter did not drop quietly. When Mr. Oldfield, Maggie's father, came home and saw Amy's arm swathed in rag, he requested an explanation. Mrs. Oldfield, who had noticed Maggie's conduct much more closely than the little girl had any idea of, gave him an account of the whole affair. He was terribly grieved with Maggie, and calling her apart, pointed out to her how wicked and unkind she had been, and telling her that he could not let such conduct pass unpunished, sent her to her own room for the rest of the evening.

She dared not disobey, but went with no very good will. The merry voices of the children came to her through the open window, sounding so happy and pleasant, that her longing to be with them became so great she could hardly bear it. She rocked herself to and fro, screaming and crying with anger and disappointment; but no one heard her, for all were out in the garden. No one missed her, no one cared for her. The group on the lawn were enjoying themselves quite as well without her as they did when she was there—perhaps a great deal better, she thought bitterly. Not even Amy, with all her talked-of kindness, cared to beg for her that she might be let off her punishment. No, they all hated her, and liked to get her out of the way. She did not know that Amy had pleaded for her, but had been sternly refused. Maggie's naughtinesses were of such frequent occurrence that her father and mother began to think she was insensible to kindness, and required severe treatment to eradicate her great faults.

After supper Amy would gladly have taken her sister some of the good things she had been enjoying, but this her father and mother strictly forbade. When she went up to bed she found Maggie lying on the outside of the bed, asleep, her face showing the traces of many tears. Not wishing to disturb her, she put out the light, and undressing in the dark, crept into bed as softly as possible. She slept fitfully during the night, for her wrist pained her badly, and the next morning she woke with a feverish headache. Maggie attributed her silence to ill-feeling, and all her bitter fancies rose up with renewed force. It was a bad beginning to the day.

At breakfast both Mr. and Mrs. Oldfield noticed with concern Amy's pale, haggard face. She was naturally a very delicate child, and the pain of the scald had been much greater than any one had guessed from her manner of bearing it; but now the strain was beginning to tell, and she was really feeling unwell. She could eat nothing, and seemed too listless to care to amuse herself in any way. Her mamma made her lie down on the drawing-room couch with a book, and told her to try and read herself to sleep. But sleep would not come. The intense heat of the weather added to Amy's restlessness, and the result was that when her father returned home she was so feverish and unwell as to cause her parents much anxiety. Maggie, who had never known a day's illness, not even having made acquaintance with a headache, could not understand the effect of the scald on Amy's delicate constitution. The care and anxiety her parents displayed roused all her jealousy, for she could never remember to have been tended in like manner. She slipped away unheeded to her favourite resort, the field at the end of the garden, there to indulge in her bitter feelings. No one cared for her, she thought again and again with the old passionate hate filling her heart. She forgot how little she deserved to be loved. She wondered whether any one would make a fuss over her if she were very ill. Not unless they thought she was going to die, she believed; and this thought giving rise to others led to an idea so wild and wicked that it seems almost impossible a little child could have thought of it, if we did not know that passionate, revengeful feelings when indulged in overcome reason itself. She determined to frighten everybody by throwing herself into the big pond over against the road. She knew very well that people were sure to be passing, and that she would only have to cry for help in order to get fished out. She pictured to herself with a great deal of satisfaction the moment when she should be carried into the house, all dripping and bedraggled, perhaps half insensible. What a fright it would give them, if they cared at all for her. Perhaps they would learn to be kinder after that.

Her rebellious thoughts had gained so complete a mastery over her, that she was hardly conscious of her own actions. You must remember that she was no ordinary child, but one who had from her babyhood displayed passions of unusual violence, and her actions were as much worse than those of other children as her disposition was different.

She ran furiously across the field, and plunged into the cool deep water without pausing for a moment to think what she was really going to do. But the

pond, which was a very large one, was much deeper than she had any idea of. She lost her balance directly, and began drifting with the gentle current towards the middle. She had never bargained for anything like this, and beginning to feel really frightened, she screamed loudly for help, but no one came to her assistance; all was quiet as death. She screamed again and again, but no one passed just then, the fields being deserted, with the exception of a few cows grazing on the edge of the pond, that lifted up their heads to stare lazily at her. She struggled to get back to the bank, but her feet were caught in the weeds that grew luxuriantly at the bottom, and her limbs were weighed down by her wet clothes. A frantic terror seized her that she would really be drowned. In vain she struggled; in vain she screamed; no one came to her, nor could she free herself; she could not even keep her head above the water. It bubbled in her ears, and rushed into her nose and mouth, nearly suffocating her. Her limbs began to lose their power; she felt that she was really and actually drowning, without a soul near to save her. In the horrible anguish of those few moments a thought flashed into her mind of how dreadful it would be to die like this. What would become of her? All her evil thoughts and deeds stood out clearly before her now, and she saw for the first time how wicked they were. She could not remember one good thing she had done; all she could look back upon was as bad as bad could be. Oh! if God would only save her, she would try and do so differently. Was He so angry with her for that last dreadful thought of hers, that He was going to punish her by letting her die while she was so unfit, and she prayed almost frantically that He would send some one to help her.

Presently she heard a bark, and then in another minute she felt her dress seized hold of, and herself pulled at violently. God had answered her prayer, and sent Nero, the large Newfoundland dog, to her assistance. He was a great strong fellow, and succeeded in dragging Maggie to the bank; then, after having wagged his tail and licked her hands, to assure her of his sympathy, he trotted off to tell his story. Maggie, who had not been in the water long enough to be insensible, managed to get on to her feet and tried to walk home; but it was dreadfully slow work, for her limbs felt as heavy as lead, and she trembled violently from head to foot. She had managed to get half way across the field, when Nero came bounding along, and presently she espied her father following behind him.

He stood for a moment looking in bewilderment at the odd little bedraggled figure, then caught her up in his arms and carried her swiftly home. She was thankful he did not say anything to her, though even if he had met her with the sternest anger, she would have felt that it was only what she deserved, so complete a change had been wrought in her.

She was placed in bed and tended with all the care her exacting nature could have required, and the next day found her but little the worse for her exploit. It brought with it a painful task, for Maggie had to tell her parents the whole sad story of last night's event. She managed to do it, though it was indeed terribly difficult. They were very kind, and helped her very much with her tale, guessing many little points that she hardly knew how to mention; and then, when it was all told, they forgave her so freely, and seemed so pleased and grateful for the change in her, that she wondered how she could ever have thought they hated her, and took a pleasure in punishing her.

With the change in herself Maggie found every one changed. She had no longer any need to accuse her father and mother of any partiality towards Amy, for now they knew she was trying to do well, they never punished her in the old way, an allusion to her narrow escape and a little earnest conversation being all that was needed. Amy, too, was as affectionate a sister as could be, all her companions learnt in time to love her, and even Susan declared that since that accident there wasn't a nicer child anywhere than Miss Maggie was now.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

248. The expression "shadow of death" occurs twice in the New Testament. Give the passages, and state in what sense the words are used.

249. Show that David, "man of war" though he was, and of undoubted courage, was not insensible to fear.

250. From what passage may we infer that our Lord meant to imply that He was Himself a Comforter?

251. "Rejoice," said our Lord, "that your names are *written in heaven*." Where do we read that those who forsake God shall be "written in the *earth*?"

252. Give the name of a king of Judah to whom it was revealed, several hundred years beforehand, that the Redeemer should be born of a virgin.

253. St. James says that "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." Give a parallel passage from Solomon's writings.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 560.

232. St. Matthew (viii. 2—4).

233. See 2 Sam. v. 4, 5.

234. Son of man. See Matt viii. 20, &c.

235. Mark i. 13.

236. Adah and Zillah, the wives of Lamech, and his daughter Naamah (Gen. iv. 19, 22).

237. See Mark v. 19; Luke viii. 39.

238. John i. 51.

239. Manaen (Acts xiii. 1).

240. "I that speak unto thee am He" (John iv. 26).



(*Drawn by* M. E. EDWARDS.)

"May hear her babe sigh"—*p.* 594.

THE STORM-WIND.

WHEN the swift-rolling brook, swollen deep,
Rushes on by the alders, full speed,
And the wild-blowing winds lowly sweep
O'er the quivering leaf and the weed,
And the willow-tree writhes in each limb,
Over sedge-reeds that reel by the brim—

The man that is staggering by
  Holds his hat to his head by the brim;
And the girl, as her hair-locks outfly,
  Puts a foot out, to keep herself trim,
And the quivering wavelings o'erspread
The small pool where the bird dips his head.

But out at my house, in the lee
  Of the nook, where the winds die away,
The light swimming airs, round the tree
  And the low-swinging ivy stem, play
So soft that a mother that's nigh
Her still cradle, may hear her babe sigh.

W. Barnes, M.A.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW MARGARET WORKED AT HER PICTURE.

"WHERE did you meet Mr. Bowden, daddy?" Margaret asked, the next evening, as she sat working before her easel. She had commenced her great picture, and the "old man" had given her his first sitting, while he told her his day's news.

"In the Strand. I was telling him of an idea I once had for originating a company on the same plan as the Atalanta, only on a smaller scale, and how I believed that the reason they made me secretary was that they somehow got wind of my idea. A few hundreds to start with, and I'd make a fortune by it yet, only I'm getting old, dear—getting old, and cannot stand fatigue as I used in the old marching days. Herbert is away," he went on, rising, "and I promised Bowden I'd go down and have a business chat with him."

"A business chat, daddy, and you are going to him to-night! What business does he want to talk over, and why couldn't he come here?" she asked, uneasily.

"I told him I knew you would be busy, and I thought it would be a change if I went to his rooms. I do not have much pleasure," and he looked up with the weary, worn look upon his face, which was always an appeal to his daughter's feelings.

"No, you do not, you dear old man," she answered, and she went down-stairs with him, and saw that his coat was buttoned up, and his throat protected against the night air. "Take care of yourself," she said tenderly, and then she added gently, "and don't enter into any more 'specs,' daddy dear. And, oh," and her tone became almost entreating, "don't let Mr. Bowden join you, or invest money, pray don't!" And then the old man sallied forth, and Margaret returned to her work. She did so hope that her father would not attempt to borrow of Stephen; it was to prevent this she had kept her engagement secret. She sighed as she worked away at her picture, the picture of the daddy of whom she was so fond; that weak, foolish daddy of hers, she wanted to put her very best work into his portrait.

Suddenly she heard a double knock, and remembered that Miss Campbell had promised to send her nephew round, to tell her about the Frasers. It was a good thing her father was out, she thought, or it might have been difficult to have spoken to Charley alone.

"Mrs. Fraser seemed quite pleased at the idea of your giving the girls lessons, and wants you to call on her to-morrow. She would come to you, but is feeble, and does not get out," he told her. Then Margaret took up the brush again, and he sat and lazily watched her. He wanted to talk about something, but, as usual, did not know how to begin, till a bright idea struck him. "I say, Maggie," he asked, "what time will you go to the Frasers to-morrow? because I'll come and fetch you."

"No; I'll ask Hetty to go with me."

"Oh—jolly little girl, Hetty, eh?"

"Yes," she laughed; "that's just what you said yesterday."

"Well, you are not jealous?"

"Jealous!" she said merrily; "oh no;" and she went on industriously working for some twenty minutes, forgetting him and Hetty and everything else but that portrait upon which she was intent.

"I wish you were," he said presently, with a big sigh.

He had been carefully looking at the top of Margaret's head until he made this brilliant observation. Her hair was such an awfully nice colour, he thought. She got up and altered the position of the light and reseated herself.

"You wish I were what?—oh, jealous! What on earth for?" and she took up the brush again.

"Oh, do put down that thing," he said disrespectfully and impatiently; "I want to talk," he added, almost imploringly.

She put it down, half amused, half surprised, turned away from her easel, folded her hands meekly one over the other, and facing him, asked, "Now then, sir, what have you got to say?"

He was nearly disconcerted already.

"Well, I say, look here, Maggie, I want to know what's this teaching for? There's no occasion for you to do that sort of thing, you know."

She began to get uneasy, for it was beginning to dawn upon her somehow that Stephen Bowden was wiser in his generation than she was in hers, and

that Charles Campbell was *not* altogether brotherlike.

"Oh yes," she answered brightly and defiantly, "there's a great deal of occasion, and I want the money."

He waited a moment or two before he spoke again, then he made a plunge. "Maggie,"—he did not dare look at her, only put out his hand and groped like one in darkness, seeking to take hers, yet failing to touch it,—"Maggie, don't do it," he said passionately. "Couldn't you settle down and marry me, darling?"

"Marry you!" she exclaimed, rising in dismay.

"Yes, why not? I'm so fond of you, Maggie—I always have been. And look here, you are cleverer than I am, and all that; and you shall have everything just as you like:" but she only shrunk away from him, and going up to the fire-place, hid her face in her hands for a moment. "Aunt is all for it too, and—oh, Maggie, do speak!"

"What! does Miss Campbell know?" she said, huskily and breathlessly.

"Yes, she has all along. She found it out—I didn't tell her," he said in a voice of acute pain; for though she had not said a word as yet, there was no mistaking her manner. "Oh, Maggie!" he exclaimed again, "is it all up, can't you think about it?"

Then she put down her hands, and went up to him.

"Charley," she said quietly, "I would give the world if you had not said what you did just now. You have always been like a brother, and I have never thought of you in any other light; why, we've known each other since we were five——"

"But can't you think of it?"

"No," she answered, gently but decidedly; "we can never be more than we have been." She hesitated a moment, thinking that perhaps she had better tell him why, but remembered that there was no occasion to inflict extra pain upon him then. "Forget it all, Charley, as I will, and let us be friends still; no one need know of this."

"I don't care who knows," he said doggedly; "no," he added, "I shouldn't like Herbert to know, he's so precious sarcastic; or Bowden, he'd think me such a fool." He had no liking at heart for his rival. "Are you quite sure, Maggie?" he began in his almost boyish, crestfallen manner.

She went up to him again, and put her hand upon his arm; they had known each other all their lives, and she felt so perfectly sisterly towards him, that it seemed only natural. "Oh, quite sure, Charley; but try and forget it all, and let us be friends still."

"Yes, Maggie," he said dubiously, and he took her hand and held it idly for a moment, looking at her face, and as he did so the door opened softly, and in walked Stephen Bowden, followed by the old man.

They darted away from each other with a haste which was in itself a betrayal.

Stephen Bowden paused upon the threshold. "I fear we took you by surprise," he said.

"Oh no," Maggie said, sitting tremblingly down before her easel.

"Hulloa, Campbell! I didn't know you were coming, or I wouldn't have gone out," the old man exclaimed.

"Maggie expected me," Charley blurted out innocently enough, and hardly knowing what he was saying.

"Yes," said Maggie, while her hand trembled, and her face became scarlet, "but I forgot it."

"Ah," said Stephen Bowden, coldly and distantly. "Well, Mr. Ashbury, I only came for a stroll, so I'll say good night."

"Oh, do stay!" and Maggie looked up quickly, and said the words in a tone that made her hearers turn towards her, but he only answered politely and distantly, "Thank you, not to-night," and Maggie, powerless to rise, allowed the old man to see him down-stairs, while she and Charley blankly looked at each other.

(*To be continued.*)

"TO BE CONTINUED."

THE other day I took up a number of a popular magazine, and read the opening chapters of a tale; at the close, between parentheses, and italicised, were the words, "*To be continued.*" Of course, I had seen the like hundreds of times before, yet never thought of their suggestiveness. But, somehow, whether it was the emphasising italics or not, all at once they set me thinking. To be continued—many things besides this are to be continued; some that we like, and some that we don't like; and no effort of ours can alter it.

For instance, *we ourselves* are to be continued. What a pregnant thought! Death makes an end of many things, but not of us. It is an awful moment, even though it were but the last scene in the panorama of existence, or rather the rolling-up and closing of it for ever—to take our last look at the heavens and the earth and all familiar things,—to speak the last word to our friends, and hear their voices for the last time, then have the senses shut, and—no more! But there *is* more, for we are to be continued. This is what makes life so momentous. Death is only a name we have for what we know little about. Speculation on the subject is idle; for we know nothing, and have no

means of knowing anything, beyond what is revealed in God's Word. We do not even know what life is; and as little can we tell what has happened when that mystery ceases to move and have its being in its material dwelling. Protoplasm, or anything else, gives no explanation. The oracles are dumb; curiosity searches in vain; it can only peer into darkness and be baffled. The most delicate tests of physical science cannot detect the immaterial part, or account for the vanished something. Psychology has no data to draw deductions from, and can point us to nothing except the common instinctive desire, which in some of the noblest minds was reasoned, or grew, into a certainty, that the dead were but seed sown to spring to life again, or that the *self* did not die at all.

The Word of God never extinguishes any purely human instinct, or any desire that grows out of conscious or unconscious need, but only those that are the offspring of inhuman or vitiated qualities. All others are of His own implanting, and naturally require to be satisfied, as the stomach requires food. And the desire that prompts the question, "Shall I continue to exist after death?" and to which the soul itself and the analogy of all things seem to reply, "Ye shall,"—that desire is answered and satisfied by Revelation; and with some additional information as to how we may prepare for the life to come, and how it may be made an incentive to noblest living in the present; some very plain statements about the consequences of neglect in those important matters, and some equally plain statements of the rich reward proper attention to them will yield. Not much information is given; only a momentary lifting of the fringe of the dark veil; a few aurora-like, tremulous lights, shooting up from the dim horizon; a few lightning flashes, making momentary rents in the thick cloud; a few dim revealings of the magnificence and awfulness of things that our spirits can as yet only blindly touch, and the subject is dropped. There is enough for our guidance, for our warning and encouragement; any more would probably bewilder or stun us. The light of the Love Divine is there, and it is enough for faith and hope. When we seem to be beaten in the battle of life,—when we are ready to say that it is a fruitless struggle, that the righteous suffer and perish just like the wicked,—that we have "cleansed our hands in vain," let us take heart from the reflection that we have not yet seen the end of it, for we are *to be continued*.

Another thing to be continued is *evil*. Not in the form of enjoyment, for those who have an inclination that way; but in the form of retribution, which is only the same thing in an advanced stage. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death"—a condition fearfully different from the mere cessation of the animal functions—is an expression which may be called scientific, for it gives the result of the working out of natural law. It is of the same import as, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and, "The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands." Stern law will take vengeance on the transgressor. We often see that in nature; and as moral law is the higher natural law, we may imagine what a reaction will come when the violator, by his own acts, has unsheathed the glittering sword against himself. He cannot sheathe it again; for evil is to be continued, though he did not calculate on that, with all his shrewdness. When a man has taken in another in some transaction, and is chuckling over his bargain, he has not seen the last of it; it is to be continued. When he gives way to a hot temper, and in blind fury wrongs another, he may by force of passion get his own way for a time; but it is to be continued. When by fraud he screens himself, or makes gain, or obtains some advantage, and congratulates himself that it is neatly done, he has not counted the cost of his sharp practice; for it is to be continued. When he rides roughshod over the weak and defenceless, and can hardly bear that the vulgar throng should come "betwixt the wind and his gentility," gratified pride and vanity may be pleasant, and his sense of power may sing a song of security; but it is to be continued. When he shams his work, or idles his time, because the eye of his employer is not on him, he may think he is "knowing;" but he ought also to know that it is to be continued. When he makes money by a questionable business, or by questionable practices in any business, and his golden key opens the doors of "good society," which receives him with open arms, and crowns him with honours, it may be highly gratifying; but it is to be continued. When he decorously attends church on the Sunday, and then scrapes and screws and cheats with wary skill on the Monday, the world may think him a very good saint; but it is to be continued. When he panders to his lower propensities, and fancies that no eye sees him, his "bread eaten in secret" may be pleasant, while he can wear his robe of innocence in the open day; but he did not count on the eye of God, and that is to be continued. He may drug his conscience, and forget God, and be at peace; but it is to be continued.

But who among us is faultless before God? And by this terrible continuance all hope of escape from punishment would seem to be taken away. So it would; but what is impossible with men is possible with God; He can both "be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

We know that the laws of Nature are rigid in their action; that the violation of them will entail a corresponding penalty. Such knowledge leads us to believe that it will be the same with the

higher law, even were it not revealed, which it is. But law is not the master for all that; the engine is not the engineer. But because every natural law is so certain in action that we can depend on it, we, with our limited knowledge and power, can so manipulate laws and bring them to bear on one another as to produce almost any result we please; and yet without breaking any, for that cannot be. And so God, who by infinite knowledge is unlimited in His freedom of action, and whose benevolence is also infinite, has devised a way by which we may be delivered from "the law of sin and death," and brought under the power "the law of life." This is the only way in which we can escape the consequences of evil. The inexorable law grinds on, and whoever remains under its force, is in the nature of things so to be continued.

But though by taking refuge in Christ we are free from the condemning power of the law, whenever we do what is wrong we painfully find that it is to be continued, longer or shorter, lighter or heavier, as the case may be. It is not then as punishment pure and simple, but as chastisement "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." We may fall in such a manner that conscience will cause us days and years of bitterness and sorrow. We may say hard things in a moment of passion that will cause long and unavailing regret. We may even thoughtlessly be the cause of suffering to those who love us, the memory of which will be painful and long. Who does not know these things from experience? Who does not wish that he had never given utterance to that idle word, or that that action could be undone? But he knows that it can never be. The injured one may forgive him, but he cannot forgive himself. He knows that as far as he is concerned it is to be continued, and he must bear it. How much it may affect others he knows not; where its influence will end he cannot tell—for anything he knows it may, in some subtle form, be continued for ever! What an earnest cry this is, for the sake of ourselves and others, to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

From such painful reflections thought at once reverts to their opposite, that *good* also is to be continued. "He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting;" and kindness and love to others give a return that is beyond measure and without end. Everything that is beautiful and bright above our brightest dreams of earth, everything full of happiness and joy, is associated with the life to come. No philosophy can go higher. It has given inspiration to our great poets in their loftiest flights, and touched the chords of our greatest composers with celestial fire. It has lifted the hearts of thousands from the darkness of death to the light of immortality, and changed their weeping into song. It has upheld the stricken heart under loss and trial worse than death; and ennobled the lives of many whose portion would otherwise have been shame and everlasting contempt. It has given heart to the weary and the hopeless by the refreshment of its undying hope, and enabled them to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Things often bewilder us here, and cause us to fear and doubt. On the right hand we see injustice triumphant, and its victims fall without aid or pity; on the left we see the wicked flourishing, and the righteous brought low by adversity; and we begin to cry, "Where is God?" Dishonesty and pride and vice may ride on the high places of the earth, and the pomp of an ungodly world may sweep by in long procession as if it would bear all before it; but let us remember that God does not square up His accounts with men at every Whitsuntide or Martinmas. This life is not all; let us take courage, and have trust and patience till we see the end of it; for surely and certainly, though it may seem to us slowly, good is to be continued.

God Himself is the supreme good; and He loves to see everything that partakes of His own nature prosper. All His laws, that are so inexorable and resistless, are framed for the protection and free action of what is good. In our ignorance we often wonder and waver; but they all work, as He wills, in harmonious complexity for the furtherance of good; and when His plan is finished we shall see and admire. The coming of His Son to fulfil the law and rescue us from "the wrath to come" is the strongest proof we can have of His goodness and love, of His regard for what is just and pure and true—and while *He* continues good shall be continued. If we are joined in Christ to His life of goodness, then for ever and ever it is to be continued. Such a view of our destiny gives an exceeding grandeur to the life that now is; and with ever-increasing nobleness it *shall* be continued.

But this is not all. Every Christ-like act we perform is also to be continued. We are told that even the giving of a cup of cold water for His sake shall in nowise lose its reward. Much of this we know by experience. When we speak a kind word to those whose hearts are sore, it is to be continued. When we comfort the sorrowful, it is to be continued. When we give hope to the downcast and encouragement to the weary, it is to be continued. When we clothe the naked, feed the hungry, soothe the suffering, and smooth the pillow of the dying, it is to be continued. When in any way we lessen the woes of humanity, or add to its real happiness, or ever so little raise the sin-worn and grief-worn nearer to God by leading them to rest in the love of Christ—when we ever so little endeavour to make the world around us better by making it more Christ-like, it is to be

continued. It will be continued in the reflex joy it gives to ourselves, in the sweet memories it will store up for us, in the love of those around us, and in the smile and approbation of God; and it will be continued in a still more substantial form when we hear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And within ourselves—when we stem the tide of ungenerous and malevolent thoughts, and cultivate a benevolent and charitable spirit, it is to be continued. When we trample on our selfishness and pride, and develop love and humility, it is to be continued. When we make war on the hosts of evil passions, when we fight the dark forms of temptation, it is to be continued. With God on our side the victory is sure; and it is followed by the "peace that passes all understanding," and the "rest" that "remaineth," and the peace and the rest are to be continued.

Such a prospect of continuance, while on the one hand it is a deep-toned voice from the future crying, "Beware!" is on the other a voice of encouragement, sounding in our hearts the music of hope and gladness—a song that will rise higher and higher for ever.

Here we are, sentient and responsible beings, raying out influence, it may be for the most part unconscious influence; and we know little of how the invisible gleams may go, or where their motion will end, unless they be neutralised by some adequate opposing force. But we know that as our character is built up and *completed*, for better or for worse, so is it *to be continued*.

J. Huie.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

IX.—WITH THE FEEBLE AND FAINT-HEARTED—(*concluded*).

THERE are evidences that in this old house, with its long passages, and little supplementary stairs leading to the bedrooms, economy has been studied, and yet all that can be done to adapt the place to its purpose has been effected. The sense of fresh air and cleanliness is the first noticeable characteristic. There are no slovenly corners; and in the dormitories, whether they be little rooms with only two or three beds, or either of the large apartments, with their wide bay-windows looking forth upon the sea. Plainly and even sparely furnished, they have an appearance of homelike comfort, and it is pleasant to note that in the larger bright cheerful room devoted to women patients there are evidences of feminine taste and womanly belongings, even to the egg-cups holding little posies of wild flowers and common garden blooms that deck the broad mantelshelf in front of the toilet glasses. The same home-like influences are to be observed in other departments, and though this old country house—of which the institution holds only a short term as tenants—is not altogether suited for the purpose to which it has been applied, the arrangements are not without a certain pleasant departure from the too formal and mechanical routine which is observed in some establishments to have a peculiarly depressing influence on the sick.

The kitchen is like that of some good-sized farmhouse, with brick floor, an ample "dresser," and a big range, flanked with its pair of ovens, and just now redolent of the steam of juicy South-down mutton and fresh vegetables about to be served for the patients' dinners.

It is a property of the Seaford air to make even persons with delicate appetites ready for three plain meals a day, with a meat supper to follow, and the convalescents are no exception to the rule. Tea and bread-and-butter for breakfast, bread-and-cheese and ale for the men, and cake and ale for the women as a snack in the way of lunch, good roast meat and vegetables for dinner, with occasional pies or puddings, with another half-pint of ale; tea as usual; and a supper consisting of a slice of meat, bread, and another draught of beer—this is the most ordinary diet; but in many cases milk is substituted for ale, and there is also a morning draught of milk, or rum-and-milk, a lunch or supper of farinaceous food, and wine or special diet, according to the orders of Dr. Sangster, the house surgeon, who visits the patients daily, or as often as may be required. Following the odour of the roast mutton, we see the male patients preparing to sit down to dinner in a good-sized room, where, to judge from the pleased and grateful faces of men and lads, they are quite ready to do justice to the repast. Barely furnished, and with table appointments of the plainest kind, the dining-room is not indicative of luxury; but the sauce of hunger is not wanting, and as we bow our leave-taking, there are signs that the money spent at this Seaford Hospital is well represented by the wholesome but expensive medicine of pure food and drink in ample quantities, prescribed under conditions which build up the

strength, and restore life to the enfeebled frames of those to whom a month of such living must be an era in their history.

The women's dining-room is, I am glad to see, more ornamental than that of the men. The walls are bright with gay paper, containing large and brilliantly coloured scenery, while the wide windows look seaward, and fill the large room with cheerful light.

This is all the more essential as there is no other sitting-room for the female patients, and the more convenient furniture, especially a low wooden couch covered with a mattress, is adapted to the needs of those who require indoor recreation as well as frequent rest. The men have a separate sitting-room in the basement, not a very cheerful apartment, but one which in the warm summer-time is cool, and adapted for the after-dinner doze, or for reading a book when the weather is not quite favourable for sitting out of doors.

There is, by-the-bye, a very decided need of entertaining and pleasant books for the patients' library at Seaford, the few which are on the two or three shelves being mostly old, and of a particularly dreary pattern. It is obvious that, in an institution where, in order to meet the constant needs of those who seek its aid, every shilling must be carefully expended, only a small sum can be devoted to literature; but it may only have to be made known that the convalescents really need a few cheerful volumes to help them along the road from sickness to health, and out of the abundance of some teeming library the goodwill offering may be made. It is time that we—that is to say, the kindly and judicious secretary, Mr. Horace Green, the examining physician, Dr. Lomas, and the present writer—should yield to the influences of the grand appetising climate of this airy nook of the English coast, and after a short turn into the poultry-yard, a glance at the deliberate cow, and a passing greeting to the great black cat with collar and bell, and a mew that is almost a deep bass roar, and to the most exacting, ugly, and voracious pet dog it was my lot to encounter, we accept the invitation to test the quality of the Southdown mutton and other Seaford fare, with a following of that delicately boiled rice and jam to which the healthy palate returns with childlike appreciation.

On hospitable thoughts intent, Miss Mary Young, the bright and active lady who is superintendent matron of the hospital, has for the time adopted us into her hungry family, and with a knowledge of the effects of the breeze blowing over that high bluff, and curling the waves along the shingle ridge, has set out a repast in her own pleasant parlour, where she does the honours of the institution with a simple cheerful grace that speaks favourably for the administration which she represents. For it is not always easy to maintain a serene and yet a firm temper in an institution where the inmates come and go so quickly, and exhibit such varying characteristics.

In order to maintain the objects of the charity, and to ensure the comfort of those for whom its provisions are intended, some well-considered regulations have to be adopted and enforced; and the most discouraging circumstances with which the committee and their officers have to contend, are those which arise from the negligence of subscribers nominating patients, or from the demands made on the charity by those who constantly demand more benefits from the institution than their contributions would represent even if they were paid three times over.

It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that people, anxious to secure for their protégés the advantages of such means of recovery as are represented by a temporary hospital where there has only been one death in five years, should readily contribute their guinea for the sake of gaining the privilege, even though they may add to that small subscription the five shillings a week which is the sum required with each patient. What has to be complained of, however, is that constant attempts are made to introduce cases which are so far from being convalescent, that they are still suffering from disease, and require constant medical or surgical treatment. In order to do this, nominations are frequently obtained from country subscribers, and it has required the constant vigilance of the examining physician and the committee to avoid the distressing necessity of obtaining for such patients admission to other hospitals, or sending them back to their own homes, not only without having received benefit from the institution, but perhaps injured by the journey to and fro when they were in a weak and suffering condition.

It should be remembered that the Seaford Hospital is not for the sick, but for persons recovering from sickness,—those for whom the best medicines are regular and ample meals, grand bracing air, sea-baths, long hours of quiet and restorative sleep, and that general direction of their daily progress towards complete recovery, which will often make them strong and set them up completely, even in the twenty-eight days of their sea-side sojourn.

To send patients who require the medical care and attendance which can only be provided in a hospital for the special disorders from which they suffer, or who are afflicted with incurable diseases, is unjust, both to the poor creatures themselves and to the charity which cannot receive them.

For consumptive patients, except in the early or threatening stage of phthisis, Seaford is unsuitable, but a month at the hospital for patients of consumptive tendency has been known to produce

remarkably beneficial results. It is in cases of recovery after rheumatism and rheumatic fever, or when strength is required after painful or exhausting surgical operations, in nervous depression, debility, pleurisy, and recovery from accidents, that the fine air is found to be wonderfully invigorating; for Seaford is high and dry, the subsoil being sand resting on chalk, so that there is little surface evaporation, while the shelter afforded by Beachy Head screens this little bay of the coast from the east wind.

It is not to be wondered at that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the late Bishop of Winchester should have joined many of the London clergy, and more than eighty of the most eminent physicians and surgeons connected with metropolitan hospitals, to recommend this charity as one especially deserving of public support. Those who are ever so superficially acquainted with the homes and difficulties of the poorer classes in London know that the period of debility after sickness, when the general hospital has discharged the patient, or when the parish doctor has taken his leave, is a terrible time. Too weak to work, without means to buy even common nourishment at the crisis when plentiful food is requisite, and stimulated to try to labour when the heart has only just strength to beat, men and women are ready to faint and to perish unless helping hands be held out to them. Try to imagine some poor cabman or omnibus-driver, lying weak and helpless after coming from a hospital; think of the domestic servant, whose small savings have all been spent in the endeavour to get well enough to take another place; of the poor little wistful, eager-eyed errand-boy, scantily fed, and with shaking limbs, that will not carry him fast enough about the streets. Try to realise what a boon it must be to a letter-carrier, slowly recovering from the illness by which he has been smitten down, or to the London waiter, worn and debilitated by long hours of wearying attendance to his duties, to have a month of rest and reinvigoration at a place like this. In the table of inmates during the last official year are to be found 124 domestic servants, 72 mechanics and apprentices, 56 warehousemen and labourers, 36 housewives (there is much significance in that word, if we think of the poor wife or mother to be restored to her husband and children), 46 needlewomen, 19 clerks, 15 teachers (mark that), 41 school-children, 9 nurses, 1 policeman, 3 seamen and watermen, 1 letter-carrier, 4 errand-boys, 7 Scripture-readers, and others of various occupations.

It is no wonder, I say, that the general hospitals should regard this Convalescent Home at Seaford as a boon; but, unfortunately for the charity, the appreciation which it receives from some of those wealthy and magnificently-endowed institutions operates as a very serious drain on its own limited resources, which are only supplied by voluntary subscriptions, contributions, and legacies. Every subscriber of a guinea annually, and every donor of ten guineas in one sum, has the privilege of recommending one patient yearly, with an additional recommendation for every additional subscription of one guinea, or donation of ten guineas. The payment of five shillings a week by each patient admitted is also required by the guarantee of a householder written on the nomination paper, and the travelling expenses of the patient must also be paid, the Brighton Railway Company most benevolently conveying patients to the hospital by their quick morning train, in second-class carriages at third-class fare.

Now it is quite obvious that the five shillings a week, though it removes the institution from the position of an absolute charity, goes but a very short distance in providing for the needs of the inmates, and when the guinea contribution is added to it, there is still a very wide margin to fill before much good can be effected. Let us see, then, what is the effect of every subscription of a guinea representing a claim, as in the case of the patients sent from the wealthy general hospitals.

The cost of those admirable medicines, food and drink, wine and milk, and sea-baths, together with the expenses of administration, and the rental of the present house, will represent £4 8s. per head for each patient, and as Guy's, Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and the London Hospitals, each subscribing their ten guineas annually, demand their ten nominations in exchange, the account stands thus:—

For each case, five shillings per week for four weeks, and one guinea subscription=£2 1s., which, deducted from the actual cost (£4 8s.), leaves £2 7s. to be paid out of the funds of the Seaford Institution, which, on ten patients a year, represents £23 10s. as the annual contribution of this poor little charity to each of the four great charitable foundations of the metropolis.

But there will soon be an opportunity for acknowledging this obligation, and for recognising the useful career of this really admirable institution. In another year the lease of the present house will have expired, and the committee will be obliged to give up possession. It is therefore necessary to build a new hospital for those who need the aid that such a charity alone can give, and the ground has already been purchased, only a few yards further in the shelter of the bluff, where it is intended to erect another home. With a commendable anxiety to keep strictly within their probable means, the committee have decided not to imitate a too frequent mode of proceeding, by which a



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"I think there is a change"—*p* 604.

large and splendid edifice would saddle their undertaking with a heavy debt, and perhaps cripple resources needed for carrying on their actual work; but they have obtained from Mr. Grüning, the architect, a plan of a building which will provide for their needs for some time to come, and may be afterwards increased in accommodation by additions that will improve, rather than detract from, its completeness. A great establishment, with 100 beds, laundries, drying-houses, and hot and cold sea-baths on the premises, would cost £13,000; and as the actually available funds in hand for building purposes are now not more than £5,000, with another probable £1,000 added by special donations expected during the year, the committee, however reluctantly, have folded up the original plan, and estimated the cost of a plain unpretentious building, calculated at first to receive thirty-three male and thirty-three female patients, but capable of additions which will raise its usefulness and completeness to the higher demand, whenever there are funds sufficient to pay for them. The expenditure for the new hospital to be erected next year will be £6,503, and, should the anticipated donations be increased fourfold, there will be no difficulty in crowning the work, by such provisions as will include the full number of a hundred faint and failing men and women within the retreat where they find rest and healing.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MEANWHILE Colonel Dysart and his daughter strolled about on the fair little English hamlet where they had lunched, and at last sat down on the banks of a sparkling streamlet flowing through it. Una was too wretched to notice the charming landscape, and she felt as if she had scarcely energy to answer her father when he spoke to her. He too, however, was unusually silent, and when he did speak it was entirely on the subject of the early days of his married life, to which he had never before alluded since the death of his wife. Even through all the heavy load that hung over her heart, Una noticed with some surprise the vivid manner with which he recalled the most trifling incidents of his wedding-day, and the pleasure which he seemed to find in lingering over his description of them.

"You cannot imagine how lovely your mother looked," he said, "as she walked down the churchyard path over the flowers the village people had scattered beneath her feet, her white robes glittering in the sun, and her beautiful veiled face seeming like a star shining through a silver mist. She had orange blossoms in her hair, and a little sprig fell down just at my feet, when she stopped at the carriage door to speak for a moment to the crowd that had assembled to bid her farewell; and she smiled when she saw me pick it up and take possession of it. But Una, I have it yet." His voice faltered, and his daughter looked round at him in utter amazement. Could it be her nonchalant, cynical father who was speaking thus? Colonel Dysart noticed her surprised glance and understood it. "You did not think I could be so sentimental, did you, child? but you will learn some day, as all living mortals do learn, that it is not over the dead alone the words 'dust to dust' ought to be sounded. Whatever theoretic possibilities of greatness or glory there may be for our complex nature, it is to human love alone, in its shrine of perishable clay, that, in this world at least, we cling, one and all, as to the very essence of life; and when it is gone from us into the grave, or the yet colder regions of betrayal and oblivion, there is nothing left but a mere empty husk of existence which is as valueless to ourselves as to others."

His voice died away, as if he had finished with the subject, and he remained apparently in dreamy contemplation of the stream that was rushing swiftly past them with its murmuring song, and Una could not rouse herself to break the silence, for the dull pain gnawing at her own heart was becoming almost unbearable. She could not face the future; she dared not let her thoughts rest on the present, which showed her but one image, that of Atherstone, hopeless and wretched in his lonely home; and the past, before she knew him, was as though it had never been. Where could she turn, poor child, to deaden the keen anguish that was consuming her?

"It is getting late, dear father; had we not better turn homewards?" she said. He slowly lifted his eyes and fixed them on the glowing western sky, where the sun had just sunk behind the soft clouds that had caught the radiance of his departing glory.

"Yes," he said, "it is time. I will go home."

The carriage was waiting for them at a little distance, and Una beckoned to the groom to bring

it near. Colonel Dysart took his seat in silence, and by the time she had gathered up the reins and driven off, he seemed to have relapsed into the reverie from which she had awakened him.

The ponies, well aware that they were on their way home, carried them along the road at a rapid pace, and soon Una's heart began to beat fast with the consciousness that she was once more rapidly approaching Atherstone Abbey. It was still quite light, and the chance of a meeting with Humphrey was even greater than it had been in the morning, so that her whole mind was occupied with this one possibility, and she had not for some minutes glanced towards her father, when the groom, who sat behind her, bent forward, exclaiming, "Oh, ma'am! you had better stop; I think my master's very ill." Then she looked round in terror and saw that Colonel Dysart had fallen back, with his head drooping to the side, perfectly insensible. His face was ghastly; his whole appearance lifeless; and the terrible conviction came upon her like a thunder-bolt, that he was even then dying, if not dead. She let the reins fall, not knowing what she did, and had not the groom sprung to the ponies' heads, there might have been a serious accident; but he succeeded in checking them, and she busied herself in loosening her father's cravat and raising his head, while she called upon him by every endearing name to wake up and speak to her. There was no answer or movement from the unconscious man. The servant saw that she was in too wild a state of alarm and consternation to be able to think calmly what course it would be best to take in the emergency, and he therefore merely said hastily, "I had better drive up to the Abbey, ma'am;" and jumping on the footboard he seized the reins and shouted "gate" so vigorously, that the lodge-keeper ran to open it without a moment's delay; and Una, holding her dying father in her arms, had reached the door of Humphrey Atherstone's home, before she knew in the least where she was. But even when she did perceive that she had been brought to the very spot where she had most feared to come, she could think of nothing but her father, who only by a faint occasional gasp showed that he still lived.

Humphrey Atherstone had been walking up and down the courtyard, waiting for his horse, with the intention of going once more to Vale House, and remaining there doggedly till, by fair means or foul, he had obtained an interview with Una, when suddenly, as with folded arms he strolled moodily from side to side, there was a sound of wheels coming slowly over the bridge, and in another moment she was borne into his very presence; the soft glow of the twilight showing her pale beautiful face, bending with a look of agony over the prostrate form of her father.

Atherstone understood it all in a moment. Calling hastily for his servants, he was by Una's side before she had time to look up. "Courage, darling," he whispered, "trust all to me; we will do the best we can for him, in every way." And without another word he lifted her with the utmost tenderness out of the carriage, keeping his arm round her as she stood trembling and faint with fear by his side, while under his directions the servants raised Colonel Dysart and carried him into the house. The sense of help and protection was unspeakably soothing to Una; but she could neither collect her thoughts, nor realise anything but the death-like face from which she never removed her eyes. She followed with Atherstone as her father was borne into the nearest room, which happened to be the very same old hall in which they had so lately all been assembled, in careless enjoyment. Long couches covered with red velvet lined both sides of this vast room, and on one of these the helpless man was laid, while Una falling on her knees beside him tried once more to rouse him by every means in her power. The carriage had at once, by Atherstone's orders, been sent back for the doctor, and the groom made such good speed, that it was not much more than an hour before he returned with Dr. Burton.

During the interval every possible effort had been made by Atherstone and his servants to restore consciousness; but Colonel Dysart remained in the same state apparently, just breathing, and no more. When the doctor at last came in, Una rose from her knees and turned to him with a look of dumb piteous appeal, utterly unable to speak. He gave one quick glance to the patient and then whispered to Atherstone, "Take Miss Dysart into another room." Humphrey went towards her, and taking her hand, drew her gently away. She had not strength to resist, but she looked up at him beseechingly, while her pale lips moved with an inarticulate murmur; then he passed his arm round her and whispered, "My own darling, trust me;" and without an attempt at further remonstrance, she followed him into the next room. He placed her on the sofa, and still holding her hand, sat down beside her. She did not move or speak, but remained in an attitude of the utmost dejection, her graceful head drooping like that of a broken flower; and it was with no small difficulty that Atherstone restrained himself from pouring out to her all the thoughts and feelings which had filled his whole soul since he last saw her, and of which she herself had been the sole object. But he had too much chivalrous delicacy to breathe a word of love to her at such a moment, so he merely bent down and kissed repeatedly the little cold hand that lay so helpless in his own, till Dr. Burton at last appeared at the door and made a sign that he wished to speak to him.

"Colonel Dysart is dying," he said in a low voice, drawing Humphrey into the deep embrasure of a window, where Una could not hear him; "the case is perfectly hopeless, and his condition is no surprise to me, for he has been consulting me unknown to

his daughter for some weeks past, and I quite anticipated a sudden termination to his malady."

"Is the end very near?"

"Very; I feel sure he will not pass the night. I dare say you are aware of the fact that from two to three in the morning is the most fatal hour for the dying. I think I may safely predict that he will not live beyond that time."

"Ought we to attempt to move him?"

"It could only hasten his death. I have placed him in the position in which he can lie most easily, and there is nothing whatever to be done but to let him remain undisturbed while life ebbs away. Attempted remedies would only torture him; but it would be well if you could get Miss Dysart to go to bed and spare herself the last painful scene."

"I fear that will not be possible," said Atherstone; and as he spoke he felt a light touch on his arm, and turning round, saw Una standing at his side, her sweet mournful face gleaming white out of the surrounding shadows, and her large wide-open eyes fixed on Dr. Burton.

"I must know all the truth," she said, grasping Atherstone's arm to support herself; "do not try to deceive me; the greatest kindness you can show me is to let me know what I have to expect."

The doctor hesitated, and then she lifted her appealing eyes to Atherstone, saying, "You will not fail me?"

He bent down and answered, "Dr. Burton says we must not cherish any hope, and that we can do nothing but watch by him till the end comes."

"How soon?" she asked with a gasp; and he replied at once, "Before the morning."

"Then do not make me lose another moment of these last precious hours of his life," she said; and breaking from them, she flew back into the room where Colonel Dysart lay, and sank down once more by his side with his cold hand firmly clasped in hers.

Atherstone arranged that Dr. Burton was to remain in the house till morning, in case his services were required, either for the dying man or his daughter; and having sent tidings of what had occurred to Vale House, he hastened to join Una in her sorrowful vigil.

CHAPTER XIX.

SLOWLY—silently—the moments dropped into the relentless past, and with them went the last fragments of Henry Dysart's life, whose struggle under the burden of humanity was over for evermore.

What madness it now seemed that ever those dim sightless eyes should have wept for any earthly pain, or that scarce beating heart ached for the loves or losses of its brief existence! Out of the troublous sea of this world's hopes and fears, and its many-tinted waves of joy and sorrow, that senseless form had been cast up on the dim mysterious shore, where the impenetrable night of the grave was setting in to hide him for ever from all human ken. And yet by his side, watching his silent exit from the region of sentient mortality, those two were seated, who living still in the midst of their little day, were abandoning themselves with as much ardour to its ephemeral emotions, as if the irony of death would never mock them also with the supreme indifference which had already stamped its cold serenity on the face of him, who in their very presence was accomplishing the common doom.

Atherstone spoke for the first time since their solemn vigil had commenced. "I think there is a change," he said, and lifting the lamp from the table he held it close to Colonel Dysart's couch, while Una bent forward trembling to look upon him. There was undoubtedly a change, a sort of ripple of consciousness seemed to be passing over the marble face, just as if a light breeze were ruffling the surface of a smooth clear lake; the eyelids quivered upwards, the lips parted, the whole countenance became animated by an expression which was unmistakably that of one who listens attentively. The right hand was slightly raised, as if to deprecate any movement which might prevent his hearing what, if spoken at all, was uttered by no mortal lips, and gradually a smile as of rapturous recognition stole over the wan face. "Yes—Mary," he said, in a voice low as the sighing wind, but perfectly distinct and clear; a moment more and gently the look of consciousness faded from his eyes, the hand sank down, a dark shadow swept over the features, and then they settled into the intense, immovable peace which those who yet draw mortal breath can never know.

A chill of terrible conviction fell upon Una, against which she struggled with an unreasoning resistance that would not face the truth. She flung herself down on her father's body, exclaiming, "Speak to me, dearest father—it is I—Una—your own little Una—don't leave me without a word; let me hear your voice once again—just once—I cannot let you go, dear—dear father!"

So she went on, with piteous cries of entreaty, that echoed unanswered through the gloom, till Atherstone could not endure the sight of her pain. He stooped down and lifted her gently up, saying, "My own darling, it is useless—he is quite gone."

"Gone! father and mother both!—oh! what shall I do?" and she glanced round with a look of dismay and helplessness which was inexpressibly touching.

It was almost more than Atherstone could do at that moment to restrain himself from clasping her in his arms, and telling her then and there that he was indomitably resolved to make her his own at any cost—even of honour or principle; for, although the last words that had passed between them on the subject had been her refusal to become his wife, if it was to involve him in any departure from the purest

rectitude, yet he did not, and could not doubt that she loved him; not only had she owned it in so many words the day before, but now, in her utter distress and loneliness, she turned to him with a look of yearning tenderness in her sad eyes, which showed him how entirely she had indeed given up to him the whole treasure of her young heart's pure affections. Still he did resist the sore temptation that assailed him, for he could not speak to the new-made orphan of earthly love in presence of the very corpse of her father. Death was master in that room for the time, and had set a seal on the lips of the strong passionate man which he dared not break even to win his heart's desire; he could but clasp her hands tightly in his own with murmured words of comfort, feeling that even the hope of winning her to his heart one day was a joy greater and more intense than any he had ever known before in all his years of life. But he could not long indulge the strange sweetness of the moment; Dr. Burton and Una's maid, who had been sent for, were in the next room, and it was necessary that he should call them and consign her to their care while the last duties were performed for the helpless dead. With one whispered entreaty to Una not to give way to grief, since there might yet be happy days in store for her, he let them lead her away, and she went passively without a word, feeling only, through all the bewilderment and pain of her bereavement, that her whole life centred now in Humphrey Atherstone, and that, if he willed it, she surely must be his, whether for weal or woe.

At an early hour next morning Mr. Northcote arrived at Atherstone Abbey. Humphrey had known well that he must arrange at once for the departure of the guest he would so fain have kept with him for ever, and for whose speedy return he meant to labour unceasingly, and he also knew that the squire had undertaken to be Una's guardian and the executor of her father, jointly with Mr. Cunliffe, and therefore he had begged Dr. Burton to convey to the Manor the intelligence of Colonel Dysart's sudden death, and the circumstances under which it had occurred, as soon as possible; this had been done and primed with most emphatic instructions by his wife, Mr. Northcote came duly prepared to exercise the functions he so little expected to be called on thus early to fulfil. His chief object was to take Miss Dysart back with him to Northcote Manor, instead of allowing her to return to Vale House. The whole neighbourhood had of late become alive to the fact that there was something more than ordinary friendship between Una and Atherstone, and his long declared intention of celibacy gave an unwonted interest and piquancy to the affair, which caused it to be the groundwork of innumerable speculations. All this was well known to Mrs. Northcote, and the unmitigated horror she entertained for Atherstone made her feel almost a grim satisfaction in the poor colonel's death, since it gave her to a certain extent the power of separating his daughter from the object of her distrust. Let her once get Una Dysart within the walls of Northcote Manor, and Atherstone should catch no glimpse of her, though he besieged them every hour of the day.

Mr. Northcote had brought his carriage for the purpose of conveying his ward to the safe custody of his strong-minded wife. Both Atherstone and Una, however, opposed this arrangement, and wished that she should go to Vale House. They knew that they could not meet at the Manor, and it was besides a most bitter addition to her sorrow for the loss of her father that she should not be allowed at least to remain near him while it was still possible to look upon his face. But Mr. Northcote was inexorable, good easy man as he was in general, the awful consequences of going back to his formidable spouse with her commands unfulfilled, made him hard as a rock against all Miss Dysart's entreaties and Humphrey's remonstrances; he gained his point and poor Una, worn out with grief and fatigue, was borne away from Atherstone's longing eyes, to be seen by him no more for a much longer period than even his worst fears foreboded, dark as they were.

Humphrey Atherstone stood motionless outside his own door so long as it was possible for him to hear the roll of the carriage wheels that were bearing Una Dysart away from the sight of his eyes, and from the longing of his heart, which rose almost to agony as he felt that every moment rendered their separation more complete—perhaps more hopeless; for he saw clearly that the events of the past night had greatly increased the obstacles which already stood between them. He had no acknowledged claim, even in the estimation of Una herself, which could warrant his intruding upon her in any way during the first period of mourning for her father, and he well knew the animosity Mrs. Northcote bore to him, and the use she would make of her husband's powers as guardian to prevent Una from having the smallest communication with him at any time. When—when should he look on that sweet face again, and hear the soft pathetic voice that was the very music of his life? He turned, sickening, from the brightness of the radiant summer morning as a dark foreboding seemed to tell him that for many a week and month, and even year, he might long and long for her in vain. He felt as if in spite of the cloudless sky and brilliant daylight he had himself entered into the shadow of a coming cloud that soon would overspread his whole existence, and quench the sunshine of all hope within it. But Humphrey Atherstone was a man whose indomitable will had never yet been subdued by any force of circumstances, and as he clenched his hand in the intolerable pain of his desolation, he resolved with a deep, stern determination that he would cast every scruple to the winds, and that neither honour nor justice, nor any law of right, should hold him back from winning Una

Dysart to his home by any means that he could compass.

This was a great moral downfall, and he knew it, but he would not let his mind rest on the humiliating consciousness even for a moment; nor would he face the real cause of his weakness and defection, for the truth was that Humphrey Atherstone had never yet yielded up his soul in unreserved surrender to that Divine holiness which can alone enable the frail human nature to resist temptation and follow righteousness, not because there is beauty in goodness and truth, but because it is the pure will of the Father of the spirits of all flesh. Hitherto his allegiance had been given not to his God, but to his own ideal of honour, and to the pride of his integrity. That pride was level now with the dust; for as he walked restlessly to and fro in the shadow of the courtyard wall, he was arranging in his own mind a plan of deliberate injustice, whereby he would remove the chief obstacle between himself and her who was the one desire of his heart.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XV. CHRIST TEACHING BY MIRACLES.

Chapter to be read—Matt. xiv. (parts of.) INTRODUCTION. By this time the children will understand something of the nature of a miracle—viz., the putting forth of almighty power. Show the difference between a miracle wrought by man and by Christ—that He needed not to ask for power, but at once did it, and claimed thereby to be proved as God (John x. 25, 38). Have spoken of miracles of healing; shall speak to-day of feeding the multitude and walking on the sea.

I. FEEDING THE MULTITUDE. (1) *The circumstances.* (Read Matt. xiv. 13—21.) Ask the time when the miracle was wrought; who had just been put to death? where had Christ retired? why did the people come after Him? Remind how popular John the Baptist was; now that he was dead, Christ their only kind teacher—so different to the scribes and Pharisees. How did He feel towards them, and what did He do? So instead of getting His quiet retirement, spent all His time healing the sick, &c. How kind and how unselfish! what an example to children who don't like to be disturbed, or have their occupations interrupted. Christ always ready to do a kindness. Describe the place—a desert; *i.e.*, open country, away from houses and shops; no food to be bought or obtained; what can be done? the disciples, thoughtful for the people, want them to be dismissed, perhaps anxious to eat their own meal. What are they bidden to do? These loaves and fishes their only supplies; how can food for twelve be enough for five thousand? had they ever been with Christ before when food was wanted? (John ii. 2.) Did they forget, or did their faith fail? (Matt. xvi. 8.) (2) *The miracle.* The story being well known, only draw out the leading points. Picture the scene; the disciples bringing the loaves and fishes to Christ; then marshalling the crowds to sit down in fifties, with passage-room between, little children by their mothers' side. All now watch Christ. He takes the food; stands up; looks up; gives thanks; breaks it; the loaves are multiplied; the disciples walk up and down distributing; then the crowd dismissed, the broken pieces picked up; the disciples make their own meal, and all is over. (3) *The lessons taught.* Remind how all Christ's miracles show His power and His love, but each has some special lesson. Amongst the lessons will be the duty of doing all things orderly, taking food without scrambling for it, also the duty of giving thanks to the Giver of all things. Show how God by means of the sun, wind, and rain gives food to all flesh, and ought to be praised (Ps. cxxxvi. 25); and also to avoid waste. The special lesson will be that the Giver of temporal and spiritual gifts is the same (read John vi. 48—56), and that Christ is the Bread of Life. Question upon this. Christ fed their bodies first, and then taught them; so with us, temporal blessings as soon as we are born, then spiritual ones. Show how the bread is a type of the other bread—feeds, nourishes, satisfies: does not pall on the taste, and must be taken regularly: so the spiritual food which Christ gives is all this to the soul, and more than this, is the source of everlasting life. Apply this to the children; ask if they are feeding on —*i.e.*, truly believing on Christ; if so, shall never perish, but have everlasting life.

II. WALKING ON THE SEA. (Read Matt. xiv. 22—35.) (1) *The story.* Point out the separating of the parties; the multitudes filled and refreshed, go to their homes; the disciples toiling to cross the lake; Christ to spend the night alone on the mountain. Describe the voyage; at first calm; disciples full of prospect of soon being safe across and with families. Sudden violent squall; wind contrary; make no way; are distressed and afraid; all the time Christ on the mountain watching them. At last, when they in extremity, He comes, but in form which causes fear. Reassured by voice, Peter asks leave to meet Him; is saved; both re-enter the ship; great calm; the boatmen worship Him as God. (2) *The lessons.* Here again what is the special teaching of miracle (*a*)

Former miracle showed power over supplies of Nature, this over Nature itself. He made sea (Ps. xcv. 4), must show power over it, as well as everything; hence, people recognising this, worshipped Him as God. (*b*) Christ's watchful care, though unseen. Knew and allowed disciples to be in difficulties—to test faith and encourage perseverance. He best judge of right time for aid; waits till then. So always—waited for extremity of Israelites in Egypt, Daniel in lions' den, three men in fire; so has promised help in time of trouble. (*c*) Christ sometimes comes in strange manner; hardly realise His presence; sometimes sends us trial, sorrow, doubts, &c., to test our faith; at first makes us afraid; but when His presence is realised, then even the trial itself takes the form of Son of God. Let children learn to believe in Him, and the tempest of doubts, fears, passions, &c., will cease.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the scene of the feeding the multitude.
2. Name the lessons taught by it.
3. Give the spiritual teaching of it.
4. Describe the separation of the parties after the miracle.
5. What lessons can be learned from Christ's walking on the sea?
6. Give instances of miraculous deliverance of God's people in the old Testament.

THE LINNET'S SONG.

FOUR pretty speckled eggs lay in a soft warm nest. The mother-bird, alarmed by approaching footsteps, had just flown off, and though an overhanging branch of hawthorn, richly laden with fragrant blossom, might have concealed the treasure from ordinary passers-by, yet the sharp bright eyes of Emma Wilford quickly discovered the secret, as she walked along a hedge at the end of the pleasure-ground, peering into every nook and tuft, in the hope of discovering the great object of her desire—a bird's nest. Carefully marking the place, she ran home in great excitement to seek her younger sister. "Oh, Zetta, do come out!" she cried; "I want to show you such a pretty nest, I found myself. But you must promise not to tell Willy where it is."

"Why not?"

"Because boys rob nests."

"Yes, some do, but Willy is not so cruel."

"Well, I would not trust him too far, particularly as his brother is making a collection of birds' eggs—but here is the place."

Every day the children visited this nest, and soon the linnet, finding they never meddled with her treasures, became accustomed to their presence, and would sit quietly gazing at them, with an expression of perfect confidence in her mild motherly eyes.

Just at this time Emma was invited to spend a few days with her cousins in town, but before setting off she charged Zetta to watch the nest carefully, and be sure to let her know when the young birds appeared; "above all," she added, "don't tell Willy."

The day after her sister's departure Zetta set out to visit the nest as usual, but what was her horror to find it gone! She ran to Willy and eagerly asked if he knew anything about it.

"No, indeed, I never went near the place."

Zetta believed him firmly, and said no more on the subject. Not so Emma, when, on her return, she heard of the disaster. She would not speak to poor Willy, or even look at him, and when her father observed her conduct, and inquired the cause, she told the whole story with much indignation.

"I am sorry to hear this, Emma," replied Mr. Wilford, "for I had a better opinion of Willy; but are you quite sure he was not speaking the truth when he denied the accusation?"

"Oh, papa! I am certain, for I have strong proof against him. When I was staying at my aunt's last week, Willy's elder brother, who you know lives with her, showed me his collection of eggs, and amongst them were four, the same as those in my linnet's nest. I asked where he got them, and he acknowledged that Willy had sent them to him lately from the country; and Zetta showed him the place the day before I left, though I asked her not."

"It does look suspicious, undoubtedly," replied her father; "I am sorry to think Willy is not truthful. However, I will speak to him myself; it would not be fair to condemn him unheard."

When Willy was questioned on the subject by his uncle he stoutly persisted in his denial, and seemed hurt and grieved to find his word was not believed. He accounted for the eggs he had sent his brother by saying they had been given him by Dick, the gardener's son, who found them in a fruit-tree which his father had been pruning. "You can ask Dick about it, uncle, if you doubt me," and Willy blushed as he spoke.

"You seem to forget," replied Mr. Wilford, severely, "that Dick went yesterday to a situation at some distance, so there is no one to contradict your story. I should be glad to believe it was true."

Poor Willy felt the loss of his uncle's confidence deeply; indeed, he found himself an object of suspicion to the whole family, with the exception of little Zetta, who never for a moment swerved from her belief in his truth and honour.

"Zetta," he said, "is it not very hard to be blamed in the wrong? I never took an egg from that nest, and if I had, I should not have denied it. Oh! if my own dear papa was alive he would not doubt

me," and the poor boy sobbed aloud in the bitterness of his heart.

"Don't cry, Willy," said his little comforter; "I know it must be very hard to bear, when you have done nothing wrong, but remember it is written in the Bible that we should take even that patiently, and I am sure it will come all right in the end."

"No, Zetta, for there is no one to clear me now. Dick was the only person who could, and he is gone away."

"God knows all about it, Willy, and He can make it plain without Dick's help. Do ask Him!"

A few days after this conversation, the children had a holiday, and were enjoying a pleasant ramble at some distance from home, with their young companions, when a heavy shower drove them to seek the nearest shelter. A neat white cottage stood at the end of a pretty green lane, and the little party hastened to take refuge in the porch, which was formed of trellis-work, thickly covered with climbing plants. Willy and Zetta were as usual walking together behind the others, and arrived last at the place of shelter. Presently the cottage door opened, and a kind-looking woman invited them all to come in and sit down while the rain lasted. A pale delicate girl crouched close to the fire, poor little Ellen, who, as her mother said, had never known a day's health during her life.

The shower, though heavy, proved short, and presently a bright ray of sunshine broke through the clouds, when loud and clear, the sweet notes of a bird sounded from the top of the flower-covered porch. Willy started; he had been thinking whether the sunshine of happiness would ever break through the clouds of sorrow that overwhelmed him, and Zetta exclaimed, "That is the song of a linnet, I am sure."

"Yes, miss," said the woman, "it is the mother-bird singing for her young ones; we often hear her when the days are fine."

"Is there a nest in the porch?" asked Emma.

"I'll tell you all about it, for it's a strange story," she answered. "You must know, about a fortnight ago, some idle boys who live in this neighbourhood passed down the lane with a nest full of young birds in their hands. Ellen was sitting in the porch, for the sun was warm, and she asked what they were going to do with the little birds. 'Oh! said one, 'we'll stick them on a bush, and have some fun throwing stones at them.' Ellen begged they would not be so cruel, but they paid no heed to her words; then she offered sixpence which she had of her own, for the whole set, and that tempted them so much that they left the nest with her. She put it in an old cage, and hung it high in the porch for fear of the cat. But the little things would not eat any food, and she was afraid they would die; they were very young, and shivered with cold, having no feathers yet to keep them warm. Towards evening we were much surprised to see the mother-linnet come and perch on the cage; the little ones immediately began to gape, and when Ellen opened the cage door, the old bird flew in, and fed them; she was quite tame, and stayed with them all night. Since then she brings them food regularly, and sits for hours on the cage singing. Ellen says when they are full fledged she will let them fly away. Listen! how gaily she is singing now."

Willy and Zetta looked at one another; the same idea had struck them both. God had answered their prayer by the voice of a bird; the mother-linnet was acquitting Willy of having robbed her nest. Eagerly he inquired, "Do you know where the boys got these birds?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "I asked them; it was from a hedge at the bottom of your pleasure-ground."

As soon as the party left the cottage, Zetta clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Now, Willy, it is all clear; did I not tell you everything would come right? Oh! how glad I am!" S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

254. Give the name of the mountain upon whose slopes the Saviour stood when He wept over Jerusalem and predicted its destruction.

255. St. Paul's intense sympathy with his own people that would almost lead him to "wish himself accursed from Christ" for their sakes, finds a parallel in the Old Testament. Give it.

256. Mention two instances from the Old Testament of persons fasting for forty days, and give the references.

257. Name the last of the Judges, state how long he held office, and give his age at death.

258. David, we read, gained a great victory in the Valley of Salt. Give the name of another Jewish king who slew 10,000 Edomites in the same spot.

259. Quote a passage from St. Luke's Gospel to show that to rightly understand the Scriptures man needs Divine assistance.

260. Whose seven sons were hanged on account of their father's perfidy?

261. How frequently is Spain mentioned in Holy Scripture? Give chapter and verse.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

241. Benjamin. See Numb. i. It was from this tribe that the first King of Israel was chosen.

242. Matt. xvii. 20; xxi. 21; Mark xi. 23; 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

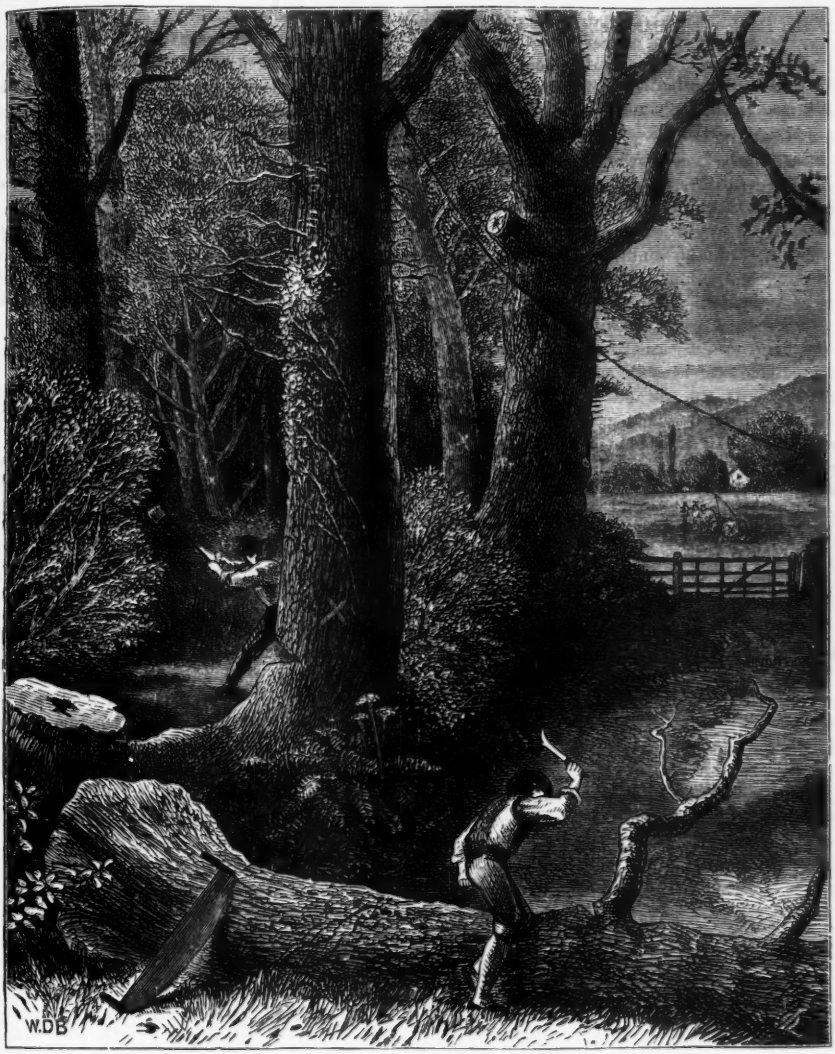
243. Never, but always "The righteousness of God" (Rom. iii. 21, &c.)

244. See John xviii. 15; xix. 25—27; xx. 4; xxi. 7, 20.

245. St. James (v. 10, 11).

246. Exod. xx. 21.

247. St. Luke (ix. 29) says, "The fashion of His countenance was *altered*."



(*Drawn by* W. D. Blatchett.)

THE FELLING OF THE TREES.

WITHIN the darkened room he lay
And heard the moaning wind go by;
And listening to the requiem sung, he knew that he must die.

The scent of pine woods faintly stole
Upon the languid summer breeze,
And sharp the woodman's axe told out the felling of trees.

His thoughts from out the prisoned gloom
Went wandering into dreamy space,
Where through mossed stems gold shreds of light
the fleeting shadows chase.

He saw the scarlet strawberries hide
'Neath unparched grass-waves green and cool,
He saw the shallow streamlet slip into the shady
pool.

He knew each wood-path, memories sweet
Upfloated from a sun-gilt time;
He knew each tree the woodman's axe felled in its
leafy prime.

He listened all the long day through,
Another and another gone—
"So fall the mighty as the trees! Ah Lord, Thy will
be done!"

He listened till the evening came,
And then the woodman's axe grew still,
And as the setting sun went down, he murmured,
"'Tis Thy will.'

And then the summer stars shone out,
And night across the heavens crept,
And on his weary couch men thought the sleeper
only slept;—

But with red dawn they whispered low,
"Another to his rest is gone!"
And still the woodman felled the trees, and still the
busy world went on. JULIA GODDARD.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HOW MARGARET TOOK A TRINKET.

THE day following was a dreary one for Margaret Ashbury, only relieved by the pleasant knowledge that in it she had secured her first pupils. Mrs. Fraser was a pretty, delicate woman, and the daughters to whom Margaret was to give drawing lessons ordinary-looking girls of fifteen and sixteen. There was a third child, however (whom she was not to teach), of about seven years old, who interested her greatly, a quiet grave-faced child whose name was Grace.

"Perhaps you will not mind my little Grace sitting in the room while you are giving her sisters their lesson," Mrs. Fraser said. "I have half-promised her this. She is so lonely," she went on sadly; "for her playmates are gone. I had two children beside these you see, but I lost them both three months ago; a little boy named Sandy, who was ten when he died, and Gracie's twin sister Mary. It was hard to lose them both, Miss Ashbury, and very hard for Grace, for they were her great companions."

"Yes, very hard indeed," Margaret answered, and she took the grave little girl in the black frock upon her lap, and made quiet friends with her at once. The child took to her sisters' drawing mistress, and it became the pleasantest incident in Margaret's first days of teaching, that Grace used to watch for her on the afternoons when she was expected, and come to the gate to meet her when she appeared in sight.

She went home from Mrs. Fraser's breathlessly awaiting news of Stephen Bowden. She had thought over the whole matter after he left the night before, and the result had been that she had sent off a little note, saying that she feared he had put some misconstruction upon Charley's visit. What explanation to give she hardly knew; for she felt she could not tell even Stephen Bowden of Charley's offer (unless he taxed her with it, and then she must, she supposed), for it was so mean to tell of a man's love. It was the sort of thing which a woman should always keep to herself, and then poor Charley had seemed so to dislike the idea of Bowden's knowing. Yet on the other hand she did not want to have any secrets from Stephen. It was a point, too, which turned on the one thing wanting—his confidence in himself, and in her power to care for him. After all—and she felt a little angry—he should trust her in all things, and if he could not do so, she thought her pride would raise an obstacle between them. She sighed at the very possibility, for she knew that her pride, compared with his, was as a mole-hill to a mountain, and what with the two, the future looked hazy.

"It is a great mistake having secrets," she said, "a great mistake. All this has arisen only from my desire to keep the fact of my teaching from every one. Yet I did it for the best—just a little expedient that good might come," and then she sat and thought—for Margaret Ashbury was a good religious girl at heart—how the Bible has provided us with precepts, not merely for our edification in church, and to comfort us in sorrow or need, but to help us in the working of our everyday lives.

"Daddy," she said, as she sat working at her picture in the evening, "I want to tell you something;" and then she did away with the teaching secret as far as he was concerned.

The old man rose to his feet with anger. "How dare you, Margaret!" he exclaimed. "It is very hard that my own child and my own relatives should

combine to insult and mistrust me. All day long have I been annoyed by a letter from Herbert about his money, and now you evidently think it necessary to show your want of faith in me by going out as a governess." But she soothed him—she knew how to do it so well; and before an hour was over he was both amused and interested in hearing a description of her pupils. He liked sitting for his portrait too—the evenings promised to pass pleasantly for him while the picture was in progress.

Presently Margaret's heart beat high, for a knock was heard at the door, and two unmistakably masculine boots ascended the stairs leading to the shabby drawing-room. It was only going to be one of their usual ridiculous little squabbles, after all, Maggie thought, as the door opened, and—Charley Campbell appeared once more. He saw the blank look on her face perhaps, for his own fell as he seated himself opposite the old man.

"I've only come for a few minutes," he said, looking at Margaret, who could not help seeing how terribly out of spirits he was. "The fact is, I've suddenly made up my mind to go away for a couple of months or more. Aunt's going to spend Christmas as usual in Scotland, and I am going to run on first and do some shooting. Maggie, what time is it, for I mustn't stay long?"

She pulled out her watch and let it fall nervously to the ground. The chain—it was only a brittle vulcanite one—was broken, she said, and she played with its links nervously, while Mr. Ashbury, seeing that Charley evidently wanted to speak to Maggie, went to a side-table and wrote a note.

"Are you quite sure, Maggie?" he asked, when the old man was scratching away with a squeaky quill. She added an affirmative to the question she could not pretend to misunderstand, and went on tying her chain together with a little bit of cotton. "I thought I'd go away for a bit," he said; and his voice showed he was keeping a strong control over himself; for he had always built his hopes on Margaret. "And I shan't come back till I can help it. Oh, I say, Margaret, look up and say something; don't go on fiddling with that thing for ever," he said, with fretful impatience at last.

"I can't mend it," she said, still twisting it about.

"Well, look here, have mine;" and he unhooked his own chain, which was gold, and of quaint workmanship. "It's the one I saved up my money to buy when I was a boy. Yes, do," he went on as she shook her head; "do have it—you needn't mind doing that to please me."

"No, certainly I cannot take it," she said decidedly.

"Yes, do," he urged; "I should so like you to have it. I bought it when we were children, you know, and used to have all sorts of games together."

"And were like brother and sister."

"Oh yes," he said impatiently, "and were like grandfather and grandmother if you like. Will you have it?" Then Mr. Ashbury came to see what was the matter. "I say, Mr. Ashbury, isn't it a shame?" he asked, "Maggie won't have my chain though she has smashed hers. I suppose she's afraid Herbert or Bowden or some of them might notice it."

"No; I am not afraid of any one," Margaret said, with flashing eyes and the colour mounting to her cheek.

"Take it, Maggie," the old man said.

"Or, look here, wear it till I come back at any rate," and then he added so that only she could hear, "though I don't know when that will be, and I don't care."

She put up her hand, and taking the chain, fastened her watch upon it. "I will wear it till you return," she said. "We are very old friends, so there cannot be much harm in my doing so." His chance reference to Bowden had decided her. She could not bear to think she must consider every trifling act, however innocent, for fear of being misunderstood. Then Charley Campbell said goodbye, and took a last look for many a long day at the bright face he loved so well.

CHAPTER XI.

AGAINST HERSELF.

Margaret idled with her brush while her father finished his letter to Herbert, and then another knock came, and this time it really was Stephen Bowden.

"If that's Bowden," said the provoking old man, "I'll take him down-stairs for a quiet talk, then he won't disturb you."

Certainly Fate seemed spiteful towards Maggie that evening. When an hour had passed, however, and the quiet talk was over, and two spots were visible in her cheeks, Margaret had a chance of setting matters right at last; but once more the old man mulled them. "Look at Maggie's chain," he said; "young Campbell gave it her just now."

"He is going away," she said hurriedly, "and I only said I'd wear it till he returned. I did not want to take it."

He made no reply, only looked at the trinket politely and continued his conversation with the old man; and after a time he looked at Maggie's picture and criticised it, and talked of books, and politics, and a dozen other things, so that, though he was constrained and stiff, she yet thought all was right.

The old man grew tired before Bowden left, and bent lower and lower over the fire, and when his guest rose to go he said a dreary drowsy good night, and allowed his daughter to see him down-stairs. The old man's vitality was very much like a flame, quick, and sharp, and bright, but apt soon to die away.

"Stephen," she said, "did you get my note?"

"Yes," he answered coldly. "There was no occasion for it."

"Oh, Stephen! what do you mean?"

"Nothing; I am only sorry you have acted so unfairly towards yourself and me."

"But I explained as well as I could," she began.

They were talking in the hall, and no one could hear them, for the only servant they kept had been sleeping the sleep of the just for an hour or more.

"And in the face of it the man comes again to-night, and you accept his chain," he said in a harsh sarcastic voice.

"But I could not help it," she pleaded, putting her hand on his arm, but he removed it; "he made me take it."

"Then return it to-morrow."

"No, I cannot do that." She was getting a little angry, and her voice was proud and decided.

"Why not?"

"Because I should not like to hurt his feelings."

"Then there is nothing more to be said; it has all been a mistake."

"Yes, a dreadful mistake," she flashed out: "for if you cannot trust me at all, Stephen, it is much better that we should say good-bye at once. I will never return the chain. Charley Campbell would be much more kind and generous."

"And you choose to give no other explanation of last night than the excuse in your letter?" He spoke calmly and coldly; a single trace of feeling in his voice would have made a world of difference to them both.

"None," she answered. He opened the street-door, and the grey evening light stole into the dark passage (which was too small to be called a hall) and threw out her face in relief. It looked hard and set, and altogether unlike that of the woman to whom he had given the best love of his life; who had gathered in the harvest of his heart, and found it spoiled by the tares that grew between. She held out her hand with a bravado that was half desperation, for she did not think he could take it and go. "Good night," she said.

"Good night," he said, looking at her almost absently, yet staring at her as if he feared he might never see her again; but he did not touch her hand. "And good-bye too, for I shall never come again," he added, and made a step outwards, but her voice arrested him.

"Very well, it is better so." She put her hand to her throat to stay a choking sensation there, but he did not know it. The tears were in her eyes, but he could not see them in the dim light, only heard her voice firm and cold as before, and went away with those words ringing in his ears.

(To be continued.)

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., EDINBURGH.

PART I.

THE only positive information given as to the length of the period of his persecution by Saul, is that "the time that David dwelt in the country of the Philistines was a full year and four months" (1 Sam. xxvii. 7). Taking into account all the other events of that period as given in the sacred record, we shall not greatly err if we regard it as covering about eight years of his life. As his final flight from the court of Saul must have taken place a year or two after his great exploit in the valley of Elah, and as we know that "David was thirty years old when he began to reign" (2 Sam. v. 4), he would be about twenty when he slew the Philistine.

How old at this time was Jonathan? The common impression is that he was as young, if not younger than David. Upon examination this impression turns out to be incorrect. Jonathan was the eldest of five brothers. Between him and Ishbosheth, the youngest of the five, there were Ishui, who appears to have died in infancy or early youth, and Melchi-shua and Abinadab, both of whom fell with him and their father in the fatal battle of Gilboa (1 Sam. xiv. 49; xxxi. 2). Ishbosheth, we are told, "was forty years old when he began to reign" (2 Sam. ii. 10). If we assume that his reign began immediately after his father's death, Jonathan, who was at least five years older, must then have been forty-five. There is some reason, indeed, to believe that Ishbosheth was not made king till five years after Saul's death.* If that were so, Ishbosheth would be then thirty-five and Jonathan, forty years old. Counting ten years back to the slaughter of the Philistine, Jonathan must then have been thirty or thirty-five years old, at least ten years older than David.

Counting back another ten years, to within a year or two of the commencement of Saul's reign, we come upon a deed not unfit to be compared even with the killing of Goliath. The yoke of the hated Philistine was then bound tighter than it ever was before or after, round the neck of Israel; which, treated as a conquered country, was held in most ignominious bondage. Garrisons of the conquerors were planted all over the land, with officers

* See Keil and Delitzsch on the Books of Samuel, p. 296.

appointed to levy the imposed tribute. Oppression went so far that "no smith was found throughout all the land of Israel: for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears. But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and his mattock." The country sank cowed in terror. The chosen three thousand that Saul had gathered round his person dwindled down, till only six hundred were left, and these had to retreat far back from the heights of Judah, to gather, trembling, round their king at Gilgal. Multitudes hid themselves in "caves, and in thickets, and in rocks, and in high places, and in pits." Some fled away across the Jordan. Some deserted openly and joined the ranks of the enemy. It was a dark and hopeless time. But there was one young heart which burned with shame and indignation at his country's wrongs and sunk estate. Fired with this feeling, Jonathan slew with his own hand the Philistine officer stationed near his own quarters at Gibeah, who had in all likelihood been perpetrating some piece of oppressive cruelty. The bold and unexpected deed stirred the whole Philistine host into a tumult of wrath.

"Thirty thousand chariots and six thousand horsemen and people, as the sand which is on the sea-shore in multitude," gathered themselves together and then spread over the land. Jonathan had hoped to have stirred up the spirit of his countrymen. It was in vain. He had but brought down the iron hand of the oppressor heavier than ever upon them. He will make one other bolder effort. From the jagged height which he and his armour-bearer occupy, he looks across the narrow valley to the sharp rock on the other side, upon the summit of which a Philistine garrison is planted. Taking counsel of none other, telling of his intention to no one, "Come," said he to the young man that bare his armour, "let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumcised: it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." He had given up all hope of the craven Israelites doing anything for themselves. He had given up all hope that he, swift as an eagle, strong as a lion though he was (2 Sam. i. 23), could by his own individual skill or prowess do much for them. But he had not given up the hope that the God of their fathers, if trusted in, might work for them, and if He did, what were the many on the one side and the few upon the other to Him. It was in this faith that he fixed upon a sign, and when that sign was favourable, turned to the companion, who shared at once his courage and his faith, and said, "Come up after me, for the Lord hath delivered them into the hand of Israel." It was in this faith that he "climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet," till he gained the summit, and then with sling and bow, the weapons of his tribe, in the use of which he ranked as first among them all (1 Chron. xii. 2; 2 Sam. i. 22), poured such a volley of stones and arrows that at the first assault twenty men fell within half an acre of ground before the two. Then came the confusion and the panic, and the flight, and the trembling of the earth beneath the feet of the fugitives, and the trembling of the hearts of the whole affrighted host, and the melting of it away, and the beating down of one another as they fled, every man's sword against his fellow. And then came Saul and his soldiers to join the chase, and all the Israelites took heart once more, and they sprang up out of their hiding-places everywhere around. And the deserters in the camp of the Philistines joined their countrymen, all following hard after the Philistines, and covering the field with the dead. "So the Lord saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Bethaven" (1 Sam. xiv. 23). It was a "great salvation wrought in Israel" that day, nor are we surprised that at its close when the father would have sacrificed the son, the people should have peremptorily declared, "God forbid that Jonathan shall die. As the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day."

Ten years go past—years of successful fighting with Moabites, Ammonites, Idumæans on the east, Amalekites on the south, kings of Zobah on the north-east; but years too of sad declension in the king's sight and sense of his true calling; of a widening breach with the great prophet, the forfeiture of the kingdom, the possession by the evil spirit from the Lord. Again the note of war is sounded; again the Philistines invade the land; the two armies confront each other; Jonathan is by his father's side. Day by day, morning and evening, for forty days, he sees Goliath stalk forth, fling out his challenge and defy the armies of Israel. Why did not Jonathan accept the challenge? He had courage enough to do it. The odds against him in the fight had not been greater than were against him on the crag-top at Michmash. He who wrought with and for him then, would He forsake him now, if he cast himself upon the promised help? Perhaps his faith in that help had been somewhat weakened. Perhaps the king or the people would not suffer it, that a life such as his should be perilled in such a conflict. At last, while standing beside Saul, he sees a bright-eyed shepherd youth led up to the king. He fixes his eye upon him. He is about the very age he was himself when he climbed the rocky height and slew the garrison. He hears this youth say to his father, calmly and resolutely, "Let no man's heart fail because of him. Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." He wonders wherein

the secret of that courage lay which could so express itself. It opens to him as in answer to Saul's remonstrance as to his youth; he hears David tell of the lion and the bear, and say, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." The coat of mail, the helmet, and the sword are tried. Jonathan sees David cast them all aside, and take no weapon with him but the sling, one of the choice weapons of Jonathan's own tribe, in use of which he was so expert himself. It gives him a fresh interest in the youth as he sees him go forth to the encounter with only a sling and a stone. And now there is a breathless stillness in either host, as in the valley the two champions approach each other. Jonathan hears, not surely without deep sense of shame, the insults and curses of the Philistine. And then, upon his listening ear, from the lips of the young shepherd there fall the words, "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day the Lord will deliver thee into my hand, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel." The words sound in the ear of Jonathan as the very echo of those that he had spoken to his armour-bearer at Michmash; the faith they breathe is the very same faith that had then filled his spirit and nerved him for the unequal fight. How eagerly, with growing sympathy and full concord of spirit, did he watch the swing of the arm, the flight of the stone, and what a bound of joy he felt as, following it on its path through the air, he saw it hit the giant on the forehead, and saw the bulky form fall prostrate to the earth.

Again, at the close of the day, Jonathan is standing beside his father. Abner presents David with the head of the Philistine in his hand. He hears Saul say to him, "Whose son art thou, say, young man?"* and listens to the unrecorded conversation, obviously of some length, that then took place, and in which we may well believe that as he told all about his home and kindred, the modesty and manliness, wisdom and eloquence, reverence and tender love which dwelt in him so richly would all come forth. "And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul" (1 Sam. xviii. 1).

What was that bond which knit those two souls together, from that day on till death, in a friendship never surpassed on earth for strength and tenderness? Not only, not mainly, we believe, the sympathy that one brave, daring, generous, patriotic, self-sacrificing man has with another like-minded, like-hearted. There was that bond between them which of itself would have drawn them very close to one another. Without aught else in common but the native chivalry of the true soldier, shared in full measure by each, had these two young men stood in the same ranks, and on the same battle-fields, they would have found each other out, and heart answering to heart, their hands had been clasped in the covenant of an undying friendship. But a far deeper element was here at work, and formed the chief ingredient in that cement which bound heart and heart together. The deepest fount of the highest form of chivalry, the strongest bond of tenderest earthly friendship, is a common trust, and love, and hope resting on God our Saviour, and taking in immortality. No such heroisms, no such friendships has this world witnessed as those which have been thus begotten, thus fed, thus nurtured up into the dwelling together in the house of the Lord for ever. And in looking deeply enough into it, it pleases us to think that the love of Jonathan for David, so wonderful, passing the love of woman, had in it this deep enduring root.

(To be concluded.)

* The question of Saul has been regarded as indicating that he did not recognise David as the young shepherd from Bethlehem, whose harp had already exercised over him such soothing power. It may have been so. The visits to Gibeah may have been few and short; the remembrance of what happened during those fits of phrensy may have been imperfect. It may have been but a nominal appointment, that of armour-bearer, conferred then upon David, involving no close or personal connection with the king. Years too may have intervened, and these occurring at the very period of life when a single year makes often such a change in the personal appearance. Still it is extremely improbable that Saul should have failed to recognise David, introduced to him originally as he was as the son of Jesse from Bethlehem. But why then put such a question? Because a quite new interest in this youth had now sprung up. Saul had given it to be understood all through the camp, that the conqueror of Goliath was to be "enriched with great riches, his father's house to be made "free in Israel," *i.e.*, relieved from all public burdens, and he himself to have the king's daughter given to him in marriage. Who was David then, and what his father's house, on whom such special favours were to be bestowed? It was not the name alone, either of David or his father, that Saul cared so much about. He knew these already. It was fuller information as to their fitness to have such privileges conferred on them that he desired. That this was so appears from the lengthened conversation that took place, "And it came to pass, when David had made an end of speaking unto Saul," &c. (see 1 Sam. xviii. 1).

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

AS it so often befalls us in this our mysterious time of trial, no sooner had Atherstone finally determined on doing evil, than the opportunity for its accomplishment was found ready to his hand.

Just at that moment Thorpe, the old butler, came up to him with a rather anxious look. "Can I speak to you, sir?"

His master turned round, somewhat impatient at the interruption. "Yes—what is it?"

"Sir, you must not blame me, but I am afraid that fellow Edwards has been prowling about the house again to-night."

"What!" exclaimed Atherstone, eagerly; "tell me exactly what you know—did you see him?"

"I did, sir; but it was just as he was making his escape, and I am sure he was not aware that any one saw him. He had laid his plans very cunningly, and I imagine he was completely taken by surprise when he found the house all astir—which, of course, it would not have been on any other night."

"What time was it?"

"About two o'clock, sir, shortly before the poor colonel died. I had been putting lights in the library in case they should be wanted, and as I came out of the door I caught sight of a man flying round the end of the long passage that leads away from it. He had been coming towards it, I feel certain, and was scared by the lights. I darted after him, having a suspicion who it was, but he is more lissom than I am, and before I could reach him he had got down the corkscrew staircase that leads to the vaults, and when I caught sight of him again, he was just vanishing through the door that leads from there to the outer cave. I passed through it myself and followed him up the steps to the terrace, and then I could see by the shaking branches of the great tree that stands by the orchard wall, that he had climbed it and dropped over to the other side. He can climb like a wild cat, you know, sir, and leap almost any distance."

"But how did he get through the door that leads from the vaults to the cave? surely it is kept locked."

"Yes, sir; but he had managed to cut out the lock. I dare say he had been nights and nights at work on it, for he would calculate on no one going near it—which we don't, not once in six months."

"It was the only possible means of access to the house, no doubt, and the nearest way to the library."

"Yes, and I feel sure that was the point he was aiming at, sir. I have not forgotten how I found him trying to open the ebony cabinet that stands there, just after Squire Maurice's death."

"You had better keep such recollections to yourself, Thorpe," said Atherstone, sternly; "have you told any one of his attempt last night?"

"No, sir. We have all been too much occupied with the arrangements that had to be made after the death; it was not till Miss Dysart and her maid and the doctor were all gone, that I had time to tell even you, sir."

"Well, see you tell no one else; I will not have a word said on the subject to any one."

"Very well, sir," and Thorpe waited while his master stood still in deep thought. Atherstone seemed to have forgotten his presence, at last the old butler hazarded a question.

"Of course you would like me to have the lock repaired, sir; I feel sure the scoundrel will make another attempt to-night. As he does not know he was seen, he would never dream of any one looking to the door on a busy day like this, when the colonel's body has to be removed, and he would expect us to be more than usually sound asleep after being up all last night; if I might advise, sir, I'd have the police on the watch all through the dark hours."

"You will have nothing of the sort," exclaimed Atherstone, sharply; "nor will you have the lock mended: let the door remain open as it is."

"Sir!" said the old man in great surprise.

"I mean what I say, Thorpe; I shall let the fellow try again to-night, on purpose to catch him in the act, and put an end to his nefarious plans once for all."

"Oh, sir! have a care, he is a desperate villain."

"He will find his match in me," said Atherstone, with a fierce light flashing in his dark eyes.

"But surely you will not encounter him alone—you will let me be with you?"

"Not on any consideration, Thorpe; you will go to your room at the usual hour—there must be nothing to excite suspicion that any one is on the watch; but it may be as well that you should not go to bed, for I shall probably require you afterwards, and remember, not a word to any human being: you may go now."

Atherstone had a singular power of enforcing instant obedience, and the old man went away in silence, though with a feeling of great uneasiness, which he could not shake off throughout the whole day.

Evening had come; the dead man had been carried away to Vale House, and even the departure of that

silent guest had deepened Humphrey's bitter sense of desolation, for it seemed like the breaking off of his last link with Una, and the happier past in which he had seen her day by day, and now he sat in a room next the library, with a door of communication sufficiently open between them to enable him to hear and see what might take place therein; he had extinguished the lamp, but there was bright moonlight, which lit up the library quite clearly as it streamed through the large uncurtained windows. Atherstone had prepared no weapon for his defence, as he had entire confidence in his own great strength, and he would have looked formidable enough certainly, to any one who could have seen him sitting there with his dark brows bent in a stern frown, and his curved lips firmly closed with an expression of immovable determination. In the restless uneasiness of a yet unfulfilled purpose, from which his better nature dissented, the deep calm and silence all around him became intolerable, and he chafed each moment more and more against that one cruel difficulty in his life, but for which Una might already have been his wife. Had no secret ever existed which had made him resolve against marriage, he would have asked her long since of her father, who would, he believed, have offered no opposition to their union; and now that father lay dead, and Una was in the hands of his enemies. He felt almost maddened when he thought of it, but clenching his hands he muttered again and again, "This night shall end it, my Una—my Una! this night shall the hateful barrier between us be destroyed; it shall! so surely as I live." At length, in the midst of intense stillness, came a sound. He caught his breath and listened. It was the slow, stealthy tread of a cautious footstep. Nearer and nearer it came, creeping down the long passage, halting a moment at the other door of the library which had been left slightly open, and was at right angles with the one close to which Atherstone was placed. He sat perfectly motionless, scarcely breathing; then he saw a dark form stealing almost noiselessly into the library, and as the intruder passed into the full clear light of the moonbeams, he perceived distinctly the dusky face and gleaming eyes of the Malay. Still he did not move, though he restrained with difficulty the passion that rose to fever heat within him as he saw the man he hated with so deadly a hatred. Edwards made direct for the ebony cabinet, which stood between two windows at the end of the room, and when he was fairly engaged with the lock, which he seemed to be opening by means of some instrument, Atherstone entered through the other door with a step almost as noiseless as his own, and softly advanced, measuring the distance with his eye, till he was within a few paces of his enemy; then he bounded towards him, and with one vigorous blow of his powerful arm he hurled him from the spot with such violence that the man fell flat on his back on the floor, and in an instant Humphrey had set his knee on his breast, and was grasping him by the throat as if he would strangle him. Meantime the noise of the scuffle had reached Thorpe, who, unknown to his master, had also kept watch close at hand, and he came rushing in to give what assistance he could, with a lamp in his hand which lighted up the whole scene effectually; but this he set down at once with a cry of horror, for as he saw the face of the Malay distorted with agony, and the terrible look in his master's eyes, he was seized with terror that nothing less than murder would ensue, and that in his momentary rage Atherstone might do a deed he would repent for evermore. In an instant the old man had flung himself down on the ground beside them, and struggled with all his strength to loosen his master's grasp from the man's throat, while he exclaimed, "Sir! sir! you don't know what you are doing! you are killing him—you are killing him!"

"Keep back, Thorpe," said Atherstone, angrily; "how dare you interfere with me. Hold off, I say!" but he could not use violence to his old servant, and Thorpe so clung to his hands that he was compelled to loosen his grasp on the Malay's throat in order to remove him.

"Quit the room, Thorpe, instantly, and leave me to deal with this wretch; it is no business of yours."

"But you will kill him, sir; you don't know your own strength; you'd blame me afterwards if I did not save you from killing him."

Edwards lifted his head slowly from the ground, and looking fixedly into the face of Atherstone, whose knee was still pinning him down, he said, "Do you know your wise master so little, Thorpe, as not to be aware that there is nothing on earth he desires so much as to kill me? He has been my murderer in his heart these many years back, and now is his time; it is a pity to deprive him of his pleasure."

There was a concentrated malice in the man's words which had evidently a powerful effect on Atherstone, for his hands fell harmless by his side, and slowly rising from the prostrate form of his enemy, he left him lying uninjured on the floor. His rage had almost mastered him for a moment, but, in truth, it was not his purpose to do Edwards any bodily injury at that time; his real plan, deliberately conceived, and now to be executed, was perhaps more cruel: he had given the Malay every facility for his midnight attempt, in order to secure to himself the means of convicting him of an intended burglary, which would enable him to bring him under the grasp of the law, and the punishment which would certainly ensue. Once let him get him get this man consigned to prison for a term of years, and he would be as completely out of his way as if he were dead, and there would be nothing to prevent him from going boldly to ask Una of her guardian in face of day. By this time the unwonted noise and the cries of Thorpe had



(*Drawn by* H. JOHNSON.)

"Since we had picnics on the bay"—*p.* 621.

roused the other servants, and they came pouring into the room with lights, headed by the coachman, who had been almost as long at the Abbey as the butler himself.

He pounced upon Edwards, exclaiming, "A robber! a robber!" and with the help of one of the footmen, dragged him up to his feet. Then, as they stood holding him tight by the arms, and the lights flashed on his face so that they saw who he was, the old coachman exclaimed, "Mr. Edwards!" in great surprise.

"Yes," said Atherstone with bitter scorn, "this is what he has come to, a common thief."

"A thief!" exclaimed the Malay, furiously; "you had better have a care what you say, Mr. Atherstone; you know very well what I was doing when you saw me first."

"You were opening the ebony cabinet," he answered; "pretty conclusively the act of a thief."

"Indeed," sneered Edwards; "I believe you understand perfectly well what I sought for there."

"You must have been stealing like a thief into these rooms before now, or you would not have known where the cabinet stood."

"And if I have, it is your own dishonesty has driven me to it."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Atherstone, making a menacing movement towards him; then, restraining himself, he said more calmly, "whatever your motive was, you have broken into my house and committed a felony, and you shall have your full measure of punishment; I shall screen you from the gaol no longer."

"A gaol—penal servitude," said Edwards, slowly; "yes, I suppose your kind offices could secure me that destiny now. Well, the prospect is not pleasant, I think the time has arrived when you and I might come to terms, Mr. Atherstone. I have a word to say to you; you had better send these servants away."

Humphrey turned to the men and told them to leave the room. The butler and coachman seemed very unwilling to loose their hold of the Malay.

"I would not trust him, sir, if I were you," said Thorpe, respectfully.

"I do not trust him," said Atherstone, contemptously, "but I can defend myself; go out and wait in the corridor, as I shall require you later."

CHAPTER XXI.

The servants left the room, and then the two men remained confronting each other, the Malay like a tiger at bay, Atherstone with his arms folded, haughty and calm. There was a silence for a few minutes while they looked fixedly at each other, and then Edwards spoke in quiet measured tones. "Mr. Atherstone, if I had succeeded in my enterprise to-night, I believe we should have stood in a very different position to each other; but I have failed, and I have placed myself at a distinct disadvantage. Ours has been a long struggle, and the fortunes of war hung often on a word or a look; but you have gained the day—I am defeated, and I admit it. If I am convicted (as I can be by the evidence of your servants) of having broken into your house and attempted a burglary, I know the penalty, and I have no doubt your influence would be successfully exerted to make my imprisonment a long one, but it would not be for life, and when I came out, sooner or later, the contest would begin again; I promise you that, and you may guess if my punishment would mitigate my will to injure you. I tell you, even from my prison walls I would find means to make your life a torture to you, as you know I can. Now hear me, and weigh my words well. Nothing but my own will can free you from me and my power to injure you, and that will I am ready to exercise in your favour if you will agree to my conditions. Instead of sending me to prison now, give me the means of going out to Australia with my wife and child, and a sufficient sum to purchase some land out there whereby I may make a home and a provision for them in that new country, and I will pledge myself to leave England at once, to give up all my hopes, and never to molest you more; you shall never hear my voice or see my face again."

A gleam of pleasure lighted up Humphrey's face at these words, and he stood looking at the Malay with the most eager anxiety. "I might consent," he said, "but how can I tell that you will keep your word?"

"I will give you any pledge you may like to exact," said Edwards; "and of course if I came back you could still call me to account for this night's work; but you have better security than that, for you ought to see that as matters stand it is now most for my interest to make a home out there. Life is short, it is no use squandering half of it on the chance of gaining an advantage in the end—a doubtful chance too in this uncertain world: you have foiled me hitherto, you may do so to the last. Give me money enough to live as a gentleman in the colonies, and I will cry quits and harry your life no more; I shall be to you as one dead."

The man was evidently in earnest, and Atherstone's face brightened up as if a load had been removed from his existence. He said slowly and distinctly, "Edwards, will you swear to meet me at Southampton this day week on board a vessel bound for Australia, to receive from me such a sum as will accomplish all you desire, and then and there to depart from England never to return—never to send back your child, but to be to me—you and he and all belonging to you—as though you were dead, and beyond the power of any meeting on earth?"

"A stringent vow and a comprehensive one, Mr. Atherstone, but I make it; let the sum you bring me satisfy my wishes, and we shall part never to meet again."

"It shall satisfy you," said Atherstone.

"Good, then we meet at Southampton this day week—a ship leaves port that evening. This day week, at noon, you will find me on board the ship which sails the same afternoon."

"It is well—then are you free." Atherstone walked to the door, threw it open, and called out to Thorpe to allow the Malay to leave the house unmolested. The servants stood back to let him go free, and slowly, silently the midnight intruder passed out of Atherstone Abbey and disappeared among the trees.

It was evening, a few days after that on which Colonel Dysart's funeral had taken place. Una was lying on the sofa in a little boudoir which had been given up to her use at Northcote Manor, looking very wan and exhausted. As might have been expected, the shock of her father's death, following so quickly on the suffering she had undergone after her interview with Atherstone, had tried her health very severely. Mr. Northcote had carried her half insensible into the house when he brought her from Atherstone Abbey, and she had fallen into a state of weakness and prostration, through which she had been unremittingly nursed by little Will Northcote, who had shown that in spite of her eccentricities she could be admirably thoughtful and tender in times of emergency. During the days which had elapsed since then, Una had seen no one else until this afternoon, when Mr. Cunliffe had asked to have an interview with her, on his return home from the funeral. Una had herself been far too much overwhelmed and bewildered to make any plans even for the immediate future, and she was considerably startled when she found that her guardians had settled everything for her without even consulting her. Mr. Cunliffe told her that Colonel Dysart had charged him in the event of his death—the suddenness of which he seemed to have anticipated—to communicate at once with her aunt, Lady Elizabeth Molyneux, who had promised him that Una should have a home with her, should she unhappily be deprived of her father's care. This had been done, and a letter had been received, dictated by Lady Elizabeth, and written apparently by her maid or companion, expressing a wish that her niece should join her at once, as she was just leaving home for the Continent, where she wished Una to accompany her, and ending with a regret that she was too great an invalid to write her condolences with her own hand.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Cunliffe and Mr. Northcote had agreed that Miss Dysart should be taken the very next day to meet her aunt in London, and Mr. Cunliffe himself undertook to be her escort, as he had only left his affairs in town in order to attend Colonel Dysart's funeral and the opening of his will, and he was anxious to return as soon as possible. His duties as executor, he told Una, were very simple, for the colonel had left everything he possessed in the world to his daughter, and Vale House was hers on a lease for some years, where her aunt promised to reside with her on their return to England in three months' time. Una listened to all this, her eyes dilating with a look of terror, and her breath coming quick and short. She raised herself from her pillows and looked anxiously at her guardian.

"To-morrow," she said, in a weak, tremulous voice, "must I go quite away to-morrow? Must I leave——"

The name, so deeply graven on her heart, was almost on her lips, but she did not utter it, only her very soul seemed to die within her at the thought that she was about to be borne out of reach of Humphrey Atherstone, just when, at the most solemn moment of her life, the conviction had forced itself upon her, that to be separated from him was to lose for ever all earthly hope or joy; a crimson flush dyed her white cheek as her faltering words ceased in sudden silence; but the shrewd lawyer needed no outward expression of the thoughts he could read so easily; he had long since foreseen what Una Dysart's destiny was likely to be, and in his new position as her guardian, he rejoiced at the prospect; for although he was perfectly aware that there was some secret to be concealed, and probably to be regretted, in Humphrey Atherstone's life, he had yet too much confidence in his intrinsic nobleness, not to feel satisfied that the happiness of the woman he loved would be very safe in his hands.

Cunliffe's kindly nature was moved at Una's piteous tones, and taking her hand in both his own he bade her trust him that all would be well.

"You must go to-morrow, dear child; for we are bound to follow the arrangement that has been made for you; but Cannes, where I believe your aunt means to winter, is not quite the end of the world, and the spring will find you again at Vale House amongst your friends, I hope. For my part, I tell you fairly, I do not mean to go back to Australia till I have seen you settled in a home of your own, and a home worth having, too."

Una could not answer. She let her hand lie in his, fully appreciating his kindness; but her finer sense revolted at all thought of earthly happiness and love, while yet the shadow of her father's new-made grave lay dark and cold upon her life; and this, too, Mr. Cunliffe understood. After a few more words respecting the arrangements of their journey next day, he told her to try and get a good night's rest, and left her. Una turned her face to the wall, and her thoughts went back to their weary brooding over the sad death-scene, when, from the dying lips, went out the name of the unforgotten love of youth, to be the last utterance of the world-worn man. Had her gentle mother heard in the far unseen the voice that his child should hear no more? had she

come to meet him on the threshold of the strange new life? only on such images as those could Una bear to dwell as yet, and while she lay pondering over the vanished past, and feeling as if she would never again come out of the death-gloom which surrounded her to look her future in the face, she heard steps approaching her door. Well she knew the light tread of Will Northcote's little feet, and she turned to greet her, as she came in, with a faint smile of pleasure on her sad face, for Will's sympathy and tenderness had been her chief solace in the dark days through which she had been passing, a real affection subsisted between them now. The girl came forward impetuously, and flung herself on a seat by the side of her couch.

"Oh, Una! you can't think how miserable I feel; everything seems so gloomy; life is so changed from what it was only a few months ago, and I am to lose you to-morrow! the best comfort I have."

"Dear Will, I am afraid I have been more of a burden than a comfort to you of late; but I hope and trust I shall soon be back again. I dread going away so much that I quite cling to my aunt's promise to bring me home to Vale House in three or four months."

"Yes—and how many changes may we not see in three months! there are only too many as it is."

"Are there any changes beyond those that have happened to me, Will?" asked Una, looking alarmed, for her thoughts flew instantly to Humphrey, with a vague dread of what might have befallen him since the mournful night when they parted.

"Indeed, there are—there is to be a complete revolution at Valehead. Settle yourself comfortably among your pillows, Una, and I will tell you all about it."

(*To be continued.*)

TIME STEALS AWAY.

AYE! if you mark the sunny ground,
Where now the maypole-shade may fall,
It soon will wheel a span around,
While seeming not to go at all.
I know not how the time is flown
Since you and I met here one May:
A day of rest, a season blest,
For oh! how time will steal away.

While once our evening mirth began,
The candle's glossy stem was tall,
But soon burnt down, a long half-span,
Though seeming not to sink at all.
The time is gone, I know not how,
Since there we gathered, young and gay,
In nights of joys, with merry noise,
For oh! how lifetime steals away.

The winterborne, when o'er the dell
The spring was green, was flowing fast,
And then fell dry, but who can tell
What day and hour it ran its last?
I know not how the time has fled
Since there, with you, I flung the hay
In youth's gay pride, in hope's fair tide,
For oh! how lifetime steals away.

As when the ship goes under sail
Far out before the sounding beach,
And while we hear some friend's new tale
She sinks beyond our eyesight's reach,
So time has gone, I know not how,
Since we had picnics on the bay—
The happy year, the summer dear,
Of time that softly steals away.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—VIII.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"The Spirit helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. viii. 26.

MUCH is said nowadays against prayer. It may be questioned, however, whether Christians are greatly affected or even troubled by such objections. To them, prayer is a necessity of their existence. They can no more help praying, than they can help breathing. "Behold, he prayeth," was said by the Lord Himself of Saul of Tarsus. In one sense, of course, Saul had been for many years a man of prayer. He had never neglected the stated seasons of devotion. His petitions had been long, fervent, earnest. But they had not been the utterances of a soul alive unto God. Now, for the first time, Saul draws the breath of spiritual life; and the words "He prayeth," have a significance as applied to him, which they never possessed before.

The same thing may be said of every Christian

"He prayeth; he will continue to pray; he must pray."

They tell us that we expect, by these requests of ours, to change the purposes of the unchangeable God; to interfere with the regular operation of His laws; to bring about results which He never in the first instance intended should come to pass.

The charge is absurd. We expect nothing of the kind. God, we are very well aware, will grant nothing but what He had all along intended to bestow. God always inspires the petition with which He purposes to comply. Besides, we never ask unconditionally. We cannot trust our own judgment about ourselves. It seems to us that health is better for us than sickness; prosperity than adversity; joy than sorrow; competence than poverty. But it may not be so: we refer then the matter to our heavenly Father. Asking, we ask in submission. Our petitions are always qualified with—"If it be Thy will."

Again, it seems to us, that the Church is a family. But what sort of family would that be, where there is no openness of communication? where the children must not make a request of their father? Surely it were better to encourage them to speak, if only that an opportunity might be offered of showing them the ignorance and folly of their requests. And yet again, we remember that asking is only a part of prayer, and perhaps the least important part. In prayer we speak to God, but we have many things to say, as well as many things to ask. We have thanks to render and praises to offer. There are acts of adoration; humble pouring out of our hearts before God. God is to be blessed for what He is in Himself, as well as for what He has done for us. "We praise Thee; we bless Thee; we worship Thee; we glorify Thee; we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King; God the Father Almighty."

But enough about objections. Let us see what the apostle says in the text about prayer.

We have "infirmities." Yes; it requires but little self-knowledge to make that discovery, though it requires much self-knowledge to make us rely upon something altogether out of ourselves. In consequence of our infirmity, we know not what to pray for. And when we do know what is wanted, the difficulty is, to ask for it in the manner which is suitable. But a Helper is provided for us. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities."

Of the three Persons of the ever-blessed Trinity, the Spirit is that One who comes closest to us. It is He who binds us to Christ, as Christ binds us to the eternal Father. The Spirit then, entering into our inmost being, inspires all holy thoughts, all good desires, all lofty aspirations. These things do not spring up in us spontaneously. They come from Him. From Him originate those desires after God, and the knowledge of God, and the love of God, and the possession of God—of which we are occasionally conscious. But these are often such as it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to express in words. Language is too imperfect a vehicle to convey certain sentiments of the soul, especially in relation to God. Try to put the sentiment into words, and you vulgarise it. You feel then that you would rather not talk about it. There it is, and you are conscious of it; but the moment you endeavour to embody it in human speech, the thing is lost. Now, these feelings are, "groanings that cannot be uttered." They cannot be clothed in words. And the Spirit dwelling in us, and making, as it were, common cause with us, becomes our Intercessor, and obtains acceptance before the throne of heaven, for these inarticulate longings after God, which He has Himself inspired.

Perhaps, too, we may gather another lesson out of the words. It not unfrequently happens, in times of sickness and of sorrow, that the thoughts cannot be collected for definite and articulate petition. The body is too weak; the patient is too exhausted even to think. Then a friend, praying by our beside, greatly helps us. But sometimes sick people get past even that. A single text, a verse of a hymn—is all that they can bear. And sometimes sorrow is so crushing that prayer, in the ordinary forms of utterance, seems an impossibility; all that the heart is capable of is an agonised groan. But in both these cases God is the object of the inarticulate desire. And these dumb feelings rising up towards heaven are, be it remembered, the result of His work who helpeth our infirmities, and are lovingly, tenderly, accepted by our God and Father in Christ.

LOST LOUI.

PART I.

THE sun shone brightly, and the birds sang in the leafy trees; everything looked green and fresh, and Loui thought that if mamma or little sister were with her, she would be the happiest child in the world. As it was, even amongst the lovely flowers, and all the new sights and sounds, she felt strange and lonely. Loui had never been in the real free country before; her life had been spent in a large town, with an occasional visit to some crowded watering-place. Of late, however, she had grown pale and delicate, and change of air and scene being considered necessary, it was decided to send her to her uncle's house. With a child's natural love of variety, Loui was pleased at first with the idea, but when she began to realise the pain of parting from friends and going off alone into an untried world, amongst unknown relatives, her timid little heart sank. After a pleasant journey, she was kindly received by her aunt, and the following day her cousins showed her all over the place, and were much amused by her astonishment and delight with things which to them were so common. Her great pleasure was to follow them about through the fields, the garden, or the poultry-yard; but, if even for a moment left by herself, everything became a terror—the cattle, the watch-dog, the very fowl she would have gone any distance to avoid. Her cousins, Robert and James, laughed at her fears, and even tried to increase them, by telling dreadful stories of wicked cows and mad dogs, till the dread of meeting such animals made her life quite miserable.

Charlotte, who was a little older than Loui, regarded her timidity with the utmost contempt, and not being able to believe that any girl of her age could really fear quiet creatures to which she had been accustomed all her life, considered it as a species of affectation. Yet Charlotte was not an ill-natured girl, though she lacked that amiability and true refinement of nature which can enter into the feelings of others, and regard them tenderly, even without having experienced the same. Her aunt indeed made more allowance for the timid child, and remarked that "she would lose all these silly fears after a little; that she was delicate and nervous, and must not be frightened."

One day it happened that her cousins were busy, and thinking it a pity Loui should be shut up in the house when the sun shone so brightly and the air was so pleasant, her aunt proposed that she should go to a cottage a short way off, and inquire about a poor old woman who had been ill. "Your Uncle," she said, "will see you across the fields, then you will only have the lane by yourself, and coming back, old Mary's grandson will walk with you as far as the stile, and I will send the boys to meet you there."

Loui was glad of this arrangement; she liked going to see old Mary; she liked the pretty fields and the walk with her uncle, who was always kind, and talked about her mother. She was quite at home with him, and feared no dangers in his company. The green lane, even by herself, was enjoyable, for the cottage stood in sight; the air was balmy, the sun bright, and the wild flowers so fragrant and beautiful that the little girl felt all her nervous terrors fly off like troubled dreams in the morning's light. She sat a good while with the old woman, and at length remembering that her cousins might be waiting at the stile, asked Mary to allow her little grandson to see her part of the way back; but the boy was out herding, and not likely to return for some hours. The old woman wished she was able to go herself, but was too lame, so there was nothing left for Loui but to call up her best courage, and set off alone.

After all, there was nothing to fear; the lane was safe; only two fields were to be crossed, and she had often been assured that the cattle were perfectly harmless; so with a tolerably cheerful face she bade Mary good-bye, and set out. The sun was just sinking behind the distant hill, throwing slanting rays across her path; the solemn hush of twilight was gradually taking the place of the gay songs of the birds and the hum of the bees. It was a pleasant summer evening, and Loui went on bravely up the pretty lane, where the flowers were already beginning to close their petals for the night. So far, she could hear the sound of carts on the high road, of distant voices, and the hum of busy life; but having passed the little gate which led into the fields, these welcome noises were no more distinguishable, and the timid child began to feel herself utterly alone, beyond the reach of human aid, in that great wide range of fields, inhabited only by herds of cattle, as terrible to her excited imagination as droves of wild buffaloes on foreign prairies. Thus, conjuring up all kinds of ideal fears, while memory brought back the stories she had heard of savage bulls and mad dogs, she went on, trembling at every rustle of the leaves, and keeping close to the hedges; her one star of hope being the stile, where she expected to meet her cousins.

Meantime, Robert and James having come home, their mother sent them with Charlotte according to promise to meet Loui. They arrived first at the appointed place, and sitting on the top of the stile, saw their little cousin come cautiously creeping along the hedge, afraid to look up, lest she should encounter some unknown enemy.

Robert burst out laughing, and proposed to hide himself near and imitate the roar of a cow.

"What a jolly fright she would be in," he said.

"You'd better not!" replied Charlotte, doubtfully, "mamma might be angry. Not that I think it would frighten Loui at all, she only thinks it pretty to seem afraid of everything."

"Oh! but it would," replied James; "and if she runs off to the next hedge, I'll get behind it and bark like a dog; then I wonder where she'll go. You know, Charlotte, if she gets into too great a fix, we can appear any minute and protect her."

Accordingly as Loui glided along, trying to make her footsteps inaudible, a loud unnatural roar sounded close beside her, making her heart beat so violently that she stood still a moment in an agony of terror, then venturing to look round, and not seeing anything near, took courage to make her escape to the next field. Again gliding on close to the hedge, with limbs tottering and nerves quivering after the last start, she heard at her very ear a sharp bark, followed by an angry growl. Turning suddenly, without knowing or caring in what direction, the frightened child ran at full speed across the wide field, terror giving her an unnatural strength and energy. The boys started up from their lurking-places and ran too, shouting to their cousin to stop; but it was useless. Believing she was followed by a mad dog, and that the footsteps and cries proceeded from a party of men who were in pursuit of the dangerous animal, she redoubled her speed. On, on, blind, panting, breathless with terror, through a second gap and across another field.

Charlotte, who still sat on the stile, at first an amused spectator of the scene, now shrieked to her brothers, "Oh! stop her!—do stop her! she is close to the edge of the great quarry; and will never see it!" Then the light seemed to leave her eyes; she grew deadly pale, as her little cousin dashing madly on to the very verge of the precipice, suddenly disappeared from view. The boys strained every nerve in pursuit, but it was of no use, they could neither overtake nor stop her, and their warnings of danger were unheard or unheeded. Yet so near were they to the place that they could see her totter on the edge in a vain effort to draw back, and then fall forward over the open chasm. Relaxing their speed, they tried to recover breath, and tremblingly approached the fatal spot; and there, far down on a heap of stones, lay something, indistinct in shape and colour. How still it lay! not a cry—not even a moan was to be heard.

The twilight had increased rapidly by this time, but light enough still remained to show where that small inanimate form slept on its stony bed.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

262. How many times does the name of the Lord Jesus Christ occur in the Epistle of St. James?

263. Give the passage where we read for the *last time* of Samaria.

264. Name a few individuals of whom it is recorded that the Lord was with them.

265. "Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper." On what occasion and by whom were these words spoken?

266. On what occasion, and for what reason, did St. Peter request the Lord Jesus to leave him?

267. Give the words of the Saviour which contain the earliest intimation of His crucifixion.

268. St. Peter, shortly after the Lord's ascension, identifies Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah in three ways. Give them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 592.

248. In both Matt. iv. 16 and Luke i. 79 it is used in a spiritual sense.

249. See Ps. lvi. 3.

250. "I will," said Jesus shortly before His death, "pray the Father, and He shall give you *another* Comforter" (John xiv. 16).

251. Jer. xvii. 13.

252. Ahaz (Isa. vii. 14).

253. James iv. 6; Prov. iii. 34.

SCRIPTURE HEROINES.

RIZPAH.

2 Sam. xxi. 10.

SHE watched above the dead. Though vain the task,
She watched 'neath noontide sun, 'mid evening dew;
Though they would never give her thanks, she knew,
She never stooped e'en such reward to ask.
She loved them, and had lost. Let others bask
In life's glad hours and quaff its rosy stream;
Hers but upon a happy past to dream,
And moralise above the empty flask.
So have I seen beside some narrow bed
The silent mourner pause, and linger still
When evening brought her shadows down the hill,
As they would commune with the restful dead.
As though they felt a half instinctive dread
Homeward to turn, and note the vacant chair:
So ever day by day they hover there,
Where rests in death the well-belovèd head,
While points the cross to joys from earth for ever fled.

C. M. D.

"THE QUIVER" FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMINE IN BENGAL.

FOURTH LIST.

In presenting the fourth List of Subscriptions to the readers of THE QUIVER, the Editor cannot but express his gratification at the ready response which has been made to his appeal. Further amounts received will be acknowledged as space permits, and the Editor ventures to hope that the good work now so well begun, will be continued with spirit and perseverance, throughout the trying season yet in store for the people of Bengal.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to use POST OFFICE ORDERS instead of Stamps when the remittance exceeds Five Shillings.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged in first, second, and third lists	1837	2	1
Jos. Thos. Maddocks, Crewe	0	2	0
Louisa Turner, 49, High Street, Marylebone, W..	1	6	0
"For His sake," London, E.C.	0	10	0
Little Pollie and Trot, Orchard View, Harwich ..	3	16	2
Arthur Haddon, 3, St. George's Road, Wimbledon	0	2	2
Mrs. Watts, Little Harrowden, Wellingboro, Northamptonshire	2	2	6
E. E. Fothergill, Clayton Street, Blackburn	0	7	3
A Mite from a Brother and Sister	0	1	0
H. M., Bristol	0	2	0
Miss A. Heckford, Stanford Rivers, Bromford	7	7	0
A. A. Taylor, Sutton, Surrey	6	6	0
Elizabeth J. Stenlake, scholar in Pensilva School, near Liskeard, Cornwall, per W. C. Kneebone	0	11	0
John H. Wootton, Byford, Hereford	0	15	0
M. Page, 9, Vaughan Terrace, Mamdel, near Newport, Mon.	0	12	6
Martina Hyde, 20, Foregate Street, Worcester	0	5	8
S. A., Lee	0	0	6
W. G Smith, 77, Park Lane, Leeds	0	15	0
S. Smith, West Swindon ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Richard Burton Porter, Bellevue, Douglas, Cork	2	6	6
W. B., Mousehold, Norwich	0	5	0
S. A. E., Wareham	0	8	0
C. P., Burnt Ash, Lee, S.E..	1	1	0
Elizabeth Baker, 17, Hamilton Street, Chester.. ..	0	5	8
Miss Dudney, Pier Rd., Erith	0	13	0
M. R.	0	2	6
Herbert S. Cousins, 16, Orange Street, Red Lion Square	0	3	7
A. C., Copdeck Lodge, Ipswich	1	4	6
W. Dalton, National Provincial Bank of England, Mold (2nd collection) ..	0	5	0
Miss Maria Stocks, Heigham Road, Norwich	0	5	0
Morton Smith, Ashbourne, Derbyshire	1	5	0
A Poor Woman, Homerton ..	0	1	3
Schoolmistress of the Orphan Asylum, Lockyer Street, Plymouth	0	5	0
Clara C. Bishop, 48, Gainsford Street, S.E.	0	3	0
James Kendal, Tyrone, Boneath, S. Wales	0	6	0
Emily Collett, Handsworth ..	0	10	0
Betsy Bowser, Saitburn-by-Sea	0	4	0
William Parker, 16, Otto Street, Kennington	0	10	0
Gem, Milner Square, Islington	1	10	0
Proceeds of 13 dollars 20 cents from Joshua Cooper, Eugenia, Ontario, Canada	2	8	9
Albert Sytner, Birmingham..	0	16	0
Miss E. Mortlock, from the Girls' Orphan Home, Lower Tottenham	0	3	0
E. & J. Wilson, Hampton Lovett	1	3	2
Mrs. Dutton, North Road, St. Helens	0	10	9
J. G. G., Northampton	0	3	0
E. Hughes, Sycamore Cottage, Liscard, Cheshire	0	5	4
Hugh G. Paterson, Barnsley	0	4	0
Mrs. Hubert Smith, 67, Monkton Street, Ryde, Isle of Wight	1	0	0
S., Newport, Isle of Wight ..	0	8	0
The Young Ladies at Miss Taylor's, Brownhills Seminary, Stoke-upon-Trent ..	1	0	0
Carried forward £	1883	6	4

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward..	1883	6	4
Jane Newton Bewley, Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland	0	17	0
S. Davis, 41, Gough Street, Cardiff	0	6	0
Daniel Leary, 102, Raymouth Road, Rotherhithe	0	4	9
William Henry Smith, Well Gate, Clitheroe, Lancash.	1	2	6
A. Baker and Sister, New Basford	2	1	0
Frocm Drumblade Female School, and a few Friends in Huntly	2	0	0
James A. Roberts, Staff Sergeant, A. S. Corps, Woolwich, S.E.	0	5	0
Ernest Skinner, Periteau House, Winchelsea ..	0	8	6
M. A. S., Derby	0	5	0
Arthur and Mary Oathwaite, Lord Mayor's Walk, York	0	10	0
J. A. Palmer, Hagley Road, Birmingham	0	7	6
I. N., Hulme, Manchester ..	0	10	0
H. J. Hinds, London	0	10	0
Mary Hesling, Dale Street, Shipley, Yorkshire	0	3	9
Children in the Market Drayton Schools, Salop, per Louisa Hodgetts	0	6	8
Martha C. R., Norwich ..	0	2	6
G. W. B., Paddington	0	0	5
Herbert James, Edgbaston ..	0	2	6
Charlotte Bourroughs, Langcliffe, near Settle	0	5	6
S. Boxhorn, London	0	2	9
E. J. H., Sunderland	0	4	0
E. Rigden, Fisher Street, Sandwich	0	6	0
Mrs. Hutchings, Newcastle-on-Tyne	1	7	0
E. Pitchford, Post Office, Oakengates	0	15	6
Thomas Sanderson, Brancepeth, Durham	0	9	0
M. A. Collins, Lewisham, S.E.	0	10	0
Thomas Knowlson, 18, Roderick Street, off Soho Street, Liverpool	0	7	6
E. M. B., Wigan	0	7	0
A. E. Walton, Chester-le-Street	0	7	0
Alexander G. W. Tod, Taunton House, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood	0	10	0
J. C. P., Croydon	0	10	0
Robert Chaplin, Waterloo, Norwich	0	2	6
Nine Years Old, Bangor, North Wales	0	4	0
R. Rolls, Blandford	0	0	8
Emmie and Ettie Mann, Salisbury Street, Blandford ..	0	7	10
Mrs. J. H. Mayail, Lee Grange, Lees, near Manchester	3	3	0
A. Partridge, Hukingdon, Sleaford	0	5	0
Margaret S. Schollick, Bishopswood, Highgate, N.	0	8	0
Pollie and Willie Biddle, Exeter	1	0	0
M. H. Foster, Bradford ..	0	3	9
Fred. J. Grundy, 23, Fairfield Street, Fairfield, near Liverpool	0	4	0
Mary McDonnell, 3, Collingham Road, South Kensington	0	10	1
W. Hall, Bristol	1	0	0
Mrs. C., Church Lane, Urmston	0	1	0
T. F., Mount Vernon Road, Liverpool	0	10	4
K., Bangor	0	1	0
W. L. E., Uxbridge	0	3	4
James Baker, 8, Mack's Road, Bermondsey	0	2	6
Katie Peers, Addlestone ..	0	2	0
Robert E. Collier, Elswick, Newcastle	0	4	6
A. M. Taylor, Dublin	0	12	0
A Very Poor Beggar, Liverpool	0	5	6
Carried forward £	1909	1	8

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward..	1909	1	8
E. T. Richards, at A. James's, 69, Oxford Street, Mountain Ash, Cardiff	1	6	6
Miss Ewins, Pen-y-bryn House, Wrexham	0	7	6
S. E. Lloyd, London House, Holywell	1	13	3
M. Colborn, Frampton Cotterell, near Bristol	0	8	0
Alex. Lymington, 16, Ashton Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow	0	17	0
James Evans, 17, Dunraven Street, Treherbert, Gla.	1	0	0
W. B., Charlton	0	11	6
Edith Webb, High Street, Brecon	0	10	0
H. Clay, Swerford, Oxon ..	0	13	6
David Williams, 6, Wind Street, Aberdare, Glamorganshire	1	1	6
Edward A. House, Uxbridge	1	9	0
Master George Macnie, Clontarf, co. Dublin ..	0	7	6
S. Beck, Earlham Road, Norwich	0	12	2
J. G., Newcastle-on-Tyne ..	0	11	3
E. J. Bolter, Chastleton Moreton-in-Marsh	1	5	6
J. P.	0	2	6
Miss R. Grey, Enniskillen ..	1	0	0
E. Stilwell, Tower House, Park Hill Road, East Croydon	0	10	0
Thomas Bayliss, West Bromwich	1	10	6
Aimée Richardson, The Friary, Friern Barnet ..	0	8	1
Annie A. P. Handing, Dinder Wells	1	0	0
E. K., Sinclair, New York near Boston, Lincolnshire	0	8	6
Robert Combe, 18, New Street, Whitehaven	0	12	6
L. M. Eves, 65, Charrington Street	0	3	0
Louisa Burrell, Birstall, near Leeds	0	6	6
Walter Green, 5, Cave Street, Bristol	0	12	0
A. E. Judd, Strawberry Hill, Station, Twickenham ..	0	5	3
Nelly Coward, Carlton Road, W.	0	4	0
Miss Pope, Elmsdale House, Astwood Bank, near Redditch	2	7	6
Emily Maud Davies, Dany Castell, Crickhowell, S. Wales	0	10	0
J. N., Kilburn	0	5	0
Kate Bell, Potternewton Lodge, Leeds	0	11	6
Mrs. Hide, St. Mary's Lodge, Blythe Hill, Forest Hill	2	7	0
A Reader of THE QUIVER, Manchester	0	3	6
C. E. Fox, 109 and 111, Bethnal Green Road, E.... ..	1	1	0
Miss R. M. Andrew, 1, Alma Place, St. Mawes, Cornwall	0	12	6
Louisa Agnes Talbot, The Limes, Kidderminster ..	0	17	6
Miss M. C. London, The Rock, Claxhaugh, near Sunderland	0	15	0
Maude M. Peirce, Grange Park Cottage, Grange Park Road, Leyton, Essex	0	8	0
Thomas J. Owen, Bodfaen, Rhyl	0	1	6
Three Friends, Truro	0	9	0
W. Horwood, Bicester Royal Latin School, Buckingham	0	5	9
W. J. Davidson, 125, High Street, Gateshead	0	4	6
Frank Midwinter, Bursledm ..	0	11	0
M. A., The Grange	0	3	0
E. L. Matthew, Bull Point ..	0	14	0
F. P. S. Yeatman, Shawfield, Bromley, Kent	0	5	7
J. Shipley Slipper, Islington	0	7	6
Carried forward £	1941	19	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward..	1941	19	0
Annie Strong, 264, Old Kent Road	0	8	11
F. R. Marsh, Hull	0	0	6
Mary Jane Thomas, Bath Street, Todmorden	0	4	0
Mrs. Joseph Minchin, Suir Island, Clonmel, Ireland	0	10	0
Mrs. Eliza Evans, 9, Queen Street, Wrexham	1	2	6
G. Dix, jun., Silverdale, North Staffordshire	0	7	0
Miss M. S. Grey, Herne Bay	2	5	2
R. Twine, Reading	0	2	0
The Superintendent Kew Observatory, Richmond	1	10	0
A. J. Melville, Clarendon P.O., Jamaica, per T. Hankey & Co.	8	16	1
J. S. Nichols, 4, Everilda St., Barnsbury, London, N.	0	3	6
F. K. Squibb, Freemantle, Southampton	0	10	0
Alice Mary Roake, 126, Bartholomew Street, Newbury, Berks	0	6	6
A Few Friends, Newport, Mon.	0	5	2
Catherine Row, Beathwaite Green, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland	0	11	7
Two Little Girls (Sisters), Lee	0	10	0
H. R. S. Cassini, 319, Goswell Road, Islington	0	10	0
William H. Buttress, Poplar Place, Lozells Street, Birmingham	0	2	6
J. M., Worcestershire	0	2	6
A Little Sunbeam	0	4	0
Tom Taylor, Codnor, Derbyshire	0	13	3
Frederick R. Yates, 114, Sherlock Street, Birmingham	0	2	2
W. H. Coulter and O. Marsden, 17, Bishopsgate Street, Leeds	0	6	0
Mary Knight, 11, Lyme Street, Camden Road, Camden Town..	0	3	3
Miss M. Bagssaw, 20, St. Mary's Road, Canonbury Square, N.	0	13	9
J. Hsobee, Buscot Villas, Stratford, Essex	0	5	0
S. H., F. W., and E. T. ..	0	3	0
E. Wing, Dover	0	5	0
Sarah Eaton	0	5	0
Florrie Chapman, The Elms, Chrirton, Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire ..	0	11	4
E. E. B., and E. J. B., Wantage, Berks	0	2	0
Henry Willis, 29, Alderson Road, Highfields, Sheffield	0	5	0
A Thanksgiving, C. M., Leeds	0	10	0
E. Gilbert, Mare Street, N.E.	0	10	0
T. Powell, Esq.	0	5	0
Martha Guy, 29, Harrogate Street, Wigan	0	2	0
Miss Julia Hunn, Horsley Street, Hall Lane, Liverpool	0	3	0
M. Q. and E. L., Blyth Link House	0	2	0
Walter B. Calton, 52, Chalk Farm Road, N.W..	0	12	6
W. Martin and Friends, Redruth	0	1	7
Miss Green and Friends, Deal	0	3	6
F. Farru Gia, Gen. Post Office, Malta	1	12	9
A. C., Bridgnorth	0	5	0
A. S. F., Birkenhead	0	5	0
Miss McPhail, Glenlochay House, Thillin, Perthshire	0	5	0
Janie Unsworth, 12, Dolvin Road, Tavistock	0	3	8
George Hurst, jun., Burton Joyce, near Nottingham	1	7	8
£	1970	8	10

Being amounts received up to and on 18th May, 1874.

The Editor would be glad to receive any outstanding subscriptions not later than the 10th July, 1874.

NOTE—Amount acknowledged in Second List as from John Yuille, High Street, Frome, should have been from John Yuille, High Street, Irvine.



(*Drawn by* J. N. Lee.)

THE YOUNG.

AS I, in summer's driest weather,
Sought some friends, by long-known ways,
I fondly lingered in a village,
My abode in early days;
And there were bending street and road,
And there the springing water flowed
By door on door, at which of yore
The many houses showed the young.

There some, once playsome, now were work-worn,
  Through long years becoming old;
And others, leaving sad outlivers,
  Now passed years they no more told.
As men were working on the lands,
At home the mothers plied their hands;
And on the way to work or play
The houses still sent forth their young.

The bells were ringing o'er a wedding
  That had made two households kin,
And some were mourning for a maiden
  That no love can ever win.
And one young man had left his door,
To plough the sea from shore to shore,
And this seemed all the houses' call—
"'Tis thus we still send forth our young."

And, oh! that many sweet foreweenings
  Of our life should flit so soon,
As hope's so-seeming year of sunshine
Shortens to a fleeting moon,
While some youth's face foreshows good days,
And blissful are some maiden's ways.
In girl or boy, for grief or joy,
The houses still send forth their young.

W. B.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

MAGGIE WRITES A LOVE-LETTER.

"MAGGIE!" exclaimed Hetty in astonishment when she saw her, "what can be the matter?"

"Nothing," Margaret answered with lips that quivered; and the day went by. The old man came home; the sitting was given, and the picture progressed. The next day and the next passed on, Margaret read to Miss Charlotte (Charley had gone) and gave her lessons. She looked out for more pupils, and obtained them; she worked hard, and she waited.

"What has become of Bowden?" the old man asked when nearly a week had gone by.

"I do not know," she answered, and her head drooped.

A letter came that evening from Herbert, and when the old man had read it, he paced up and down the room in anger, and then he wrote two letters, the one to his nephew and the other, Margaret saw with surprise when she looked at the envelope, was addressed to Stephen Bowden. Her face grew paler still when she saw it.

"Daddy, tell me what you have written to Mr. Bowden about."

"About some business, Maggie."

"But what business? oh, daddy dear! do tell me."

"It is about something we talked of the other night—you will know soon," he replied, and with that answer she had to be content.

She went into the studio after she had wished her father good night, and stayed there to think. It was a little room at the top of the house, hung with sketches, and attempts that had been failures. On chairs or convenient hooks, were bits of drapery with which to drape a model, or make up a picturesque dummy, and here was on old easel, and there a broken palette, some worn-out brushes and bits of thick drawing paper on which she had tried her colours, and in a corner was an old rocking-chair, in which from a child she had been in the habit of seating herself to think over some pleasure, or trouble, or some new design for a picture, or strange effect of light or colour. She seated herself in it now for a minute or two, then rose and put the candle in a more safe position, and found a little low footstool covered with brightly-worked wool, made to constitute a detail in some fancied painting, and sitting on that she stretched out her arms over a faded old ottoman that stood in the window, and leaning down her face, sobbed and cried softly to herself. So much for Margaret Ashbury's pride!

"Oh, how unhappy I am! oh, how foolish I was, my darling—my kind old darling!—to think I could have acted so foolishly!" she said, as she brought herself face to face with her own sorrow in the little studio, with no one to hear her, and only the faint sound of the flickering candle on the shelf disturbing the silence round her. What was she to do? He would never come back unless she retracted her words and asked him; she knew that. "And he was quite right too," she said. "I must have appeared in a horrible light to him: he was quite right." She rose and wiped her tear-stained eyes, and pushed back the soft fair hair from her forehead, went to a cupboard and found some writing-materials. Then she took the candle from the shelf, and putting it on the ottoman, sat down on the stool again and resting her paper on the hard side of a book, wrote her penitential love-letter. Surely it would bring him back. She kissed it when it was done, as many a woman has kissed a letter before her, and thought what a happy bit of paper it was, that it would find its way into his hands. Yes, surely it would bring him back. She had told him how bitterly she regretted

her hasty words, and explained about Charley as well as she could, and told him how much she loved him (Stephen), and how she would not make him angry for the world—no! not for twenty worlds; and how she longed for a word from him to tell her she was again, what at heart she had never for a moment failed to be, *his* Margaret. It was a letter such as a woman like Margaret, who was no ordinary love-sick girl, can only write once or twice in a lifetime. It cost her many a tear, and her hand shook as she wrote it; but for all that she meant it, every word, and had no false feeling in the matter. She ought to be humble, she thought; and she had been wrong, and ought to own it; and she did love him dearly, as she ought to love the man who was to be her husband, and she was not ashamed to say so. For one moment a thought flashed upon her: suppose he should not answer! Her cheeks blazed at the very thought; it would be so terrible to write thus unless she received an equally warm reply. But that he would send her, oh yes, she knew he would, and she did not insult him with a single doubt. So she looked at the blurred and blotted letter tenderly, folded it up and addressed it ready to post in the morning, and then, with a heart that felt more satisfied, went to bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAGGIE'S LETTER.

She read her letter over in the morning, and hesitated. It was very humble, she thought, yet she had been very wrong, and she was so certain of his love for her, and his readiness to forgive her, so she added a postscript (she knew it would convince him of her penitence and constancy more than all the letter besides) to tell him she had returned the chain to Charley Campbell the very next day.

"I will no post it just yet," she said; "I will manage so that he gets it in the evening, and then perhaps he will come up to St. John's Wood directly."

She was a little diplomatic, she thought, as most woman inwardly flatter themselves they can be, and she had an idea that the pleasant surprise her letter would be, would bring him with a rush to her feet again. She gave a lesson to a new pupil, and then went on to the National Gallery to draw. She could not do much work, though, for she was thinking of her letter, and presently it occurred to her that he might not be sure of her being at home that evening, so she opened it again and added in pencil, "I shall be at home all the evening," and then she fastened it up and played with her brushes, and strolled round the gallery, looking at the work of her fellow-students, until at last it was three o'clock, and time for the missive to be dispatched. She put on her bonnet, and was just going to send her letter off, when suddenly Herbert Ashbury appeared. He had rung the bell, and the porter had let him in, as is customary with students' friends, even on the closed days.

"Margaret, I want a quiet talk with you." Her thoughts went to Stephen Bowden in a moment; but it was not of him he wanted to speak. "I have had a letter from my uncle this morning, enclosing the eighty pounds he owed me."

"Enclosing the eighty pounds!"

"Yes; and there are some observations in the letter of which I shall express my opinion to him; I have come to see you, as I wish you to know what your father has said to me, and to see that I am justified in the course I intend to pursue." He pulled out the letter and handed it to her, but she refused to look at it.

"I would rather not," she said; "my father would have shown it to me if he had wished me to see it."

"But you surely do not take my uncle's part? I lent him the money at great personal inconvenience, and through his representations that he would get me a large per-centage, and then he not only gets me no profit at all, but is almost insulting when I ask for my money back. You must see that he is very ungrateful, Maggie, and it is not the way to sow the seed of future good turns. I thought you would have too much sense to take his part, and so I came to tell you of his conduct."

She answered him with a quiet dignity yet gentleness, that was the best reproof that she could have given him.

"I dare say you are right, Herbert, and I understand the point of view from which you see; but by your own confession you lent the money partly because you expected a large profit, not wholly from kindness; so there was regard for yourself as well as for my father in the transaction. I know my father makes mistakes—so does every one; but am I, his daughter, the person to whom you should discuss them? You have your money back, and be content; as for what my father says, he is older than you, and you can afford to forgive him. It has been an unfortunate business, but don't let us make a quarrel of it."

"Well, no," he answered a little sulkily, "we won't quarrel over it; and of course you cannot speak against your own father. Here, can't you come as far as the Temple with me? then I'll walk home with you and talk it over. It's getting dark, and they turn you out at four—oh, it only wants ten minutes."

"Why do you wish to go to the Temple?"

"I met Grant this morning, and he gave me a note for Bowden, but I forgot to leave it for him, so I want to go back to Coke Court with it. He is away at Marlow, but said he should be back by the six o'clock train to-day, and the note may be important; Grant said it was tickets for a concert, I think, though."

"He is not there now?"

"No, he can't be back till six."

She could not well refuse, so she went, thinking all the time of the letter in her pocket, and longing impatiently for that foolish quarrel to end. It was nearly dusk by the time they got to the house in Coke Court, for the days were short and dull, and Margaret felt her heart beat quicker as she thought of the last time she had come that way on the night of the "call" party. Herbert opened the door with a latch-key, and then the door of Stephen's sitting-room was on their right. He tried the door, but it was locked, so he stooped and poked the letter underneath it.

"Bowden always locks up his room when he goes away, for fear his papers should be disturbed," he said. "Wait here a minute, Maggie, while I run up-stairs," and he left her outside on the door-step.

It was almost too late to post her letter, she thought, so quick as lightning she stooped and slipped it under the door, as Herbert had the one he had brought, and then with a sigh of thankfulness to think it was out of her hesitating fingers, she waited till her cousin came down-stairs, and walked home to her own door with him.

"Daddy, what did you say to Herbert?" she asked, as she went on with the portrait.

She could not work much that evening, for she was waiting eagerly for a knock at the door and a well-known step on the stair.

"Nothing much, dear, only expressed my opinion of his conduct," he answered drowsily.

He looked very worn and bent down that evening, did the poor old man.

"Daddy," she said tremblingly and coaxingly, and going to him she knelt by his side, and stroked the thin grey hair, "where did you get the money?"

"I borrowed it—in the City."

"In the City?"

"Yes, a man lent me a hundred pounds."

"Oh!" It was a comfort to hear it was some one in the City, though how she wished he would not borrow at all! "A hundred pounds! Then, daddy, you will pay the rent, won't you, darling? The landlord has been half-a-dozen times."

"Maggie," the old man said, and he raised his eyes and spoke in a feeble, helpless manner, "you really must not annoy me too, dear; I've paid Herbert, and surely you can be content; I want the other twenty pounds to assist me in getting out the prospectus of a new company I am planning. I leave the Atalanta directly, and I must think of the future."

"Have you nothing certain when you leave there, daddy?"

"No, dear, nothing, so I must think about the company. I am getting an old man, my child, and my last enemy will soon be seeking me."

She looked up, half wondering what he meant, thinking vaguely that his greatest enemy was himself, and then she pulled out her watch, which was suspended again from the broken chain, and found it was getting very late, and there was no sign yet of Stephen Bowden.

(To be continued.)

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

PART II.

THE attachment that sprung up so suddenly and fixed itself so firmly in the heart of Jonathan, found instant and significant expression. He stripped himself of his princely robe, his girdle, his sword and bow, and gave them on the spot to David. Well pleased he was to hear Saul say that David should return no more to his father's house, but should remain attached to the court. It brought the two, now friends by solemn covenant, into the closest daily companionship; all said and done by each but deepening the mutual love. Jonathan had seen himself outrivalled in the use of one of his own favourite weapons. He had witnessed a great deliverance wrought for Israel by another younger man, which quite outshone that effected ten years before by his own hand. He had marked the sudden universal extraordinary burst of popularity which David by that one deed had won for himself. He had listened to the bands of singers and dancers, chanting to one another by the way, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands;" yet not the faintest shadow of jealousy had crept into his heart. But that sinister look of his father, and the bitter words that followed, told too plainly that it was not so with Saul. It was the first trial to which Jonathan's attachment to David was subjected. Next day the dreadful visitation of the evil spirit came upon the king. David seized his harp and was playing as before. Twice the javelin which Saul held in his hand was hurled at him; twice by adroit movement he evaded the meditated stroke. Jonathan and David were both willing enough to impute the act to a temporary phrensy; the more so as Saul's conduct for some time gave no expression of dislike to one whom he could readily, at any time, have dismissed from his presence. David meanwhile behaved himself "very wisely in all his ways." Not even any of Saul's personal attendants, who might have

grudged him the high place to which he had suddenly been elevated, could or did find any fault. He won the love and confidence of them all. It but embittered the feeling of the king, who more than half suspected that he saw in David the neighbour better than himself, to whom the kingdom was to be transferred. But he cloaked his spite, gave David high commands, sent him on important expeditions, married him to one of his daughters, all under pretence of bestowing honours, but all coupled with conditions, the fulfilment of which it was hoped might have cost David his life. At last, however, the mask was dropped, and "Saul spake to Jonathan, his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David." What was Jonathan to do? He could not absolutely disobey or set himself to thwart his father. Still less could he sacrifice his friend. What he does is first to warn David privately of his danger, and then to appeal to his father on his behalf. The appeal succeeds. Saul for the moment is ashamed of himself, hearkens to the voice of Jonathan, and even swears, "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain."

Things return to their usual course; all looks well again. But again the war breaks out; David heads the armies of Israel, routs the Philistines with a great slaughter, and returns with fresh laurels round his brow. Once more the evil spirit fills Saul's heart. The javelin again is grasped, and the deadly cast is made. That night David fled, but messengers were instantly sent after him. It was his wife's ingenious device that alone opened to him the way for further flight. But where was he to go for safety? He thinks of the home of Samuel. Would Saul dare to tear him from the great prophet's side? He hastens to Ramah, and finds Samuel there. The two pass over to the neighbouring enclosures at Naioth, where the sons of the prophets live. They mingle in all the peaceful and hallowed exercises of the place. But not even the seclusion of such a home, nor the thought that David has renounced court life, and become one of the sons of the prophets at Naioth, can quench the hate that burns in the king's breast. Messengers after messengers are dispatched from Gibeah to Naioth with strict orders to seize David, whoever should protect him, however he should be engaged. The messengers are ready to do the king's bidding, and apparently have all the power to do so; but a power higher than human intervenes. The Spirit of God comes upon them, and instead of stretching out their hands to arrest, they open their lips to prophesy. The king will go in person to make the capture. He does so, but the same power is upon him. Stripped of all his outer garments, he lies day and night prophesying before Samuel. For the time David is safe enough, but he will not expose Samuel and the youths of Naioth to further peril on his behalf. At no small risk to himself he hastens to Gibeah before Saul could have returned, watches his opportunity, and obtains a private interview with Jonathan. No conversation between two friends of equal length is recorded in the Bible, and no conversation recorded anywhere exhibits a greater intensity or tenderness of emotion on either side, a more generous rivalry in all the courtesies of friendship. The first words that David utters show into what a state of excitement he had been thrown. "What have I done? what is mine iniquity? what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life?" Jonathan will not believe that it is his father's fixed deliberate purpose to take David's life. It had been in times only of temporary insanity that he had made the attempt. At no time when he was perfectly himself had he ever spoken of cherishing such a malignant design. "God forbid; thou shalt not die; behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will show it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so." David has seen deeper than Jonathan into Saul's disturbed, envenomed heart, and can give a reason why the king should keep his son in ignorance of his purpose. "Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." Jonathan bows before the strong assertion confirmed by a double oath. "Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it unto thee." David will not part finally from the friend so dear to him, till he has convinced him that there is no other alternative. He wants Jonathan to be as assured as he was himself of the determined malice of the king. He proposes, therefore, that Jonathan should apply a test which would bring out unmistakably how his father thought and felt. His only fear was that the fine nature that was in the son might be played upon by the father, and Jonathan be prevented either from applying the test or telling David truly and fully of the result. Reading his friend's heart, Jonathan proposes to go out to a field where they could continue the conversation, surer of being unseen and unheard. There, in most solemn manner invoking the Lord God of Israel, Jonathan engaged to let David know whatever was the issue, and David engaged by oath to show kindness to Jonathan and to his house for ever. The covenant of eternal friendship was renewed; oaths on either side repeated; all was arranged as to the manner in which the king's temper was to be tried, and in which David should be informed of the result. No shadow of distrust on either

side, they part; David to go meanwhile into lïidings, Jonathan to go to carry out the preconcerted plan. The execution brought out such a depth of deadly vengeance in Saul's heart against David as Jonathan never could have conceived. In the heat of his furious passion, the king so far forgot himself as to fling foul words of reproach on Jonathan's own birth. "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother's nakedness?" And when Jonathan ventured to say a word on behalf of his absent friend, no longer capable of restraining himself, the king flung the javelin intended for David at his own son. It was more than even the fine spirit of Jonathan could bear. He rose from the table "in fierce anger." He needed no further evidence; all that remained was to let David know. Next morning the arrow signal that confirmed all the fears of David was given. The boy was dismissed; David rose from his hiding-place. The two friends drew near to one another. They know that it must be a hurried meeting; that it is not a time for many words; that David must not expose himself to detection; that he must be off without delay, and fly far away. But not the need of haste, nor fear of exposure, can keep David from showing, even in such circumstances, the depth of his respect and gratitude to the friend who had proved so true. "And David arose, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times." Then, all formality forgotten, the two friends fling themselves into each other's arms. "And they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded." If the excess of tears was with David, perhaps that of love was with Jonathan. David does not appear to have said anything; if he did it could only be a few broken unrecorded words. "And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever." And so they parted, never but once to meet again.

It was some years thereafter, in one of the most perilous crises of David's life, that the last interview took place. Flying before the hot pursuit of Saul, David was in a mountain of the wilderness of Ziph in a wood. There one day the glad surprise was given him of the appearance of Jonathan, who must have come hurriedly and secretly from his father's side. He came to encourage his friend, and strengthen his hand in God. But a single sentence of that last conversation between the two is preserved. It came from the lips of Jonathan. "Fear not," he said: "for the hand of my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee; and that also Saul my father knoweth."

Jonathan was not a king's son by birth. He was of sufficient age, and of sufficient wisdom, when his father was called of God and by the people to fill the throne, to know that it was an elective monarchy, this new one of Israel, and might not be hereditary. Still, undoubtedly, the use and wont of all other kingdoms must have excited in his, as it evidently did in his father's heart, the hope that he would succeed. The very time when Saul and he came certainly to know that another had been anointed to the kingdom, was that at which Saul's son Mephibosheth was born. Parental as well as personal feeling was thus involved, so as to make it no small sacrifice in him to give up all hope of the succession. But it was made without a struggle, and without a regret. His faith in the Lord's right to nominate was too strong to tempt him to dispute that right, though exercised against himself. Nor was he long in recognising the good and sufficient reasons for the new choice in the pre-eminent ability and piety of him whom the Lord had nominated. The readiness with which he renounced all imagined rights, and threw up all expectation of being king after his father's death, of itself is fitted to excite our deepest respect and liveliest admiration. But it tells us not half the story of his peerless and unparalleled self-devotion. We have had before us many a ready enough and most graceful retirement from high station, and relinquishment of high hopes. We have seen other sons of monarchs whose fathers had forfeited their thrones, submitting with a noble magnanimity to their lot. But they all retired into private life; to save themselves or others the pain of being constantly the spectators of honours worn by others, that they once thought would have been their own. But where have we another, who in the very act of laying down all his rights and all his prospects, said to him who was to take them up, as Jonathan said in his last words to David, "Thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next to thee?" He had no distrust of David, that through any petty jealousy he would shrink from offering to him the post of his prime minister. He had no distrust of himself that he would in any way abuse the powers or prerogative of such an office. His own heart told him what a joy and honour it would be to be second to such a man as David; and he rightly judged of David's heart by his own. What a noble confidence in his friend; what a sublime self-abnegation. It is this speech of Jonathan in the wood than enshrines him in our affection, as one of the most unselfish and magnanimous of our race. Alas! he little knew, when he broached this project as to the future—met so instantly in the same spirit in which it was made—that he was never to live to see it carried out. But as little did he know that those words, whispered that day

into David's only listening ear beneath those deaf branches of the forest, would have wings given them of tireless strength,—wings that should waft them abroad through the earth, and down through coming centuries; that the words spoken in such a secret place should be proclaimed on the house-tops of all lands, an everlasting memorial of his rare unenvying and devoted love.

Friendship had its claims upon Jonathan, so too had the filial tie. He loved David as his own soul. He loved his father too; as well and fondly as such a father could be loved. There were conflicting affections here, or at least conflicting duties. He had to be faithful to the covenant made with David; he had to be faithful also to the heaven-made covenant, which bound him to love, honour, and obey his father. Placed in a position so peculiar and so painful, nothing could exceed the wisdom with which he steered his course; giving to each, father and friend, his due. For his father's sake he made the great sacrifice of giving up the companionship of David, seeing him but once through the long years of David's outlawry. Fidelity to Saul, both as his father and his prince, bound him to support the throne as long as it stood. He preserved that fidelity inviolate. Much as he must have condemned many of his father's actings, he never set himself in opposition to his authority. Not even that authority could tempt to take any personal part in the cruel persecution of his friend. You read of Saul and his 3,000 men chasing David from stronghold to stronghold, but never of Jonathan being among their number. At any time and by a word his father could get him to peril his life in conflict with any of Israel's open enemies; but never to move a finger threatening the life of the innocent. Nay, he was as ready to peril his life in support of his friend's injured character as in support of his father's assaulted throne. True to death on either side, he gave the last proof of fidelity to his friend in the wood of Ziph: the last proof of his fidelity to his father when he fought and fell by his side on the mountains of Gilboa.

Never over any death was such an elegy pronounced as that recorded in 2 Sam. i. We mourn with David over Jonathan's early death; but which of us would take it on us to deny that he died at the very best time for him, for us, for all the world?—escaping all the trials that a life through David's reign might have brought with it, and leaving behind for the world to keep and cherish for ever the unsullied record of a friendship, for its truth, its tenderness, its intensity, unrivalled in the annals of our race; the single feature of his romantic attachment to David, heightened in our regard by the striking fact, that Jonathan is one of the few men we read of upon whose outer life and conduct, so far as known to us, there rests not a single stain.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XVI. CHRIST TEACHING BY MIRACLES.

Chapter to be read—John xxi. 1—14.

INTRODUCTION. Question on some of our Lord's appearances after His resurrection. To what woman did He appear first? (John xx. 15.) How was He known to His disciples, going to Emmaus? (Luke xxiv. 30, 31.) Refer to His appearance to the disciples without Thomas, and with Thomas (John xx. 24, 26). From all these collect the idea that there was something new and strange in His appearance, so that He was not at once recognised, till His voice was heard, and same manner shown. Ask where many of the disciples had been first called (Matt. iv. 18, 21). So now visits them again on same sea, and gives a fresh and lasting call.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES. (Read John xxi. 1—14.) Ask why Christ did not ascend immediately after His resurrection. For what was He preparing His apostles? (Matt. xxviii. 19). So now, when they resumed ordinary life and work for a time, Christ turns that work into a lesson, or parable, to illustrate their future work. Notice the following points in the story. (1) *The place.* Same Sea of Galilee where Christ had so often been with them. Ask for the principal incidents—*e.g.*, stilling the tempest, walking on sea, first miraculous draught of fishes (Luke. v. 1), parables taught while sitting in a boat (Matt. xiii.) &c.—a sea full of happy recollections. (2) *The persons.* Peter, always taking the lead; doubting Thomas; guileless Nathanael (John i. 45); fiery James and John (Boanerges), and two nameless ones. (3) *The miracle.* Picture out the scene; the weary night; net cast again and again; no success. Another attempt; same result—morning dawn showing tired and disappointed disciples. Dim light; a figure seen on the shore. Who can it be? A voice calling. Question reminding of want of success, but showing interest in welfare. Command given. Shall it be obeyed—is it any use trying? The net cast, the fishes collected. (4) *The meal.* Ask who recognised Christ first. What would quicken his faculties? Who was the eager apostle? what did he do? Describe the boat slowly rowed along, dragging the net: the disciples collecting the fish; piling them into the boat; Peter taking the lead and giving directions (ver. 11); then the fish-kettle swung over the fire and rude but hearty

meal. Christ having provided bread and condiments (ver. 9, "fish" meaning fish-sauces), the disciples bring of their fish, and the meal begins. Had they ever taken a meal with Christ before? What did He always do with the bread before eating? so doubtless now. No longer any doubt as to Who it was.

II. THE LESSONS. (1) *Christ really present, though unseen.* When had they been in like situation before? (Matt. xiv. 23, 25.) What was He doing for them then? So now was watching, intending to aid. Show how this may be a comfort to all; remind how Elisha's servant's eyes were opened to see the Divine protection (2 Kings vi. 17), and of the numerous directions to call on God in trouble, as being ever near. (2) *Help given when man's exertions failed.* Toiled all night before help came; what would this teach as to their own powers? would make more earnest in relying on God. Remind of Israelites in extremity at Red Sea, Jonah in whale's belly, Peter on sea, &c. Must simply cast ourselves on almighty aid, which shall not fail. (3) *Nothing wanting in Christ's service.* Show Christ's love in feeding bodies before souls—gave all needed. So will always (Ps. xxxiv. 10) our duty then to trust.

III. THE SPIRITUAL TEACHING. Was this all that Christ wanted to teach? Where were they to be sent? Would He be any longer with them? What had He promised they should become? Were soon going to begin as "fishers of men" in the great sea of the world. Remind of parable of draw-net (Matt. xiii. 47). This miracle would teach them (1) *without Him could do nothing.* Had they ever tried to work in their own strength? With what success? (See Matt. xvii. 16). So, too, in their own life, who of these now present had disbelieved and denied? Would now be distrustful of self. See Peter's answer to Christ's question as to his love (ver. 15—17). (2) *With Him could do everything.* Ask what power Christ was to give them (Acts i. 8). When did it come, and in what way? (Acts ii. 2.) With what result? How many converted in one day? (Acts ii. 41.) So with individual apostles. Remind of Peter and John healing lame man in name of Jesus; Stephen full of Holy Ghost doing great wonders; Peter's boldness before the Council (Acts iv. 13); Paul's labours throughout the world. (3) *The typical end.* All this work and preaching to draw souls to Christ. What will happen when work done? Same Christ return; His workers, with those gathered in, come to heavenly shore to feast on provision His love provided for them. What shore and feast is that?

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe some of the different appearances of Christ after His resurrection.
2. Name some of the scenes connected with the Sea of Galilee.
3. Which disciples were present at this miracle?
4. What lessons does the miracle teach?
5. What further spiritual teaching was intended?
6. What typical end may be noticed?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. P. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"NOW, Will," said Una, as she laid back her tired head, "tell me what is going to happen in the neighbourhood."

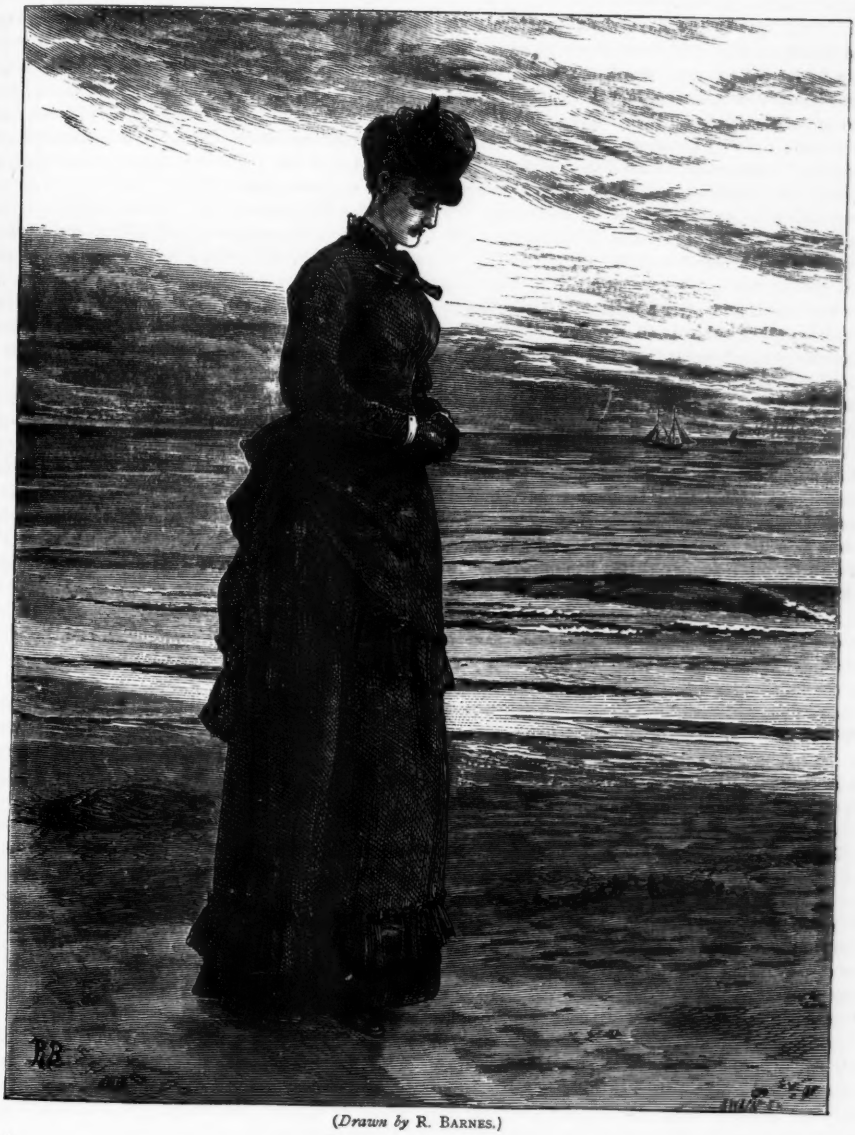
"First of all," said Will, "the rector is going to give up his church for at least a year, perhaps for altogether, and a new clergyman is coming, who is said to be a very different person from Mr. Crichton."

"That is, indeed, an important change," said Una; "but what is the cause of it?"

"Lilith's health; she has drooped so much lately that the rector has been advised to take her to Torquay for the winter, and then, I believe, to some German baths for the summer; so they are all going away immediately, the rector, and dear pretty Lilith, and—and Hervey."

Something in Will's tone and downcast face struck Una with a sudden suspicion that Hervey Crichton had become more to her little friend than she herself had been aware of, till the prospect of a separation had, as it were, awakened her heart. It was not, in truth, very long since Hervey had told Una of his attachment to herself in the conservatory at the Abbey, but so much had happened since then that the event seemed to have drifted far back into the past, and she could not help having a strong conviction that it was a mere passing fancy which attracted him to her, and one which could easily enough be replaced by a more lasting affection for Will, whom he certainly admired very much, if they could meet more frequently than they had done hitherto, and Una determined that if she could in any way promote such a result she would do her very best to secure it. She put her arm affectionately round Will, saying, "You must cheer up, darling; I have a firm belief that brighter days are awaiting you, whatever may be in store for myself; your fate is not likely to be so involved as mine is."

"Well, I am sure I hope so; I am not one of the good resigned people at all, I want to be happy very much."



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"One life only, one life only"—*p.* 636.

"So we all do, I am afraid," said Una, with a sigh.

"But then you deserve happiness, and I don't suppose I do; my old nurse used to tell me I should come to a bad end if I went on being so naughty."

"But that was in the days when you tore your frocks climbing trees, and insisted on going to the stables to feed the horses, and I am sure you are very good now, considering how kind and patient you have been with me all this time."

"I know I am very discontented, and that is not being good, I suppose, but it is all so wretched. There is Rupert too, I do not know when I shall ever see him again, and my father is unhappy and my mother is cross—oh, dear!" and Will laid down her head on the couch very despondingly.

Una passed her hand caressingly over the dark clustering curls, and after a moment's silence began to speak on other subjects, in the hope of changing the current of her friend's thoughts. "Tell me about this new clergyman, Will, who is he?"

"Mr. Trafford; he is a very well-known man in London, where he has almost worked himself to death in one of the very worst parts of the city. I hear he is a most devoted, energetic person, and so eloquent that people used to flock from the West End to hear him preach."

"And how does it happen then that he is willing to come to a quiet country parish like ours?"

"Because he is just recovering from an almost fatal fever, which he caught in some of the pestilential places where he worked, and the doctors said he would die if he did not go to the country for a year; I do not suppose he will stay after that time."

"Is he young?"

"Not very, between forty and fifty, I suppose; but unmarried, and a singularly fine-looking man. I expect he will become a sort of besieged resident at the rectory, all the single ladies in the place will wish to make him happy,—always excepting myself."

"You must make somebody else happy," said Una, stooping to kiss her. "But now, dear Will, since I have to go this dreary journey to-morrow, will you please send my maid to me that I may make preparations for it? how glad I shall be when I can come back and go with you to hear Mr. Trafford!"

"And so shall I—I'm sure," said Will, warmly returning her embrace; "but you must leave your maid and me to pack up for you, and go to sleep yourself; you look so pale and tired, poor darling," and after settling Una comfortably amongst her cushions once more, she quietly left the room.

A long stretch of level sand, lying dim and grey under the twilight sky, and one solitary figure pacing to and fro upon it buried in deep thought; it is thus that we find Una Dysart again three months after her father's death. Her life during the interval had been singularly cheerless and uneventful. Lady Elizabeth Molyneux was a fanciful invalid; or rather, to speak with entire accuracy, she was an elderly unmarried woman, physically in perfect health, but morally afflicted with the blighting disease of an intense selfishness. To be herself the sole object of importance to every one in the household, and the recipient of their ceaseless attention, seemed to be the one purpose for which she lived, and as this end could best be gained by the continual and minute claims of a condition of supposed weakness and bodily suffering, she had long since persuaded herself that she was the victim of a chronic state of illness, and established it as a fact, which no one attempted to dispute. She was entirely ruled by a companion in the shape of a penniless maiden lady of mature age, who was keenly alive to her own interests, and not very scrupulous in the means she took to further them, so that while she did not hesitate to flatter and cajole her wealthy mistress to the utmost of her power, she was very ingenious in detracting from the merits of every one else who approached her, and easily succeeded in turning her against them. Miss Grubbe did this with especial effect in the case of Una, who would have been only too glad to fill the aching void left by her father's loss, in loving care of her mother's sister; but it was in vain that she struggled to find a place in her aunt's life; if she attempted to read to her, or even to sit by her couch and converse with her, Miss Grubbe was sure to remark, with a most reproachful air, that she wondered Miss Dysart did not perceive how much she was fatiguing her ladyship, and then Lady Elizabeth would sink back on her pillows and implore her niece to leave her.

But now the certainty that she had one life only, to make or mar, had a very different significance from what it ever had previously. Unless she could bear this one life stainless, at least in purpose and effort, into the awful light of God's own presence, how should she in her turn meet that Death which stands as a doorkeeper at the gate of heaven? She remembered the day on board ship, when in the arrogance of her youth and inexperience she had not feared to prepare a record as a testimony against herself, if at the close of her existence she should be found to have failed in crowning it with the finished work of her righteous purpose. She had not looked at the words she had written since; they remained safely locked up, as when she gaily threw the key into the depths of the sea, but they came back upon her often in the time of struggle and idecision through which she passed during the lonely winter, and although when she wrote them they had sprung rather from the ambition of her pure young soul than from religious conviction, yet she could well see that she could be no true child of God except she did indeed try to carry them out. Often in the darkness of her sleepless nights she seemed to see them blazoned in letters of fire on the wall. "I have one life only," she had

written on that day when we first saw her. "I will make it blameless and noble. I will make it fruitful in blessings to others. It shall leave its mark for good on the earth. It shall not be spent on myself. It shall not be spent in vain." These were her deliberate resolves before temptation assailed her; and now what was it she was about to do? To marry Humphrey Atherstone would be in some way, she knew not how, to lure him into a dereliction from the stainlessness of perfect rectitude—to draw him down with herself from the one inflexible standard of purest honour and truth. He had told her this in so many words, and the fact that she could not in the slightest degree understand the nature of the obstacle to their happiness, was no reason why she should doubt that its import must have been weighty indeed, since it had made him take that solemn resolution against marriage, which love for herself alone was making him abjure. She knew that the decision, the responsibility, would rest with herself; for it was only when he found that her happiness (as well as his own) was involved in their union that he threw his scruples to the winds and implored her to become his wife.

It was thus that through all the period of her absence from England Una had tortured herself with endless balancing of the momentous question, but she felt on that evening that the time was come when she must make her final decision, for the very next day she, her aunt, and Miss Grubbe were to set out on their return home, and they were to go at once to Vale House, where they were all to reside together henceforward; there she would see Atherstone again, and there she could not doubt he would require of her at once an answer to the question which death had delayed so long.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Not once since the night when under Atherstone's roof Una fell on her dead father's breast had she seen the beloved face, whose image was for ever before her eyes; not one word had come to her from him across the gulf of separation she had found so hard to bear; but she knew well from hints dropped by Will in her letters that she owed this dreary silence to Mrs. Northcote's diplomacy.

On the day of her father's funeral Atherstone had stopped Mr. Northcote as they were turning away from the grave, and asked him anxiously how Miss Dysart was, without the least attempt to conceal the interest he felt in her. The squire had evidently been primed with an answer in case Humphrey asked after her, and he proceeded to repeat his lesson hurriedly as if afraid of leaving a word unspoken, "Miss Dysart is very sadly—very sadly indeed, quite unable to see any one, or to receive any letters. She is going abroad soon with her aunt, and we mean it to be the beginning of a new life to her, where she will be kept as much as possible from all associations with the past."

"And all connections with her past friends, I suppose," said Atherstone with a scornful curve of the lip, for he saw Mr. Northcote's drift perfectly.

"Well, yes—yes—it will be best so; her aunt will regulate her acquaintances now, and she is a very fastidious person, very exclusive, she will be exceedingly particular." Atherstone turned haughtily on his heel and walked away, but it was with the resolution muttered obstinately to himself, that neither Mrs. Northcote nor any one else should keep him from seeing Una when he returned from Southampton, whither he was to go next day, to send his enemy away out of his sight, as he hoped, for ever. He accomplished his purpose in this respect, and saw with unspeakable relief the vessel which bore Edwards and his family dipping down below the horizon till it finally disappeared from his anxious gaze, and then feeling that he had, at a terrible cost to his conscience, removed the barrier between himself and Una, he returned with almost frantic impatience to Atherstone Abbey, determined to lose no time in making his way to her, and hearing from her own lips, that she would revoke the refusal she had given him for the sake of his honour, even while frankly admitting that he had won her heart. Atherstone had imagined it likely that she would return to Vale House for a few days, before going abroad, and he had not been five minutes in his own house before he had called Thorpe, and impatiently asked him if he knew whether Miss Dysart was still at the Manor.

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed Thorpe; "she is gone quite away to foreign parts."

"Gone!" said Atherstone, turning fiercely upon him; "where has she gone?"

"No one don't know, sir," said the old man, who was keenly alive to the true state of his master's feelings. "I made it my business to wait for the housekeeper at the Manor after church on Sunday, and I asked her where Miss Dysart was a-going to, and she said no one didn't know, nor wouldn't; for Mrs. Northcote had said the young lady was going with her aunt, and her ladyship did not choose her plans to be discussed. All I know is, sir, that she crossed the Channel two days ago."

Atherstone turned and walked away without a word, controlling with difficulty the fiery passion that almost choked him; for he felt that he was baffled, even conquered for the time. If the Northcotes were deliberately set on concealing Una's destination from him, he knew well that they could do so most effectually, and he clenched his hands with impotent rage, as he felt that in all probability he should be able to hold no communication with her at all until she returned.

So it proved; to those two who lived in each other's thoughts night and day, not one single oppor-

tunity was afforded of even the most shadowy intercourse; but it never caused Una to doubt Humphrey Atherstone for a single moment. She knew perfectly how this total separation had been compassed, and she felt that the hour was fast approaching when none could prevent their meeting, and then it would rest with her and her alone, to make the final decision as to their future fate.

This night, the last she was to spend at Cannes, she must settle the question with her own soul; this night she must fix immutably her whole future life; and as she paced to and fro on the desolate shore she seemed to hear in every moan of the waves the perpetual echo of the warning, "One life only," "one life only!" Suddenly, with an impetuous movement, she turned to the sea, and standing on its brink, she gazed out over the waste of waters in the direction of that far-off spot where he dwelt whom she loved with all the impassioned fervour of her ardent nature. His beautiful face seemed to rise up before her with the infinite tenderness of his dark eyes pleading to her soul. And all the pent-up love of her aching heart suddenly burst its floodgates, and overwhelmed conscience, scruples, doubts, whatever had held back from him hitherto whom now she felt to be her only hope, her only joy; and with almost a cry of anguished appeal to him to take her home to his heart for ever, she stretched out her arms towards the far horizon and exclaimed, "Yes, I have one life only, only one; but I give it all to you my love, my love; it is yours, and only yours from this time forth for evermore." She clasped her hands and hid her face upon them, while she registered in her heart the vow she had uttered; then turned and slowly walked homewards. She reached the house, and as she passed the threshold of the door a thick letter, which had just been left by the postman for her, was put into her hand.

Una Dysart walked into the drawing-room, with the letter in her hand, and found it deserted; Lady Elizabeth having gone to bed early, in preparation for the journey next day, and Miss Grubbe being in attendance on her. So she sat down quietly near the lamp to examine its contents. It was deeply edged with black, and bore the postmark of the Mauritius. Una had but one correspondent in that island. Miss Amherst, whom she had been wont in her lighthearted days to call the "weird woman," had conceived a great affection for the bright winning girl she had first met on the homeward-bound ship, and had kept up a steady correspondence with her ever since. Una had often mentioned Humphrey Atherstone in her letters, and in one which she had written before her father's death, she had unconsciously let it be seen that they were far more to each than mere acquaintances or even friends.

This letter had been immediately answered by Miss Amherst in a manner which had roused Una's indignation on Humphrey's account, in no small degree. She had begun it by stating that she was in a very bad state of health, and that her condition was such as to make it certain that her life could not be greatly prolonged. It had been her intention to make certain arrangements with regard to her property, which affected both Una and Humphrey quite independently of each other, and this had caused her, she said, to bring their names before the lawyer at Valehead. From him she had heard that it was generally believed they were engaged to be married, but along with that announcement he had made certain statements to her concerning Mr. Atherstone, the truth of which it was, she said, of the utmost importance, she should distinctly ascertain. Nor would it be sufficient that she should have a mere contradiction of the charges brought against him. It was most essential that she should have a detailed explanation of the vague generalities which had been laid before her. She felt certain that these must be known to Una, as the lawyer had stated that the strange reports concerning Mr. Atherstone were so rife and of so unpleasant a nature that Miss Dysart's friends were believed to be much opposed to the marriage, and Miss Amherst, therefore, implored her to tell her all the facts, all that was known to herself.

"It may seem strange," her letter had continued, "that I should ask you to give me any explanation of matters connected with one who may already be your husband for aught I know, but I entreat of you to trust me, Una, and to believe that I ask this of you for his sake, as much as for your own; and in the interests of that truth and justice, which I cannot doubt you have both at heart. I believe that I possess the knowledge of a secret, which may be of the highest importance to Mr. Atherstone, but it must depend on what I hear from you whether I can reveal it, and if I die before it has been told, it dies with me, for none other has been entrusted with it. Remember that I am dying now, and if you delay even one mail, it may be too late. I beg of you, therefore, to write to me at once, and tell me all I wish to know."

So the letter terminated, and it had made Una very indignant, not with Miss Amherst, whom she knew to be a true friend to herself, and an honourable person, but with all those who had spread evil reports against Atherstone, which she believed to be perfectly unjust, and it seemed to her that it would be sufficient to show on what a slight foundation they had been raised to disprove them altogether. She had no hesitation in telling the facts which were publicly known to the whole neighbourhood, to Miss Amherst, and she had therefore written a brief statement of the circumstances of Maurice Atherstone's death and all that followed it, painting Edwards in very dark colours, and touching lightly on Humphrey's determination not to marry, which she said had been alleged against him as a crime, and which she did

not attempt to conceal had been completely overcome by his love to herself.

Since the day when Una had dispatched this answer to Miss Amherst's inquiries, she had often thought of them, and felt very anxious for an explanation of the request that had been made to her, and she now hoped to find it in the letter she had just received. She took it up eagerly, and saw that it was addressed in a strange handwriting, and the conviction instantly darted through her mind that it must contain the announcement of Miss Amherst's death. She felt shocked and startled at the idea, although she knew if it were so it was only what she might have expected after the bad account she had received of her health. She tore it hastily open. There were two letters enclosed in one envelope. The first was from the English chaplain at the Mauritius, who began by stating that Miss Amherst had died, after a lingering illness, the day before that on which he wrote. She had retained all her faculties to the last, and on her death-bed had entrusted him with the letter he enclosed, begging him to see that it was safely transmitted to Miss Dysart, which commission he now executed, hoping to hear from her that she had duly received it. He then added a brief account of Miss Amherst's last hours, saying that he trusted one so humble and little hopeful of forgiveness for her errors in the past, would find the love and mercy that awaited her beyond the grave far greater than she had ever dreamt of here, and so concluded his letter.

Then Una opened that which had been written by the hand now cold in death. But it was something more than this fact which made her feel a shrinking sort of awe and terror as she prepared to read its contents. Some instinct told her that they would deeply affect her life.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The beautiful chalk-white Caiseal."

"THIS is worth fighting for!" said Cromwell, as he looked across the Golden Vale of Tipperary, stretching away south-westward to the blue range of the Galtee mountains, and eastward reaching up its tribute to Cashel of the Kings. Well might he say so, little as Cromwell cared for the old historic and saintly memories of the towers that crowned its rock; yet what he and his Ironsides thought worth fighting for, is at least worthy of being remembered.

A great hill that stands alone, and which (corresponding in shape to a gap in the crest of the Devil's Bite range) is said by tradition to have been bitten out of that chain and dropped at a distance from it; a magnificent expanse of rich, undulating plain, embracing the Golden Vale and bounded by the distant hills of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, as well as by its own beautiful mountains of Galtee and Knockmeldown. The lights and shadows that sweep over them fitfully like the change and chance of time;—a deep, suggestive stillness;—this let the reader imagine, and he has the setting of the stones which are so eloquent, ay, and a worthy setting.

The royal residence of the ancient kings of Munster took its name from a stone which remains within the old cathedral's precincts, called *Caiseal, Caisil,* or *Cashel,* "the stone of tribute." Here the subject chieftains came with their offerings and paid their homage. The modern town lies partly on a slope descending from the rock, and partly in a hollow; and the thirteen roads which radiate from it in all directions have been well compared to "spokes of a wheel." There is something very suggestive in the fact that the snort and scream of the iron horse have never broken the impressive quiet of the place; no railway coming nearer to it than Goold's Cross, about five miles away.

Ere we suffer our thoughts to rest on one particular "stone of witness," let us understand the entire precincts of the rock. Entering by a southern gate, at the great refectory, we pass the Caiseal, and picture to ourselves the chiefs of Munster, assembling from their hills and plains to lay down on it their tribute. Going round the southern side of the enclosure, and past old doorways, grim with the things still hideous, which were made to be "without," we stand outside King Cormac's chapel. It was built about the year 900, before any other edifice on the rock, the Round Tower excepted. Even its exterior is remarkable, particularly the high peaked stone roof, the greater part of which has been recently cleared of its mantling green, showing its true proportions. This stone roof is double, and it holds between its upper and lower parts a spacious chamber, from whose fireplace runs the old stone flue, whose hot air warmed the chapel. So that (in consideration of the past) the nineteenth century need not be too proud of its newly-discovered heating-apparatus. The Round Tower stands close to the chapel; and through a gap in its inner wall it is sometimes possible to look up the giddy height, in which treasures hidden must surely have been safe. When the cathedral was built, A.D. 1169 (it is dedicated to St. Patrick), its cru-

ciform plan was made so as almost to enclose an angle of King Cormac's chapel. In fact, we cannot wonder much at modern Vandalism, when we recollect that even then the architects of the cathedral ran one of its walls dead against the beautiful Norman doorway, defacing and absolutely cutting away a part of its rich moulding and delicate tracery. King Cormac's chapel was afterwards converted into a chapter house, and entered from the cathedral, by a low dark door, too suitable to the darker deed done afterwards there, when the papal legate signed the Emerald Isle away. But the chapel is thus most truly described by an Irish pen:—"Nothing can exceed the grace and beauty of the decoration absolutely lavished on the interior and exterior of this gem of ancient Irish art. The arched mouldings, rich in sculptures, serious and grotesque, the vaulted roof, the noble doorway, the elaborately carved pillars, the exquisite grace of the towers, all vie with each other in charm of design and wondrous finish of execution. Scarcely a stone in this fairy temple but is enriched with tracery as delicate as lace-work—tracery purely Irish in its character, closely akin to the ornamentation of the Book of Kells and the bell shrine of St. Patrick, and speaking volumes for the inborn grace and the high culture of the unadulterated Celt." In the "dim religious light" we see among those exquisite and varied traceries, and even at this remote distance of time, the remains and the bright red colouring of ancient frescoes. We ask for a moment how the structure of A.D. 900 came to be Norman; but we quickly recollect that the ancient Irish were well acquainted not only with the Norman, but all other styles and arts, long before they were known in England. A very curious moulding over the beautiful injured doorway symbolises St. Patrick coming to the relief of Christianity in Ireland; he finds it there, but barely existing, as a tiny living thing almost crushed by the beast, which represents Paganism; and he is shown as a centaur, killing the beast, and rescuing the infant Church. In this chapel there is no east window. The custom of having a chancel window towards the east was originated by the Latin Church, which was unknown in Ireland in King Cormac's time.

Let us pass up the roofless choir, in which Divine service was kept up by our Irish Church till within the last century. It is said that after an effort to strengthen the roof, the walls bent out of line; but when the roof was lifted off, they sprang back again. Here is the grave of Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel in the seventeenth century. The Latin inscription thereon has been thus translated:

> "Patrick, the glory of our isle and gown,
> First sat a bishop in the See of Down:
> I wish that I, succeeding him in place
> As bishop, had an equal share of grace.
> I served thee, England, fifty years in jars,
> And pleased thy princes in the midst of wars.
> Here where I'm placed I'm not, and thus the case is,
> I'm not in both, yet am in both the places. 1621.
> He that judgeth me is the Lord.—1 Cor. iv.
> Let him who stands take heed lest he fall."

But just opposite this curious tomb, built into the wall for preservation, is a wonderful carving, recently lifted from the depth of a well in the northern tower, and whose sharp lines have been preserved for ages by the embrace of the water. We clearly trace on it the winged Assyrian bull and sphinx. Has this anything, directly or indirectly, to do with our Eastern origin?

We leave the choir, which, unlike other cathedrals, is longer than the nave, because the whole western side was the monarch's palace and stronghold, and a large part of the nave was covered by the royal chambers. All round the palace and cathedral, in the height and thickness of the wall, runs a narrow gallery like that in Beaumaris Castle. If in the olden time it were a place "to heavenly contemplation dear," it is not less so now, though frequently the loosened stones would make solitary musings dangerous.

Passing again towards the northern door, and before we leave the place, we stoop over a very ancient font or baptistery. For some time it was thought to be a sarcophagus, from its shape; but two runnels in the side show it to be a font.

And now to the Caiseal, or stone of tribute. Here in heart we too lay down a higher tribute, praying that our dear land may be a living offering to the King of kings. We think how His truth may be buried for centuries, but never can be lost. On the old stone's eastern part there are carved involved monograms, hardly legible now; but on its northern side there is another device, peculiar to the Eastern Church; the Lamb within the endless circles of Eternity. The stone, which is about three feet high and three broad, has been recently surmounted by an ancient crucifix, found elsewhere within the bounds. The figure on it is draped, which is never the case in the Church of Rome; and this is one of the strongest proofs of all that Ireland's Scriptural Church was of directly Eastern origin. The figure of St. Patrick, on the other side, wears the alb in front, not behind—also an Eastern custom.

As we seriously remember this, there comes up another thought, full of wonder, mystery, and hope. What if our British people, Saxon as well as Celtic, be indeed, as some have thought, mingled with the long-lost, long-sought tribes of Israel? Is there not a strong similarity in the gifts, the passions, the very languages of the Hebrew and the Celtic race? Is not the Irish harp that which most closely resembles the Hebrew lyre? One accepted derivation of the word "Saxon," is *Saxuna*, "unknown." At the time of the Assyrian

captivity, tradition saith that "exiled men" were found in that strange land, who only knew that they were strangers there, but had forgotten how; and when asked the name of their own land they replied, "Saxuna" ("we know not"). Hence the idea of the Saxons too springing from Israel's race. A strangely wild but beautiful legend exists about the Stone of Scone, now in Westminster Abbey, and on which our sovereigns have for centuries been crowned; and though we build nothing on legend, yet we think there can be no shadow without its substance. The legend runs thus:—About 600 years B.C., at the time of the Babylonish captivity, two Hebrew princesses, daughters of Zedekiah, King of Judah, having fled, were shipwrecked on the Irish coast. Their protector was the prophet Jeremiah(!), and they had with them the stone which had been Jacob's pillow, the sacred stone of Bethel. The people whom they came among were struggling between the claims of two kings, one of whom the prophet promised to crown, on condition of his giving up the idolatry of Baal, worshipping the true God, and taking as his wife the Hebrew princess; to all which conditions he readily agreed. The stone of Bethel was thus kept by the Irish race for more than a thousand years; and when they colonised and Christianised the western coast of Scotland, the stone found its way to Scone, near Perth, and became the crowning-place of the Scottish kings. With its removal to Westminster Abbey the subjugation of Scotland, too, was sealed; the stone of destiny was gone, which had been kept so long at Cashel of the kings. Beneath the wildness of this strange old tale lurk many possibilities; but whether the British Isles have or have not the high honour of kindred with Israel's race, may their millions yet be spiritually reckoned, through faith in the incarnate Saviour's sacrifice, among the Israel of God.

ALESSIE BOND.

LOST LOUI.

PART II.

THE brothers gazed in mute dismay at this sad termination to their thoughtless jest. It would have been impossible for them to climb down the steep precipice; and to reach the other side by the road was a long round. Too much stunned by the suddenness of the accident to make up their minds how to act, they stood as if spell-bound. Charlotte had by this time joined them, but no one ventured to speak, an awful stillness like the silence of death reigned around; they could only point to that motionless object which lay below, every instant becoming more indistinct in the rapidly-increasing darkness; they feared even to breathe lest the terrible repose should be broken.

Charlotte was the first to recover presence of mind. "Come home," she said, "let us tell all, and bring help, life may still be left."

Not a word was spoken on the way; the sad tale was shortly told, and their father and mother, deeply grieved and horrified, accompanied them to the spot, bringing everything likely to be of use in such a case. Taking the lower road, they arrived quickly at the foot of the great quarry, and by the aid of lanterns soon found the heap of stones where it was supposed poor Loui lay; but, to the astonishment and relief of every one present, the shapeless form turned out to be a coat belonging to one of the quarrymen, who just then returning to seek it, gave his aid in looking for the missing child. Every corner and cranny of the place were known to him and carefully examined, but no trace could be discovered of the little girl. Hours were spent in the search, but with the same result, and had it not been that the three children were present, and all declared they had seen her fall, the thing would have been incredible. Old Mary was questioned; the fields were traversed in every direction, and parties were sent for miles round the country to make inquiries, but all to no purpose, for Loui's unaccountable disappearance still remained a mystery. True, a narrow unfrequented road wound round the lower side of the quarry, but it was unlikely any one would pass there at so late an hour.

The next day was spent in further searchings, and equally unavailing inquiries; and then there remained only the painful task of informing Loui's parents of what had occurred. During this time of suspense it would be impossible to describe the feelings of the two boys who had been the cause of so much distress and anxiety; and Charlotte, oh! how often she thought that had she been kinder and more considerate towards her little cousin, this misfortune might have been averted.

And now we must find out what had become of lost Loui. It happened, that the very day before her disappearance she had written a letter to her mamma, full of such yearnings for home-love and sympathy that her father, on reading it, remarked, "I fear the child is not happy. I'll be passing that way on business to-morrow, and might find time to look in and give her a surprise just for an hour or so. I'll see how things are going on, and if she wishes, I can bring her back with me." And thus it came about that Loui's father arrived at the neighbouring village at the same hour that she left old Mary's cottage. Knowing the country well, he took a short cut across the fields to reach her uncle's house, with the inten-

tion of staying half an hour there, and catching the evening train at the nearest station. When, passing quickly over the narrow road which leads along the base of the quarries, his attention was attracted by seeing a small white figure lying on a shelving ledge, a good distance up the stony height. A long trailing bramble which overhung the edge of the descent formed a kind of veil half-concealing it from view. On examining this object more closely, Mr. Melville saw that it was a little girl who lay in this dangerous position, so motionless, so silent, that he feared she must be dead.

The night was rapidly closing in, and there was no one within sight, for Charlotte and her brothers had gone home just a few minutes before to look for help. Their eyes had been so riveted with horror on the shapeless object beneath, which they had mistaken for Loui's body, that they failed to find where in reality she lay, screened from their view by a projecting ledge of stone.

Mr. Melville managed to climb sufficiently high to reach the child, and taking her in one arm, with considerable danger and difficulty descended in safety, and placed his charge on the ground in a state of insensibility. Then looking at her face for the first time, by that waning light he recognised his own little daughter in the child whom he had rescued. How shocked, how surprised, he felt at this discovery! how anxiously he leaned over her inanimate form until a slight quiver of the eyelids, a faint breath, showed that life was not extinct. The chief object now was to get the poor child back to her mother as soon as possible, and hurrying to the station with his precious burden, he arrived just as the train was starting, and reached home in due time.

After all, Loui had not fallen any considerable distance, for God had been pleased to preserve her life by means of that long trailing bramble, which catching firm hold of her light dress, broke the fall and landed her gently on the narrow ledge of stone, from which her father's arm had rescued her. But the over-wrought nerves of the delicate child were sadly shattered by the shock and previous fright, and though after a long and dangerous illness, youth and nature struggled into life again, she never entirely regained her former health and strength. Her first thought on recovering consciousness was of her cousins, and she begged that a message might be sent them from her, saying "they were not to be unhappy, for she knew they did not mean to hurt her, only they could not understand what a silly, frightened little thing she was." And her mother, who wrote the letter, added "that she, too, forgave them, but hoped it would be a lesson for life to avoid playing with the feelings of others merely for their own amusement. S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

269. In speaking to His disciples the Lord Jesus connects "fulness of joy" with something else: with what?

270. We read in St. Luke's Gospel (xviii. 12) that the Jews in our Lord's time fasted *twice* a week. Was this practice enjoined by the Law of Moses?

271. All the allusions of the Saviour to the prophet Jonah were in answer to a certain *request* made by the Jews. Name it.

272. "All this was done," says the Evangelist, referring to our Lord's dispatching two disciples to bring the animal on which He rode into Jerusalem, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, sitting upon an ass." To what prophecy is reference made?

273. "The Lord," said Moses to the Israelites, "hath taken you, and brought you forth out of the *iron furnace*, even out of Egypt." Which of the greater prophets, referring to that deliverance, uses the same expression?

274. Give the name of the man who said, "He that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give my daughter to wife," and state the result of the attack.

275. Who said: "The place which the Lord your God shall choose to put His name?" Prove that the place referred to was Jerusalem.

276. Both St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke record the stilling of the tempest by our Lord, but only *one* tells us whether Jesus calmed the fears of His disciples or hushed the storm first. To which Evangelist do we owe this?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 608.

254. The Mount of Olives (Luke xix. 37—44).

255. Exod. xxxii. 32. See Rom. ix. 3.

256. Moses (Exod. xxxiv. 28, Deut. ix. 9); Elijah (1 Kings xix. 8).

257. Eli. See 1 Sam. iv. 15, 18.

258. Amaziah (2 Kings xiv. 7; 2 Sam. viii. 13).

259. Luke xxiv. 45.

260. Saul's (2 Sam. xxi. 1—9).

261. Twice. See Rom. xv. 24, 28.



"The child could lead the woman"—p. 642.

THE LITTLE GUIDE.

WHERE rambled on the meadow brook,
Along its winding row of sedge;
Where went the path, by mound and nook,
To climb at last the downside ledge;
And aftermath had sprouted quick,
And green, around the grey new rick:

'Twas there a little girl came by,
With closely-patted steps, and led
A woman blind, whose hand held high
The child's beside her little head,
Along the ground that once, with sight
All clear, she skimmed with tiptoe flight.

The child could lead the woman right
By her sweet light of two blue eyes;
The woman's mind could give a light
To help the child's, less widely wise,
As all may find wherewith to pay
For deeds of love, in some good way.

The child told her of things the sun
Around her feet now shone upon;
She told the child, from her long run
Of life, of things for ever gone:
The child showed her the day o'erhead—
She showed the child whole year-times fled.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW ONE PHASE OF MAGGIE'S LIFE ENDED.

"MAGGIE, I have received a most insolent letter from your cousin Herbert, and I desire that all acquaintance with the entire family ends. I shall write to him to that effect," exclaimed Mr. Ashbury at breakfast-time next morning.

"Not with Hetty, daddy——"

"Yes, with Hetty too, I will not have one of them inside the house again."

The old man could be unreasonable sometimes, and Maggie knew that to try and thwart him then would be useless, and so she sat silently over her coffee, and said nothing. Presently he looked up, for he wondered why she was so quiet that morning, and when he saw her face he started in astonishment. "Maggie! why, my dear child, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, daddy dear;" but the tears came into her eyes, and her voice trembled.

"Maggie, you must be ill. Tell me what is the matter."

He was quite alarmed, but she only said faintly, "Nothing is the matter," and rose to get his hat and coat ready as usual, and saw him off to the Atalanta, almost for the last time, for his secretaryship there was nearly over. She wished him good-bye, clinging to him almost desperately, for she was beginning to feel very lonely and desolate, as if that dear mistaken old man would soon be all she would have left in the world; Charley was gone, Miss Campbell going to Scotland very shortly, there was a quarrel growing, or had already grown up, which was to divide her from her cousins; and Stephen—oh! what should she do? he had neither come nor written, and she felt as if she would give her life for just a single word from him! She was so thankful when that foolish old daddy of hers went, she wanted to be alone and to think; but after he had gone all her power of thinking had gone too, so she could only hasten up to the studio, and long as she covered her face with her hands, and swayed herself to and fro in the rocking-chair, to remain there for ever out of sight or sound of all beyond; or to slip away from life itself. Then suddenly she got up. "Oh! how foolish I am—how foolish I am! he cannot have had the letter," she said, and as she spoke the door opened, and in came Hetty.

"Maggie! there is a dreadful quarrel about Herbert; I met uncle just now, and he says we are to be strangers in future, that he was very sorry, but unless Herbert apologised—and I know he never will—I was not to come to see you any more. I waited till he was out of sight, and then in I walked," she added breathlessly and excitedly.

"Hetty, have you seen anything of Stephen?" was all Maggie said in reply.

"Oh yes, that is what I was coming about, only I suppose it is no use now. Mr. Bowden came to our house last night—he had just come from Marlowe—and brought some concert tickets, and asked me if I would like them; I thought you would go too as there are four."

"Did he say anything about me?"

"No——oh yes, mamma said, 'Have you been to St. John's Wood lately?' and he said, 'No, but I suppose they are pretty well, I found a note from them on my return to-day.'"

"Oh," she could not say more, for even her lips were white; but she took up the concert tickets, and played with them idly for a minute. They were signed "George Grant," the name of the man Herbert had mentioned, and they were still in the envelope she had seen him leave at his friend's room. It was too bad of him to say he had heard from *her*. It seemed like betraying a part of her secret. "Hetty," she said, "try and make Herbert apologise, a quarrel is so miserable, and unless he does we may not see each other for a long time."

"I shall come and see you just the same," said Hetty, staunchly; "uncle need not know."

"No, dear, you must not do that. I think my father is wrong to make a quarrel of it, but if he says we are not to meet, we must not, though we can love each other the same; right is right, Hetty, whether it be pleasant to do or not."

"But may I not come or write?" pleaded Hetty.

"No, darling, the quarrel shall end as soon as possible, but till it does we must keep apart, it is harder for me than you, Hetty, for I am so lonely." The tears welled up into her eyes, and Hetty saw for the first time how worn and pale her face looked.

"Maggie, has anything happened?" she asked; "why, you look like a ghost. Is it anything about Stephen?"

"Yes, dear, something about Stephen," she said struggling not to break down; "but don't ask me what, for I cannot tell you—not yet at any rate. Never tell any one we are engaged, Hetty, for I fear we are not any longer."

Hetty stayed another hour, it was the last time, she pleaded, that she might have the chance unless the quarrel were made up, and then the two girls kissed each other, and promised always to love each other, and talked as girls do and will, and then Hetty, lingering still, obtained leave to walk with Maggie to a pupil's door, on condition that then she would not come again unless Maggie obtained leave from her father to invite her. It was only a mile or so, but it seemed a long way to Maggie, who felt impatient even of Hetty's sympathy.

"Maggie!" said the little dimpled girl presently, "is not that Mr. Bowden in the distance?"

She looked up eagerly and saw him, and she saw too that he recognised them; but he turned down a side street, evidently to avoid them. She made no remark, but the colour came to her face, and her pride rose again.

"Hetty dear," she said, when they reached her destination, "never do anything on the sly, it is a terrible mistake. Deceit is a seed which yields a bitter harvest for the sower; if I had only been open in this matter, there would have been no quarrel now. I concealed the engagement from my father, you know—that is where I was wrong, and happiness bought at the expense of what is right is only a sham at best. Now you must go, darling, and so good-bye for a little while, and God bless you, little cousin." She felt somehow that she should not see the dimpled face again just yet, and though it seemed cold to submit so readily to her father's wish, she knew it was right, and right, at any cost, Margaret Ashbury wished to do in future. She stood and watched Hetty out of sight, and then she thought sadly, "If there is no letter to-night, or Stephen himself does not come, I shall feel that the old sweet life is dying away from me, or has died already."

And that night brought no letter and no Stephen Bowden, nor did any day that followed.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER FOUR MONTHS.

THEY had left the house in St. John's Wood and were living in lodgings.

Maggie sat and wondered over it all in the firelight that evening and remembered Miss Charlotte's words, "Keep back your strength, my dear, till the time comes when you need it." She had needed it sadly lately; the old man's schemes had all failed, his last resources been used up, and his health had broken down. The rent at St. John's Wood had not been paid, and at last the brokers had been put in. There was no one to help them, Herbert was written to, but Maggie could not bring herself to tell him how terribly the aid was really needed, so he had coldly refused the almost faint appeal and the feud was widened. Hetty was away in Scotland, staying in the same house with the Campbells.

"Bowden might help us," the old man said, but Maggie turned pale at the very thought, "only," he continued, "I have not yet returned his hundred——"

"His hundred, daddy!"

"Yes, dear, I did not like to tell you at the time, but he lent me the money out of which I repaid Herbert, and the rest you know went in the prospectus of the company. I thought he was sweet on you, Maggie, that was why I did it. He never comes here now. I suppose he is like the rest of the world. I cannot understand it," the old man went on; "people think so much of money—I never did," which was true. "Why, Margaret!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" for she was kneeling down before him, hiding her face in his hands, and trembling and crying; but she only answered, "Oh, daddy! how could you?" and cried and sobbed the more.

Then the old man was touched. "My dear child," he said, kissing her rumpled hair, "my dear childie, don't fret so, or you'll make your old father break down too, and you won't have him much longer perhaps, he's getting an old soldier now." She got up and stroked his thin face gently and kindly; she knew that he had meant well, yet, oh! how foolish he had been! And then she looked at him long and hopelessly, and heard a little noise down-stairs, and shuddered: it was the hateful man in possession.

"Daddy, you must write to Mr. Bowden immediately," she said, "and tell him that we are going away from this place, but that you will repay him as soon as possible."

"Of course I shall repay him as soon as possible," he said dreamily. She got the writing materials and the letter was sent there and then. No answer came to it, and the slight hardened her heart a little. "He might have sent a line to the old man," she thought.

How Maggie woke up to the realities of life during those last two days at the old house! how she cast self and selfish cares aside, and thought only of her father and his comfort. He had grown almost childish latterly, and listless, perfectly indifferent to his position, and to all around him.

"Let the things go," he said to Maggie, "I must try and think of some one who will lend us a little money to go on with."

"No, dad!" she answered almost sternly; "in the future we must work, and borrow from no one."

"I cannot work yet, dearie," he said feebly. A ray of winter sunshine stole in at the window and lighted up the room, and Maggie rose, and walking listlessly round, looked at the familiar things she had known all her life, till there came from without the sound of a street-band playing "There's nae luck about the house," all out of time and tune. She almost broke down again, and stopping before a little table, on which were arranged some religious books, took up the Bible and opened it haphazard. Perhaps the book gaped at the place, for it was her favourite one, but the leaves parted at the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and her eyes fell on the first verse, "Let not your heart be troubled." What a draught of comfort the words were to her! She half-wondered if she had ever understood them before in their fullest, sweetest sense, and she took them to her heart now and made them the text of her daily life. What mattered the hateful man in possession moving about below, or the tones of the crazy German band, though the old melody seemed that day to have a burden sad beyond expression? "Let not your heart be troubled." How gratefully she accepted the Saviour's comfort! and still bending over the book, with her eyes closed and her head bowed, she sent up a silent prayer to heaven, and then, strengthened and refreshed, turned round and answered the old man's fretful words. "I will work for *you*, daddy dear, till you can do so again for me."

There were a few things saved from the wreck, enough to scantily furnish the three small rooms to which she removed them, and then Maggie commenced her fight with the world for her father and herself. She gave up her day-dreams, and her poetry, her long pleasant days of study, and her lingering thoughts of the past, and worked in earnest, teaching and drawing incessantly, and striving to get a little connection together, and in the one hour she snatched from the day, she put the finishing touches to the portrait of the "dear old man," that first picture which she had commenced in those happy days which now had gone for ever. Poor Maggie, how she worked! And yet dire poverty came upon them, for the old man fell ill, and everything depended upon her weak hands. Yet still she strove, and hid her struggles and cares from his sight, and denied herself and smiled for him, while often she longed to weep, and gave him many a trifling luxury at the expense of even necessary food for herself. So the weeks passed and carried away the winter; and spring crept softly back to the earth again.

To be continued.)

"THIS GREAT SIGHT."

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, BERKS, AND HON. CANON OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

IF it be deemed a somewhat extravagant expression to say that "History herself was born on that night when Moses led forth his countrymen from the land of Goshen," it may, at least, be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that it is with the Exodus, or, in other words, with the history of Moses, that that of the Jewish Church and people, strictly speaking, begins.

A comparison of the brief and rapid survey of the sojourn of the Israelites in the land of Egypt, as contained in the first and second chapters of the book of Exodus, with the minute and graphic description contained in the following chapters of the incidents which prepared the way for their deliverance out of it, will suffice to show the importance of this period, not only as a crisis in the national history of the Jews, but also as an event pregnant with most weighty results to the Church of all after ages.

We may not now dwell, as the surpassing interest of the subject would invite us to do, on the brief record contained in the Old Testament, and on the brief allusions to it which are found in the New Testament, of the early history of Moses, and on that special course of training by which, alike amidst the splendour of Pharaoh's court and the solitude of Sinai's desert, he became qualified for the discharge of that arduous work in which, when the appointed period had arrived, he was summoned to engage. We must not, however, fail to take notice of the circumstances under which that summons was received. Whilst possessing all the advantages which worldly rank and reputation could impart, Moses, as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and, it may be, the destined heir to Pharaoh's throne, was not found qualified to become the ruler and the captain of the people of God. He needed something more in order to fit him for the work which he was destined to accomplish, than the zeal, and courage, and self-sacrifice of which, at forty years of age, he afforded so signal a proof, when he "chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;" and during a second period of forty years, spent in the land of Midian, in the humble occupation of a hired shepherd, Moses had to learn those lessons which nothing but converse with God and with his own heart could teach him.

It was, as we read in the beginning of Exod. iii., whilst keeping "the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian," and as he was drawing nigh, apparently, to the northern portion of the Sinaitic range, already designated by anticipation "the mountain of God," that Moses received that marvellous revelation of the Divine purposes respecting himself and his people, which is recorded in that chapter. An objection has been taken by some to the Mosaic authorship of this portion of the Pentateuch, founded on the expression to which we have just referred, "the mountain of God," as applied to a spot of the sacred character of which no previous intimation had been given, and which, consequently, we have no right to assume. We think, however, that in this case, as in the somewhat parallel cases of the words, "the desert" and "the bush," in the first and second verses of the same chapter, the objection cannot fairly be maintained; and when taken in connection with the other instances cited, may more fairly be adduced as arguments in favour of a contrary conclusion: for what more natural, in the one case, than that Moses should, in after years, have referred to Mount Sinai, so well known to the Israelites, as the scene of the giving of the law, as emphatically and pre-eminently "the mountain of God,"* or what more natural, in regard to "the desert" and "the bush"—the one so well known by the Israelites as "the place of their own sojourn, and the other so familiar to their ears by the allusions which we can scarcely doubt that their great lawgiver must have often made to this eventful epoch in their national history—than that both should be described, in the most distinctly defined manner, the one as "*the* wilderness," and the other as "*the* bush?"

It was, as we have already observed, whilst engaged in the discharge of his appointed duties, as the keeper of Jethro's flock, that Moses, whilst musing probably on the vicissitudes of his own career, and on the wrongs and miseries of his oppressed countrymen in Egypt, descried, upon "the mountain of God," a strange and marvellous appearance—a bush burning with fire, and yet unconsumed by the flame.

Amazed by the unaccustomed sight, the record of which recalls to the mind that of the fire of coals seen by the disciples on the shores of the lake of Tiberias, laid, as it should seem, by no earthly hand, and burning with no earth-lit radiance, Moses said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." And then follows the explanation of the marvellous appearance which the bush presented: "And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses! And he said, Here am I. And He said, Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Here is furnished, in few words, the key to the solution of the otherwise inexplicable sight upon which Moses gazed. The bush burned, but was not consumed, because "the light of Israel" was within it, and the Most High, who dwelt in the midst of the children of Israel (Numb. xxxv. 34), was pleased to manifest Himself to His servant Moses as dwelling in that bush, which was the type of His afflicted people.

That such was, indeed, the typical character of the "bush" will be manifest, not only from the context, but also from the only other place in Holy Scripture besides this chapter, in which the word here rendered "bush" (*seneh*) occurs.

In the blessing pronounced by Moses, just before his death, on the tribe of Joseph, a portion of whose descendants—viz., the tribe of Ephraim, subsequently gave their name to the ten tribes of Israel, we find the following words: "And for the good-will (or favour) of Him that dwelt in the bush (*seneh*)." If this passage be compared with those in which Jehovah is said to "dwell amongst," or to "inhabit" (where the same verb occurs), the children of Israel, and afterwards, Sion and Jerusalem, but little doubt can exist that the lowly "bush" out of which He appeared to Moses was a designed type of the mean and abject condition of Israel in the land of Egypt; and that the secret of their continued existence as a people, notwithstanding the efforts of Pharaoh to root out their name and nation, was disclosed in the bush which burned, but was not consumed, because Jehovah Himself was in it, and He who is a consuming fire to His foes, is as a "wall of fire round about" His people, and "the glory in the midst" of them.

In this striking figure, then, which we find preserved, as regards the fire, throughout the symbolism of the Old and New Testament, there was given to Israel's destined leader a solution of the mystery of his brethren's continued existence, and even multiplication, amidst their brick-kilns, and their daily oppressions and persecutions in the fiery furnace of Egypt; and, at the same time, there was given a pledge and earnest not only to "the Church in the wilderness," but also to the Church of all subsequent ages, that though weak and defenceless in herself, she should be strong in the might of her Lord; and further, that the promise of the continuous indwelling of her Head

* The genius of the Hebrew language does not admit of the insertion of the definite article before the word "mountain." The only manner in which the idea of definiteness can be given to a noun in a state of construction—*i. e.*, to the former of two words, of which the latter, in Western languages, would be in the genitive case, is by inserting the article, when admissible, before the *latter* of the two nouns. This is done in the present instance, and the words are, therefore, correctly rendered, not "*a* mountain," but "*the* mountain of God."

should receive its most signal accomplishments in the hour of His people's sorest need, and in the time when their destruction should appear to be inevitable; insomuch that, as in the case of the deliverance of Jerusalem from the invading force of Sennacherib, so throughout the whole duration of the militant state of the church on earth she should have occasion, as the night of sorrow gives place to the joy of morning, to adopt the triumphant language of the Psalmist as her own: "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved; God shall help her at the appearing of the morning."

We trace, in the reluctance of Moses to accept the commission at this time entrusted to him, one amongst the many instances left on record in Holy Scripture of the proneness of men in all ages to distrust God's promises, and to look more to the earthen vessels than to the excellency of the heavenly treasure confided to their keeping. One result, indeed, which ever follows upon a manifestation of the majesty of Jehovah to the souls of men is apparent in the conduct of Moses. Like Job, when the Lord spoke to him out of the whirlwind, Moses was conscious of his own vileness, and he abhorred himself. But notwithstanding the verbal, in addition to the typical, assurance of Jehovah's presence with His servant, "Certainly I will be with thee" (ver. 12), Moses still shrunk from the work to which God called him, and it was not until after signs and wonders had been wrought, and the assistance of his brother Aaron, as his spokesman, had been granted, that he was induced to address himself to the discharge of his appointed mission.

Nor must we fail to take note of the only equipment divinely sanctioned for the discharge of the arduous undertaking in which Moses was summoned to engage. "What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod" (or rather, a *staff*, iv. 2). One of the lessons most clearly taught us, alike in the Old and in the New Testament Scriptures, is that, whether it be in regard to the human instruments selected for the accomplishment of God's work, or the means which those instruments are to employ, God has ever been pleased to choose "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty" (1 Cor. i. 27). The "staff" of Moses; the "staff," the "sling," and the "five smooth stones" of David; the choice of the obscure and unlettered fishermen of Galilee, in preference to the nobles of Rome, the priests of Jerusalem, or the philosophers of Athens; all teach that same lesson which the Church is ever so slow to learn, that "the Lord saveth not with the sword and spear" of worldly might, of earthly wisdom, or of carnal expediency, but that the battle in which she is called to engage is "the Lord's;" and that it is He alone who can deliver her enemies into her hands.

The fact recorded in ver. 6, that "Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God," is suggestive of many interesting and profitable considerations. This veiling of the face when Moses is brought into direct converse with God, serves to remind us of the reverence and humility which should attend every effort on the part of man to penetrate the deep things of God. It serves also to remind us of the infinite distance which separates man from the Creator, and of the absolute and unquestioning submission which is becoming on the part of frail and sinful man, when the High and Holy One who inhabits eternity condescends to reveal to him His ways and His will.

Nor does this lesson lose any portion of its significance when we contrast with this record of the veiling of the face on the part of Moses, when Jehovah first revealed Himself to him, the subsequent mention of the fact that "when Moses went in before the Lord to speak with Him, he took the veil off," which he had previously worn.

There is much misapprehension respecting the design and the use of this veil, the origin of which may be traced to the mistranslation of Exod. xxxiv. 33. According to the Authorised Version, Moses is there represented as putting a veil on his face "*till*" he had done speaking with the people. The very reverse of this appears to be the unquestionable meaning of the passage. So marvellous was the effect produced, even upon the outward appearance of Moses, by his direct intercourse with God upon the mount, that when he came down from it, and when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw him, "behold, the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him." Being invited, however, by Moses to approach him, first Aaron and the rulers of the congregation, and afterwards, all the children of Israel, drew nigh, and he "talked with them," and "gave them in commandment all that the Lord had spoken with him in Mount Sinai." And then, in ver. 33, it is recorded of him that "Moses left off from (or finished) speaking with them, and he put a veil on his face." This veil, then, was evidently put on, not whilst Moses was speaking with the people, as the Authorised Version represents, but when he had finished speaking with them. And the object of the putting on the veil—whether it was, or was not, *also* with a view to dim the lustre of his countenance, during his ordinary intercourse with those around him—was, as St. Paul expressly assures the Corinthians, "in order that the children of Israel might not look on the termination of that which was being done away" (*πρὸς τὸ μὴ ἀτενίσαι τοὺς υἱοὺς Ἰσραὴλ εἰς τὸ τέλος τοῦ καταργουμένου*).

"If, then, even under the imperfect dispensation of the Law, the result of communion with God was such that Moses no longer shrunk from it

with terror, but was enabled, without hiding his face, to receive direct communications of the Divine will, how much more encouragement is there for those for whom the new and living way into the Divine presence is now opened to "draw nigh with boldness unto the throne of grace," and "with unveiled face beholding in a mirror the glory of the Lord," to become day by day "transfigured into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

Once more: the symbol of the bush, burning but not consumed, is full of instruction and of encouragement, not only to the Church of Christ universal, but to each individual member of that Church, in time of chastening and of tribulation, whether it be in mind, in body, or in estate. It would be an assumption for which no sufficient warrant could be alleged, were we to affirm that in that striking picture which St. Paul draws in 2 Cor. iv. of the life of the early followers of Christ, he had the history of the appearance to Moses out of the burning bush prominently in mind. It is apparent, however, alike from the apostle's allusion in the preceding chapter to the veil worn by Moses after the communication of God's will to the people, and also from his allusion in ver. 6 to Gen. i. 3, that, here as elsewhere, his mind was, if we may so describe it, saturated with Old Testament imagery; and it is, therefore, no arbitrary or impossible assumption if we suppose that, in the verses which follow, his mind may have reverted to the circumstances connected with the original commission to Moses to bring his brethren out of Egypt. Be this, however, as it may, the lessons of the burning but unconsumed bush, as applicable to the history of the tried and persecuted followers of Christ in all after ages, are expounded and applied by St. Paul in language of marvellous strength and beauty in that chapter. "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God" is there described as a treasure, confided to earthen vessels, just as the ineffable glory of the uncreated Jehovah is represented, in Exod. iii., as shining out of the bush. And as, in the one case, the result of the inhabitation of the bush was that, though burning, it was not consumed, so, in the other case, the result of the possession of the heavenly treasure within earthen vessels is, that the vessels are preserved, though exposed to an ordeal which they could not otherwise survive:—"We are troubled," the apostle writes, "on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh" (2 Cor. iv. 8—11).

It is thus that the same God, who is "a consuming fire" to His enemies, is the Light and Defence of His people. The cloud which obscures the sight of the one, becomes a pillar of fire for the guidance and protection of those on whom, in the words of Elihu, God "causes the light of His cloud to shine." The same fire which, by its light, dispelled for Moses the gloom of Sinai, and directed the hosts of Israel in their passage through the Red Sea, is still the promised heritage of Christ's Church.

It is needful, indeed, throughout the entire duration of its wilderness wanderings that the fire and the cloud should be inseparably connected, and that both should retain their twofold aspect and their double use. Moses "was afraid" as he gazed on the burning bush, and the three highly-favoured disciples "feared" as they entered into the cloud. But soon He whose works and whose ways are now encompassed with clouds and darkness—He who now tries by fire every man's work, and who salts with salt every sacrifice which He accepts—will reveal Himself to His people in no other aspect than as "Light," in which there "is no darkness at all;" and in that light the nations of them which are saved shall for ever walk, and in that light only shall they for ever "see light."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XVII. CHRIST TEACHING BY MIRACLES.

Chapters to be read—various.

TO THE TEACHER. So far isolated miracles have been taken as showing the power of our Lord in different cases. This lesson is intended as a summary of the whole teaching by miracles, and the lessons conveyed.

INTRODUCTION. Ask for a few of the more prominent miracles to show varieties of Christ's power—*e.g.*, (1) *over physical infirmities:* blind Bartimæus; the deaf mute (Mark viii. 32), the lame (John v. 8). (2) *Over vegetable kingdom,* in feeding the multitudes with bread; withering the fig-tree. (3) *Over animal kingdom,* in casting out the swine (Matt. viii. 31), collecting fish in one place (Matt. xvii. 27, Luke v. 6). (4) *Over creation generally—e.g.,* in stilling the tempest of wind; walking upon the water; providing wine at the feast. Will now try and gather up some of the lessons of the miracles.

I. REQUIREMENTS. (1) *Faith.* (Read Mark v.

25—34). Ask a few questions on the story to show the woman's sad case; diseased for twelve years; tried one doctor after another in vain; spent all her money—no better, getting worse, case almost hopeless. Of whom does she hear, and what does she hear? What effect produced on her mind (ver. 28)? Not merely tries experiment, but fully convinced will be cured. What is this feeling? See Heb. xi. 1 for definition of faith, as a full trust in things as yet unseen. Ask the result of her faith; not misplaced; her tale told, fears allayed, departs in peace. (Read Matt. viii. 5—10.) The last case a Jewess, this a Roman centurion. Of what religion were the Romans? Yet came to Jesus; for whom? What did he ask Christ to do, and how? Contrast with Thomas, one of disciples who wanted a sign; this heathen centurion content with a word at a distance. What did Christ say as to the greatness of his faith? What did he say as to his own unworthiness? What other quality did this show? These two things most fit the soul for the presence of Christ. (2) *Repentance.* (Read John v. 1—14.) Describe the sad case of the impotent man; how long had he been there? What did he do immediately he was told? Why did he do it? What did Christ tell him afterwards (ver. 14)? But was disease a sign of a man's being a great sinner? No; see John ix. 2. Still remind how sickness is one of God's punishments. What should God's mercies lead us to (Rom. ii. 4, xii. 1)? Therefore Christ looked for repentance. (3) *Devotion.* What would Christ naturally expect in return for a miracle? Did He always meet with it? Remind of the nine unthankful lepers (Luke xvii. 17), but as instances of gratitude read Luke vii. 45—47; the lame man (Acts iii. 8), and many others. What did Christ often tell people to do in token of gratitude (Luke v. 14)?

Practical Lessons. Though miracles as such have ceased, what change does Christ work in us? Our souls are diseased (Isa. i. 5). He changes the nature. Remind of Saul the persecutor changed. Is not such a miracle? What are the requirements? Faith, repentance, gratitude. Does Christ always find them?

II. OBJECT. So far have spoken of man's part in being subject of miracles; what do they teach about Christ? What was first miracle; where wrought; what did it show (John ii. 11)? Name any others in which food was given. What do all His miracles show? By whose power were they done, and what did He claim that His miracles proved Him? What do they show besides His *power* and *glory*? Did Christ always work miracles—*e.g.*, when He wanted food? where did the disciples go for it (John iv. 8)? Did He always walk on the water? Therefore only worked miracles when there was need of it; thus showing *wisdom*. And what made Him work so many? His compassion and *love*. Remind of His compassion for the widow, and His tears for Lazarus. Show how Jesus is the same still, and bids us go to Him now; we little know how often He invisibly provides with food, makes whole, &c., still, showing the same power, wisdom, and love. Let the children also notice how Christ did miracles for all classes of people. Ask for some instances of a *rich* man, the nobleman (John iv. 47); a very *poor* man, the impotent man; a very *miserable* man, the leper (Mark i. 40); a *servant*, the centurion; a *mother*, the widow; a *child*, Jairus's daughter; an *enemy*, Malchus, whose ear Peter cut off; a *disciple*, Peter and the others on the sea (John xxi). Also ask to whom Christ first came—His own people; did He confine Himself to those? No! would draw all nations to Him. Healed Syrophœnician and others. Hence draw practical lesson of how all classes with all kinds of needs, may turn to Christ, feeling sure of sympathy and of help.

Questions to be answered.

1. Show by Christ's miracles the varieties of His power.
2. What did He require on the part of those healed?
3. Give instances of faith and gratitude.
4. How does Christ work miracles now?
5. What do they teach us about Christ?
6. What practical lessons may we learn?

EVERY DAY.

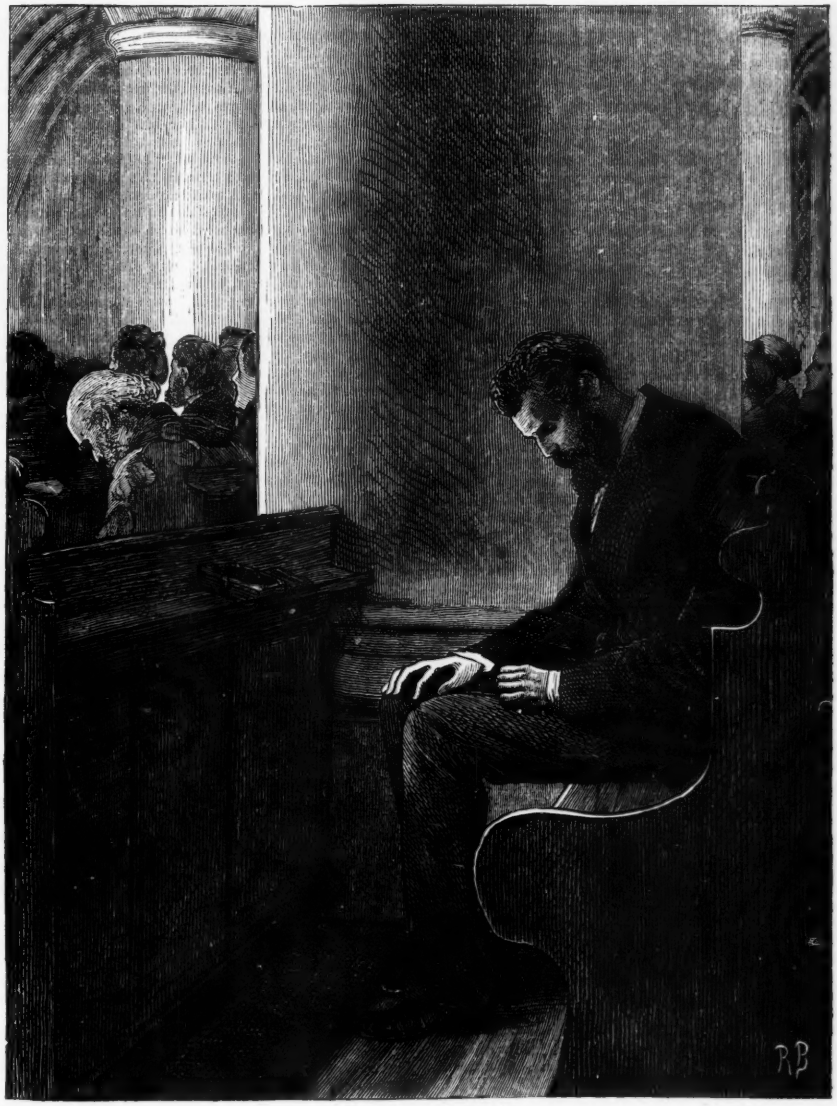
THE sun with strength arises,
And pours his cheering ray
O'er field, and flood, and flower,
Every day.

The mighty tide comes streaming
Up river, creek, and bay,
And girds our world with vigour
Every day.

The birds sing high in heaven,
In thankful notes they pay
Glad homage to their Maker,
Every day.

The evening shades come stealing,
And bid us all away
To sleep and rest God given,
Every day.

With strength, and joy, and patience,
O God, our souls array,
To toil, reposing in Thee,
Every day.



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"In a dark corner behind a pillar"—*p.* 652.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THIS was Miss Amherst's letter:—

MY DEAREST UNA,—From my dying bed I write these words to you, and I am thankful that I have been allowed to live long enough to receive your letter, and to answer it, for it has proved to me, as I feared it would, that a great wrong and injustice has been done—unintentionally, I feel sure—by Humphrey Atherstone, but which I can now put it in his power to rectify. When you receive this I shall have passed to the realm where alone truth remains triumphant, and you must receive my statement, painful to you as I know it will be, with the implicit belief due to one who is about to stand before the Judge of all, and who has done for ever with this world's sophistries and deceits. To make my information intelligible, I must go back to my own early history; but I will be as brief as I can, for my strength is failing, and my time is short. The one influence which has had verily an awful power over all my life, from the days of youth and hope to those now closing in the darkness of the grave, has been my indestructible love for Maurice Atherstone. He, too, loved me well—fondly, truly, even unchangingly; but his affection, deep as it was in truth, was absolutely nothing compared to the entire devotion with which I gave myself up in heart and soul to him. Standing where I do on the brink of eternity, I can see that such a love for any mere human being was nothing less than idolatry; but I was too absorbed in it then to question if it were right or wrong, and I became secretly engaged to him, without the sanction of our parents. For there was a deadly feud between his father and mine; one of those old long-standing quarrels founded on mutual insults given and received, which in the last century were seldom washed out except in blood, and even in my later times were allowed to wreck the happiness of families; but Maurice, like his father, was a passionate imperious man, who would not long brook control or delay in the fulfilment of his wishes. After a time he told his father of our engagement, and demanded his consent to our marriage. Then the storm broke. So terrible a quarrel ensued between them, that it ended in Maurice vowing he would never see his father's face again; and he kept his word. He left England to return no more while the old man lived. He asked me to go with him to the Mauritius, and I consented, and would have gone in spite of my father's stern prohibition, had he not exercised his power over me, as I was under age, and deprived me of all liberty till long after Maurice was far away. At that time, without means of my own, I was powerless to resist; but I took a vow in my own heart—a wicked vow—that I would live for Maurice Atherstone, and him alone, and that I would break all other ties, and fling all duties to the winds, if ever the time should come when I could go to him to be his wife. For some years I never even knew where he was, and the letters he wrote to me were destroyed before they reached my hands, as I was warned they would be. At last I heard that he was at the Mauritius, and that his father had caused a false statement to be made to him that I had married very soon after he went there, which had plunged him into a state of despondency and ill-health that had almost cost him his life; and when he partially recovered, he had gone up the country to some lonely place where he had lived ever since in perfect isolation, holding no communication with any of his countrymen, and surrounded only by the native islanders. At the time when I heard this account of him who had been my one thought day and night since our parting, my mother was dead, my father was growing old and feeble, requiting all my care, and my only brother was a helpless cripple, whose whole comfort and pleasure in life depended on myself. To abandon my home under such circumstances was as cruel as it was wrong, but I did not hesitate an hour. I had inherited money of my own, derived from my mother's family, which made me independent. I asked no permission, I made no farewells, but I left my home early one morning when all were sleeping, having told my father and brother that I should do so; and as I closed the door behind me, I said to myself that my motto henceforth should be, "All for love, and the world well lost!" Alas! alas! now at this hour, with the grave opening at my feet, what terrible reason have I to fear that it may not be only this world which is lost, when human love is set up as an idol in the heart to be worshipped with all the powers of life that are due to the service of our God alone! I reached the Mauritius, and, through Maurice's banker there, I got a letter conveyed to him, telling him that the report of my marriage was false; that I was true to him, as I had ever been, and that I would be his wife, or that of none on earth. I told him of the vow I had taken on the day of his departure, and said that truly I had lived for him alone through the long years of our separation, though I knew not even in what part of the world he was, and that so soon as I had learnt how he had been driven by that cruel falsehood to a wretched solitary home, I had come to share it with him if he would, and for his sake had abandoned all who had a right to claim my love and care in England. I sent this letter, and counted the days which I was told must intervene before my messenger could bring me back an answer from the solitary region where Maurice lived. On the very first morning when it was possible a reply could reach me, the door of my sitting-room at the hotel was opened, and Maurice Atherstone himself stood before me. Even now, in this awful hour, when the chill of death is curdling round my heart, I can recall the rapture of delight that thrilled my whole being when I looked upon his face again, for it was the last moment of happiness my life has ever known. I flew towards him, and for one instant—only one—he clasped my hands in his as if he could never let me go, and then almost flung himself away from me, while he exclaimed in a tone that pierces me with its remembered anguish even now, "Too late, Catherine! too late! Why was I ever born to be your misery and my own?" This was his history, when he gathered courage to tell it me.

He had believed the report of my marriage, and it had maddened him. He rushed away from the presence of men, wandering among the hills, getting what rest he could under the trees by night. Fever ensued, and a Malay family of the wealthier class took him into their dwelling, and nursed him through a long illness, till he was quite recovered. During the whole period the leading idea in his mind was the desire of revenge on his father, who had wrecked his happiness. He believed me lost to him, and when he saw that the beautiful daughter of his Malay host had learned to love him, he recklessly resolved to marry her, and let the proud old Atherstone discover, too late, that there could be something in the shape of a daughter-in-law worse for him than an Amherst. He accomplished his purpose, taking care that all formalities which could make the union valid should be rigidly performed. But the fact of the marriage was not made known in the town, for it was performed by a passing clergyman, a college friend of Maurice's, who almost immediately after left the Mauritius for Ceylon, where he died; and Maurice himself continued to live in the Malay home of his wife among the hills. Partly from the wayward inconsistency of passion, and partly because as he came to know more of the Malay girl he had married, he saw the miserable folly of the step, he never after all announced the fact to his father. One year after his marriage a son was born to him, and then he would have openly avowed the birth of an heir to Atherstone Abbey and all its fair estates, had it not been that the child was weakly, and little likely to live, while a terrible calamity supervened in an attack of brain-fever which seized his wife, and left her hopelessly and violently insane. He had never loved her, but her father had died shortly

after their marriage, and he could not abandon either her or her child to the mercy of strangers. He had remained up to the hour when I met him once more, in an existence by the side of the madwoman which was nothing less than a living death, and without a gleam of consolation save in the love he bore his child. It still lived, but was so delicate and sickly that he had not the slightest expectation of seeing it survive many months, and although he had had it duly registered and baptised by the name of *Edward* (that of his brother, Humphrey's father), he did not think it worth while to take any other step, such as he might have done had he expected it to live long enough to inherit the lands of his ancestors.

Una, I must not linger over the hopeless desolation into which I was plunged by this revelation; but, bitter as was my suffering, I can truly say that my worst anguish was in the thought of the miserable ruin which had fallen on Maurice Atherstone. To rescue him from his terrible position became the one only hope I had in life, for I well knew that I myself must see his face no more, as the husband of another woman. Yet still would I live for his happiness, if I had power to compass it, and strangely enough the way to do so was opened to me then and there. The very next mail brought him the news of his father's death, and the urgent summons of his agents in England to return and take his place as possessor of Atherstone Abbey, where the widow of his brother and her young son Humphrey alone remained. His heart was yearning for his home. The idea of announcing his marriage had become perfectly hateful to him, and it seemed quite unnecessary so far as his child was concerned, for it was apparently dying of the malaria of the country. Yet he was too good and noble to abandon the poor insane woman, who was lawfully his wife, and had I not been there I know not to what desperate deed he might have been driven. But now was my time to give him my life as I had vowed, though to my own utter misery. I went to him, and asked him to entrust his wife to me. I would remain with her at the Mauritius, and tend her carefully as if she had been my sister, while he might return to Atherstone to take his rightful place, and enjoy a civilised life once more in his own old home. He could not resist the temptation of so great a release, and he accepted—letting me see plainly enough that if his poor wife's miserable life should come to the speedy close he anticipated, he would then return to claim me as his own. This is more than twenty years ago, and now—such is the irony of life—his Malay wife yet lives, a helpless idiot, while he has long been dead, and I am dying. Maurice went, and he took his sinking child with him, because he could not bear that it should die in any arms but his. He did not expect it to live many hours after he left the shore. One only condition I made, in a sort of vengeance on my own weak heart, which I felt still clung to him too fondly, married though he was: I stipulated that there should be no sort of correspondence between us; he was never to write to me, nor would I write to him, unless it were to announce to him the death of his wife. I compelled him to accept this condition—and he did. We parted then for ever. I never heard from him; I never knew how he fared in this sad world till the day came, long years after, when I saw the announcement of his death in the papers.

Una, now comes the revelation which I fear will be so terrible to Humphrey Atherstone, and, for his sake, to you. When I heard that he had succeeded to his uncle as sole and rightful heir, I concluded, of course, that Maurice's own son had died, as had been expected, on the voyage home. Indeed, it had never occurred to me that he could survive, judging from the suffering state in which he was when he embarked from the Mauritius with his father. But, so soon as I read your letter with the account which it contained of him whom you call "Edwards, the Malay," the whole truth flashed upon me only too clearly, and I saw unmistakably that he is in truth none other than Edward Atherstone, the legitimate inheritor of the Abbey and all the estates of his ancestors. The chain of events is perfectly plain to me. You say that "Edwards" was brought as a child from the Mauritius by Maurice Atherstone. He took no child with him but his own son. I saw the vessel weigh anchor, while he stood on the deck with the boy in his arms, and the ship was to touch no shore till it reached England. Doubtless the sea breezes revived the child, so that he still lived when they reached home; but Maurice probably expected that he would not live to grow up, and therefore said nothing of his parentage, for I know it was his purpose never, if his child died, to reveal the marriage, which he felt to be a disgrace to his family. Having once concealed the boy's relationship to him, it would become daily more difficult for him to own to it, and as months and years rolled on, and the child's strangely evil propensities revealed themselves in painful contrast with the noble qualities of his reputed heir and nephew Humphrey, to own him would become a task almost beyond the power of a man so proud as Maurice. The marriage of his son to a gipsy girl must have greatly increased his unwillingness to let the children of such a union represent in future years the noble race of Atherstone. Yet I believe he must have intended to do justice at the last, and that the suddenness of his death alone frustrated his purpose. Probably some half intimation of the truth, made in his last moments to his nephew Humphrey, rendered him to a certain extent doubtful of his title to the estates, without his having a sufficient knowledge of the rightful possessor to restore them, and this will account for all that has been mysterious in his conduct; while on the other hand it is probable that Edward had gained from his father some idea of his claim, without any certainty, and that the effort to find documents explaining it was the cause of his continual lurking round the Abbey, of which you tell me, and which must have been done with the view of stealing into the house unseen. This, however, is certain—Edward Atherstone is the legitimate possessor of his father's house and lands, and I have been allowed to live long enough to do a last service to him who was the one love of my life, by restoring his son to his rightful home. I leave it to you, Una, to reveal the truth to Humphrey Atherstone. Your tenderness will soften the pain of the disclosure, for I can see but too clearly how deeply you love him. It will be bitter to him, no doubt, and to you, for his sake. Yet to me, in this awful hour, it seems worse than folly to give a thought to the perishable possessions of this mortal world, while still it is possible to gain an entrance to that abiding city whose Builder and Maker is God. Shall not I, who squandered all my life on an earthly love, knock at its doors in vain?

And now, Una, farewell, till we meet before the great white throne.

CATHERINE AMHERST.

To the very last word of this long letter Una Dysart read on, and when she came to the close where the signature had been traced, scarce legibly, by the stiffening fingers of the dying woman, she let it fall from her relaxed grasp, while her head sank upon her hands, and Humphrey's name passed from her lips in a low wailing cry.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE gloom of a starless winter's night had fallen over Valehead like a funeral pall, and the chill wind went moaning through the leafless trees with a sound so mournful, that it would have required all the sunshine of hope, or the still gayer brightness of present joy, to have enabled any one to resist its depressing influence. Neither of those were with Humphrey Atherstone, as he stood on the bridge which spanned the river just below Vale House, and watched the dark waters rushing on ceaselessly to their grave in the depths of the sea. He leant with folded arms on the parapet, and tried from time to time ineffectually to distinguish the dim outline of Una's deserted home, and then, as again and again he failed, and felt as if the darkness had blotted it off the very face of the earth, he turned back with a look of utter despondency to gaze down once more on the cold flowing river, while the shadows that lay

within his deep sad eyes were gloomier far than any which the leaden-hued sky could cast around.

Life seemed now at its lowest ebb to this man of dauntless resolution, for even his strong will had been beaten down to passive endurance, by the strong power of a destiny which offered him no scope for resistance. Just when, at the cost of his own self-respect and the final sacrifice of his stainless honour, he had destroyed the barrier between them, Una Dysart had been snatched out of his grasp and hidden away, to be found perhaps by him no more. In the hour that he sinned for her, he seemed to have finally lost her; for although he knew that there was a probability of her returning to Vale House in the spring, it was his greatest fear that his enemies would have worked upon her by that time with such persistence, as to make her give him up altogether. She had never in words reversed her refusal to marry him, even while she loved him, if it compromised his honour, and although he had felt sure on the night of her father's death that the resolution would soon be overthrown by the deep affection she evidently bore him, it seemed to him but too likely that it might be strengthened now into an immovable determination, by the representations of her friends. As the days and weeks rolled on, and he never so much as heard the sound of her name, while in the complete solitude he had created for himself at Atherstone Abbey he could not escape the uneasy humiliation caused by the remembrance of that which he had done to win her, a hopeless depression fell upon him, with which he had ceased even to struggle. Beyond this life he had never yet looked, and within its compass there shone not a ray of light for him. There were times when the gloom and loneliness of his own old halls became intolerable to him, haunted as they were by the memory of the sweet face that perhaps would never brighten them more, and then he would rush out into the darkness of the night, and wander ever in the same direction, to be at least near the house that might one day receive her within its walls again. At least half an hour that evening he had stood there on the bridge, writhing under thoughts of exceeding bitterness, sometimes thinking of her with a longing which was quite unendurable, sometimes remembering with a shudder the unhappy man whom he had driven out for Una's sake over the waste of waters, never perhaps to be heard of more. And now, as with a groan he laid his head down on his folded arms, there rose upon the dim cold air the sound of softly-chiming bells. Sweet and musical they rang out through the silence, and Humphrey looked up surprised, for it was nearly midnight, and he could not imagine what bells could have been awakened at such an hour, or for what purpose. He glanced towards the church, and saw that it was lighted up, and that the dark figures of numbers of persons were passing through the open door; then he suddenly recollected that it was the last night of the old year, and that he had heard some rumour of a midnight service which the new rector intended to hold at that hour, in order that his people might pass on the wings of prayer from one step to another on their road to death.

Atherstone had never seen Mr. Trafford, he had not crossed the church threshold since his uncle's death, for he always fled to the "Eagles' Nest" when the instinct of his immortality drove him to thoughts of the Unseen, as if the ashes of his dead ancestor contained some virtue which could soothe his soul to peace. But it was rarely that the impulse seized him to do even this much. Although he was no sceptic, the inner sanctuary of his being was yet untouched by the Divine Fire, which alone could have lit up the flame of a pure sacrifice to the one true God on the altar of his soul, and it was honour only that he had worshipped till human love usurped its place, and won him to that deeper idolatry which absorbed him now. But although he had in no way sought the new Rector of Valehead, he had heard of him far and near, and had seen with wonder the power over the souls of others, which one man may have who believes with all sincerity that he has a true message to deliver, and rests not day or night till he has caused it to be heard by all whom he can reach by any means. Amongst his own tenants Atherstone could trace Trafford's working everywhere; men whom he had always known hardened and indifferent became as little children in their humility and faith; the poor and sorrowful, weighed down by heavy troubles, lifted up their heads with joy, as those who had learnt that their redemption was drawing nigh; and many a weary sufferer smiled pain and grief away because of the consolation the clergyman had poured into their aching hearts. But for his own burthen Atherstone sought no comforter, he wrapped himself up in his proud misery, and moodily repelled all the attempts Trafford made to become acquainted with him. On this night, however, he had reached a depth of despondency which it was almost beyond human nature to endure alone, and it seemed to him as if there was a thrill of loving tenderness in the soft calling of the gently-pealing bells, which drew him on irresistibly towards their sweet pathetic sounds. Mechanically he began to walk in the direction of the church, the only bright spot in all that night of gloom, and he felt as if its pure radiance shone even into his own heart with a faint glow of hope. The door was wide open, and the light streamed out over the churchyard, seeming to sign the quiet graves with the shadow of the cross, which stood at the head of each as a memorial of the hope of those who slept beneath; and Atherstone, stealing in, took his place in a dark corner behind a pillar, where he could see without being seen. The church was thronged, but the first part of the service was already over, and the preacher had just finished his

brief private prayer in the pulpit and stood up now to address the people. Atherstone looked keenly at the man whose influence he had discerned so clearly on the souls of others without ever having seen his face, and his eyes became riveted upon him with mingled astonishment and admiration. He saw a man of splendid *physique*, tall and finely proportioned, with a grand head, which would have suited well as a study for one of the warrior angels of the old masters, for it is seldom, indeed, that so pure and noble a soul as his is seen to shine through lineaments of mortal clay. His rich brown hair waved back from his broad forehead without a touch of age in its warm colouring, though he had lived and toiled for nearly fifty years; his face was pale, but the somewhat severe beauty of his strongly-marked features was redeemed by the singular sweetness of his expression, while his large eyes glowed with so vivid a fire that it was impossible to discern of what shade they were. It was an essentially spiritual countenance, and there was an intensity of conscious power in the look with which he slowly scanned his audience before he opened his lips to speak; his glance noted every individual in that crowded assembly, not excepting Atherstone in his fancied concealment, and when he had thoroughly mastered the details of the throng before him, he gave one rapid upward look of powerful appeal, and then stretching out his hand he spoke in tones clear and ringing as those of a silver trumpet. "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."

If Mr. Trafford had said no other words than these he would have strongly impressed his hearers, for there was an indescribable power in his utterance of the text, which seemed to bring before each person present there, the awful vision of the mighty white-winged angel standing on the reeling earth and sea beneath the shattered heavens, and proclaiming through all the shuddering universe that time should be no longer, and only eternity—immutable, unchanging—remain for the risen dead. But it would be impossible in written sentences to give any true idea of the burst of living eloquence which swept with irresistible might over the very souls of the hearers, as the preacher took up the magnificent theme, and compelled every living being there present to realise the awful truths it involved. "Time should be no longer," he said. "Yes! and in the hour when that proclamation was made from the Eternal all things that belong to time would perish also, blown away by the thunder-voice of the angel like withered leaves before the blast. All that men had lived for, all they had desired, all they had sinned for, all they had hoped or feared or adored; their living idols of flesh and blood, their gods of dust and clay, their gold, their lands, their ambition, their pride, the passions of their lower nature, the affections of their hearts—all these things would perish in the wreck of time, and be as though they had never been, save in the sin-stains they might leave on the souls that had loved them. Not these alone would dissolve in vapour and crumble into dust, but whatsoever earthly thing lay nearest to the hearts of those who heard him, the secret treasure known to themselves alone, which they cherished more than life, and worshipped more than God, that too would be whirled away by the breath of the mighty angel-words; and all that would remain for the resurrection souls in the whole vast universe would be that eternal Love which they had bartered haply for the mocking ashes that would so utterly fail them in their hour of need. With words keen and incisive as a knife the preacher cut into the very souls of the people, as he dissected their lives with an instinctive knowledge of their motives and temptations which made each one feel as if he had read the innermost secrets of their hearts, and was addressing themselves alone, in all that crowded church. "If now," he said, "while time yet existed, there was any one single thing which stood between them and their own highest standard of holiness, then so surely as time would perish at the sound of the angel's fiat, they would find that it had stood between them and their God;—that gone, perished as it was, its brief possession was all they had in exchange for that love which could alone be life to them in the dread eternity."

"The love of God!"—the preacher's voice changed and faltered when he uttered those words; he paused as if some whispered sound arrested his attention, and he stood with abstracted eyes, gazing into vacancy, while a tremulous smile rose to his lips, and a light passed over his face like the sunny joy that brightens the countenance of one who listens to a voice beloved. For a few minutes he was quite silent, but it was perfectly evident to the congregation that he was so, unconsciously; and when at length he spoke again, his tones, low and tender, had a strange sweetness, as if they had caught an echo from some surpassing melody unheard by mortal ears. "The love of God!—would they know in some degree the meaning of those wondrous words? Let them look upon that Love Incarnate in the living form that weeps by the grave of a human friend, in sympathy with all who, in any age or clime, shall weep for those they have loved and lost; let them see it with compassionate hands restoring to the widowed mother the darling of her heart, calling back to joy and sunshine the maiden flower withered in its spring, healing the suffering, soothing the fearful, comforting the sorrowful, assuaging pain, agonising all the while for us, in exile from holiness

and home, yielding Himself at last, forsaken and alone, to willing death, that into His broken heart He might gather up His own redeemed, and shelter them there from evil throughout eternity!"

Long the preacher spoke on this theme with such beauty in his tender pleading as we have no power to reproduce. But at last with a final gesture of intense appeal he stretched out his arms over the sobbing people, as if he longed to draw them all into the Father's bosom, and exclaimed, "Oh, children of the Eternal Love, when amid the crashing worlds you shall hear the doom of time and feel the earth and all its pleasures sinking away beneath your feet, how will you loathe in uttermost anguish what thing soever has in these mortal days stood between you and the love of Jesus!"

With that Trafford concluded, sinking down on his knees in what seemed to be a very agony of prayer, and soon after he rose and passed silently from the church, whence his hearers had already departed with grave looks and quiet steps.

(To be continued.)

WILHELM'S WOOD.

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

"BERTHA—Bertha! are you not risen yet? the sun is already high in the heavens, and neither Rosalie nor you are stirring. If you do not hasten, Fritz will have gone up the mountain without you." Frau Kiefer raised her foot, and laid her hand on her spinning-wheel that she might listen for a reply; but there was not a stir in the châlet, and both the girls were still evidently sleeping.

She rose and looked once more at the carved clock behind the door. It was fully a quarter-past four, and the goats were unusually high up on the pastures. Unless the girls rose at once, they would not be driven down till quite late in the afternoon, while some invalids from the valley were to be carried up to the châlet at midday to drink the goats' milk fresh from the pails.

"Rosa—Rosa! Bertha—Bertha!—sleepy, sleepy children," cried their mother, as she clambered up the pine-wood steps of the châlet; "awake, dears, it is time to go up the hill."

"Oh, mamma! why must we rise so early?" cried a very sleepy voice, as Frau Kiefer entered the low-raftered room, with its neat little beds at either corner; "it seems to me as if we had only just gone to sleep."

"Sleep or no sleep, it is a quarter after four, and Fritz has been dressed this hour. You must at once get up, Bertha; and Rosa, is it possible she is asleep still?" and Frau Kiefer approached the younger child's bed, and laid her hand on her daughter's curly head.

"What is it, mamma?" cried Rosa, starting up in her bed and rubbing her eyes; "did you call me?"

"Have I been calling you this half-hour past? Get up, my angel, and dress yourself quickly, for I must take my linen to the far field to bleach, so I cannot return to rouse you again."

Rosa clasped her hands, and rolled up her pretty blue eyes in horror at the thought of being so late, while she immediately sprang from her bed and began to dress.

"And you, too, Bertha, rise quickly, my darling," cried Frau Kiefer, as she descended the stairs; "the goats have been moved up to the high pastures, and unless you hasten they will never be driven down by midday; and we would not have the ladies disappointed for anything, would we?"

"I cannot rise, I am too sleepy—I have no wish to climb the hill to-day," murmured Bertha, drowsily, and, turning on her side, she fell asleep again.

It was not until her sister was just dressed that she started up in her bed, and rubbed her eyes wearily with her hands. "Are you really ready, Rosa?" she said, "and I am not even out of bed; but never mind, I am not going up the mountains to-day—I have something else in my head, I can tell you."

"And what is that?" asked Rosa, searching about the room for her little crooked stick, with which she always climbed the rocks.

"I am going instead into the glen by Wilhelm's Wood to search for strawberries. The ladies asked me yesterday whether I had any to sell, and promised they would buy some from me to-day if only I could procure them."

"Oh dear! how nice!" said Rosa, with a longing sigh. "And does mother know?"

"I told her last night," said Bertha, colouring and turning away her face.

"And what did she say?" asked Rosa, whose heart evidently yearned for the same excitement.

"She said I should do better to go with you and Fritz, and when I said, 'Why?' she only answered, 'Mother does not know what *why* means;' and so as she did not exactly forbid me, I intend to go."

"Well, good day," cried Rosa, "for I see Fritz has gone, and I must run fast to take him up. But, oh! how I should like to go with thee!"

When Rosa had left the room Bertha also began to think of dressing. She rose from her bed, and looked dreamily out of the many-paned châlet windows at the great mountain opposite towering

as it seemed to her up to the sky itself. The sun was shining on its snowy summit, and a little circle of cloud clinging round its very peak gave exactly the appearance of a crown of gold.

"*Ach!* how lovely! how *wünderschön!*" cried Bertha, whose great grey eyes were always on the look-out for Nature's beauties, and alive to every new effect of that sunlight and shadow, which can nowhere be seen to greater advantage than among the wild mountains of the Tyrol, "*ach, himmel!* is it not?" she cried, "as if a golden crown from heaven had descended on its brow," and then Bertha paused, while some thoughts seemed to wander through her little brain, and her face grew thoughtful, and at length almost sad.

She turned away from the window and continued her dressing; but, from her movements and looks, one could see her thoughts were still busy about far-off things. When she was quite dressed, she took down a little Testament from the shelf by her bedside (Rosa had forgotten to do this) and opened it.

It was strange how the pages fell apart at the place most suited to her thoughts. It was the parable of the two sons, who were sent by their father to work in the vineyard; and when she had finished reading it, she still stood by the window gazing at the cloudy wreath on the mountain's brow till it faded into blue air, while her conscience did fierce battle with the selfish heart which sought to carry out its own pleasures in the face of what was right.

Presently Bertha put aside the Testament on the shelf, and turned from the window. She took her straw hat from the peg behind the door, and her blue handkerchief from its place in the cupboard, and then she knelt reverently beside her little bed and prayed. (Rosa had forgotten this also.) It was a short prayer, but a very earnest one; and when Bertha went out of the châlet door, she did not turn towards the glen, but with quick agile steps she sped up the path that led to the goats' pastures.

Meantime, let us follow Rosa up the hill, and see how she had been faring. Had she seen the hazy crown of gold clinging to the snowy peak of the great mountain opposite? or had visions of brighter crowns and everlasting hills risen before her mental eyes? No, nothing of the kind; nor was it probable that Rosa would see the brow of the hill on which she trod, for her eyes, from almost the moment she set out, kept constantly looking on the ground, glancing hither and thither with eager searching gaze among the rocks and the lichens and the wild flowers which strewed her path.

Now and then she evidently found what she was seeking, for she would make a sudden dart upon some pretty clump of leaves, and rifle it of the bright red berry which was in hiding beneath them. She was beginning to get quite a large bunch of strawberries in her little sunburnt hand; but meantime, she was wandering further and further away from the beaten track, and drawing nearer and nearer to the pine forest known as Wilhelm's Wood, whose close-growing, sombre trees could be seen from afar, like a dark saddle on the mountain's side, and, engrossed in her search, Rosa scarcely noticed how far the sun had risen in the heavens, or how near she had rambled towards the opening of the wood, into whose depths even Fritz dared not wander alone, and from whence at night had been known to issue horrid sounds of wild creatures searching for their prey.

"I shall soon overtake Fritz," Rosa would say to herself when she first turned aside from the path. "I shall run twice as fast when once I have finished gathering my strawberries." But by-and-by she could not comfort herself with this reflection; for by this time she knew Fritz must have reached the pastures. "I will wait and meet him as he comes down with the flock," was the next excuse framed by the weak, selfish little heart, while a worse, a still darker thought suggested itself, "Mother will never know; I will ask Fritz not to tell that I was late."

But presently she was forced to give up all hope of assisting her brother with the goats, and to content herself with the prospect of the money she was likely to gain for her strawberries, and the purchases which it would enable her to make.

Bertha, meantime, with her light figure and quick eager steps trying to overtake time and make up for all the lost minutes, had nearly gained the pastures. She was expecting at every turn to see her sister in advance, or to hear her brother's horn calling the goats to assemble. Her face had quite a different expression now from what it wore in the morning; her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed, and the feeling that she was doing right, and that sin had been conquered, gave an expression of peace and joy to her countenance.

But just as she turned the large boulder of stone which lay on the mountain's side, and which was known by the peasants as "The Giant's Skittle-ball," she came face to face with Fritz, his cheeks pale, his eyes full of terror, and carrying on his shoulder a wounded kid, from whose side trickled blood, and whose pitiful bleating showed the pain it was suffering.

"What is the matter, Fritz?" cried Bertha, catching at the shoulder of the rock, and growing pale herself as death.

"The wolf has been in the pastures," he said, speaking fast and scarcely stopping to answer her, "it must have stolen up there in the night and killed four of the finest of the herd, besides wounding many more. I am rushing down now for father; oh! why were you both so late? I have had no one to assist me, and no one to send for help."

"Is not Rosa with you?"

"No, not she, I have been all alone."

"She started long before me; I cannot think where she can have gone; but tell me, Fritz, shall I go on to the pastures or return with you?"

"Where is father?" asked Fritz, abruptly.

"He is cutting grass by the river-course, with Johann and Heinrich."

"Fly to him then—fast, fast as the wind!" cried Fritz; "tell him and Johann and Heinrich to come at once; let them wait for nothing, but bring their scythes, pitchforks, and sticks; the wolf must be close on the edge of the wood, for I heard him howling as I went up early this morning. I will meanwhile hasten back to the house with this miserable animal, and meet them at the wood with the guns."

Bertha was soon out of sight, flying over rocks, stones, and ferns, and a few minutes saw her in the river-meadow, calling her father and the men to the chase. Nor were they slack in following Fritz's advice, and while they made for the wood with all speed, Bertha hurried after her brother into the house. Fritz was, however, already gone, and with two guns slung over his shoulder, and one ready loaded in his hand, he was pushing for the nearest entrance to the wood.

It was now nearly midday, and the sun blazing fiery hot overhead. The birds, which had sung all the morning, had ceased now in the heat, and there was no sound far or near to be heard but the endless click-click of the grasshoppers' wings as they simmered in the burning meadow-grass.

But all at once Fritz heard a cry—a kind of yell of terror and surprise, followed by another and another shriek and wild cry for help.

Fritz was so startled at first he could do nothing. It seemed to him as if the cry had come out of the air, it sounded so fearfully near, and yet where it was, or what it was, he could not tell. He gripped his gun firmly and set the trigger on full cock, while he ran forward bravely to meet the danger, whatever it might be.

"Fritz—Fritz! save me! the wolf! the wolf!"

Good heavens! it was Rosa's voice; he could see her now, straining up the rocks by the edge of the wood, and catching at the stems and grass, while, lilting after her with long trotting steps came a great gaunt wolf, open mouthed, and with bristling mane, ready for fight.

Fritz was a good shot, there was not a better in the country, and he was as brave as he was clever; but the fright and terror of the close and sudden pursuit and the imminent danger almost deprived him of sight. He took aim and fired, but when the smoke cleared away the wolf was still advancing, and Rosa's strength evidently failing. But while he strove to steady his aim for a second shot, and to conquer the faintness at his heart, he heard a loud resounding yell and a series of triumphant shouts. There were figures rushing out of the wood, and the wolf had turned now and was standing at bay.

Fritz's sight came back and his senses rallied in a moment. Once more he seized his gun, loaded it and fired. This time the wolf was hit; it whirled round, leaped half up into the air, made a rush forward, and then fell, and the men rushing up from behind gave it its quietus.

Rosa was lifted up and carried home in her father's arms. She was deathly pale and almost lifeless. The sudden fright and the agony of fear had nearly killed her, but, thank God, she was not dead, and she lived for many a long year afterwards, to learn that the path of duty is not always the path of pleasure, and that that child is more blessed in God's sight who, though he may have hesitated at first to obey, yet repented and went, than he who said, "I go, sir, and went not."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

277. The words "Jesus Christ" are placed together *once* only in the Gospels. Where?

278. When did the Saviour use a parable as a means of instruction for the *first* time?

279. Give *three* passages from the Old Testament in which God promised to reveal Himself by means of dreams.

280. The account of Rahab's artifice in concealing two men from their enemies finds a parallel elsewhere in Scripture. Give chapter and verse.

281. 'For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me," said our Lord to the Jews. Give any passages from the book of Genesis to which the Lord Jesus may have referred.

282. It may be shown, both from the Old and New Testament, that the custom of celebrating birthdays is a very ancient one.

283. Though St. Peter was so eager to be with Jesus when the Lord was walking on the sea, yet he was not the first to recognise the Saviour. Name the disciple who did so.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 623.

262. Twice only. See James i. 1; ii. 1.

263. Acts viii. 25.

264. Abraham (Gen. xxi. 22); Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 28); Joseph (Gen. xxxix. 2, 21); Samuel (1 Sam. iii. 19); David (1 Sam. xvi. 18; xviii. 12, 14); John the Baptist (Luke i. 66).

265. By Jehoshaphat, before the Lord destroyed the enemies assembled against Judah (2 Chron. xx. 20).

266. See Luke v. 4—10.

267. Matt. ix. 15.

268. 1, by His miracles, &c.; 2, by His resurrection; and, 3, by the gift of the Holy Ghost. See Acts i. 22—ii. 33.



(*Drawn by* FRANK CARLESS.)

OUR CHURCH.

HOW brightly our church, this sunny time,
Shows out on the hill its light-grey wall,
And five-belled tower, rising tall
Above the dark yew and leafy lime,
And flinging its merry sounds of bells
Out over the many-fielded dells!

Though I have my roof beside the spring,
And yours is beside the hollow oak,
And some by the street may send up smoke,
And others' lone doors by fields may swing,
Still there are the chimes that sweetly call
Us all to the house that stands for all;

For all, at our Lord's high call, to go
To share of His graces; glad, but meek;
And hear the good words His love may speak;
As unto His children, high and low;
Our own to go up that He may bless
Our fast-wedded loves with holiness:

Our own where our Lord, in goodness, takes
Our children to make them all His own;
And kindred beneath cold earth or stone
May sleep till their souls' bright morning breaks.
Through every change of good and ill,
We there have our church beside the hill.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAGGIE NAMES HER PICTURE.

"MAGGIE, put on some more coal, it is very cold."

"Yes, daddy dear."

"What a screw you are, Maggie, to put on so little this perishing day." She said nothing, and the old man did not know that there was hardly another scuttleful in the house, and no money to buy any more. Pupils were difficult to get, and purchasers of pictures did not drop from the sky, and poor Maggie struggled hard, yet week after week her slender means were eked out with the money she got by selling some trifling ornament of former days. The old man never knew it, for his health failed and his intellect weakened, and his daughter saw only too plainly that his money-earning powers were at an end for ever, and she silently tried to be bread-winner for both. He never knew all she did for him; he never guessed how days of toil and anxiety and scanty food and sleepless nights were making her cheeks look pale and her face pinched. He loved her after his own fashion, but that fashion was selfish, and he was too much taken up with his own griefs, and with the weariness which came creeping over him, to notice her. He never acknowledged her kindness, or even appreciated it, but she was satisfied if he forgot to notice how many things he had to do without, and thanked God who had given her strength and power to work for her father in these his days of helplessness and weakness. Sometimes her courage failed, and her spirits broke down, but "Let not your heart be troubled," she said to herself many a time, when the future looked its darkest and dullest, and pondering over the words, she waited till the clouds parted, and then went on her way again without faltering. There was one thing she could not do—she could not let any one know of their poverty. The old man's angry feelings towards Herbert never relaxed in spite of all her efforts to make peace, and Miss Campbell had been ill, and remained still in Scotland, and so they had no friends—no one to come and see them—but lived entirely together and for each other.

"Maggie," the old man said—that inconsiderate old man—"why do you dress so badly now? I like to see a woman in silk, my dear; plain black silk, with a bit of white round the throat and wrists; it is no use saving your things, my child, I shall be better as the spring comes on." He did not know how the one respectable dress she had left was put on to teach in, and taken off and carefully laid by on her return. She made no answer, only looked up sadly at him. He had aged more and more, the bend in his back was more decided, and he had a little hacking cough which her heart ached to hear. Surely the old man was slowly putting round him those sorry garments in which we so often say our last adieu to the world?

"Daddy," she said, and he looked up from his long vacant stare into the fire, at the sound of her voice—a wonderfully sweet low voice had Margaret—"I have finished my picture; but I shall make no name by it, for I should not like to sell it; besides, no one would buy an unknown portrait by an unknown painter. I am glad of it, for I could not bear to part from it."

"Let me look at it, dearie," and he rose, and feebly leaning on her arm, went to look at his own portrait. "What an old man he seems, Maggie, the world and he have almost done with each other; I only want to see you settled, and then I shall be ready. What have you called it?"

"Nothing, daddy."

"It must have a name, put under it, 'An Old Soldier.' No, that won't do; people can see it is a soldier, for there is his sword over the shelf. Call it 'Nearly Conquered,' for he *is* nearly conquered, dear, but it is for the first time—the first time, Maggie." She never knew why, but she stooped, and taking her brush painted in, in small white letters in the corner, "Nearly Conquered;" and so the picture was named.

"Daddy," she said wistfully, "I would give the

whole world if I could send it to the Academy to take its chance. I don't want it to sell, but I should like it to be seen."

"Why don't you send it, dearie?"

"It only wants a fortnight to sending-in day," she answered, "and a frame would cost a fortune."

"I dare say you could get one without paying."

But she put her hand quietly and almost sadly over his mouth, and kissing his forehead, said, "Oh no, daddy——" and she stopped, for suddenly in walked Charley Campbell.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLEY CAMPBELL'S NEWS.

"CHARLEY!" She sprang forward in surprise, and he clasped both her hands in the old boyish manner.

"I *am* so glad to see you again, Maggie, so awfully glad. Why ever didn't you write? if it had not been for the Frasers I should never have found you out." Then he turned to the old man, and after a little while told them all his news—how he had spent the winter months, how Hetty had come on a visit to Scotland, and how both of them had written to St John's Wood, but obtained no reply. He was so glad to see them again, he repeated. There had not been a day in which he had not thought of them, and he looked at Maggie, and wondered why she had grown so thin and pale. "And now," he asked thoughtlessly, "how is the new company you had in hand getting on, Mr. Ashbury? and why ever are you living in this horrid part?"

"I prefer it," the old man began, but Maggie's honest nature revolted at the untruth.

"No, daddy," and she stopped him gently. "We are living here," she said, turning to Charley, "because we are poorer than formerly, and my father has abandoned the idea of forming a company."

"I have not been well lately," the old man said, his better feeling roused by Maggie's unflinching statement of their poverty; "and Maggie has worked for me, Charley. She has been a dear good girl, but that she always was."

"Nonsense," Maggie said, trying to laugh, but feeling a choking sensation at her throat, for she saw how the little excitement caused by their visitor, told on her father; he seemed quite tired out, and ready to lay his head down to sleep. "Come and look at my picture, Charley; I have been wishing I could send it to the Academy. Of course it would not be accepted, but I should like it to take its chance."

"Why don't you send it?"

"A frame would cost a fortune."

"Maggie!" and he put his hand down on hers, "will you let me——" He was afraid to say more, for he saw a flush almost of anger on her face as, anticipating his meaning, she answered, "No, Charley, I certainly would not. I shall keep my picture at home."

"Oh," and he hung his head disappointedly. "Maggie," and he looked towards the old man, who was dozing, "I do so want to talk to you a little while; may I, without making you cross, you know?"

"Tell Charley why you won't send your picture to the Academy, Maggie," the old man said with one last effort of wakefulness, and then, tired and exhausted, his head sank upon his breast. He was so glad young Campbell had come back, he thought, half-dreaming, half-waking; he had always seemed to like Maggie, and they were talking away in low tones by the window. Perhaps after all something would come of it when he had gone home, and he did not think he should be here much longer; and then the fire flickered and blazed in a confused sort of way, and the hum of the voices from the window became fainter and fainter, and the old man lost all consciousness until an hour later, when he woke to find Maggie kneeling at his side, and heard her say, "Daddy dear, my picture is going to the Academy to try its fortune, and Charley is going to give me a frame for it, so if it is accepted I shall have to thank him, and I am going to tell you some news now, daddy."

"Oh I forgot to tell *you* some news about Bowden, Maggie," Charley interrupted.

"Yes!" she gasped, turning quickly away from her father.

"It is not much, only he and Herbert had an awful row just before Christmas, and they do not even speak now—that was one reason why Herbert left Coke Court; and Bowden's mother is dead, and he is going to give up the Bar, and is going to settle in New Zealand with his younger brother, who is out there."

She made no reply, only knelt a moment or two longer with her hands folded over the arm of the old man's chair; then rose, and almost hurried Charley away. "Well, look here, Maggie, I'll send the frame-maker for the picture at once, and you'll come and see aunt, won't you? and have you any message for Bowden? I may call on him for a minute just to say How do you do?"

"Yes, ask when he leaves England, and tell him that he shall hear from my father before he starts—with regard to a business matter."

"All right," and then he took Maggie's hands in his again, and looked at her, and wondered again at her paleness; "I shall come in to-morrow, Maggie dear," he said, "and you'll tell your dad about this afternoon, won't you? Oh, Maggie! you are such a brick!" and he wrung her hands nearly off. "There never was any one in the world like you."

"Hush!" she said, "you must not talk nonsense, or I shall use a privilege to which I suppose I have a right now, and box your manly ears," and she tried to laugh in the old happy manner, and failed most signally in the attempt. Then when he had gone, and she saw that the old man was still dozing, she

went up to the shabby little room she called her own, and gave way (as she used in former times to do in the studio) to all the misery she could nerve herself to hide from others, yet could not hide from herself. "Oh, what shall I do?" she said hopelessly, "oh! what shall I do?" and she sat down by the window and leant her head down on the ledge. "I am so miserable —oh! I am so miserable!" she sobbed; "and I cannot help it. I love him still with all my heart and soul, and always shall as long as I live, though it be for a thousand years. I cannot help it, and I do not care how unkind he may have seemed, it is all my fault—and I shall love him to the end of my life."

(To be continued.)

OBEDIENT LABOUR.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A., RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net."—Luke v. 5.

THIS miracle of our Lord, like most of His miracles, is an acted parable. It is a secular mask behind which a spiritual truth lies hid. Christ Himself makes it plain that this is so by pointing out one great spiritual application, when He makes Peter a "fisher of men," who shall not toil vainly in the obscure and stormy deep of human passions, but "from henceforth," from the time of his Lord's bidding, shall "catch men." So applied, it has in all ages cheered and strengthened the disheartened fisher who is tempted to despair because the travail of his soul is vain, and his nets are empty. Such a one pauses, recollects himself, hears once more the voice of his Master bidding him toil on, and succeeds in due season because he faints not. Not only the minister of the Gospel to whom a formal commission is given, but also the lay-helper, the Sunday-school teacher, every man or woman who has anything to do for Christ, may learn from this view of the text. You have not been successful hitherto. You have spoken in vain. Your scholars are careless and thoughtless, and your own heart is sick. But perhaps you have been relying too much upon the skill of the fisher and the texture of the net—upon your intellectuality, or your address, or your study of the lesson. These are not to be despised; they are assumed in the command to "launch out" and "let down the net;" but, after all, the grand difference between success and failure may be discovered, if you will only learn to rely more simply, more teachably, upon His command, "Let him that heareth say, Come."

But the story seems to be entitled to a much wider application. Doubtless this is the main one; men are the "fish" whom our Saviour chiefly thought about: and its first and strongest encouragement is for those who are striving to save souls. But it has encouragement also for all circumstances of every kind, in which the same principle holds good. Consider what happened. Peter and his comrades had every external discouragement. They had just tried the place and found no fish. They had failed in the darkness, when their own movements and the meshes of their nets would be invisible, and when their prey would be off their guard. They had persevered all night, and the failure was complete. Our text speaks therefore to the children of failure and of disappointment. Furthermore, they had lost hope. Discouragement is unmistakable in the words, "We have toiled, toiled all night, and have taken nothing;" and in the plain assertion that any further attempt would not be from natural hope, enterprise, or calculation, but simply from respect to Him who bade them repeat the effort. And they now succeeded beyond what they could have dreamed of; the blessing was more than there was room to contain, although it came through exactly the same process, the boats, the nets, the labour of strong limbs. Clearly we may infer that failure and hindrances and a sinking heart are not to weigh against a promise or a command of Christ. Clearly we are to let no past misfortune curb our ardour, or blanch the radiant colours of our hope, as we obey our Captain's orders. Yet it is very doubtful whether if the Son of man came to-day, He would find this faith on the earth. How often, for example, are missions spoken of as things which do very little good perhaps, yet which we keep up, without much hope, because we are commanded to maintain them. This may be letting down the nets but not "for a draught," not honestly looking to baptise or make disciples of all nations. And one reason why we achieve so little is because we expect still less, or because our expectation is not grounded simply upon the commission of our Lord.

Let us look then at some other applications of this principle.

1. Many a reader knows what it is to study the Bible, and receive little benefit; to pray, and rise from his knees unrefreshed. Now we are far from saying that all is failure which appears to be so. The chapter you read with so little emotion may return to your mind in a great temptation, and rescue you. The prayer may be answered which

failed to cheer you. But after all, there is such a thing as unprofitable study and unprofitable saying of prayers. There is such a thing as spiritual defeat. It is possible for the soul to cleave unto the dust, for the heart to be in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, and to desire vainly to see the beauty of the Lord so as we have seen it in other times. There are times when faith is dry, and the whole life of man is as a puny and contemptible round of despicable pleasures, low sorrows, and death to crush them all out of being at the end. What is it that so weighs upon the wings of the soul, and prevents them from soaring into the sunshine and liberty of the sons of God? We believe that *faith* is the sure way to victory and blessedness. Want of faith, therefore, or error of faith, must be the secret of unhappiness and defeat. And when we have been fishing exactly where the fish are to be caught, seeking God in His word or at His footstool, our failure is likely to be caused by the spirit in which we do so. We come, thinking there is some natural and inherent right to succeed. We think our mere brain and learning will find Him in His word; we fancy that our mere supplication entitles us to succeed in prayer. We persevere, and fail, and despond. My brother, try another plan; say, "Prayer and study are in themselves less than nothing and vanity; God, regarded apart from Christ, dwelleth in the thick darkness, unsearchable, remote, unknown. But Christ has bidden me ask and receive; He has bidden me search the Scriptures, and although I have toiled all night and taken nothing, yet oh, my Master and Guide, at Thy word I will let down the net." Have faith in God, and He will honour you.

2. Not much need be said to carry out the same principle in reference to public worship and the sacraments. Do not come to church and expect to be made good there, as if by mesmerism, without coming in a proper spirit. Do not dream that merely to kneel at Christ's table will feed your soul. But come because Christ bids you; because He has blessed these means, and appointed them; and although they would fail otherwise, and although you may have tried them without the least success before, yet when you honour Him in them, and when you trust Him to work through them, then you may expect to find these great and precious gifts of God laden with blessings until your soul is weighed down to the water's edge, and the ordinance, like Peter's net, is unable to hold the lavish treasure bestowed upon you.

3. But there is another, all-important sense, in which to apply the text. It is in regard to nothing else than the love of God Himself. We need none to tell us that His love exists for every soul of man. We are like the fishers plying their trade upon the waters of the same lake which has always sustained them, for it and it only has supported each of us to this day. If our lips are free from blasphemy and our hands from blood, if our memories are pure as men count purity—nay, if none of these things are so, yet inasmuch as we live, and may repent and honour the name of God, we are assured that He is good, and we have actually fed upon His lovingkindness. And now we would fain grasp His love. We seek to trust Him; we resort to what are described as the appointed means; but the net takes nothing, the fruitless waters elude our search, our hearts grow heavy and weary, and we are inclined to come to land and give up the quest after so long, so ineffectual toiling. But in our lives, as in this miracle, the efficacy of the net depends upon the word of Jesus. Listen to Him; *He* says, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught:" do so at His bidding; do it in honour of His word, and now you shall not be able to draw your net to shore. The Father will love you, and will come unto you; the love of God will be in Christ Jesus our Lord, and you shall learn how all fulness dwells in the Son of His love, and how His word quickens and blesses every instrument, from the bread and wine or the printed page up to your spirit's crowning act of faith when, trembling not with fear but with joy, it commits itself at the last hour into the hands of Him who gave it, and goes forth to seek Him who bought it, where He is.

The sum of all this is faith; not in the god of our own dreams, or conjectures, or sensations, but in the God who spake through Christ, the God of the Gospel promises. In us and our emotions there is change, indecision, doubtfulness, but a promise well grasped is like the horn of the altar, a refuge and a sanctuary. Peter may not have been certain of the result; he clearly expected less than was bestowed; but yet he acted upon a merely implied assurance, and he was richly rewarded. Now we have the plainest promises to lean upon. Is it a small thing to be told "every one that asketh receiveth," or "all things are yours," or "the Scripture helpeth your infirmities," or "lo, I am with you always?" These are better grounds of confidence than any feeling which Satan may perhaps forge or perhaps confuse; better than any past experience which vanity may exaggerate or fear may dwarf. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." In what mood soever we are, it is still there, whether it stands out like a mountain in the sunshine, near and clear and purple, or seems remote and vague and grey, among driving mists and sullen rains, yet you know that it has not removed, no rains can drown, no tempests overturn it. Read the assurance of God's pardon, God's help, God's love, and if you are wise, cry out,

"Let God be true, and every man a liar;" yea, and even my own heart a liar, with its dastardly misgivings, its craven bodings of disaster, its insane suspicions that perhaps, just because the road is steep, and my feet weary, and my brain dizzy among the precipices, therefore my Father will let go the hand of His trembling child, that his broken and mangled corpse may feed the vultures down below. Not so, Lord! Although our own strength has failed, our vows are broken, and our memories are a barren blank of enterprises that have come to nothing, yet at Thy bidding we venture again, and with Thy smile we shall succeed.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN preacher and people had left the church, one only remained in the solemn darkness of that holy place; his proud knees bent, his haughty head laid low, for it had been to Humphrey Atherstone as though a keen pure wind from heaven had suddenly swept through his soul, dispersing utterly all the mists of sophistry and expediency wherewith he had so long obscured to himself the steadfast light of truth. He had built himself up in the fatal delusion that it is permissible to do evil that good may come; he had ruled his life by his own self-blinded judgment, instead of by that immutable law of holiness, whose foundations are from everlasting, because it is of the very being of the everlasting God; and he saw that when time should be no longer, and he stood amid the wreck of all things perishing, he could lay no claim to the eternal love of Jesus, because of the earthly idols whom alone he had worshipped till that hour, and to whom he had not spared to offer up in unholy sacrifice even his own integrity. It should be so no longer; of that he was fully determined, as he lay there prostrate, for the first time in his life, in unreserved submission before the Divine Truth. Mistaken and erring as he had been, he was in reality too noble and true a man to resist for a moment the awakening which had so suddenly come upon him. But it befell him as it does all who tamper with their own purity of conscience, that he had so confused his sense of right by false reasonings as to be quite unable to unravel the intricacies of his position with sufficient clearness to discern unmistakably the course which he was now bound, in the sight of God to pursue. He saw plainly enough what had been the nature of his own unconscious idolatry. He had given himself to his home and his people first, and then, with far more complete surrender, he had delivered up his whole being to the influence of the one sweet love which he had won too surely to himself. How, he asked himself, was he to render unto these that which was indeed their due, and yet do perfect justice to the claims on his own soul of an uncompromising righteousness? He could not answer the question. But no greater proof could have been given of the change that night had wrought on Humphrey Atherstone, than the determination to which he came, that he would no longer trust his own judgment, but would seek counsel in his extremity from that brave messenger of truth, whose mission it had been to tear away the veil which so long had hid him from himself.

There must be no delay; Humphrey Atherstone felt that he could not live another day in the terrible state of bewilderment and indecision into which he had been plunged, and the tardy light of new year's morning found him seated opposite to Trafford in the clergyman's study.

It was the bitterest humiliation to this man to lay bare the secrets of his proud soul before any mortal gaze. But his strong will was as potent for good as it had been for evil, when once the right impetus was given to it. He had resolved that he would know how the clear spiritual discernment of this true servant of God would solve the problem of his life, and he would not be deterred from his purpose by the burning pain it cost him. They were a strange contrast, those two men—Trafford with his eyes full of light and peace, and a radiance in his smile which no earthly joy could give: Atherstone with his beautiful face dark and almost forbidding in the anguish of his shame; but both were straightforward and outspoken, and neither of them made the least hesitation in grappling with the question which had brought them together. "Mr. Trafford," said Atherstone, "I went into your church last night, and you had power to show me that for the last five years I have been walking blindfolded by my own hands, in a tortuous path, which has led me into a position I can only view with infinite self-scorn; yet I am unable to see in what way I can overcome the difficulties which have brought me to this. You have the wisdom which is not of this world, and I have come to ask you to use it for my enlightenment in the crisis your own words have induced."

The quiet courtesy with which Trafford gave his

assent soothed Atherstone's wounded pride far more than if he had manifested any eagerness to help him, and bending his dark eyes keenly on the preacher's face he went on slowly: "Mr. Trafford, I am well aware under what a stigma I lie in this neighbourhood, and before I say one word of my real history, I must ask you to tell me the worst you have heard of me."

With perfect simplicity Trafford answered that he was aware of all the circumstances of Maurice Atherstone's death, as they were known to the public, and of the subsequent change which had taken place in Humphrey himself, with the inferences which had been drawn from it; "and further," he said, "when Mr. Crichton was committing his people to my care, he mentioned Edwards in particular, and said that he had communicated to him certain facts which satisfied him that the man had sustained a great wrong at your hands; and he asked me, if the opportunity presented itself, to assist him in obtaining redress. I never, however, so much as saw the Malay; he disappeared just at the time when I arrived here."

"Yes," said Atherstone, "he disappeared by my will, never as I hoped to be heard of more, because he stood between me and all that was dear to me on this earth." He paused, while a dark crimson flush rose to his forehead, and then he said firmly and distinctly, "He is Edward Atherstone, only son of my Uncle Maurice, and legitimate possessor of the Abbey and all the lands pertaining to it." Atherstone drew a deep breath when he had thus made the revelation of what was in truth his own fall from rectitude and honour, but he would not trust himself to look at Trafford or wait for any word from him, lest his comments should rouse the fiery passion he so often mastered with difficulty when his pride was assailed. Rapidly he went on and explained to the clergyman all the circumstances connected with the birth of his uncle's son, and the concealment of the boy's parentage, which had just been made known to Una, little as he guessed it, by Miss Amherst. When this much of his painful explanation had been made, he paused at last to let Trafford speak if he would.

The few kind and manly words the preacher uttered in reply showed such entire sympathy, and such a perfect comprehension of his difficulties, that there was more of comfort than of humiliation in going on to give him a full account of the whole process of false reasoning by which he had persuaded himself that he was justified in doing that which was in fact not only dishonourable, but actually dishonest. He saw the truth only too clearly now; but he explained to Trafford that until the day of his uncle's death he had not had the remotest idea that a relationship of any kind whatever existed between Maurice Atherstone and Edwards the Malay; he believed the latter to be simply a most unworthy dependant of inferior birth and position, hopelessly vicious in character, and flagrantly ungrateful for the good education and other advantages which had been so ill bestowed upon him; he believed what—indeed was the case—that the Malay imposed on the old man's kindness, and that it was a duty he owed both to his uncle and to society in general to prove the man's dishonesty, and secure its due punishment. He acted therefore, purposely, without consulting his uncle when he had the Malay arrested for the fraud in which he himself, as the future heir of the estate, was so much wronged; and he was perfectly thunderstruck when the old man, in a paroxysm of fury at hearing that his son was publicly disgraced, suddenly hurled at him the disclosure of the terrible truth—that the man he had just consigned to the hands of the police was none other than the true heir of Atherstone, by whose permission alone he, so long its virtual owner, could ever hereafter cross the threshold of his ancient home. The fatal attack which put an end to Maurice Atherstone's wayward life followed so closely on the fit of ungovernable passion by which it was caused, that he had little time left for explanations, but this much Humphrey was able to understand from his broken utterances, that he had never for a single moment contemplated depriving his son in the end, of his name and birthright, though shame and disappointment at his conduct—the more deep because of the love he bore his only child—had made him postpone the revelation from year to year. The Atherstone estates were strictly entailed on the nearest male heir, and even if Edward, who truly filled that place, had been far worse than he was, the old man would not have defrauded him of his rightful inheritance; and in that last brief hour of life his great anxiety was to prevent any wrong being done to his son as a consequence of his own rash delay in acknowledging him. He was just able to indicate to his nephew that the ebony cabinet contained all the legal documents necessary for the identification of Edwards, as his son and heir, and to add with his last breath, "See that justice is done," before speech and life failed him together, and his unhappy nephew found himself alone with the dead.

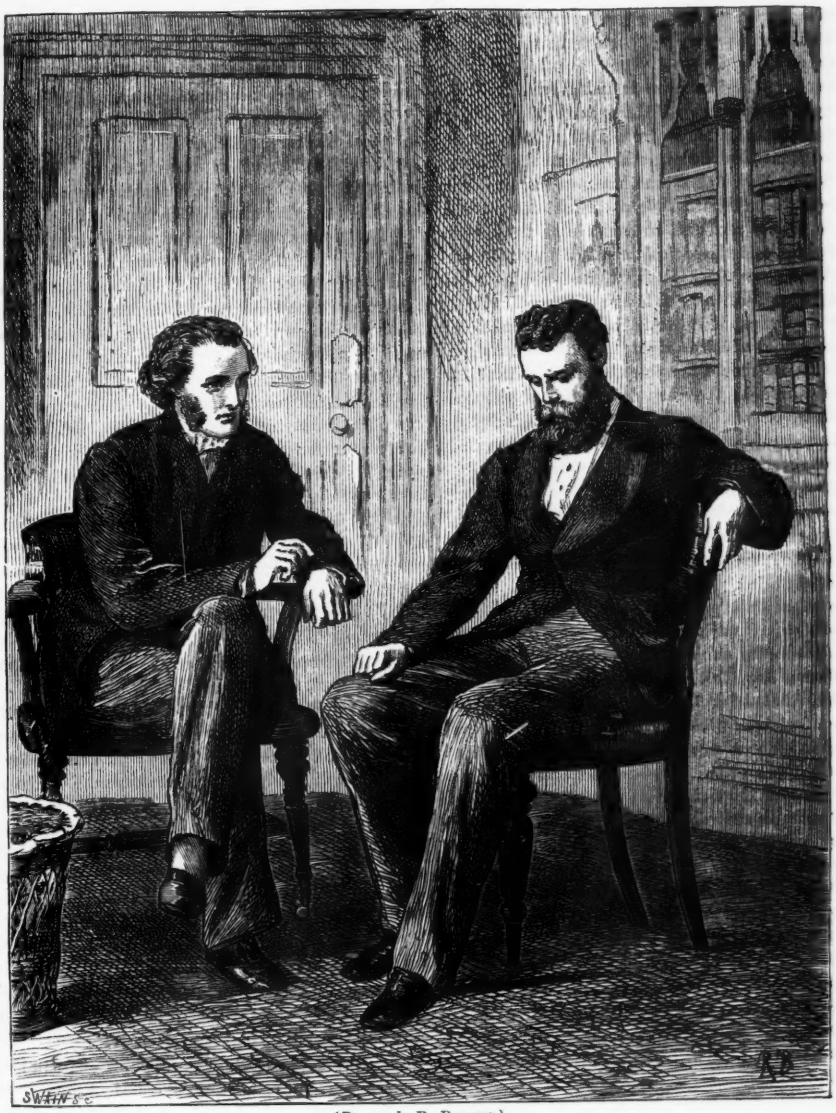
When Humphrey came to this point in his recital, he paused a moment, almost shuddering at the recollection of the tremendous struggle through which he had passed in the brief period, during which he alone knew that the death had taken place, and that the heritage of the Atherstones had fallen from the lifeless hands of his uncle. In that short space of time he had to make up his mind as to his future course. If the convicted forger, the cruel, vicious Malay were to be by him proclaimed as the true heir to Maurice Atherstone's estates, it must be done at once—he could not allow himself to be treated even for a day as the possessor of the property, if he was ever to tell the world that he had no right to it. But was it possible for him to do so under the circumstances? he could not dissociate

Edwards in his own mind from accessories of degradation and infamy, which seemed to make it utterly out of the question that he should ever be placed as the representative of the noble Atherstones in the stately home of their ancient race. Was a mere accident of birth, of which the low, disgraced criminal was himself half unconscious, a sufficient reason for bringing shame upon their house and misery on their people? A thousand specious arguments seemed to show Humphrey in that hour of temptation, that he might let the grave close over a secret so pregnant with evil consequences without dishonour or wrong. There was but one counter-weight to balance all those sophistries, the power of immaculate truth claiming a pure and perfect service from all faithful followers of Christ. In the end Humphrey had succumbed to the most subtle of all temptations, that which suggests a compromise with evil, involving enough of personal sacrifice to make it appear almost a virtue. He decided that he could not, when in reality he *would* not, give up Atherstone and its people to so unworthy a master; but he determined that to his own great loss he would limit the wrong done to the person of the Malay alone. He himself would never marry and bring children of his own into the usurped possession unless Edward's only child died, which would place himself once more in the position of presumptive heir. This being the conclusion to which he came while still he stood alone by the corpse of his uncle, he had set himself from that hour to carry it out with a silent, inflexible resolution, which had baffled all the curiosity of his neighbours, while it effectually roused their suspicions, and in that position he had remained till within the last year. Then had come a change; and when Atherstone arrived at this point in the strange history he was so frankly telling to the man whose face he had never so much as seen a few hours before, he suddenly stopped and shaded his eyes with his hands for a few minutes, while Trafford sat in perfect silence, letting him think out his thoughts, whatever they were, undisturbed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Atherstone felt that he could not name Una Dysart to the clergyman; he was but too uncertain whether he would ever have a right to connect her with his destiny, and his pride and delicacy alike revolted from the idea of revealing to this stranger who it was that had melted away his iron resolution by the power of her sweet love, and given him a glimpse of happiness so exquisite that he had been ready to barter his very soul to win it. He remembered so well, as he sat there letting his thoughts go back over the entanglements of the past, how strange a circumstance it had seemed to him, that she whom he so desired to make his wife, should have been the very person to save the life of the child who was the one obstacle between them; he felt now that the fact ought to have been a warning to him to go no further in the crooked path on which he had entered; but so far from this having been the case, he well knew that it was on that very day he first realised that the love he bore her was becoming too strong for the constancy of his self-sacrifice; he could see now that because he had yielded to the specious temptation in his first struggle by the side of his dead uncle, he had become more and more unable to resist every fresh plunge into falsehood and injustice, and at last it had come to this, that in order to win the woman he loved to himself, he had driven the kinsman whose possessions he was usurping, into a perpetual exile from his country and his home, not only because for the quieting of his uneasy conscience he was determined to be quit of this witness against himself, but because if by any means Edwards made good his claim before he had secured Una as his wife, she would too surely be lost to him for ever. How could he, not only impoverished and defeated, but convicted of an actual fraud, so much as look in her pure face again? No! he would not let her stainless name be mixed up in such a tale as this; but he had to tell Trafford what potent influence it was that had come into his life and lured him down to the depths of moral disgrace, in which he was writhing now, and with an effort which the clergyman's keen penetration fully appreciated, he told him all the truth, omitting only to give him the smallest clue to Una's identity. It was done. Humphrey Atherstone had paid to the uttermost farthing the debt of bitter self-abasement, which the conviction of his own errors had brought upon him, and folding his arms he turned his noble, mournful face to the clergyman, and said with a quiet dignity, "Now, sir, I make you my judge; I have executed justice on myself for the irrevocable past; but I ask you to tell me how I may make the future pure and true in a position so intricate as that in which I find myself. You can see, no doubt clearly enough how every different course I could take seems alike fatal to the interest of others."

"I do," exclaimed Trafford, warmly grasping his hand; "your trial has indeed been keen and subtle, and I can well understand how life now seems to lie before you as a hopeless chaos, where there is not a ray of light to guide your feet; but, Mr. Atherstone, there is but one thing immutable and certain for us men in all the mysteries of the universe, and that is the eternal law of holiness, which nothing can ever really change or obscure, however much the dimness of our moral sense may prevent us from distinguishing it. Truth and Justice are indestructible, for they have their existence in the Being of God, and are an everlasting witness unto Him; therefore when the face of a man is set to do right, it is set towards the Throne of Perfect Purity, and from thence the light streams upon his path, however dark



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"There is but one thing."—*p.* 664.

and fatal, and brightens every step before him as with the shining of the noonday sun."

There was a light on Trafford's own face as he spoke, which seemed caught from the very radiance he was describing, and Atherstone bowed his head and said simply, "I believe you, and I trust you; tell me what course your eyes can perceive for me in this darkness."

"Your mistake has been in this," said Trafford, "that you have been guided in your actions by the results you expected to flow from them, rather than by the fixed principles of right, which alone should have ruled them. Mr. Atherstone, we men have nothing to do with results, we have a distinct moral law, which is just as real and irreversible as the laws of mathematics, and the logical result of accomplishing it must be that which is right, and which is the unchanging will of God, although to our blind eyes it may appear as if it would be utterly evil. We have to do that which is right, no more and no less, and though we should imagine that the results of our doing it would be the very destruction of the universe itself, we yet have to perform it unflinchingly and unreservedly, and leave the consequences to God, in whose eternal righteousness all laws are fixed."

"Following this rule, it is easy to see what my course should have been," said Atherstone.

"It is, undoubtedly; but before we enter on the details of the future, will you tell me, Mr. Atherstone, how far you think your cousin Edward has been or is aware of his true position?"

"I am quite convinced that he has no certain knowledge on the subject, or you may be very sure he would not have left me in possession for a single hour, but that he believed himself to be invested with some claims, whatever might be their nature, is, I think, quite clear; my own impression is, that my uncle must often have dropped hints on the subject as an inducement to his son to conduct himself more in accordance with his future position; probably but for his low marriage, which incensed his father very much, he would have owned him long ago, but I think at least he must have indicated the ebony cabinet as containing papers bearing on his claims, from the anxiety Edward has always shown to examine it."

"What does it really contain?"

"The certificates of the marriage of Maurice Atherstone and Sanna Gulguli, a Malay girl, of the birth and baptism of their son Edward, and a paper signed and sealed by my uncle identifying the person commonly called Edwards the Malay as the son to whom the certificates refer, and whom he therefore stated to be the legitimate heir of Atherstone Abbey."

Humphrey reddened with shame as he spoke, the unworthiness of his own conduct seemed to stand out in such glaring colours while he thus enumerated the clear proofs of the Malay's right, to the just and honourable man before him.

"It is a matter for great thankfulness that your cousin's claim is so perfectly indisputable. It renders your duty for the future quite unmistakable, and it may, in fact, be summed up in one word."

"Restitution—that is your meaning, is it not?"

Trafford bowed his head. "Even so."

"And my people," exclaimed Atherstone, with some agitation, "how will it fare with them, delivered over to the tender mercies of such a man?"

"They are God's people; He will protect them," answered Trafford, quietly.

"And the honour of the name of Atherstone, stained by the crimes of a man who legally should have been even now in a convict prison?"

"Has it not been more dishonoured by injustice?" said Trafford. These words stung Atherstone to the quick, for they implied that he had himself dishonoured it, and he started to his feet, his eyes blazing with passion, but the calm, almost angelic expression on the face of the man before him subdued him like pure cold water poured on a smouldering flame, and passing his hand over his eyes he sat down again, saying, "You are right, Mr. Trafford, full restitution shall be made at any cost;" then, while his chest heaved convulsively, he said, "There is one more of whom I must speak; I believe that if I do this deed it will deprive me finally of her whom I love better than my life, and if it were only the utter wreck of my own happiness that were in question, it might be nothing more than a deserved punishment, but, Mr. Trafford, I believe,"—his voice faltered,—"I believe that she too loves me, she has not hid it from me, and is she to suffer for my sins, poor guileless, trusting child?"

"If she loves you and continues true to you, I trust you will not ultimately be separated; but even if it were so, there could be no real evil to her in that which would be the distinct outcome of the law of right, and therefore the will of God. Atherstone, you know those deathless words, '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*'—let justice be done though the heavens fall; take that as your sovereign law, and follow it wheresoever it may lead you, were it to darkness—were it to death."

Atherstone rose from his seat and held out his hand. "I will, Mr. Trafford, and I thank you."

"You will let me be of use to you in the future if it is in any way possible?" said Trafford, cordially pressing his hand.

"I will gladly come to you again, if you will allow me, when I have thought out the details of my future proceedings; I shall be truly glad of your advice."

So they parted, and heavy-hearted as Atherstone was, he lifted up his head to meet the keen pure morning air with a sense of being restored to himself, which gave him infinite relief after his long course of self-deceit.

(*To be continued.*)

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

X.—WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

YES, and amidst the mystery of suffering and pain,—the beginning of that discipline which commences very early, and continues, for many of us, during a whole lifetime, at such intervals as may be necessary for the consummation which we can only faintly discern when we begin to see that which is invisible to the eyes of flesh and of human understanding, and is revealed only to the higher reason—the essential perception which is called faith.

I want you to come with me to that eastern district of the great city which has for so long a time been associated with accounts of distress, of precarious earnings, homes without food or fire, scanty clothing, dilapidated houses, dire poverty and the diseases that come of cold and starvation. The place that I shall take you to is quite close to the Stepney Station of the North London Railway. The district is known as Ratcliff; the streets down which we shall pass are strangely destitute of any but small shops, where a front "parlour" window contains small stocks of chandlery or of general cheap odds and ends. The doorways of the houses are mostly open, and are occupied by women and children, of so poor and neglected an appearance, that we need no longer wonder at the constant demands made upon the institution which we are about to visit. Just here the neighbourhood seems to have come to a dreary termination at the brink of the river, and to be only kept from slipping into the dark current by two or three big sheds and wharves, belonging to mast, rope, and block makers, or others connected with that shipping interest the yards of which are, many of them, deserted, no longer resounding to the noise of hammers. The black spars and yards of vessels alongside seem almost to project into the roadway as we turn the corner and stand in front of a building, scarcely to be distinguished from its neighbours, except for the plain inscription on its front, "East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women," and for a rather more recent appearance of having had the woodwork painted. But for this there would be little more to attract attention than might be seen in any of the sail-makers' dwellings, stores, and lofts in the district; and, in fact, the place itself is—or rather was—a sail-maker's warehouse, with trap-doors in the rough and foot-worn floors, steep and narrow stairs, bulks and baulks of timber here and there in the heavy ceilings and awkward corners, not easily turned to account in any other business. Some of these inconveniences have been remedied, and the trap-doors as well as the awkwardest of the corners and the bulks have been either removed or adapted to present purposes, for the business is to provide a home and careful nursing for sick children, and the long rooms of the upper storeys are turned into wards, wherein stand rows of Lilliputian iron bedsteads, or tiny cribs, where forty boys and girls, some of them not only babes but sucklings, form the present contingent of the hundred and sixty little ones who have been treated during the year. Not a very desirable-looking residence you will say, but there are a good many inmates after all; and the scrupulous cleanliness of the place, as seen from the very passage, is an earnest of that plan of making the best of things which has always been characteristic of this hospital at Ratcliff Cross. Some eight or nine grown-up folks, and from thirty to forty children, make a bright, cheerful home (apart from the suffering and death which are inseparable from such a place) in that old sail-maker's warehouse, if brightness and cheerfulness are the accompaniments of good and loving work, as I thoroughly believe they are.

It was during the terrible visitation of cholera, nearly ten years ago, that this work of mercy was initiated, and the manner of its foundation has about it something so pathetic that it is fitting the story should be known, especially as the earnest, hopeful effort with which the enterprise began seems to have characterised it to the present day. Among the medical men who went about in the neighbourhood of Poplar and Ratcliff during the epidemic, was Mr. Heckford, a young surgeon, who having recently come from India, was attached to the London Hospital, and who took a constant and active part in the professional duties he had undertaken. In that arduous work, he, as well as others, received valuable and indeed untiring aid from the ready skill and thoughtful care of a few ladies, who, having qualified themselves as nurses, devoted themselves to the labour of love amongst the poor. To one of this charitable sisterhood who had been his frequent helper in the time of difficulty and danger, the young surgeon became attracted by the force of a sympathy that continued after the plague was stayed in the district to which they had given so much care, and they had time to think of themselves and of each other. They went away together a quietly married couple; both having one special aim and object in relation to the beneficent career upon which they had entered in company. Knowing from hardly-earned experience what was the dire need of the district, they at once began to consider what they could do

to alleviate the sufferings of the women and children, so many of whom were sick and languishing, in hunger and pain, amidst conditions which forbade their recovery. If only they could make a beginning, and do something towards arresting the ravages of those diseases that wait on famine and lurk in foul and fœtid alleys;—if they could establish a dispensary where women—mothers too poor to pay a doctor—could have medicine and careful encouragement; if they could find a place where, beginning with a small family of say half a dozen, they might take a tiny group of infants to their home, and so set up a centre of beneficent action, a protest against the neglect, the indifference, and the preventible misery for which that whole neighbourhood had so long had an evil distinction.

The question was, how to make a beginning: but the young doctor and his wife had been so accustomed to the work of taking help to the very doors of those who needed it, that all they wanted was to find a place in the midst of that down-east district where they could themselves live and work. Out of their own means they bought the only available premises for their purpose—a rough, dilapidated, but substantial, and above all, a ventilable sail-loft with its adjacent house and storerooms, and there they quietly established themselves as residents, with ten little beds, holding ten poor little patients supported by themselves, and in the hope that voluntary aid from some of the benevolent persons who knew what was the sore need of the neighbourhood, would enable them in time to add twenty or thirty more, when the big upper storeys should be cleansed and mended and made into wards. That hope was not long in being realised, and on the 28th of January, 1868, after a determined effort to maintain the institution and to devote themselves to its service, a regular committee was formed and commenced its undertakings, the founders still remaining and working with unselfish zeal. From twenty to thirty little ones were received from out that teeming district, where a large hospital with ten times the number of beds would not be adequate to the needs of the infant population, the mothers of which have to work to earn the scanty living which in many cases alone keeps them from absolute starvation. The struggle to maintain even the wards in the old sail-lofts was all the harder, from the knowledge that in at least half the number of cases where admission was necessarily refused, from want of space and want of funds, the little applicants were sent away to die, or to become helpless invalids or confirmed cripples, not less from the effects of destitution—the want of food and clothing—than from the nature of the diseases from which they were suffering.

How the young doctor and his wife dwelt there, and with cultivated tastes and accomplishments submitted to all the inconveniences of a small room or two, from which they were almost ousted by the increasing need for space: how with a bright and cheerful alacrity they adapted those very tastes and accomplishments to supplement professional skill and tender assiduous care: how the lady—herself in such delicate health that her husband feared for her life, and friends anxiously advised her to seek rest and change—used books and music to cheer the noble work, and always had a picture on her easel, with which to hide the awkward bulges and projections, or to decorate the bare walls and brighten them with light and colour.

It was at Christmas-tide five years ago that I first visited the hospital, and there were then very pleasant evidences of the season to be discovered in all kinds of festive ornament in the long wards, and especially in the smaller rooms, where this loving woman had attracted other loving women around her, as nurses to the suffering little ones; and was there and then engaged in the superintendence of a glorious Christmas-tree. But the time came when the hoped-for support having arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Heckford felt that they could leave the family of forty children to the care of those who had taken up the work with heartfelt sympathy. They had laboured worthily and well, but, alas!—the reward came late—late at least for him, who had been anxious to take his wife away to some warmer climate, in an endeavour to restore the strength that had been spent in the long effort to rear a permanent refuge for sick children in that dense neighbourhood. It was he who stood nearest to shadow-land,—he who was soonest to enter into the light and the rest that lay beyond. Mr. Heckford died, I believe, at Margate, after a short period of leisure and travel, which his wife shared with him. His picture, presented by her to the charity which they both founded, is to be seen in the boys' ward. Another portrait of him—a portrait in words written by the late Mr. Charles Dickens, who visited and pathetically described the children and their hospital in December, 1868, conveys the real likeness of the man.

"An affecting play was acted in Paris years ago, called the Children's Doctor. As I parted from my Children's Doctor now in question, I saw in his easy black necktie, in his loose-buttoned black frock-coat, in his pensive face, in the flow of his dark hair, in his eyelashes, in the very turn of his moustache, the exact realisation of the Paris artist's ideal as it was presented on the stage. But no romancer that I know of has had the boldness to prefigure the life and home of this young husband and wife, in the Children's Hospital in the East of London."

What the hospital was then it has remained—but with such improvements as increased funds and a more complete organisation have effected. It is still the ark of refuge for those little ones who, smitten with sudden disease, or slowly fading before the baleful breath of famine or of fever, or ebbing slowly away from life by the fatal influences that sap the constitutions of the young in such neighbourhoods, are taken in that they may be brought back to life, or at worst may be lovingly tended, that the last messenger may be made to bear a smile. But the hope for the future of this most admirable institution has grown to fill a larger space. It is indeed essential to any really permanent effort in such a district that it should be increased, and the founders looked forward with earnest anticipations of the time when, gathering help from without, they could enter upon a larger building, if any such could be found. None has been found which would be anything like adequate to the needs of such a teeming population, for the area embracing Poplar, Mile End, Whitechapel, St. George's, Limehouse, Ratcliff, Shadwell, and Wapping numbers some 400,000 inhabitants, and strangely enough—as it will seem to those who have not yet learnt the true characteristics of the really deserving poor—many of the distressed people about that quarter will conceal their poverty, and strive as long as they are able—so that when at last they go to ask for aid the case may be almost hopeless, and the delay in obtaining admission may be fatal. There are already so many more applicants than can be received that it may be imagined what must be the vast amount of alleviable suffering awaiting the opportunity of wider means and a larger building. It would be easy to shock the reader by detailing many of the more distressing diseases from which the poor little patients suffer, but on visiting the wards you are less shocked than saddened, while the evident rest and care which are helping to restore and to soothe the sufferers ease you of the greater pain by the hope that they inspire.

It is Sunday noon as we stand here in the dull street, where, but for the sudden opening of a frowsy tavern and the appearance of two or three thirsty but civil customers, who are not only ready but eager to show you the way to the "Childun's 'orsepital," there would be little to distinguish it from a thoroughfare of tenantless houses. Ratcliff is at its dinner at present, but we shall as we go back see the male residents leaning against the doorposts smoking, and the women and children sitting at the doors, as at a private box at the theatre, discussing the sordid events of the streets and the small chronicles of their poor daily lives.

But we must leave the cleanly-scrubbed waiting-room and its adjoining large cupboard which does duty as dispenser's room. It is dinner-time here too, or rather it has been, and there are evidences of some very jolly feasting, considering that, after all, the banqueters are mostly in bed and on sick diet, which in many cases means milk, meat, eggs, and as much nourishment as they can safely take. Indeed, food is medicine to those who are turning the corner towards convalescence—food and air—of which latter commodity there is a very excellent supply, considering the kind of neighbourhood we are in. Here and there we see a little wan, pinched, wasted face lying on the pillow; a listless, transparent hand upon the counterpane—which are sad tokens that the tiny sufferers are nearing the eternal fold beyond the shadowy threshold where all is dark to us, who note how every breath bespeaks a feebler hold on the world of which they have learnt so little in their tiny lives. There are others who are sitting up with picture-books, or waiting to have their abscesses dressed, and arms bandaged, or eyes laved with cooling lotion. Hip-disease and diseases of the joints are evidence of the causes that bring so many of the little patients here, and there are severe cases of consumption and of affections of the lungs and of the glands; but as the little fellows wake up from a short nap, or catch the eye of the "lady nurse"—a lively and thoroughly practical Irishwoman, who evidently knows how to manage, and has come here, after special training, for the love of doing good—they show a beaming recognition which is very pleasant to witness. With all the nurses it is the same. They are young women who, receiving small pay, have come to devote themselves to the work for Christ's sake and the Gospel's—that is to say, for the love of humanity and of the good tidings of great joy that announce the love of Him who gave Himself for us.

In the girls' ward there is the same freshness and cleanliness of the place and all its belongings, the same wonderful patience and courageous endurance on the part of the baby inmates, which has been my wonder ever since we went in. Here is a mite of a girl sitting up in bed, holding a moist pad to her eye, her poor little head being all bandaged. She never utters a sound, but the little round face is set with a determined endurance. "What is she sitting up for?" She is "waiting to see muvver." Another little creature, who is suffering from abscesses in the neck, submits to have the painful place poulticed only on the condition that she shall decide, by keeping her hand upon the warm linseed-meal, when it is cool enough to put on. These are scarcely pleasant details, and there are sights here which are very, very sad, and make us shrink,—but I honestly declare that they are redeemed from being repulsive because of the evidence of love that is to be wit-

nessed,—the awakening of the tender sympathies and sweet responses of the child-like heart. But for its being Sunday—which involves another reason to be mentioned presently—the beds would be strewed with toys and picture-books, while a rocking-horse, which is a part of the hospital property, and a fit kind of steed to draw the "hospital-carriage," which is represented by a perambulator—would probably be saddled and taken out of the stable on the landing. On the topmost storey we come to the real infants, the little babies, one of whom is even now in the midst of his dinner, which he takes from a feeding-bottle, by the aid of an india-rubber tube conveniently traversing his pillow.

Everywhere there are evidences of the care with which the work is carried on, and as we descend to the waiting-room again we have fresh proofs of the benefits that are being effected in the great district, by the provision made for the little creatures, many of whom would otherwise be left to linger in pain and want. For the waiting-room is filled—filled with mothers and elder sisters and little brothers, tearfully eager and anxious for the weekly visit to the fifty children up-stairs. Here is the secret of the brave little patient faces in the beds and cots above. It is infinitely touching to think how the prospect of "seeing muvver" sustains that chubby little sufferer,—how the expected visit nerves the stronger ones to endurance, and sends a fresh throb of life through those who are still too weak to do more than faintly smile and hold out a thin pale hand.

If Mr. Ashby Warner, the Secretary at this Hospital for Sick Children at Ratcliff Cross, could but send some responsive thrill into the hearts of those who, having no children of their own, yet love Christ's little ones all over the world,—or could bring home to the fond fathers and mothers of strong and chubby babes the conviction that to help in this good work is a fitting recognition of their own mercies; nay, if even to sorrowing souls who have been bereaved of their dear ones, and who yet believe that their angels and the angels of these children also do constantly behold the face of the Father which is in heaven, there would come a keen recognition of the blessedness of doing something for the little ones, as unto Him who declares them to be of His kingdom—there would soon be no lack of funds to finish building that great new hospital at Shadwell, which is to take within its walls and great airy wards so many more little patients, to help and comfort by advice and medicine so many more suffering mothers and sisters than could be received in the old sail-loft and its lower warehouse at Ratcliff Cross. For the hope of the founders and their successors has at last being realised—a larger building than they had at first dared to expect is to be erected on ground which has been purchased, still within the district where the need is greatest—and when the time comes that the last touch of carpenter and mason shall have been given to the new home, and the picture of Mr. Heckford shall be hung upon another wall, there may well be a holiday "down east"—as a day of thanksgiving and of gratitude, to those who may yet help in the work by giving of their abundance.

PATIENCE.

THE STORY OF A BLIND BOY. IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"WELL, I must say it's more than I can see to the end on; it beats me, it does. What's the use of your living on, fit for nothink—allus a sufferin' chap, not able to earn a honest penny, and them two as made their own livin' and a summat beside, taken?"

"God's ways are not as our ways, father, and He knows how gladly I'd be where they are, and no trouble to nobody."

"What do you mean by talking about God?" retorted the elder, with a fearful frown, "when you know I can't abide it? I don't believe there is one myself, things here are managed so awfu' bad."

"Oh, father!—dear father, don't ee speak like that. We can't tell what's for the best. We don't know now; we shall some day."

"None o' your confounded preaching to me, lad, because I won't stand it—I won't! I didn't come home to find you turned parson, but to see my bonny Madge and sweet little Jess again; and they—they're both dead—took away from me, and only you here in this miserable place, and you stone blind, and fit for nothink."

"And if he is stone blind, master," said a brisk cheery voice, "it's all the worser for him, rayther than you, and sight's a mercy you'd need to be thankful for yourself."

"Thankful!" muttered the man; "it isn't much thanks as'll be got out of me," and knocking the ashes out of his pipe he rose from the unmade bed on which he had been lying, to lounge in the doorway, as he added, in a louder key, "thankful! you say, mother! it's little, indeed, I've to be thankful for, either to man or to God—if there is one!"

"Whist! neighbour, whist! worse luck may come to you if you talk like that."

"Things couldn't be worse with me, I lay, than they be now;" and slouching his sailor's cap over his eyes, the elder speaker, with his relit pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, moved lazily into the narrow street, and passed slowly out of sight.

"Cheer up, Robert, lad, and don't mind father's hard words; he don't mean half he say, and sailor folk have roughish ways sometimes;" and herewith Robert's friend and neighbour, Mrs. Barber, began to tidy up the room, sorely needing womanly care, being, however, actively helped by blind Robert in her sweeping and cleaning.

"And now that all's neat again, I'll sort your beads for you, lad, for another basket is wanted up there at the big house. My Sally brought word this mornin' as she took the butter to market."

The boy's face lighted up with a bright smile as he exclaimed, "How good you are to me, Mrs. Barber! I wish I knew how to thank you."

"Don't waste your breath in thanks to me, child, I loved your mother, that I did, if ever I loved woman—loved her when we was both little, you know, and went to Sunday-school over the fields together. Ah! that was a pretty place to live in—our little village; and then your Jess would ha' been my daughter by this time if she'd lived, so what little I du for you, Robert lad, you're as welcome tu as I can say."

The blind boy was soon busily at work over his bead basket-work, of which as yet his father knew nothing. The poor lad durst not let him have the earnings he was saving up against a "a rainy day," for he knew that all the sailor had brought home was finding its way rapidly into the numerous public-houses, which—unfortunately for him and many others—flourished in that neighbourhood. So whenever alone, and that was pretty often, Robert worked steadily at his little trade, which was becoming more profitable than he had dared to hope, and Mrs. Barber took care of his "profits" and bought his materials for him.

Robert's mother, Margaret Blake, had been a dress-maker with a very fair business, and his sister, apprenticed to a milliner, had what was considered a good start in life, and it must be owned that when father was not ashore, matters had usually gone smoothly enough, and the blind boy had had a very happy home when the loving mother and sister were there to cheer and nurse him. He did not want pity, but he did need love, and that from the father, who was anything but a credit to the British merchant service, he had never had.

There are two classes of sailors—one, rough in speech, but noble, manly at heart, and "tender as a woman" to the feeble and the young. Jim Blake was not of this type, he belonged to the coarser species, bold and reckless rather than courageous; a braggart, if not exactly a coward; fond of low pleasures and low associates, and sadly addicted to that one failing which lowers the most refined to the level of the brute, and makes the brutish man more brutal. His associates had been too often even worse men than himself, and under their influence his nature had sunk lower and lower with every voyage, so that the love which poor Margaret had once cherished for her handsome sailor-lad had gradually given place to a feeling of pity more akin to contempt than anything else. Whilst away from her, she would pray that he might be preserved to come home to her once more, clinging ever to the hope that he might return less hardened, less repulsive, less godless than on his last home-coming, but when he had been back again for a few days, she found herself unwittingly looking forward to the time of his next voyage; his presence effectually dispelled the picture of her girlhood's lover, upon which during his absence she liked to dwell, and her love for the blind boy often rendered her doubly thankful when he could be no longer exposed to the jeers and taunts directed against him, and that dreadful coarseness of language which so sorely tried her gentle, refined nature, and grated as harshly upon poor Robert's ears. It was now two months since Blake had returned to find both wife and daughter recently dead from fever, and the lad Robert, thirteen years of age, the solitary inmate of the now dreary house at Portsea. Lodgers there had not been since the fever, the landlord not having been willing to go to the necessary expense for making the rooms habitable, and father's ship being due soon Robert could not be persuaded to leave the one room he had occupied since his mother's death, and for the rent of which her savings had hitherto paid. Her business had been carried on in other premises, more fashionably situated, and where she had no fear of her husband's presence interfering at any time with her interviews with customers; but the lonely boy had many friends to look after him when mother was at work, and now too that she was at rest from all sorrow. He was a patient, gentle boy, very intelligent and painfully anxious to learn anything and everything that could be gained by the books which Jessie or others read to him. But as yet he had had small chance of learning anything by which he could ever hope to make a living. That was the one great desire he cherished, the subject of ceaseless prayer night and day, to be able to work for himself, and not be a burthen to any one if obliged to live on—instead of going to heaven with mother and Jessie. And the boy had a feeling that in some way, how he knew not, his prayer would be answered, and this trust in his heavenly Father as a hearer of prayer—even such prayers as his—was the secret of much of the patience and gentleness with which he bore up under the heavy trials, which he

felt more keenly than any one knew save the God who sent them.

His first attempt at using his fingers at all had been make with Jessie's help. She had bought him some beads and wire at the suggestion of a fellow-apprentice, who lent her a pattern basket which had been made at a blind-school in London, and had guided his fingers till they became accustomed to threading the beads and distinguishing the round from the squarer shaped. She had taught him as an amusement, and proud enough they both were when the first basket—their joint labour—was completed, still prouder when, after much perseverance by himself, he had accomplished one without her assistance. No thought of a sale for such work had entered into the head of either pupil or teacher, till a lady from the "big house," as Mrs. Barber called the residence of a Portsmouth naval officer, when visiting the two sufferers in their last illness, had purchased one and ordered another for a friend, since which unlooked-for piece of good fortune Robert's idea of "keepin' hisself" some day had taken more tangible shape. The fever had not touched him, and, thanks to the efforts of the lady from the big house and the kindness of neighbours to the poor boy, he had been taken out of the polluted atmosphere, whilst the one room he was permitted to live on in underwent a thorough cleansing and whitewashing, so that till father came home it had not presented that comfortless, untidy appearance now habitual to it if he were present. There was more furniture, too, than now, for Robert noticed that many things which mother had loved, and had procured to adorn and add to the comfort of their home, had vanished from their accustomed places. Father spoke of things being out of repair, mother's favourite chair and her work-table amongst them, but Bobby did not quite believe that. If they were only sent to be mended, why were they invariably taken away when he was out with Phil Barber, or some other kind neighbour; and why, too, did they never come back again?

Father might think that because he could not see he would not miss things, but he did though, and knew exactly where they had always been kept, and how mother's table stood on one side of the door with a glass of flowers, a workbox, and a Bible on it, and dear Jessie's little table, Phil Barber's gift and his own workmanship, stood in a niche nearer the fire and close by the low cane chair in which she used to sit working, with Bob at her feet, listening to the pretty hymns and songs she could sing. How often had Phil stopped by the open window to listen too, before interrupting her with his pleasant chat of what was to be in the future—that future which never came to pretty Jessie as Phil's wife. Ah! home was a different place to the poor blind boy now.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

284. Show that the Passover was not the only ordinance by which the children of Israel commemorated their deliverance from Egypt.

285. Give *three* examples of the word "Christ" being used to denote the *doctrine* of Christ.

286. What is the number of miracles recorded respectively by St. Mark and by St. Luke?

287. What remarkable differences are observable in the miracles of restoring dead persons to life as performed by Elijah and Elisha and our Lord?

288. "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows," said the Psalmist of the Saviour. Which one of the New Testament writers quotes these words?

289. On what occasion was St. Paul for the *second* time favoured with a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ?

290. Enumerate a few instances when the Evangelists tell us that the persons addressed by the Saviour "understood not that saying."

291. Quote the exact words of that verse in which the prophet Isaiah uses the words "the *name* of the Lord," when announcing the doom of the Assyrian army under Sennacherib."

292. Mention the names of a few individuals whose violent deaths may be regarded as the consequence of their covetousness.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

269. With prayer. See John xvi. 23, 24.

270. No; the only fast in the *year* was that of the Day of Atonement (Lev. xvi. 29, 30; Numb. xxix. 7).

271. "What *sign* showest Thou?" (John ii. 18.)

272. Zech. ix. 9. See Matt. xxi. 1—5.

273. Jeremiah (xi. 4).

274. Caleb made the offer, and his nephew Othniel captured the place. See Josh. xv. 16, 17.

275. Moses (Deut. xii. 5). See 1 Kings xiv. 21; 2 Chron. xii. 13.

276. To St. Matthew (viii. 26). See Mark iv. 35—41; Luke viii. 22—25.



(*Drawn by* M. FITZGERALD.)

THE VIEW BY THE TREES.

FROM up on the hill I see, out through
The gap in the widely broken rank
Of elm-trees along the hillside bank,
The meadows and slopes, to hills of blue:
And roads where, from time to time, all day,
The people come on, and pass away.

There low-headed horses slowly haul
The newly-made hay, uploaded high,
To ride on the wagon, rustling dry,
To rick up beside the brown-roof'd stall:
And still, as a load is on its track,
An emptied wagon rattles back.

And down at the bridge the children look
Out over the stone-built wall to see
The angler, below the willow-tree,
Outfling on the stream his baited hook:
The while, from an arm-load bent awry,
The home-going maiden passes by.

And there, as beneath the sinking sun,
The cows, at the boy's loud cry, "How! how!"
Go home to the pail; some ling'ring cow
Before the loud dog begins to run;
While horsemen along the road may go,
And each in his business, quick or slow.

There passes the girl to choose in shops
In town a new dress with dainty taste;
And there the sad mother steps with haste
Back home with the precious medicine drops;
Still sobbing a prayer that they may save
Her dear little child from, oh, the grave!

W. Barnes, M.A.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW MAGGIE'S PICTURE WENT TO THE ACADEMY.

"I WOULD give all the world if I could only pay him!" thought Maggie. "I cannot bear the idea of his going away, and my father in his debt. I do not care about his going for any other reason, I have conquered that now," she said with a sigh, "but I feel as if I *must* get the hundred pounds, if I die for it." There was not the slightest chance of her getting it, though. Even the trifling difference made by the visits of Charley taxed her slender resources. Hetty too, declaring that she would not be mixed up in the quarrel, had stormed the garrison, as she called it—*i.e.*, come and pleaded her own cause with her uncle—and she too made poor Maggie's load harder to bear. Still she would not complain, but worked bravely on, and Hetty sometimes took care of the old man while she, Maggie, was busy teaching.

She wondered sometimes what would become of them if she fell ill; she supposed their friends would keep them out of the workhouse, but then the idea of existing on the charity of friends was terrible. She did not feel very strong either, and she felt, too, as if she had drained all the happiness out of her life, and that when the old man had gone there would be little left for her to do but to wait till dying-time came. Surely it was a little hard, she thought now and then; things had happened so differently from what both she and her father had expected; and then she thought of a passage in a book Stephen Bowden had lent her a year ago, describing the career of an individual man, how in old age "the realities of life undeceive him at last, and there steals over the evening of his days an unwelcome conviction of the vanity of human hopes. The things he has secured are not the things he has expected; he sees that a Supreme Power has been using him for unknown ends." She stopped. "Oh, how wicked I am!" she cried. "God knows best; and He sees our lives as a whole, and shapes them for us and directs our steps, and if the roads are rugged, they will lead to some wise end at last." And then she thought of the words which had comforted her so often lately, and nerved herself for the daily fight again. "If my daddy would only get strong," she said to Miss Charlotte, "and pupils would only flock in faster, it would be all right," and there was a touch of the old happiness in her voice, coming as a flash of sunshine before a storm. "Only, oh dear Miss Charlotte, he fails so, and he sits dozing over the fire all day, or reading his Bible; and it is so dreadful, Miss Charlotte he seems to read it sadly, as if against his will he is making ready to die!"

"Ah, dear," Miss Charlotte answered, "the best preparation for death is to try and live one's life well; the rest we can leave to God's mercy," and Margaret, pondering over those words, learnt to weave her religion into her daily life, until it became a part of it; learnt, too, to understand how God's love can be made a refuge and source of comfort while we live, and not merely a plea for mercy when we die.

That evening the picture came home from the framer's, and Maggie put a card with her own name and that of the picture on the back, and then proceeded to write the usual note to the secretary of the Academy.

"I had better put a price on it," she said to Charley, "because I am not quite sure whether it will be allowed to go in, even if it passes the committee, unless I do. I shall say 'price one hundred pounds,' that will prevent its being sold," and she thought it was just the sum her father owed to Stephen. "There, now it is ready. Of course it will

be sent back again; but I shall feel that I have treated my father's portrait with more respect in letting it try its fortune."

"They will be a lot of muffs if they don't take it," Charley said, with his usual characteristic want of respect. "If it comes back, Maggie, I shall say that the fact is they were all jealous."

"Charley!" she laughed.

But Hetty backed him up with, "So shall I, Maggie; and I won't go near the Academy all the summer if they do not accept it, and hang it near the line too."

Two days later, and the sending-in days had come. There was no little eager crowd to visit poor Maggie's studio while doing a "round," but Charley said it would be better not to send it till the last day, "because," he explained, "it will look as if a critical populace *had* been to inspect it." Then, at three o'clock on the Tuesday, when Maggie had an hour free from the routine of teaching, and the old man seemed well enough to be left alone, Charley and Hetty came in high glee, and a cab was fetched, and the picture put tenderly on the back seat, and all three crowded on to the opposite one, and commenced a triumphal journey to Trafalgar Square. The tears came into poor Maggie's eyes, for she thought how a year ago she had planned "Troilus and Cresseide," that picture which now would never be painted, and of how she had longed to be famous just to make one man proud of her, to whom now her fame would be nothing.

"Maggie, you are not to mope," Charley exclaimed. "The rising artist of the day should never mope, should she, Hetty, you little duck?"

"No, of course not," Hetty answered, stoutly; "but you must'nt call me a 'little duck' before any one; it isn't proper."

"I shall call you what I like before Maggie. She isn't jealous—are you, Maggie? and, besides, one doesn't go down to the Academy three on one side of a cab with the picture of the year on the back seat very often in one's life. Maggie, how do you feel—exalted?"

"No," she laughed, "not at all."

"Oh, Charley, how can you be such a stupid!" laughed Hetty, with the dimples flickering all over her face; but before he could reply the cab pulled up in front of the steps leading to the door at which artists used to deposit their contributions. Hetty stayed in the cab, while Charley manfully shouldered the picture, and Maggie restlessly followed, looking at the many fellow-artists she passed and re-passed, all brought hither on a like errand. She had never realised what "sending-in day" was before, she thought, as she tried to get a peep at what was contained within some of the four sides of the bright gilt frames; and her heart sank, for she recognised so many faces of well-known painters, and there seemed to be an endless number of pictures going in, surely there would be no room for hers! And yet she had had a latent hope of its being accepted, and a wild idea that if any one, thinking that the face of the dear old man was rather a grand face, should take a fancy to it and buy it, in spite of the fancy price she had put upon it (for she never supposed it would be bought through any merit of hers), why, she could pay Stephen Bowden the debt which it grated so sorely on her pride to remember. They reached the top of the steps—Maggie and Charley—gave in the picture to the porter, with the note to the secretary, then went back to Hetty, and drove home. And so Maggie's first picture went to try its fortune.

"Maggie," said Hetty, a few days later, "Herbert said the other day he should so like to see you again. Do you think uncle would shake hands with him if he came?"

"He shall!" Maggie exclaimed, with the first really happy smile she had worn for a long time. "I will make him. I am so glad that Herbert wishes to come."

"He was engaged to Rose Morton this winter, but it is broken off: you know that?"

"Did he care much for her?" asked Maggie, carelessly.

"No, I think not," Hetty answered, with a graver face than she usually wore. There was greater depth in the little dimpled girl than most people imagined. "Herbert never cares for any one very much. I wish he did, for I always think there is something missed in his life."

"So there is," said Maggie, "a great happiness missed, which is worth having, though paid for by any amount of sorrow;" and she thought, "I do not think Herbert could care much for any one; he is too much taken up with his own life. He likes many people in a lukewarm way, and pretty well, but he seldom individualises them. He considers that to those who are related to him he owes a certain amount of attention, and he pays it, not for affection's sake, but for duty's sake, just as he would pay any other debt. He understands feeling, and admires it to a certain extent, just as he would admire a book he could not write; but he only plays the part of a spectator. He has admiration and reverence for those who are far above him, from an intellectual point of view, but no affection for those around him."

"He is very like Stephen Bowden," Hetty said.

"Yes," she answered, absently, "as much as the dim shadow is like the substance. Herbert might have been vastly different. Oh dear," she sighed, "how many 'might have beens' there are in all our lives—in all our natures!" Nevertheless she liked Herbert in a negative sort of manner, partly for the many good qualities that really existed in him, and which she gladly recognised, and she was only too glad to try once more and end the quarrel. The old man looked up almost gladly at her request, though he had refused it many times before.

"Yes, I should like to see him," he said. "We will never quarrel any more, dear." And so Herbert came, and was very agreeable to his uncle, and a little offhand to Maggie, yet civil withal. He rather liked Maggie, but thought there was not very much in her, in spite of her knack of drawing. Still he considered she was entitled to some respect, for the manner in which she kept her father now, and stoutly refused all help, and he always gave people their due.

"So you have a picture at the Academy, Maggie," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it is there waiting to be rejected."

"Well, I don't suppose it has much chance," he said, and Maggie's heart echoed the supposition. She made a secret journey down to Trafalgar Square the next day, and inquired almost tremblingly if anything was known about it. It wanted a fortnight yet to the first Monday in May, and it seemed so long to wait. Nothing was known, but a list of doubtful and rejected pictures was referred to, and her name was not among them, and she went away with a hope she did not dare express.

"Maggie, does not your birthday come round next week?" asked Charley.

"Yes; why?"

"Nothing, only aunt said she thought it was on Wednesday. She has some trinkets she has been keeping for you when you came of age, only I suppose I ought not to have let it out—that's all."

(To be continued.)

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE FEET OF JESUS," ETC., ETC.

I.—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

"EVERY man for himself" is the world's motto, and its practice too; "No man for himself alone" is the Christian's motto—blessed indeed would it be for the world and for themselves, if this were carried out fully in practice also. The truth, however, is in nowise affected by the imperfection of those by whom it should be carried out; it retains its own majesty and beauty in spite of its evil surroundings, just as the sun retains his splendour in the heavens though the earth is shrouded with fog which intercepts his beams.

So then, although Christians so poorly set forth this truth that there is but little of it seen in the world at all, we must believe in the truth itself, "No man for himself alone," and that this is one of the great laws of the Divine life.

Now, this is not a flesh-and-blood truth. Flesh-and-blood have their own way—or we may say, its own way—of guiding its life. "Every man for himself," says Flesh-and-blood; or, if you like to have the same idea in a handy form, "Take care of No. 1." "This will carry you through the world," says Flesh-and-blood, "this will make you happy, this will keep you out of no end of trouble; if you take this maxim as your guide in life you will have all you get for yourself. You won't have other people's troubles to bother you, and you will be saved no end of worry and loss. You can be like the hedgehog, with all the soft wool inside for yourself, and with all the prickles for the world outside; and when you roll yourself into a ball, few people will care so much as to give you a kick, and even if they do, it will do you no harm. If you have a good warm fire yourself, you need not trouble if others are cold; and if you have a good coat and a good dinner, why should naked or hungry people trouble you? if you are all right, why, let them get all right too, as best they can." "And I'll tell you," says Flesh-and-blood, "another good result of following my maxim. You can go ahead, and no mistake. 'Every man for himself' means to push, and squeeze, and screw, and elbow, and kick, and jostle, and pinch, and run amuck against every one in your way, and make every one stoop down, and you go leapfrog over them; no matter who is left sprawling on the ground, so that you come in first. There is no knowing what you may lose if you are troubled with scruples. Go ahead at any price. Every man for himself, and No. 1 will be sure to win the day. You may blow the whistle if you like, for if people will get out of the way, nothing is to be got by cutting them in two; but if they won't, then so much the worse for them; you turn on the steam and go ahead; if people will be cut in two or mashed up in feelings, or pocket, or comfort, or anything else, it is no affair of yours, 'tis all their own fault for not doing as you do—looking after No. 1."

It seems rather a ticklish thing to meddle with either of the folk who represent these worldly and selfish principles. How shall one handle the hedgehog, or how escape being run over by the man running amuck?

I cannot do better than meet such people on somewhat of common ground. They say they believe the Bible, and I believe it too; so we shall just see what that old Book says about such things.

It is somewhat unfortunate for you, my hedgehog friend, that amongst many ugly photographs which I find there, I have come upon you, taken to the very life. There are many beautiful faces

and forms there, but there are many ugly ones too, and, really, after looking at them all, I doubt whether you are not one of the ugliest of the lot.

There is a full-length of you in Luke xii. 19. You were thought worthy of being taken from top to toe. If that is any comfort to you, you are welcome to it, for I don't see much for you anywhere else about. I can see in your face all about you. You have had a wonderful harvest; you were rich before, but are much richer now; you are actually puzzled to know what to do with your goods; and now you are quite happy; you have solved the riddle, you will keep everything for yourself, you will be a hedgehog with plenty of fur; but though you are for yourself, God is not for you. So far from it, He is against you; and if only we had a likeness of you after He said those words, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" I think we should scarce look at it for the horrid contortions of the face, its woe, and agony, and despair, and rage, and helpless hopeless misery. After looking on such a picture, which of us would commit such an outrage upon truth as to write under it, "He took good care of No. 1?"

It would be quite impossible for any one volume to contain portraits of all the members of this unhappy family; but the Bible has several most useful specimens of them.

Amongst those far back we find one in 1 Sam. xxv. This man was very great, so far as worldly goods were concerned; he had plenty of sheep and goats, and better than all the sheep and goats put together, he had a first-rate wife, a woman of good understanding and of a beautiful countenance. With him No. 1 was everything. I dare say he did not care the least for "the woman with good understanding and a beautiful countenance," compared with himself. Well, he came to grief in what I might almost call a ridiculous way. His wife gave away—or as he would put it, he lost—two hundred loaves, and two bottles of wine, and five sheep, and five measures of parched corn, and a hundred clusters of raisins, and two hundred cakes of figs. To put it at the very outside, and make the best case we can for him, £50 would have covered the whole; and when he heard of this, as he thought tremendous loss, his heart died within him, and he became as a stone, and ten days afterwards he died.

The Scriptures give us an account of another also who came to grief by this principle of "Every man for himself," and "take care of No. 1." In this instance the foolish man was an erring child of God. You will find about him in Gen. xiii.

Lot went with Abram, and had flocks, and herds, and tents, and was so rich that the land was not able to bear Abram and him. Abram gave Lot the choice of the country which lay before them, and he, thinking only of No. 1, never caring for the interests of Abram at all, chose all the plain of Jordan, which was well watered everywhere. He got amid bad company in Sodom and Gomorrah, even though he vexed his soul with their unrighteous deeds, and the end of that matter was that he escaped with just the clothes upon his back, and even that, was of the great patience and mercy of God. When God's people *will* act on worldly principles and go in the world's ways, they must expect to take the consequences. They cannot escape because they are the Lord's. On the other hand that is all the more reason why they should be chastened, and find out that the transgression of God's commands can bring with it nothing but sorrow. Many of the Lord's people have experienced this. Jacob, and Eli, and David, and others, indulged "self" in one form and another, and they all came to grief thereby.

Sometimes we have to answer a fool according to his folly, and take a man upon his own low ground in argument, and show him that even upon his own principles he is wrong. Perhaps we can do no better now than act on this plan with regard to our friend who thinks he is so well able to take care of himself.

And first of all, don't think, my friend, that you and I have not some common standing ground. We have. I am just as fond of "No. 1" as you are. I take the greatest interest in him. I assure you I would go a good bit out of my way to serve him. I wouldn't hurt him on any account whatever. I am always thinking of his true interests, and trying to help him up when he is going up, and to pick him up when he tumbles down. So we have at any rate enough in common to make us have a talk together, and even that is something towards understanding one another.

And what is more, I take a very strong religious view of this matter, and believe that God intended every man to take great care of all the real interests of No. 1; and that No. 2, and 3, and 4, and 40, and 400, and 4,000, must come only in due course after this No. 1.

But the point on which you and I will probably join issue is the word *real*. What is a real interest? what is our real self? what is No. 1 at all? I dare say you would be very much astonished, if I were to say to you, What you believe to be yourself, to be No. 1, is not really so at all; you don't even know what your real self is. However, not to enter on that point at present, I shall just proceed to show you why this selfishness which embodies itself in the cry, "Every man for himself," and "Take care of No. 1," is not likely to come to any good, but very certain to come to a deal of harm.

If following out your idea of these words, you are for getting everything for yourself, and con-

sulting only your own ease and pleasure, and have no sympathy with others, then mark this first of all—you are unlike Christ.

Now let me tell you, my friend, that this is very serious. I do not suppose that you don't care that No. 1 should go to heaven, or that No. 1 should be happy for ever and ever, or that No. 1 should be beautiful and rich by-and-by, with a beauty which shall never fade, and a wealth which never can be lost. You want No. 1 to have a share in all the good things going in that land where Christ shall be King. Well, I say, if you want all this, you must become like Christ. Christ died for you, not to let you be safely selfish, but to make you like Himself. He so lived as to show you that there was a nobler "self" than what men call self. He gave Him*self* up for us all; He His own *self* bare our sins in His body on the tree; He counted not His life dear unto Him*self;* He sought not His own glory; He lived for others; He found His pleasure in helping and blessing others; and He expects that you will seek to be like Him. Indeed, if you don't get like Him, you will never be fit for living in that blessed land where He reigns.

All the little pleasures which you used to make so much of, you would not now care for; all the little privations and pains you would not now feel; the great real No. 1, the No. 1 which God made to have to do with eternal things (and with things here only as preparatory to them), has now nothing; you made it as unlike Christ, as unfit for heaven as you could, and if you were admitted there, you would be miserable; you would be so unlike Christ, and so unlike all the people there like Him, that I don't think you could ever stay there; and then I think you would say (though it would be too late to mend the matter) that you had made a great mistake—that when you cried, "Every man for himself," you were not for your real self at all; that with all your selfishness and miserableness, you never really took care of No. 1.

I would remind you, too, that in your sense of taking care of No. 1, *you are breaking God's law.* Now no man can break God's law without suffering for it; and any man who willingly and determinately makes breaking it the habit of his life, must expect to fare accordingly. St. Paul tells us (Rom. xv. 1) that "we that are strong ought to bear with the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves;" and one of the signs of the bad times given us in 2 Tim. iii. 2, is that men shall be lovers of their own selves. We are not our own, we are told, we are bought with a price, and therefore must glorify God with our bodies and spirits, which are His. We are to look, not every man upon his own things, but every man also upon the things of others; we are to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the laws of Christ.

Now, if we will not do these things, but think of ourselves, and ourselves alone, or of ourselves so chiefly as to practically exclude all others, then we are breaking God's law—we are sinning not only against the instructions He has given us, but against the whole bent of His nature. His law is only the outcome of His nature; and is it, can it be good for any one to put himself into antagonism with God? "No. 1" will soon find that it will come off second best in a trial of this kind. Ah, it is a bad taking care of No. 1, a poor way of looking after its interests, to bring it into conflict with God!

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XVIII. CHRIST DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS. No. 1—THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Chapter to be read—John iv. 1—42.

INTRODUCTION. Ask a few questions upon our Lord's travels. To whom did He come first? How did His own people receive Him (John i. 11)? Where did He principally labour? But did not always remain in Galilee. Made several journeys to and from Jerusalem. Almost every journey has some special incident connected with it. Always tried to do good on His way. How unlike some travellers—think only of selves and own comfort. Where was He now going (ver. 3)? By means of a map show His route. Ask about the Samaritans and their worship on Mount Gerizim, and tell of their deadly animosity to the Jews.

I. THE STORY. (Read iv. 1—9.) Describe our Lord's journey with His disciples; on foot—no carriage-roads; and our Lord lived in poverty, not even mounted on an ass or camel. Midday approaches; sixth hour being the same as our noon. Sends disciples away—why (ver. 8)? Was it only to buy meat? He knew who would be coming, and wished to talk to her alone—confidentially. Remind of great heat of that climate. Where did Christ sit? Read Gen. xxxiii. 19, for account of the purchase of the well by Jacob. Christ sat "thus," or as a tired man would sit—alone, patiently waiting to do good. As examples of women coming to draw water, remind of Rebekah (Gen. xxiv. 16) Rachel, Jethro's daughter, and others. Now describe the woman coming;

Christ wishing to talk to her; asks for water to draw her into a conversation; and takes the things of earth to teach about things of heaven—*i.e.*, teach by a parable.

II. THE LESSONS. (1) *The living water.* (Read 10—15.) For what did Christ ask? why did she express surprise? how did Christ answer her (ver. 10)? and what water does He speak of? did the woman understand Him (ver. 11)? As regards the well being deep, tell the children that it still exists; that Mr. McCheyne, a Scotch clergyman, stooping over, let his Bible fall in accidentally, thirty years ago: impossible to recover it. Show the veneration with which Jacob was regarded for this gift seventeen hundred years before; the woman thought no one could be able to give better water than Jacob had given. What does Christ say about the living water (ver. 13, 14)? What water did He mean? As regards this water of life, see John vii. 38, 39, to show that He alluded to the Holy Spirit. Now work out the idea of the Holy Spirit being like water (*a*) *It cleanses.* The children will tell some of the properties of water. This one of the principal. Show how the Spirit convinces of sin (John xvi. 8); cleanses the heart from sin (Ps. li. 11); produces Christian virtues (Gal. v. 22). (*b*) *It satisfies.* Remind how pure water is really the best of all drinks—cooling, pure, unadulterated, wholesome, yet after drinking soon require more; so the Holy Spirit is best, because author of all other graces. Satisfies the soul. Remind how John the Baptist was filled with Holy Ghost from birth (Luke i. 15); and was able to testify to Christ. Stephen, full of Holy Ghost, did great wonders, and, particularly, laid down his life (Acts vi. 5). (*c*) *It lasts.* What does Christ compare it to? Why does a well not dry up? What dries up streams in summer? Where does a well draw its water from? Springs below surface not affected by drought, so water of life lasts. Like river rising in distant mountains gets larger, fed by other streams, till lost in ocean; so this stream, at first so small, scarcely seen, fed by means of grace, at last lost in eternity. Apply this to children. All may have this Holy Spirit. Given in answer to prayer. Is as free as water, and far more precious. Are they seeking it daily, eagerly? will give life which shall last for ever.

(2) *Spiritual worship.* Let the children notice how Christ by His questions showed that He knew all about this woman, and the effect produced upon her. She recognised in Him a prophet. From past lessons draw out the nature of prophets as inspired teachers. The woman defends her own religion. Why had she worshipped on Mount Gerizim? Also she connected her worship entirely with a particular place. From our Lord's answer, show the true nature of worship. It must be (*a*) *heart-felt*—*i.e.*, in spirit, and not merely in sacrifices and repetition of words. (*b*) *Universal*—*i.e.*, no longer confined to one temple or place. See this taught in Stephen's speech (Acts vii. 48). (*c*) *Intelligent.* The Samaritans could give no account of their worship (ver. 22). So the Athenians worshipped an "unknown God" (Acts xvii. 23).

Apply this to the children. Ask *why* they worship; reminding how God, being a Spirit, knows all the motives of the heart. *Where* they worship; only at church or everywhere—at home, in private, &c.; *how*—*i.e.*, with lip-service or heart-worship. Remind of our Lord's warning (Mark vii. 6, 7).

III. THE EFFECT. (*c*) *On the woman* (ver. 25). She was awakened—*i.e.*, she began to understand the spiritual truths. Also, she was convinced (ver. 29). Ask who cried "hosanna" one day, and "crucify" two days afterwards! What did this woman do? whom did she tell about Christ? This shows she was anxious for others. What an example to children. Would not keep good news about a holiday, and so on, to themselves—so should try and spread the good news of salvation to all. (*b*) *On the Samaritans.* (Read 39—42). They were anxious to hear—pressed Christ to stay—listened—were convinced—believed. See what good one conversation did.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the situation of Samaria.
2. What do you know about Jacob's well?
3. What were the two great topics of our Lord's conversation?
4. Show how the Holy Spirit is like water.
5. Describe the nature of true worship.
6. What was the result of the conversation?

THE BREATH OF MORNING.

O FADING beauty, come and seek
Fresh roses for thy pallid cheek;
The breath of morning offers thee
Life from the mountain and the sea.
I know thou wouldst be strong and fair,
Then rise and smell the morning air.

Hers is a cup of pure delight,
Made in the presses of the night,
By breezes, culling as they pass
New fragrance from each blade of grass,
New riches for the poor and wise,
Who with the morning choirs arise.

Forsake the ball-room's heated air,
The theatre's unwholesome glare,
The pleasures of the midnight meal,
And in thy chamber early kneel;
Compose thy soul with prayer for rest,
The Evening Hymn her latest guest.

Awake, and dreams behind thee cast,
Kneel, and give thanks for perils past,
And when thou risest from thy knee,
Go, taste the banquet spread for thee,
With pity for the pillowed head
To morn's surpassing glories dead!

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNA DYSART, a few weeks later, was standing at the window of the drawing-room in Vale House, looking with a wistful anxious gaze down the avenue. She had arrived at home two or three days previously with Lady Elizabeth and Miss Grubbe, and during the whole of the tedious journey, which had been much retarded by the caprices of the invalid, her mind had been entirely occupied with the struggle which had been raised in it by the letter she had received from Miss Amherst the night before her departure from Cannes.

The one question which she debated with herself perpetually was simply this—was she or was she not to reveal to Humphrey Atherstone the contents of that letter, of which, like Miss Amherst herself, she believed him to be entirely ignorant? Would Una Dysart have hesitated on this point one single moment had she been even now steadfast in the resolution she had formerly taken, to make her one only life pure and true and noble? It was very clear that truth and justice alike required of her to make known to him at once the facts which she imagined he could learn from no other source; but in the hour when by the dim twilight sea she had succumbed to the mighty power of the love she bore him, and resolved to give her life to him at any cost, she had in truth taken that love for the law of her being, instead of the perfect righteousness, which to seek first of all is to worship God.

And now, although she knew that to conceal the truth was to rob Edward Atherstone of his just due, she could not bring herself to inflict on Humphrey the bitter pain she felt it would cause him to have to deliver up the beloved home of his ancestors, and the people whom he had cherished with a brother's care, to the dishonoured hands of the base cruel man whom his own forbearance alone had saved from a convict prison. Una was also well aware that if she revealed the fatal secret, which had become known to her she would sound the death-knell of all hope of happiness in this world for either him or herself. He would no longer be in a position to ask her to be his wife; nor would it be possible to obtain her guardians' consent if he did; and to consign him as well as herself to the hopeless misery of a final separation was more than, in her present uncontrolled weakness, she could endure even to think of. Were she happily married to him, it would be a matter of perfect indifference to her whether they were rich or poor, and her own little fortune would be sufficient to keep them from any actual pecuniary difficulty, so that if the secret then transpired it would not be to either of them the dreadful evil which it now appeared; and so at last Una Dysart settled into a compromise with her conscience, and resolved that, at least until she was Humphrey Atherstone's wife, she would say nothing whatever to any human being of the fatal knowledge she had acquired, and the letter written with so solemn a purpose from the very brink of the grave should be hidden away and forgotten—if she could forget it—even by herself.

Thus Una Dysart yielded to the strongest temptation she had ever known; and yet behind all the sophistries, all the false reasonings with which she strove to deaden her sense of right, that divine instinct never really slept which the God of Truth has planted in every living soul, there to vindicate the sovereignty of justice and righteous dealing against the subtlest casuistry that ever sought to obscure the claims of their immaculate purity. She was restless and uneasy, vaguely dissatisfied with herself, and making not even an effort to control the passionate longing she felt to see once more the man who had become her all. She never doubted for a single moment that their very first meeting would settle their marriage and bind her to him for life. It was true that, as matters stood at present, she had distinctly refused him, and had never revoked that refusal, and therefore it was quite open to him if he pleased to make no further attempt to win her; but his manner to her on the night of her father's death had satisfied her that he would never rest till he had induced her to give up the scruples which alone stood between them, and as she had already done so in her heart, it needed but that they should meet for all uncertainty to be at an end.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"'It is perfectly false!' said Una."—*p.* 683.

It was for Humphrey Atherstone that Una was watching now, as she stood at the window with straining wide open eyes and beating heart. She had not seen him since her return, but she knew it was no fault of his. The only visitor whom Lady Elizabeth Molyneux had received as yet was Mrs. Northcote, who had called upon her the previous day, and who, having asked to see her alone, had been closeted with her for at least an hour. Una had been somewhat disquieted by this proceeding, as she had very little doubt that Mrs. Northcote was seeking to prejudice her aunt against Atherstone; but she relied upon Mr. Cunliffe's support to carry her marriage through in spite of any opposition which might be raised by her other guardians, and as her aunt made no remark, she trusted that any charges Mrs. Northcote might have brought against him had failed to take deep root in her mind; and then she trusted Lady Elizabeth would see him, for Una felt sure he would come so soon as he heard of their arrival, and to her partial love it seemed impossible that any one could look on his noble face and fail to trust him; so she had shaken off her fears, and had begun the day before to watch for him, as she was watching now.

But a great disappointment had awaited her on the previous afternoon, for Miss Grubbe had suddenly come to her room, and with a peculiarly disagreeable smile, requested her to take her place in driving out with Lady Elizabeth that afternoon, as she herself would be occupied in the house.

"But I particularly wish to remain at home myself to-day," Una had said, for she believed she would be very likely to miss Atherstone's visit if she went out.

"I conclude you do not wish her ladyship to be deprived of the exercise which is so essential to her health," said Miss Grubbe, with a malevolent glance of her small cunning eyes towards Una, whom she secretly detested, partly because she was jealous of her position in the house, partly because she was young and bright, and possessed of many a charm to which Miss Grubbe in her best days could never have aspired.

"You know I do not, Miss Grubbe," said Una, "but I should be much obliged to you if you would go as usual. Why should there be any change just this one day, when I so particularly wish to stay at home?"

"Because it suits her ladyship's convenience and mine that you should go, Miss Dysart; if you do not, your aunt will lose her drive."

Poor Una said no more, and went patiently through the dull monotonous drive, which Lady Elizabeth made distinctly longer than usual, and when she came home her worst fears were realised, for Miss Grubbe came forward into the hall to receive her lady, and at once drew her attention to Atherstone's card, which lay on the oak table. "You will be surprised to hear that this gentleman asked for Miss Dysart, and not for your ladyship, and that he said he should call again to-morrow."

Lady Elizabeth tossed the card aside with a contemptuous gesture, but made no remark, and Una determined that even if Miss Grubbe refused to drive again the next day, she would not leave the house.

Nothing further had been said to her, however, and on this afternoon she had the satisfaction of seeing her aunt and her companion depart for their drive at the usual hour, leaving her alone in the drawing-room, where we find her waiting for him she so longed to see. She leant against the side of the window, watching, watching, and slowly the moments dropped away, till suddenly a turn in the avenue brought into view the figure she so pined to see. She started, and her heart beat almost to suffocation. He could not see her where she stood, and she watched him as he came on towards the door; his firm step ringing on the gravel, his dark eyes eagerly scanning the house. She noticed that he looked ill and worn, and that his face wore an expression of suffering which she longed to efface by her own care and tenderness. He reached the door, and the bell echoed with a sharp reverberating sound through the hall. Una trembled with agitation so that she could not stand, and she dropped into a chair, listening intently for his step coming towards her; she heard the servant go to the door, and a few words spoken, a brief delay, and then the door closed; now—now he would come; she could scarcely hear for the beating of her heart; yet surely no steps were coming this way!—she heard the servant go back to his own part of the house, then a rapid footfall going away from the outer door. With a cry of anguish and dismay she flew to the window—yes, it was but too true, the tall stately figure was just disappearing among the trees; Atherstone was hastening away with a quick haughty tread. What did it mean? She rang the bell, and stood shivering with impatience and misery until the servant came. "Why was Mr. Atherstone not admitted?" exclaimed Una; "you knew I was at home."

"Miss Grubbe brought me orders from my lady, ma'am, that if Mr. Atherstone called I was to say neither you nor her ladyship could see him," replied the servant, calmly.

Una looked at him for a moment, as if unable to take in the sense of his words, and then making him a sign to leave the room, she sunk into a chair, completely overwhelmed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

For the first few minutes after her bitter disappointment Una felt too stunned and wretched to be able to collect her thoughts; but very soon a passionate indignation took the place of every other feeling. She was naturally gentle and sweet-tempered,

but her whole nature was disorganised at this time, under the influence of the one dominant affection which had taken such entire possession of her. She started to her feet with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, as she heard Lady Elizabeth's carriage drive to the door. "What right," she asked herself, "had her aunt to treat either herself or Humphrey Atherstone in this insulting manner? she would go at once and tell her that she would not submit to it. It was no light matter for her; it was her very life; and she would not let her whole hopes of happiness be trampled in the dust to gratify the prejudices of either Lady Elizabeth or Mrs. Northcote!" So, without waiting another moment, she sped away through the long corridors till she reached her aunt's boudoir, and, giving a hasty knock, opened the door at once and went in. Lady Elizabeth, a faded, irritable-looking elderly woman, with small features and a weak, undecided expression, was reclining on the sofa, while Miss Grubbe, her tall thin figure bent at a most uncomfortable angle, was obsequiously engaged in exchanging the lady's boots for her velvet slippers. Straight up to the sofa walked Una Dysart, her great brown eyes blazing with unwonted fire, and a scarlet flush on her fair young face.

"Lady Elizabeth, I wish to know the meaning of the treatment Mr. Atherstone has received at this house; he is my friend and my father's friend, and I was at home and wished to see him; why was he not admitted?"

"Because he is a suspicious character, and an objectionable acquaintance for you."

"Aunt, it is perfectly false!" said Una, with much agitation; "he is a true and noble gentleman, who has been cruelly maligned."

"You are not a proper judge of the matter, Una."

"But my father was," she exclaimed; "if he thought Mr. Atherstone a suitable friend for me, who shall dare to gainsay it?"

"I do," said Lady Elizabeth, angrily; "I am your chief guardian now, and I shall not allow you to be exposed to the attentions of such a man."

"It is painful to see what an evil influence he already exercises over Miss Dysart," said Miss Grubbe, in her sleek voice, "or she could never speak so to *you*, my lady."

"Ah, yes, indeed!" said Lady Elizabeth, immediately assuming an injured air, "your conduct is most reprehensible, Una; let me hear no more of this."

"Aunt Elizabeth, you do not know what you are doing!" said Una, clasping her hands tightly together in her bitter pain, while burning tears rushed to her eyes, "but I cannot bear it; I must and will see him!"

"Oh, my dear lady!" exclaimed Miss Grubbe, "this frightful scene will be quite too much for your delicate nerves; let me bathe your head with eau-de-cologne, I fear it throbs dreadfully. Ah, yes, indeed! and I am sure your pulse is agitated. Let me entreat you to retire, Miss Dysart, you have done harm enough already."

"Yes, go, Una, go!" said Lady Elizabeth, "I fear I shall faint;" and she sank back on her pillows.

"Aunt," said Una, with a sob in her voice, "let me say one word."

"Stop!" exclaimed Miss Grubbe, flinging out her arm theatrically, "I will defend my lady's life and health at any cost; her sensitive frame is already, I fear, severely injured by the violence done to her nervous system, and I take upon myself—I, her poor but faithful friend—to desire that you leave the room."

"Dear Miss Grubbe, you are right," gasped the lady, who showed not the smallest symptom of faintness; and Una, with heaving breast, turned and walked away. She carried her graceful little head haughtily enough so long as she remained in her aunt's room, but no sooner had she reached her own, and bolted the door to avoid intrusion, than she flung herself down on the couch and gave way to a passionate burst of tears, such as never had rained from her eyes before. She felt as if her very heart was breaking, she was so helpless, so desolate now, in the very crisis of her fate, and everything was turning against her. She saw that it was quite in the power of these two women—the one silly and easily led, the other artful and deeply scheming—to ruin her whole hope of happiness in this world. It was certain that Atherstone would consider the dismissal he had received as an intimation that she meant to hold by her refusal, and would not so much as see him; and dearly as she knew he loved her, he was too proud a man to brook a second insult such as virtually had met him at her door that day. How was he ever to know that all the while her very heart had been crying out to him to come to her—that she loved him better than all on earth—better—though she would not admit it to herself, even than duty? If he never knew it, this day had perhaps severed them for ever! Yet there was no way in which, under the circumstances, she could communicate with him. Could she write to Mr. Cunliffe, and ask him to help her? No, her delicacy revolted against the very idea of such a step. It was, of course, within the bounds of possibility that Atherstone did not intend to ask her again to be his wife, and it was utterly out of the question that she should take the initiative herself in the smallest degree. She could see no ray of light in her difficulty, and every sort of gloomy foreboding surged in upon her sinking heart. Perhaps she was to have a fate like poor Miss Amherst, whose cruel friends had stood between her and her happiness in early youth; then not all the sacrifice and anguish of her life could suffice to win her back one golden gleam from the light of love that had shone around her once! Nor was it for herself alone poor Una wept those bitter

tears, but for him whom she loved so well; she had a sure instinct that he was suffering cruelly. He had so long been sad and lonely, living a joyless existence, with none to cheer him, till she had filled his life with one bright hope, which he had given up all his former plans to win, and now, when he came to claim at least her promised sympathy, she shut her door against him without so much as a word of explanation.

It pierced her tender heart with an almost unendurable pang to know that she must seem so cold and cruel to him, for whose welfare she would have been content to die; and so the poor child lay like a flower beaten down by the tempest, struggling under her load of pain, and feeling as if she never cared to lift up her head again. But she was young: and at her age no weight of care can altogether quell the up-springing waters of the fountain of hope. She was yet far from the time when it is possible for a human spirit to look round upon the earth in helpless desolation, and see no faintest gleam of consolation, save in the pale mysterious light that shines through the gate of the distant tomb.

Gradually Una began to say to herself that all could not be lost thus suddenly, thus miserably; it must be that somehow they should meet again, living as they did in the same neighbourhood, and one glance into her face would surely show him that she was neither cold nor false to him. They might meet out of doors—that was her best hope—in the village perhaps, or at the Eagles' Nest, which, to please her in their last happy days, he had made accessible by a good and easy road. Oh, it must be that she would see him soon! This miserable day was near its close, and to-morrow the sun would rise with golden possibility in its coming hours. So at last Una rose, and bathed the poor bright eyes, now dim and sad—which her father used to call his household stars—and tried to go patiently through the rest of day as best she might.

And the sun did rise no doubt next morning, only it would have been quite possible to feel rather sceptical on the subject, for it was hidden behind impenetrable clouds, and it poured of rain incessantly the whole day long. Poor Una! how wistfully she looked upon the soaking muddy roads, and felt even if it were possible for her to venture out on them, there could be no chance of meeting Atherstone. Inside the house the atmosphere was quite as cheerless as it was outside; no allusion was made by any one to the scene of the day before; but Lady Elizabeth treated her with the greatest coldness, and Miss Grubbe went about with a lurking smile of triumph on her sharp disagreeable face, which Una felt augured ill for her future. Next day, however, was bright and sunny, and like a bird released from its cage Una made her escape from the house as early as she could, and soon was walking with her light step down the village, greeting the poor people with her charming smile, and receiving a hearty welcome wherever she went; but not a glimpse did she gain of Atherstone, nor did she hear a single word concerning him, for she had not the courage to name him, and the villagers were so entirely engrossed with another subject, that they seemed unable to talk to her of anything else; the one theme on which they all expatiated with the greatest interest was the goodness of their new clergyman, Mr. Trafford—there was no limit to what they had to tell of his self-denying life and his wonderful kindness to themselves, till Una, with her whole heart full of another name, grew weary of hearing the sound of his, and, sadly dispirited, returned home. She believed her chances of seeing Atherstone were at an end for that day at least, so that when her aunt asked her to drive with her in the afternoon, she assented, caring very little what she did, and understanding quite well, as Miss Grubbe was going too, and she was not really required, that the object of the two ladies was simply to prevent the least risk of her seeing Atherstone if he should call again. "But he will not do that," she said to herself with a heavy sigh; "never more perhaps—never more!"

They went out in an open carriage, and drove slowly along the most sheltered road for a few miles, Una striving to speak pleasantly to her aunt, for her gentle nature could retain no rancour, and when she was met by silence or short replies, turning away her head to look over the well-known fields, that she might avoid meeting the hard malevolent eyes of Miss Grubbe staring at her from the opposite seat. They were returning home, and the carriage was rolling swiftly along the road towards the gate of Vale House, when suddenly Una's heart gave a bound, and a light of joy flashed into her eyes, which served as a very speedy revelation to the astute Miss Grubbe. She had seen Humphrey Atherstone pacing rapidly to and fro in front of the gate, and scarcely had she realised that it was indeed himself when the carriage stopped, while the coachman hailed the lodge-keeper, and in that instant Atherstone had sprung to her side. Her hand was in his almost before she knew what she was doing, while, lifting, his hat apologetically to her aunt, he said, "Pardon me for detaining you, but I must ask you to let me say just one word to you."

Lady Elizabeth looked round startled, and Una's natural instinct of courtesy prompted her to name them to each other, but the next instant Atherstone had said words which made her forget all conventional proprieties.

"Miss Dysart, I could not finally quit England without taking leave of you, in spite of your refusal to see me."

"Quit England!" she exclaimed, "oh, where are you going?"

"To Australia—I start to-night."

Una's face grew white as the driven snow, and her trembling lips could scarce articulate. "Why——"

she began, but Miss Grubbe vehemently broke in—"My lady, my lady! will you not order the coachman to drive on instantly? Independent of everything else, it will kill you to sit here in the cold wind."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Lady Elizabeth; "drive on, coachman, at once."

The man obeyed, and the horses started forward. Atherstone still held Una's hand clasped in his own, but they were torn apart, while he had to spring back to avoid being knocked down by the wheel. Almost desperate, Una stretched her hands out to him, exclaiming, "Oh, when will you come back?" and she had just time to hear his brief sad answer, "Probably never!" when the carriage dashed through the gates, which closed behind it with a harsh grating noise, and she was borne away from the sight of his beloved face with the cruel fiat ringing in her ears, which told her that perhaps she might look on it no more for ever.

(*To be continued.*)

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

XI.—IN THE KINGDOM.

"OF such are the kingdom of heaven;" and "whosoever doeth it unto the least of these little ones, doeth it unto Me." Surely there is no need to comment again on these sayings of Him who, in His infinite childlikeness, knew what must be the characteristics of His subjects, and declared plainly that whosoever should enter into the kingdom must become as a little child. One thing is certain, that those who are within that kingdom, or expect to qualify themselves for it, must learn something of the Divine sympathy with which Christ took the babes in his arms and blessed them. Thank God that there is so much of it in this great suffering city, and that on every hand we see efforts made for the rescue, the relief, and the nurture of sick and delicate children. Would that these efforts could relieve us from the terrible sights that should make us shudder as we pass through its tumultuous streets, and witness the suffering, the depravity, and the want, that comes of neglecting the cry of the little ones, and of those who would bring them to be healed and sanctified.

Only a few days ago I asked you to go with me to Ratcliff, to see the forty tiny beds ranged in the rooms of that old sail-maker's warehouse which has been converted into a Hospital for Sick Children. There is something about this neighbourhood of Eastern London that keeps us lingering there yet; something that may well remind us of that star which shone above the manger at Bethlehem where the Babe lay. The glory of the heavenly light has led wise men and women to see how, in reverence for the childlikeness, they may work for the coming of the kingdom, and those who enter upon this labour of love, begin—without observation—to find what that kingdom really is, and to realise more of its meaning in their own hearts.

To the cradle in a manger the wise men of old went to offer gifts. To a cradle I would ask you to go with me to-day; to a whole homeful of cribs; which is known by a word that means crib and manger and cradle all in one—"The Crèche."

There is something, as it seems to me, appropriate in this French word to the broad thoroughfare (so like one of the outer boulevards of Paris) out of which we turn when we have walked a score or two of yards from the Stepney Station, or where some other visitors alight from the big yellow tramway car running from Aldgate to Stepney Causeway. The Causeway itself is a clean quiet street, and is so well-known that the first passer-by can point it out to you, while, if the inhabitants of the district can't quite master the *crunch* of the French word, they know well enough what you mean when you ask for the "babies' home," or for "Mrs. Hilton's nursery." The home itself is but a baby institution, for it is only three years old, but it might be a very Methuselah if it were to be judged by the tender loving care it has developed and the good it has effected, not only on behalf of the forty sucklings who are lying in their neat little wire cots upstairs like so many human fledglings in patent safety cages, and for the forty who are sprawling and toddling about in the lower nursery, or the contingent who are singing a mighty chorus of open vowels on the ground-floor; but also in the hopeful aid and tender sympathy it has conveyed to the toiling mothers who leave their little ones here each morning when they go out to earn their daily bread, and fetch them again at night, knowing that they are fresh and clean, and have been duly nursed and fed, and put to sleep, and had their share of petting and of play.

The sound of the forty singing like one is not perceptible as we approach the house, which, with its large high windows open to the soft warm air, lies very still and quiet. The wire blinds to the windows near the street bear the name of the institution, and over the doorway is inscribed the fact that the Princess Christian has become the

patroness of this charity, which appeals to all young mothers, and to every woman who acknowledges the true womanly love for children. Each day, from twelve to four o'clock, visitors are welcomed, except on Saturdays, when the closing hour is two o'clock, as, even in some of the factories down east, the half-holiday is observed, and poor women working at bottle-warehouses and other places have the happiness of taking home their little ones and keeping them to themselves till the following Monday morning. Do you feel inclined to question whether these poor toilworn women appreciate this privilege? Are you ready to indulge in a cynical fear that they would rather forego the claim that they are expected to assert? Believe me you are wrong. One of the most hopeful and encouraging results of the tender care bestowed upon these babes of poverty is that of sustaining maternal love, and beautifying even the few hours of rest and family reunion in the squalid rooms where the child is taken with a sense of hope and pride to lighten the burden of the day. Early each morning the little creatures are brought, often in scanty clothing, sometimes shoeless, mostly with a ready appetite for breakfast. Then the business of matron and nurses begins. But, come, let us go in with the children, and see the very first of it, as women, poorly clad, coarse of feature, and with the lines of care, and too frequently with the marks of dissipation and of blows upon their faces, come in one by one and leave their little living bundles, not without a certain wistful softened expression and an occasional lingering loving look.

The house—stay, there are actually three houses, knocked into one so as to secure a suite of rooms on each floor—is as clean as the proverbial new pin; and as we ascend the short flights of stairs, there is a sense of lightness and airiness which is quite remarkable in such a place, and is by some strange freak of fancy associated with the notion of a big pleasant aviary—a notion which is strengthened by our coming suddenly into the nursery on the first-floor, and noting as the most prominent object of ornament a large cage containing some sleek and silken doves, placed on a stand very little above the head of the tiniest toddler there.

There is enough work for the matron, her assistant, and the four or five young nurses who receive these welcome little guests each morning. The rows of large metal basins on the low stands are ready, and the morning's ablutions are about to commence, so we will return presently, as people not very likely to be useful in the midst of so intricate an operation as the skilful washing and dressing of half a hundred babies.

There is plenty to see in the neighbourhood out of doors, but we need not wander far to find something interesting, for on the ground-floor of these three houses which form the Crèche—the babies' home—provision has also been made for babies' fathers, in the shape of "a British Workman" or working-man's reading, coffee, and bagatelle room, with a library of readable books, and liberty to smoke a comfortable pipe.

Of the servants' home, which is another branch of this cluster of charitable institutions, we have no time to speak now, for our visit is intended for the Crèche, and we are already summoned to the upper rooms by the sound of infant voices. Doubt not that you will be welcomed on the very threshold, for here comes an accredited representative of the institution, just able to creep on all fours to the guarded door, thence to be caught up by the gentle-faced young nurse, who at one consigns the excursionist to a kind of square den or pound, formed of stout bars, and with the space of floor which it encloses covered by a firm mattrass. There, in complete safety, and with two or three good serviceable and amiably-battered toys, the young athletes who are beginning to practise the difficult feat of walking with something to hold by, are out of harm's way, and may crawl or totter with impunity. They have had their breakfast of bread and milk, and are evidently beginning the day, some of them with a refreshing snooze in the little cribs which stand in a row against a wall, bright, as all the walls are, with coloured pictures, while in spaces, or on low tables here and there, bright-hued flowers and fresh green plants are arranged, so that the room, necessarily bare and unencumbered with much furniture, is so pleasantly light and gay, that we are again reminded of a great bird-cage. Out here in a little ante-room is a connected row of low wooden arm-chairs, made for the people of Lilliput, and each furnished with a little tray or table, and, drumming expectantly and with a visible interest in the proceeding, sit a line of little creatures, amidst whom a nurse distributes her attentions, by feeding them carefully with a spoon, just as so many young blackbirds might be fed. Already some of the little nurslings are sitting up in their cribs, quietly nodding their round little heads over some cherished specimen of doll or wooden horse. One wee mite of a girl, quite unable to speak, except inarticulately, holds up the figure of a wooden lady of fashion, with a wistful entreaty which we fail to understand, till the quick-eyed lady who accompanies us spies a slip of white tape in the tiny hand, and at once divines that it is to be bound about the fashionable waist, as an appropriate scarf, and at once performs this finishing stroke of the toilet, to the immeasurable satisfaction of everybody concerned. This is in the upper room, the real baby nursery, where the age of some of the inmates is numbered by weeks

only, and there is in each swinging cot a sweet sleepy sense of enjoyment of the bottle which forms the necessary appliance of luncheon-time. At the heads of several of these cots are inscribed the names of charitable donors, happy parents, bereaved mothers, sympathetic women with babies of their own, either on earth or in heaven, who desire to show gratitude, faith, remembrance, by this token of their love for the childlikeness of those they love and cherish in their deepest memories, their most ardent hopes. In more than one of the little beds there are signs of the poverty or the sickliness in which the children were born, and the effects of which this home, with its freshness and light and food, is intended to remedy. No cases of actual disease are here, however, since a small infirmary for children suffering from more serious ailments has been added to the institution, and the Sick Children's Hospital is but three street lengths distant.

The first most remarkable experience which meets the visitor unaccustomed to observe closely, is the freshness and beauty of the children in this place. Squalid misery, dirt, neglect, starvation, so disguise and debase even the children in such neighbourhoods, that squeamish sentimentality turns away at the first glance, and is apt to conclude that there are essential differences between the infancy of Tyburnia or Mayfair and the babyhood of Ratcliff and Shadwell. Yet I venture to assert that if Mr. Millais or some other great painter were to select his subjects for a picture from these rooms of the old house in Stepney Causeway, he would leave the galleries of Burlington House echoing with "little dears," and "what a lovely child!" and popular prejudice would conclude that from birth the little rosebud mouths were duly fitted with silver spoons instead of being scant even of the bluntest of wooden ladles.

(To be concluded.)

PATIENCE.

THE STORY OF A BLIND BOY. IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

"SO the old un's off again, is he, lad?"

"You mean father's no' in? No, and I dunno' where he is or when he'll come, it's two day since I see him."

Bobby, like many other blind folks, always spoke of seeing people.

"Dunno' where he is? Why he's off to sea, to be sure."

"He didn't say good-bye to me!" answered Bobby, with flushed cheeks and a tremble in his voice, at the thought of his father having possibly gone off in such a heartless way, without making any plan for his being cared for during his absence.

"Forgot it, maybe!" was the blunt rejoinder from the unexpected visitor, Mr. Drane, carpenter, builder, undertaker, Phil Barber's master, landlord moreover of the now unprepossessing and dismantled-looking room which was all that remained to Bobby of home. "Well, child, he's off sure enough," resumed Mr. Drane, seating himself on the one comfortable chair remaining, with the air of a "monarch of all he surveyed;" "he's got another ship all in a hurry, I expect, but he's squared up right enough with me, and if I please to take the few remaining rattle-traps there are in this room, you may keep in it another ten days or so."

"And then!" inquired Bobby, breathlessly, his whole body quivering with suppressed excitement.

"Why, then you must shift for yourself, you know, and turn in somewheres else, you see, because I've made a bargain to sell the whole of this place, and it don't stand feasible that you could go on living here alone; it was all very well till your father came, but he aint stayed here, you see."

"But Phil Barber has always been here o' nights, and his mother and other good people come to look after me in the day."

"Well, my lad, it would be much better for an afflicted chap like you to have a room with one of them," said Mr. Drane, in a gentler voice, "much handier for other folks, wouldn't it, than their putting theirselves out like to look arter you? Oh, by-the-bye, I forgot, here's a slip o' paper father gave me for you, it's his good-bye, maybe—shall I read it to you?"

Bobby assenting, Mr. Drane read out: "'Mrs. Martha Ball, the Abbey, Laughton, get somebody to write to her and ask her to take charge of you, she'll do it maybe for her brother Jim.' Here, lad, take the paper, and get Phil or some one to write, and I dare say you'll have a comfortable home with Aunt Martha."

Young Barber came in just as the unwelcome visitor departed, and to him poor Bobby told all his sorrows. Phil, whose heart ached for the blind boy, dear to him for his own sake, as well as for that of his lost Jessie, listened sympathetically to the story, often interrupted by sobs, for Bobby felt very desolate indeed at the prospect of leaving the home in which he had known so many happy days, and where he seemed nearer to the dear ones in heaven than he could do in a strange place with an unknown Aunt Martha, to whom he would be a burden.

"P'raps mother 'll take you in, Bobby, there's a tiny room next mine we never uses for nothink;

might be your'n for your things and your basket-making, and you could sleep there, and call me if you wanted, you know. Any way, cheer up, there's a good lad, and come and have a bit of supper with us, and remember to-morrow's Sunday. Give me that 'ere slip of paper, and we'll talk to mother about it."

Sunday was always a day for Bobby to look forward to, in spite of the taunts and sneers, and still worse language, in which his unhappy father had indulged, hoping to put a stop to his regular attendance at some place of worship with Mrs. Barber or other kindly neighbours, and on this particular Sunday a great deal was to happen for which he had reason to be thankful; for Sally had left word at her mother's with whom she had "a dish of tea," that after morning service Bobby and Mrs. Barber were expected to dine in the servants' hall at the "big house," where a lady who was visiting Captain Morland, and had purchased one of his baskets, wished to see him.

"What could it be for?" Bobby tried not to think very much about it in church, and at last succeeded when listening to some of the hymns he liked so much; then came the good old vicar's sermon, so earnest and loving, and at the same time so simple, that Bobby could find much to comfort him in it. It happened to be a charity sermon for the benefit of an orphan asylum, and the text, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," arrested the poor boy's attention at once. Yes, he knew it to be true, God *would take care* of him, and although only a poor blind boy, he was, as the vicar said, "sent into the world to do some good in it." God would watch over him, and, thought Bobby trustfully, "help me to earn a livin' some way."

After a very comfortable meal in the servants' hall, Mrs. Barber and her little charge were asked to "walk up-stairs," and shown into a room where were three ladies, Captain Morland, and the vicar whose church they had so recently left. Mrs. Barber did not always attend service there, as it was some distance from her home, but he had often exchanged a few kind words with her, and not so very long ago had prepared Sally for confirmation.

"So this is the little man who makes bead-baskets," he said, laying his hand kindly on the boy's curly head.

"I have not made many yet, sir," answered Bobby, shyly, "but I hope I shall sell some more."

"Would you like to learn to make other kinds of baskets, straw and wicker for instance, cages for birds, mats, brooms, and ever so many other things to sell?"

"Indeed I should if I could be teached!" said Bobby, eagerly, all shyness vanishing in his earnestness, "but you see I'm blind," he added, as though afraid his questioner had been unaware of that misfortune.

"Yes, my child," said a kindly voice, not that of the vicar, "but God has given you a pair of hands, which look made to be useful."

"And that indeed they are, ma'am," put in Mrs. Barber; "it's wonderful how clever-like and careful he is in handling things. He does my washing up for me a'most every day, and never broke a cup nor a plate yet."

"That's a good lad," said the vicar, warmly. "And you will be glad to know that we are talking of having a school opened in my parish entirely for blind boys and girls who want to learn to be useful. Captain Morland is going to help us, and a good friend of his, a lady here, who has founded a school and home in another part of the country proposes helping the Hampshire blind people in the same way, and living amongst us to teach them. Would you like to be a pupil?"

Tears came into Bobby's sightless blue eyes, so gentle in their expression, and he could scarcely say how much joy it would be to him. All at once his face clouded over as he whispered aunt Martha's name to Mrs. Barber; "should he be obliged to go and live with her—and if not, how was he ever to pay for his schooling?"

We need not record all the conversation that took place, or the arrangements that subsequently resulted from that Sunday visit to the big house.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

293. "Lord, save me," said the Apostle Peter to the Saviour (Matt. xiv. 30). Is there any passage from which we may gather that St. Peter could swim?

294. How frequently is the term *holy* applied to a mountain in Holy Scripture?

295. Give two passages from St. John's Gospel which record the attempts made by the Jews to stone the Lord Jesus.

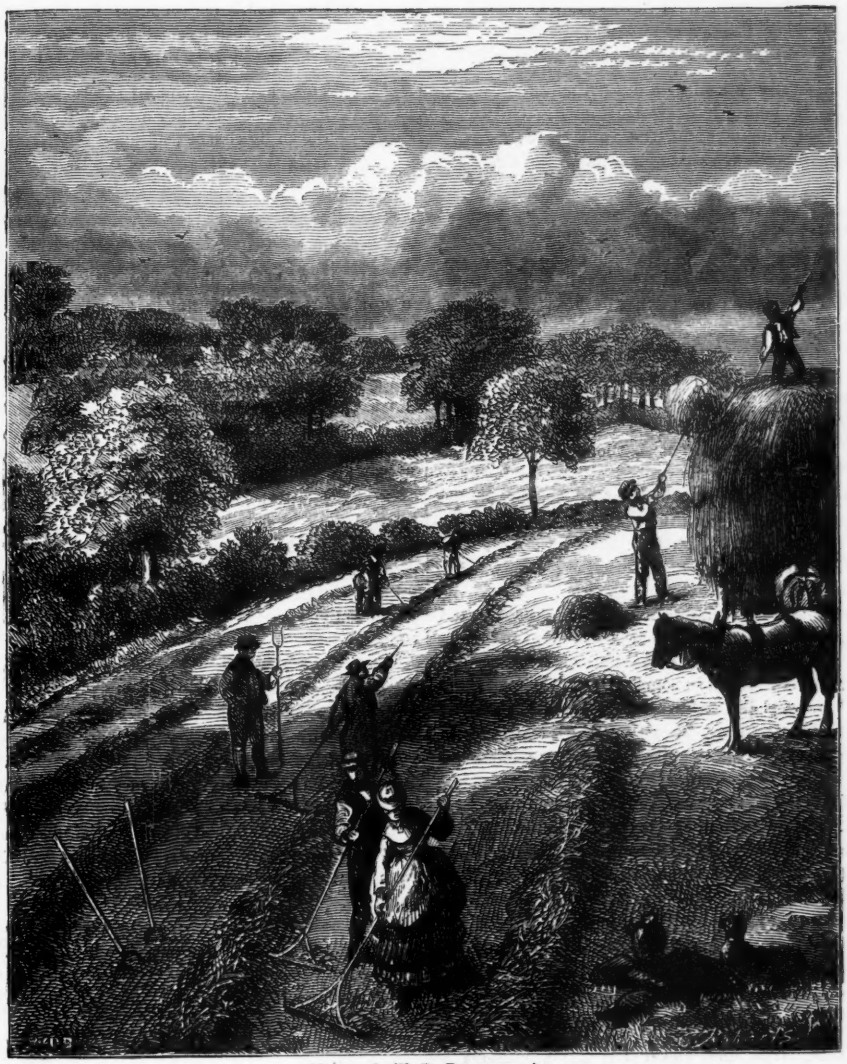
296. "Knowing," said St. Peter, "that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, *even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me.*" Was the communication of our Lord to St. Peter uttered before or after Jesus was crucified?

297. It is distinctly stated by St. John in the Apocalypse whither Satan was cast when he was hurled out of heaven. Give chapter and verse.

298. Point out the particular statement of the Lord Jesus Christ's which *first* excited enmity.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 656.

277. John xvii. 3.
278. Luke viii. 4.
279. Numb. xii. 6; Job xxxiii. 15; Joel ii. 28.
280. 2 Sam. xvii. 19, 20.
281. Gen. iii. 15; xii. 3; xviii. 18; xxii. 18; xlix. 10.
282. Gen. xl. 20; Matt. xiv. 6.
283. St. John (John xxi. 7).



(*Drawn by* W. D. Blatchett.)

HAY-TIME.

BLOWN by chance across my way
Comes the sweet scent of the hay,
And in fancy I behold
Visions bright and manifold.

First a field of waving grass
See I in a vision pass;
While a carol clear and loud
Hails me from a golden cloud.

Then a mower, free and blithe,
Whistling o'er his gleaming scythe,
Keeping time, in sun and shade,
To the swinging of his blade.

Next a batch of village girls,
Rosy cheeks and dancing curls,
Busy hands and toil-embrowned,
Bright eyes glancing round and round.

Brawny men with dusty throats
Shouting in discordant notes;
Children running here and there;
Swallows skimming through the air.

Now a wagon on a road
Creaking with its welcome load,
Underneath an arch of trees
Swaying in the ev'ning breeze.

Ricks beside a straw-roofed farm;
Bees around it in a swarm;
Cattle housed in shed and stall—
Peace and plenty over all.

These and many more I see—
Pleasant sights they are to me—
Blown by chance across my way
With the sweet scent of the hay.

MATTHIAS BARR.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.
MAGGIE'S BIRTHDAY.

THE old man was failing fast, and both he and Maggie knew it. The latter never forgot that long dreary April in which she worked all day for food and shelter, and sat of an evening by her father's side talking in the twilight of sacred things. The conversation always took that turn now, each knowing why, and yet neither saying; each waiting—the one to die and the other to weep.

"Maggie," said the poor old man, kind-hearted and mistaken, and seeing it at last, "I wish I could live my life over again; I would act quite differently. I've been very foolish in some things, dear, and when I am gone I shall leave nothing for you, as I ought to have done, and you have been a great blessing to me. I wonder if we are punished for our mistakes, Maggie."

"No, daddy, God knows and understands——"

"I wish I had never borrowed the hundred of Bowden. That grieves me sadly, for he lent it so readily, and was generous over it. I'd give anything if that were paid!" and Maggie's heart echoed his words, though her lips made no reply.

Two days later Maggie was twenty-one, and, in accordance with a request she had received through Charley, she went to Miss Campbell's. The blind woman rose as she entered, and, stretching out her hands, welcomed her. She had always been fond of Maggie; and she said many kind words now in her grave, formal manner, which had, nevertheless, a lurking sweetness in it.

"I have hardly had a chat with you since I returned, my child; so let us have one now. I can scarcely believe that you are twenty-one. Do you know, my dear, I had always hoped that by the time you were that age you would belong to me—that you would have been Charles's wife."

"Oh, Miss Charlotte, he will be far happier with Hetty!"

"Yes, dear," she said, thoughtfully, "I think he will; she is more suited to him. You require a cleverer man than my nephew. He told me all about it, dear," and she put her hand softly down on Maggie's rumpled head; "and says that the reason he learnt to like Hetty was that she was always so ready to talk of you. Oh! here is Hetty, I think. My dear," she said, turning to the little dimpled girl, "we were talking of you and Charles, and how he first liked you because you were always ready to talk of Margaret."

"Yes," she laughed, "I was never able to tell Maggie about it myself, but that was the reason, and our common love for her drew us together, and I am not a bit jealous, you know, for he always says Maggie is his ideal and I am his reality, and so he can like us both, and no harm either," she said, in high glee. "And now I know Miss Charlotte wants to talk to you, Maggie, so I'll give you a hug because it is your birthday, and then be off; I've been here an age already;" and she gave her the hug, and departed.

"And now, Margaret, I want to give you these as a keepsake from me on your birthday," and Miss Campbell drew from the table a square case, and put it into Maggie's lap. "I had meant them for Charles's wife——"

"Then, dear Miss Charlotte, should they not be Hetty's?"

"No, they are for you. I am not poor in jewels," she added, getting back into her old formal manner again, "and there will be plenty for Hetty." Then Maggie slowly opened the case, and gave a little cry of wonder and joyful surprise.

"Oh, Miss Charlotte, how lovely!"

"My father gave them to me after my mother died; they were his gifts to her." Maggie bent

down and kissed the blind woman's hands, which were resting in her lap, and then looked long and almost sorrowfully at her jewels.

"Miss Charlotte, are they not very valuable, and is not that one reason why you give them to me?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Are they worth more than a hundred pounds?"

"I do not know; but I should value them at much more than that sum," she said, stiffly, almost coldly, for she did not understand these questions. Maggie put the case down on the table, and, kneeling before the blind woman, said:—

"I want to tell you something, Miss Charlotte," she said, softly, a strange hope flashing upon her. "During these winter months we have been terribly poor. I never confessed it till now. I could not bear to do so. My father failed in health and strength, you know, and at first I could not get work to do, and sometimes we had scarcely bread to eat; but while my father did not know how near starvation was to us, I could never have told." She struggled for a moment to keep down her pride, and then went on. "It is better now, for I have pupils, and do not want help—nay, more, would not accept it, even from you," and she stooped and kissed the proud grave face. "But there is one debt we owe—it is a hundred pounds. I have no hope even of paying out of my own means; and, oh, Miss Charlotte, I would give the world to obtain it in time to pay it to the person to whom we owe it before he leaves England next month. He will never ask for it, but this debt worries my father and me sadly. I could never have told you this if you had not given me those jewels just now, and said they were worth so much."

"And you want me to give you the money——"

"No—yes," she was almost in despair, though Miss Campbell was stroking her hair in kindly fashion, but it was such a terrible trial to her pride. "I want you to let me have it, and keep the jewels until some day I shall have earned enough to redeem them, for the idea of possessing anything that is worth the money we owe, and not endeavouring to realise it, jars upon me, and does not seem right."

"You shall have the money, Margaret; I can afford it;" and she kissed the girl again, and brushed away the tears she felt rolling down her cheeks. "And you shall have the jewels too."

"No, no! I could not!" she answered. "I value your gift dearly, Miss Charlotte, and I am as vain as most women, and like jewels; but keep them for me, and you will see that some day I shall redeem them. But let me feel that I have done something more than merely ask you for the money. I shall be so proud of them some day, and remember the blessing they brought me; and, oh! Miss Charlotte," and she clasped her hands, and tried in vain to control herself; "it has been so terrible to say all this! How can I ever thank you sufficiently?"

She almost flew back to the old man, and putting the notes into his hand, made him write at once to Stephen Bowden, returning the money, and thanking him for his kindness, and then she waited breathlessly for the acknowledgment, which she knew he must send. It would be something, she thought, even to see his handwriting again, and who knew what he might not say? Oh, that foolish Margaret!

CHAPTER XX.

NEWS.

HETTY and Charley came that evening, in honour of Maggie's birthday. The two suited each other perfectly, though Hetty's first attraction for her lover had been that she was as enthusiastic as himself about Margaret. In the winter-time in Scotland it had dawned upon him how much more at home he was with her than with her cousin. "There isn't any one like Maggie," he thought; "but I can't talk of all those musty old things she likes, and I should feel such a fool all my life if I married her;" and so gradually he thought it would be very nice if he and Hetty were always together. "She's so jolly, and she knows all about Maggie," and so it was it came about.

"Do you know, Maggie dear," Hetty said, with the characteristic liberality of people in love, "I cannot think how it was you liked Stephen better than Charley." The two girls were sitting alone together in the twilight, as they had done once before. "Charley is so amusing. Why, you and Stephen were often together and never talked at all."

"It was that which was so pleasant," answered Maggie, musingly. "That silence which falls between people who understand each other—a silence in which each, perhaps, thinks independently, and yet is conscious of the other's presence, and as to all about them, they know that they see, and hear, and feel together, and so have no occasion to discuss each common sight and sound—words would only be terribly in the way."

"But were you never dull?"

"No, never, because there was perfect sympathy between us, which, you know, I think as necessary as love between two people who have to be much together, for without it love often wears itself away for want of a support. Charley felt the want of it in me, even when he liked me best, and we should have been a life-long disappointment to each other. He felt the charm of it in you, dear, for you can talk and laugh together as we never could, and so out of that feeling love has grown."

"Well, then," said Hetty, with a sigh, "I wish Stephen had not had such a disagreeable nature."

"It was his manner, not his nature," Maggie answered, "and the two are vastly different. We often wear the one as a sort of garment to hide the other."

"Until it spoils it."

"Yes, perhaps, it does spoil it in the end, unless, like the garment, we can throw it aside."

"Do you care for him still, Maggie?"

"No," said Maggie.

"But you would again in a week."

"No, I should not," she answered, almost sorrowfully. "I shall never wonder when I remember how much I did care for him; but then it was before I thought he was capable of being what he has been. I admire him greatly in most things still, but as for being in love with him again—it is easier to build a new idol than to put a shattered one together again."

"But could you not build a new one?"

"No, never, as long as I live," she said, almost bitterly. "I expended all my strength upon that one; I could never care for or thoroughly believe in any one again. One seldom climbs the height twice, Hetty dear, and I could never get back the feeling I had for him, or give it to any one else in the world. So" (and she laughed as she rose and led her cousin back to the sitting-room), "Margaret Ashbury will be a spinster to the end of her days."

"Maggie, here is a letter for you from the Academy," the old man said, as she entered.

"For me! Oh, it is to say the picture is rejected, of course. I did not know they sent a notice." She opened it with a forced laugh and a nervous trembling of the hand. "Charley, see what it is," she said. He took it up and read it, and then gave a jump like a big schoolboy. "Maggie's picture is accepted! Didn't I say so. Here's a notice to come and varnish. Bravo, Maggie! Behold the artist of the day!"

"Oh, Charley, pray don't be such a dreadful stupid," said Hetty, imploringly. "But let us see what it says." Then Charley condescended to read the formal notice.

"Why, they must have hung it near the line," said Maggie, "for they do not let those artists varnish whose pictures are skyed, Daddy," and she turned and kissed the old man. "Your portrait has been accepted, darling; it was all through your having such a grand old face, and not a bit through any merit of mine." But the old man had turned away after the first excitement of the moment, and the dull aching pain which had been in Maggie's heart so long came back again.

"Nothing rouses daddy now!" she said, sadly.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

FREEDOM BY OBEDIENCE.

Ps. cxix. 45.

THERE can be no doubt, I think, that the writer of this psalm loved the law of God with a sincere and profound affection, although he took a very quaint way of showing his love. He said within himself, "I will write a psalm all about the Divine Law. My psalm shall have as many stanzas in it as there are letters in the alphabet. Each stanza shall consist of eight verses; each of the verses in every stanza shall begin with the same letter; and there shall not be a single verse in the whole psalm which shall not contain one of the names by which the Divine Law is known among us. The task will be hard, but God will help me to achieve it. And the harder the task, the more it will prove how much I love His law."

Now, when a man is so very ingenious, we are apt to suspect his ardour, and even his sincerity. And, indeed, the very inspiration of this psalm has been called in question on the express ground that it was not likely the wise Holy Spirit of God would move a man to write a fanciful and elaborate alphabetical acrostic, that He would only use simpler and more genuine forms of literature. But we must remember both that love is sometimes fantastic, and that there are periods in which literature takes quaint and ingenious forms without ceasing to be sincere. There was a time in our own national history when very sincere and devout poets—such as Dr. Donne, and Quarles, and George Herbert, for example—expressed their devotion in very quaint and elaborate devices. Custom made that familiar to them which is strange to us; the fashion of the age gave that a charm which to us is unattractive and even repulsive; and though we have gained in simplicity, who will venture to affirm that we serve God with a devotion more profound, or love Him with an affection more sincere, than the holy men whose names I have just mentioned? For *us* to construct "emblems" like those of Quarles would be an absurd affectation; but it would be still more absurd were we to conclude it an affectation in him, and to take his quaintness as a proof of his insincerity.

A very true and genuine love may, therefore, express itself in quaint devices and elaborate ingenuities of form. And hence, despite the alphabetical and other ingenuities of this psalm, we may well believe that its unknown author had a sincere

love for that Divine Law of which he sang. Although he did not "walk *in liberty*," at least while composing his psalm, he nevertheless sought and loved God's commandments. David, in Psalm xix., wrote a larger because a freer song on the same theme; but, even in this cxix. Psalm, there are many verses as beautiful in form as they are true in substance: the writer of it shows that he had solved many spiritual problems, mastered many spiritual secrets.

(1) He had learned, for instance, that *to obey is to be free;* and this is a secret of the spiritual life of which, even in this late age, many good men have not possessed themselves. He affirms that *only as we seek God's commandments do we walk in liberty*—or, "walk *at large*," as the Hebrew phrases it, "walk *in a wide space*"—where there is nothing to check or hinder freedom of action; and, as we know, to "seek" God's commandments is to "find" them—for God is always found of them that seek Him—no sooner do we try to acquaint ourselves with His will, than we discover that we already know the rudiments and first elements of His will. No sooner do we know, or discover that we know, some parts of His will, than we seek to discover that which as yet we do not know. *Seekers to the end, we are finders from the first.* The further distances, the terminal miles of our journey, may be hidden from us; but there is light where we walk, and we can see where our next step should be planted, and our next. As we climb the steep of duty, the broad table-land at the summit of the mountain—to which our God Himself is sun and moon—and much of the prospect on either hand, may be concealed from us by driving mists, which yet have a beauty of their own; but for a little distance onward our path lies plainly before us, a track worn and smoothed by many feet, and at least the nearer prospect lies open to our view. If we are seeking God's commandments, we have found at least some of them, *at least those which bid us seek*, and are walking therein. And so far as we are walking in them, says the Psalmist, we walk in liberty. To obey is to be free.

Now, there are many secrets of the spiritual life which sound very mysterious when put into words, but which, nevertheless, solve themselves quite easily and happily in our actual experience. When, for example, we hear that, in the kingdom of God, in the spiritual realm, *to serve is to rule*, or that *to lose is to gain*, or that *to suffer is to be blessed*, or that *to die is to live*, or that *to obey is to be free*—all these axioms—for they are axioms—of the spiritual life, sound like paradoxes and contradictions; yet, if we accept them, and act upon them, we find that they are simply and accurately true. When we "serve" others, we find that we do "rule" both them and ourselves, that we can only serve them as we rule and deny ourselves, and that by serving we gain influence and authority with them. When we "lose" cheerfully much that we love, we find that we have "gained," and gained immensely, in force of character, in manliness, in consideration for our neighbours, in aspiration after brighter and more enduring good. When we "suffer" patiently, our suffering is "blessed" to us; we find that our sufferings have a cleansing and healing virtue; that to suffer is to be strong; that we can only reach the divinest joys as we pass to them through the dark avenues of sorrow and pain. When we "die" to sin, we "live" to righteousness; when we "die" to self, we "live" unto God; when we "die" out of time, we "live" in eternity. And, in like manner, when we "obey" we are "free;" we find, by happy experience, that we are never so much our own men as when we keep God's commandments; that we never get so much of our own best will, as when we do His will. Take the mere words—"We can be free only as we obey"—and they sound like a clear contradiction. But *act* on them; begin to keep God's commandments, and you find yourself, you know not how, in a happy liberty. The mystery clears off from them as you approach them. Life interprets and demonstrates the theorem that seemed paradoxical and absurd. *How* obedience sets us free may not be plain to our reason; we may not be able to put it into words: nevertheless, we have tested and verified it for ourselves, and know it to be true. Life takes up the harp of thought, smites its trembling chords, and, lo! all its murmuring and uncertain vibrations rise into clear musical tones, all its discords melt into harmony.

It is well, however, that the truths which life interprets should become clear to reason, that we should be able to put into words what we have put into our deeds, and found to be true, though once it seemed not true. And if we once get the clue, there really is no difficulty whatever in seeing, and saying, how it comes to pass that obedience is the only path to freedom.

No doubt this axiom, simple as it is, puzzles us all at times, and especially when we are young, and have not sat long in the school of experience. Then, our conceptions of "law" and "liberty" being as yet unperfect, we think of them as opposites. Law is restraint; liberty is freedom from restraint, and, therefore, freedom from law. How, then, can we rise through obedience to law into liberty? This problem, I say, sadly perplexes those who are young in thought, however old they may be in years, although the answer to it is so obvious, that one wonders how they can miss it.

For consider: if you want to master any art or craft, must you not serve and obey that you may master it? If you want to be a mechanic or an artist, you find that every craft, every art, has its

rules, which rules are simply the results of long experience; they simply point out the easiest and best methods of—making a chair, let us say, or painting a picture. How are you to become a good carpenter or a good painter? by obeying those rules, or by disobeying them?—by using your tools or your brushes as the whim of the moment prompts, or by learning to use them according to the laws which wisdom and experience have laid down? You know very well that you must study and obey those rules, that you must faithfully and patiently serve them, if you would become masters in your art or craft. You know very well that, if you would become what we may call a *free* carpenter or a *free* painter—if, that is, you would do your work freely and happily, without so much as once thinking of the rules you nevertheless observe you can only rise to that freedom by having obeyed the rules so long and well that your obedience has come to be unconscious, automatic, and you do your work as one who follows an inward instinct, rather than as one who keeps an outward law.

It really does not matter into what province of life we go; everywhere the axiom holds good, that obedience is the only path to liberty. Look, for example, at that boy sitting at his school-desk, with the pen in his unaccustomed fingers. With what difficulty he frames a few letters, looking ever at his copy, blotting his book, inking his fingers, his straight strokes a waving line, his curves irregular angles, his whole body painfully sympathising with his laborious hand, even to the tongue which makes strokes and curves within his mouth. What a task is his! how many rules has he to observe! how often do his tears fall with his ink on the blotted page! and what a tyranny it seems that his natural liberty should be curtailed, and that he should be compelled to drudge at that weary work when he would so fain be playing in the fields! Yet only thus, only by long and painful observance of rules, can he become a rapid and masterly penman, writing without a thought of rule and filling his page with words that cost him no labour. And the axiom holds good *in the spiritual* as in all other provinces of life. Here, in this spiritual province, the end pursued is that we may become like God, the great perfect Spirit, that we may become good and pure and kind as He is; that, like Him, we may become perfect in kindness and purity and goodness. For the attainment of this end certain rules or laws are laid down, which rules God has revealed to us in the words and lives of the holy men who were before us, and, above all, in the words and life of his only perfect Son. These rules embody both the wisdom of God and the experience of the wisest and best of men, who have tried them and found them come true. They must be good rules, therefore; they must be infallible rules, although our interpretation of them may be imperfect. And we can only rise into spiritual life, and secure its end, as we obey these rules. If we would rise into *free* spiritual life, we must study and obey them till we can observe them, as by an inward spiritual instinct, without thought and without pain.

Mark how the skilled mason builds a house with a labour that is pleasant to him, and no longer irksome. He can whistle and sing, and laugh and talk, over his work; yet all the while his cunning dexterous hand is busy, and his heart takes satisfaction and a wholesome pride in the ease and certainty with which his work is done. *The law of his work is in his heart*, and therefore none of his strokes fail. The law is in his heart, made his by long obedience, and therefore he walks and works "at large." And only when, in like manner, the statutes of God have become our songs, shall we build up the edifice of spiritual character with happy freedom, in perfect liberty.

Thus, then, we may see, as well as feel, that obedience is freedom. The paradox—to obey is to be free—becomes as clear to our reason as it is true to our faith and experience.

(To be concluded.)

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

XI.—IN THE KINGDOM—*(concluded.)*

AT this Crèche at Stepney Causeway the reasons of the true childlike freshness, alacrity, and even the engaging impetuosity and loving confidence which characterise these little ones, is not far to seek. As you came up you noticed row after row of blue check bags, hanging in a current of fresh air on the wall of the staircase. Those bags contain the clothes in which these children are brought to the Home in the morning. They are changed with the morning's ablutions, and clean garments substituted for them until the mothers come in the evening to fetch away their bairnies, and by that time they have been aired and sweetened. It is noticeable that this has the effect in many instances of inducing the women to make praiseworthy efforts to improve the appearance

of the children, and, indeed, the whole tendency of the treatment of the little ones is to develop the tenderness and love which lies deep down in the hearts of the mothers. Even the endearing nicknames almost instinctively bestowed upon the tiny darlings have a share in promoting this feeling, and the pretty rosy plump little creatures, or the quaint expressive bright-eyed babies, who are called "Rosie," "Katie," "Pet," "Little Old Lady," and so on, all have a kind of happy individuality of their own in the regards of the dear lady who founded and still directs the institution, and in those of the nurses who tend them. Sometimes the names arise from some little incident arising when the children are first brought there, as well as from the engaging looks and manners of the little ones themselves. "The King," is a really fine baby-boy, the recognised monarch of the upper nursery, but his sway is strictly constitutional; while a pretty little wistful, plump lassie, is good-humouredly known as "Water Cresses," and has no reason to be ashamed of the name, for it designates the business by which a hard-working mother and elder sister earn the daily bread for the family.

Did I say that the charge for each child is twopence daily? Nominally it is so; and let those who desire to know something of the real annals of the poor remember that even this small sum—which of course cannot adequately represent anything like the cost—is not easily subtracted from the scanty earnings of poor women engaged in slopwork, or selling dried fish, plants, crockery, and small wares in the streets, or going out to work in warehouses, rope-walks, match-making, box-making, and other poor employments, where the daily wages will not reach to shillings, and sometimes are represented only in the pence column. Let it be remembered, too, that the husbands of these women (those who are not prematurely widows, or whose husbands have not deserted them) are employed as dock labourers, and are often under the terrible curse of drink, or are in prison, while the women struggle on to support the little ones, who, but for this institution, would perhaps be left hungry, naked, and sickly, to the care of children only two or three years older than themselves; or would be locked in wretched rooms without food or fire till the mother could toil homeward, with the temptation of a score of gin-shops in the way.

Each of the bright intelligent little faces now before us has its history, and a very suggestive and pathetic history too.

Look at this little creature, whose pet name of Fairy bespeaks the loving care which her destitute babyhood calls forth; she is only ten months old, and her mother is but nineteen, the widow of a sailor lost at sea two months before the baby was born.

Katie, of the adult age of five years, is the child of a man who works on barges. Rosie, one of the first inmates, has a drunken dock-labourer for a father, and her mother is dead. Dicky represents the children whose father, going out to sea in search of better fortune for wife and children, is no more heard of, and is supposed to be dead. "The King" is fatherless, and his mother works in a bottle-warehouse. The pathetic stories of these children is told by Mrs. Hilton herself, in the little simple reports of this most admirable charity. They are so touching, that I cannot hope to reproduce them in any language so likely to go straight to the heart as that in which you may read them for yourself if you will either visit the Crèche, or send ever so small a donation, and ask for a copy of the modest brown-covered little chronicle of these baby-lives. Standing here in the two nurseries, where the dolls and Noah's arks, the pictures, and the doves, nay, even the baby-jumpers suspended from the ceilings, are but accessories to the clasp of loving arms and the softly-spoken words of tender womanly kindness, I wonder why all one side of Stepney Causeway has not been demanded by a discriminating public for the extension of such an institution. Loitering in the lower room, where one little bright face is lifted up to mine, as the tiny hands pluck at my coat-skirt, and another chubby fist is busy with my walking-stick, I begin to think of the workhouse ward, where mothers are separated from their children night and day; of a prison, where I have seen a troop of little boys, and a flogging-room provided by a beneficent Government for the recognition by the State of children who had qualified themselves for notice by the commission of what the law called crime.

A pleasant odour of minced beef, gravy, and vegetables, known as "Irish stew," begins to steal upon the air. The wooden benches in one of the rooms are suddenly turned back, and, like a conjuring trick, convert themselves into tiny arm-chairs, with convenient trays in front for plates and spoons. The little voices—forty like one—strike up a fresh chant, and a whisper of rice-pudding is heard. So we go out, wondering still, and with a wish that from every nursery where children lisp "grace before meat," some gracious message could be brought to aid and strengthen those who believe with me that the most profitable investment of political economy, the most certain effort of philanthropy, is to begin with the men and women of the future, and so abate the fearful threatenings of coming pauperism, and the still more terrible menace of a permanent "criminal class."

The policy of the authorities, says Mrs. Hilton, in her interesting narrative of the Crèche, in stopping out-door relief to poor widows with chil-

dren is causing much sorrow. The 2s. 6d. or 3s. received from the parish secured their rent, and they managed, with shirt-making or trouser-finishing, to earn a bare subsistence; but now the battle for a mere existence is terrible. Doubtless, the children would be better cared for in the House, but mothers cannot be persuaded to give them up. One such case has just passed under my notice; but the woman shall speak for herself. "'Oh, Mrs. Hilton, they have taken off my relief!—I, with four little ones who cannot even put on their shoes and stockings. They offer me the House; but I never can give up my children. Look at baby; he is ten months old; his father died of small-pox six months before he was born; he was only ill five days.' I told her I was afraid she would not be able to earn enough to keep them all. 'Well,' she said, "I must try—I will never go into the House.'"

"But these women have very little feeling for their children, they are so low and brutalised." Are they? Let those who think so visit this Cradle Home, and witness the bearing of the mothers who come to take their little ones home, or to nurse the sucklings at intervals snatched from work. Let them hear what such poor women will do for children *not* their own, even to the extent (as recently took place, in one instance, at least) of sharing with their less necessitous babes the natural sustenance that the mother cannot always give.

Sixty-five children received daily, and a hundred or more on the books, with space needed for many more than can be admitted; children who, some of them infants as they are, have learned to lisp profane oaths and babble in foul language, and to give way to furious outbursts of passion, the result of neglect and evil example, and the life of the street and the gutter. It is but a short time, however, before this strange dreadful phase of the distorted child mind disappears, and the pet name is bestowed along with the gentle kindness that obliterates the evil mimicry of sin. The baby taken home from this purer atmosphere of love becomes a messenger of grace to many a poor household, as the short annals of the Crèche will tell; and even the pet names themselves are adopted by the mothers in speaking of and to their own children. One short story from the first report sent out by Mrs. Hilton, and we will go our way with a hope that some words of ours may win a fresh interest for these little ones.

"A precious babe died, and the mother, too poor to bury it, sent for a parish coffin. The child was very dear to us, and we had named her our nursery Queen, which had degenerated into 'Queenie.' It was a sore trial to us to see the golden curls mingled with sawdust, which is all that was placed in the coffin; and yet we could not spend public funds on the funeral, and feared to do it privately. In a few hours a mother came and said, 'Come and look at your Queenie now.' We went, and saw that loving hands had softened all the harsh outlines. A little bed and pillow had been provided, a frill placed round the edge, and some children had lain fresh-gathered flower on the darling's breast. The cost had been 9½d., paid for by those mothers, and although so freely and lovingly given, it was the price of more than a meal each."

If every mother in London with a well-stocked larder would give the price of a meal for the sake of a living child—but, there! my duty is not to beg, but to describe.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN Humphrey Atherstone left Mr. Trafford's house, after having held with him the interview we have recorded, he felt almost as if he had entered into a new sphere of being, where he was as yet a stranger. All the future was changed before him—his home, his people, would be rent away from him as the kingdom was rent from Saul in the day of his error and defeat; and he who had lived all his life in luxury, with somewhat of the feudal state of his ancestors, would be left, with only the slender provision his father had inherited as a younger son, to find a profession and a home for himself as best he might. And under such circumstances what chance had he of winning Una Dysart from her friends? Was it not indeed possible that she herself might refuse him the love that once she had surely given, not because of his change of fortune—she was too noble, too pure-hearted to be moved by such a cause—but because she would learn his failure in justice and in honour, and might cease to deem him worthy of the precious gift of her affections? This much was plain, however, he could have no right to ask her again to give herself to him till he had accomplished the restitution of the estates, and could stand before her and her



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Found them walking together in the avenue."—*p.* 700.

friends under no false colours, with little perhaps to offer her, but that little justly his own, and at least a stainless name, cleared from the dark suspicions which hung around it now.

One great fear had risen up dark and menacing before Humphrey Atherstone, in the very first hour when he had recognised that restitution was required of him by all the laws of justice, and that if he failed in it he was for ever dishonoured in the sight of God and man. He feared that by his own deed he had perhaps made this reparation of his errors an impossibility; he might never be able to find Edward Atherstone again.

The dread of this possible retribution, just as he could not but acknowledge it would be, goaded Humphrey Atherstone to immediate action, and the very day he saw Trafford he obtained the name of a suitable agent in Sydney, and telegraphed to him such instructions as he thought most likely to ensure his cousin's speedy return home. The man was to seek out Edward, who could only have arrived from England a short time previously, and he was to inform him that he had been recognised as the son of Maurice Atherstone, and the heir of his estates, and that he was requested to return home at once to take possession of them.

Then Humphrey waited day after day with the keenest anxiety for the answer. When at length, after a somewhat tedious delay, it arrived, his hands literally shook, strong man as he was, while he opened it. It proved to be hopelessly unsatisfactory. The agent had ascertained that Edward landed at Sydney from the ship whose name Humphrey had telegraphed to him, accompanied only by his little boy; there had been fever on board, and several passengers had died, amongst them Ashtaroth, Edward's wife. He had remained only a few days in Sydney, and had then gone with his child into the interior of the country, along with some persons whose acquaintance he had made on board; from that point all trace of him was completely lost. The agent had made every possible inquiry in vain, and he could do no more.

It was evening when this telegram was brought to Atherstone; he stood by the window to catch the failing light upon its lines, and when he had read it through he let it drop from his hand to the floor; then he raised his dark mournful eyes to the dim sky with an appealing glance, for he was learning even then the bitter lesson that repentance, however true and deep, is not enough to ensure the power of reparation for an error; if once we depart from rectitude and justice, it may be that never on this side of the grave will it be permitted to us to remedy the evil we may have wrought, either to ourselves or to others. It was of Una that Humphrey thought as he stood gazing out on the sky, where not a star appeared, for his heart was wrung with the conviction that this telegram was the death-warrant of their mutual happiness. His memory flew back to the day when her bright presence came like a sunbeam into his old halls, and the echo of her happy childlike laughter rang as sweetest music through his home. How guileless and light-hearted she had been! how cloudless her soft brown eyes! how lovely and serene her winning face! and what if he had cast a shadow on that fair young life which he could never more dispel?—what if the wrong he had done his cousin was to recoil in bitter pain, not only on himself, but on her whom he would have shielded from sorrow with his life, poisoning all the springs of joy within her?—what if he who had done his utmost to win the love of her pure tender heart, was now compelled to turn away from her with closed lips, and never perhaps look upon her face again? Truly these were thoughts to shake a man's composure to the very centre, and the stamp of a mortal anguish was on his brow as he stood there facing his bitter destiny. But Atherstone was one who could well have endorsed the poet's lines—

> "Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable
> Doing or suffering——"

Though he had erred, he was strong—strong both to do and to suffer, and it did not take him many minutes to make up his mind as to the course he was bound to pursue. Ringing the bell, he ordered his horse to be brought round, and very soon Nightshade was bearing him at a rapid pace towards the Rectory.

He found Trafford seated in the midst of a group of rough unkempt-looking lads, whom he was teaching with the patience and tenderness of a father amongst his children, though the manner in which they were slowly ploughing their way through the first rudiments of knowledge must have been very trying to a man of his energy.

"I shall not detain you from your scholars more than a very few minutes," said Atherstone; "I only want to ask you a single question."

Trafford rose, and came out into the vestibule, shutting the door on his class, who were soon heard shouting and laughing with an unceremonious vehemence, which demanded that the gentle restraint of his presence should be restored as speedily as possible. In perfect silence Atherstone put the telegram into the clergyman's hands. Trafford read it, and then looked full into Humphrey's face with his eloquent eyes. He answered at once to their mute language.

"You think I ought to go to Sydney myself to seek out my cousin?" said Atherstone.

"I do," replied Trafford; "no one would prosecute the search with the energy and perseverance that you will be driven to give to it by the weighty reasons that you have for desiring that it should be successful. Heaven grant it may! for should it fail, your position would indeed be disastrous."

"It is that which I dread above all," said

Humphrey; "it would be the most terrible retribution that could befall me. I will go, Trafford, but it must be on the condition that you will take care of my people in my absence."

"That I will gladly," he answered, heartily.

"I will leave ample means with you to supply their wants, and I can place the Abbey under the care of my faithful old servants. But, Trafford, with you alone must rest the secret of my painful exile. I have not touched a shilling of the revenues of the estate since I determined to restore it to the rightful owner, and if I possibly can I shall refund even the arrears that are due to him, but it would be very injurious to the interests of the tenantry that the truth should be known while I am in my present uncertainty. Do not suppose that I intend ultimately to conceal the fact of my great error; I shall tell all whom it may concern the whole circumstances of the case so soon as I have found Edward Atherstone; and until I have found him I shall not return to England."

"You are right, Atherstone," said Trafford, warmly grasping his hand; "and that being the case, you may carry a light heart even under your load of care. You will not doubt that you have my deepest sympathy, and of course I need not say that your secret is safe with me; but let me give you one piece of advice—do not delay starting on your search an hour longer than you can help; every day that passes without your cousin being found will render it more difficult to trace him. In your place I think I should set out to-night," he added, with a smile.

"To-night!" exclaimed Atherstone, while his brows contracted with sudden pain. For a moment he did not speak; then he said, "Not to-night, Trafford, that is an effort beyond me for reasons I cannot explain; but soon, do not doubt it; knowing, as you do, all that is at stake for me in this search, you may be very sure that I shall not postpone it longer than is necessary."

"Well, the sooner you are gone the better; but, meantime, the experiment of a republic in the next room seems to be of doubtful success, so I think I must go back to my charge. Good-night, and God be with you!"

So they parted; but as Atherstone rode away from the door he did not turn towards the Abbey, but took the way to Vale House. Trafford's counsel to him to start on his distant journey that same night had seemed like a stab into his very heart, for he felt that it was beyond the power even of his iron will to leave England without looking once again on the face of Una Dysart. He knew, with bitter, almost maddening regret, that he could give her no explanation of his departure, and that he could make no renewal of his entreaty to her to become his wife; but he must at least let her read in his eyes that, whatever might be the cause which parted them, it was not because he had ceased to love her. He galloped up at once to the house which he knew was soon again to be her home, and inquired from the servants there when they expected Miss Dysart and her aunt to return. The day fixed was at once named to him—exactly ten days from that time. Then Atherstone turned and rode home, resolved that he would see her just once, and then he would turn away from the sight of her sweet face, and depart on his bitter pilgrimage, bearing her image in his heart, and certain that he could know neither peace nor joy till the day came, if ever it did, when he should be able to take her by the hand once more.

But Atherstone did not calculate on the malice of one cold-hearted woman, which, as we have seen, thwarted fatally the last and only chance he had of ascertaining Una's real feelings. In that final interview, when Miss Grubbe caused the carriage to dart on with such speed that he himself was nearly flung into the road, he got one last glimpse of the lovely face—white, and startled-looking—and then it vanished from before his longing eyes, and he felt, as he turned away heartsick and well-nigh hopeless, that the very light of his life was for the time at least utterly extinguished.

CHAPTER XXXI.

And Una, how did it fare with her that same night, while Humphrey Atherstone stood on the deck of a vessel bound for Sydney, and watched the shores of England receding from his view? Poor child! her trial was greater far than his; for he at least knew wherefore it was that they were parted, and he had the approval of his own conscience to temper the keenness of his suffering; but for her all was bewilderment and misery, with a strong underlying consciousness that she had done a grievous wrong in withholding from him the momentous letter she had received from Miss Amherst; yet of this she did not even now repent, although the sense it gave her that she could no longer stand in unblemished integrity before her God, deprived her of the consolation which in this dark hour she might have found in the heavenly hopes that, like the stars, shine ever brightest when the earth has deepest gloom; rather was it her one comfort that she had saved him the pain which she believed that letter would have caused him.

The fact, however, that she supposed Humphrey Atherstone to be in perfect ignorance of his cousin's rights prevented her from imagining that his sudden departure for Australia was in any way connected with Edward, and the consequence was that she attributed it to a cause which above all others was bitter and painful to her tender heart. She concluded that his affection for herself had either died out, or been replaced by a deeper love for some more attractive woman, and that his purpose in leaving his home for so distant a journey immediately

on her return, had simply been to put an end decidedly to his former connection with her, and to the expectations it must have excited in her mind.

He could not but be aware, from the terms on which they parted at the time of her father's death, that she must anticipate a renewal of his petition to her to become his wife; if he no longer desired to win her, how could he meet her continually without some explanation, and how could he explain, without insulting her, that he had simply ceased to love her? It seemed to her that if this were indeed the case, he had no alternative but to take refuge in flight, and to remain absent till his own marriage or hers to some other person should wholly blot out even the memory of the past. So far as Una was herself concerned, she knew that her unreserved affection for Humphrey Atherstone was the one love of her life, and that not only no other man could win the heart she had given to him once for all, but that she could never cease to be as entirely devoted to him as she was at that hour, even though she knew him to be false and changed.

This indomitable constancy would to many women seem quite incomprehensible, for the conviction, such as Una possessed, that they were forsaken, would be sufficient in most cases to turn their affection into hatred for the man who had betrayed them; but there are some natures—rare and precious as the jewels of purest water that are found among inferior stones—whose changeless truth to the love of their first allegiance can never be shaken while life endures, however cruelly it may be assailed, and of such was Una Dysart; still, though she knew she never could love Atherstone less, or share with any other the life that would have been so blest with him, she was keenly alive to the bitter humiliation which had been brought upon her by his desertion. But here the proud spirit of her race came to her aid; she inherited the high-toned qualities of a long line of ancestry, and knew well how to bear herself with the haughty delicacy of true maidenly self-respect. She knew that her love was indestructible, and that, betrayed as it had been, it would lie as a canker in her heart so long as life should last, poisoning every joy and quenching every hope, but no human eye should ever see it, no pity for her rejected affection should ever bring the hot blood to her cheek. She would bury it finally from that hour in the depths of her own sad soul, and confront the world with a brave calm aspect, which should quell all suspicions of the truth.

Una carried out this resolution with a courageous firmness which effectually secured her object. In vain did Miss Grubbe's small eyes, full of a spiteful triumph, try to read the hidden pain in the fair proud face; in vain did even her aunt, whose cold nature had been stirred by some slight uneasiness as to her own treatment of her niece, look for traces of sorrow; there was no gloom on her tranquil brow, no tears in her soft brown eyes, and she quietly resumed her usual habits of life and her intercourse with her neighbours, as if her happiness had received no shock, excepting that which had been occasioned by the death of her father. Yet her friends were conscious of a change in her, which they could not define; her smile was as frequent and her manner as gentle and sweet as it had ever been, but she was no more like the bright impulsive Una of the previous year than the white frozen streamlet is like the sparkling summer brook, that danced in the sunshine and rippled its laughing waters over the shining stones with a ceaseless song. Still she was as much as ever a favourite in the neighbouring houses, and she systematically accepted the invitations made to her, both for the sake of appearances, and also because she was glad to have her thoughts drawn away even for a short time from the one bitter subject which always occupied them in the dull monotony of her home. Her chief solace, however, was being again with Wilhelmina Northcote, to whom she had become much attached in their former intercourse, and whose parents were both very kind to her now. No doubt the breaking off of her connection with Atherstone had partly occasioned Mrs. Northcote's softened demeanour, but Una soon became convinced that there were other causes for it also. She noticed with pain that there was a certain gloom hanging over the household, which had not existed formerly, and which various little circumstances showed her to be in some way connected with Rupert, the only son of the house. He was no longer there; his name was never mentioned by any member of the family; and an accidental allusion which Una once made to him brought so painful a flush over little Wil.'s pretty face, that she was very careful never to speak of him again.

There was one element of cheerfulness at Northcote Manor now, however, which Una, from the very failure of her own happiness, was the more delighted to perceive—for it was caused by the frequent presence of Hervey Crichton, whose frank friendly manner to herself showed that he had completely overcome the disappointment she once had occasioned him. His regiment was stationed only a few miles off, so that the absence of his brother from the Rectory did not prevent him coming to the Manor as often as he pleased.

Una remarked on his constant visits one day to Miss Northcote, when she had found them walking together in the avenue with Hervey's well-trained horse following behind as obediently as a dog. After a few words to herself, he had mounted and ridden away; and then Una looked round with a smile into the piquante face of her companion.

"How singularly often I meet Mr. Crichton here," she said; "you find him very pleasant, do you not?"

"Of course I do, there is no mistake about it; we are particular friends, he and I," replied Wil., boldly.

"Only friends, Wil.?"

"Oh dear yes, only friends, but quite confidential. You know he has told me all about you, Miss Una, and how badly you have behaved to him."

"Have I?" said Una, laughing; "I believe, if you were to ask him now, he would own that he was very much obliged to me for not having prevented him from trying whether you would behave any better."

"If it were so, Una, I do not think I need feel indignant at only coming after you, because you are so good and so beautiful, and I am such a little monster. But I solemnly assure you he has not said a word on the subject yet."

"Not yet; no, I dare say not; naturally it will take him some time to make up his mind to such a monster. But seriously, Wil., I am so glad, for I like him much, and I love you dearly, and I want you both to be happy, if happiness is possible in this strange world."

"Oh, Una, what a sad speech! That is very unlike what you would have said last summer, when you were always so merry. Of course I know what a loss you have had since then; but still I hope you have no cause to doubt the possibility of happiness for yourself?" and Wil. looked at her anxiously.

"Why should you imagine such a thing?" answered Una, with a vivid blush; then hastily changing the subject, she said, "but let us leave Mr. Crichton for the present, Wil., for I have always wanted to ask you some day, when we were alone, to tell me the truth about poor Lilith Crichton; beyond the fact that her brother has taken her away for her health, and that they are established at Torquay, I cannot get any reliable information about her at all. She wrote me a few lines, very sweet and loving, not long ago, but begged me not to expect to hear from her again, as she was too weak to write—yet no one seems to give her illness a name."

"It would not be easy to do so," said Wil., with a sigh; "it is not consumption, as people said it was—that at least I know."

"Do you think she is seriously ill?" asked Una.

"Ill! I think she is dying," said Wil., sadly.

"Dying! but of what malady? there must be some cause," said Una.

"If you want to know exactly what I think, Una, I believe she is dying of a broken heart. I used always to fancy such cases only existed in novels; but I am quite convinced now that human beings can die from such a cause, and that Lilith will. The doctors say she has literally no complaint, except prostration and failure of the vital powers; but at the same time they have given up all hopes of her recovery."

"Is it possible! Dear sweet Lilith! I had no idea her case was hopeless; it seems terrible to think of her suffering so much grief as even to die of it; but what has caused it, Wil.? what is the meaning of it all?"

She drooped her head without answering, and as Una turned, surprised, to look at her, she saw that tears were raining from the dark eyes, usually so bright and merry.

"Oh, darling Wil! forgive me for asking you; I did not know it would distress you so!"

"The subject is a very painful one to me, Una, but I cannot enter on the causes that have made it so, I am not sure that I understand the whole truth myself; but of one fact I am convinced——You remember the cricket match, do you not?"

"Oh yes, most clearly."

"Well, on that day some terrible blight seemed to fall on Lilith Crichton, beneath which her life has wasted away, as if the very springs of her existence had been poisoned at their source. A great shadow fell over her then, which has deepened and deepened till it has become the shadow of death, and in death it will end." Wil. spoke so sadly, that Una shrunk from asking further questions, and only said softly—

"Dear Lilith! I wish I might hope to see her once again; she was so wonderfuly good and sweet, I always felt it made me better only to be with her."

"Yes," said Wil., with a sad smile, "Lilith will be with congenial companions when she is taken to be among the angels of God, so I suppose we must not grudge her to them," and, dashing the tears from her eyes, she made an effort to change the conversation.

Una said no more, but she went home thoroughly convinced that the fatal change in poor pretty Lilith was due in some way to Rupert Northcote.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XIX. CHRIST DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS. No. 2—NICODEMUS.

Chapter to be read—John iii. 1—21.

INTRODUCTION. Ask the children to whom Christ came, and for whom He died. To what people did He go first, and why? How was He received by the Jews (John i. 11)? but especially rejected in Jerusalem. What kind of people would be found in the capital? Remind of the scribes summoned by Herod (Matt. ii. 4); the council of chief priests and rulers assembled (Matt. xxvi. 57). Now one of these very rulers comes to Christ.

I. THE VISIT. (Read iii. 1, 2.) Ask which people mostly followed Christ. Remind of the multitude without food; the poverty of most of the disciples;

the common people assembling to hear Him gladly also, what did Christ profess to be? Not merely Saviour but teacher. Refer to His beginning His ministry by preaching repentance (Matt. iv. 17). Also to Sermon on Mount; (Matt. v., vi., &c.) Now a Jewish teacher claiming Him as brother comes to see and hear Him. Picture the interview. Christ as yet known only as the carpenter's son; probably in some poor lodging in a back street in Jerusalem resting after day's work; knock at the door; learned ruler (or Rabbi) enters; face partly concealed—anxious to escape recognition; welcomed; invited to sit down; conversation begins. Let the children notice three things. (1) *He was in earnest.* Christ was now a wonderful man; had worked many miracles; taught openly; every one was talking about Him; How few cared to inquire further. Nicodemus had been impressed; seed had dropped in heart; not caught away at once (Parable of Sower); wanted to learn more, so took some trouble to come to Christ, and subsequently became a true disciple. (2) *He was cautious.* Why did he come by night? of whom was he afraid? Did Christ reprove him? then we need not. Better to come timidly than, like the others, not at all. Was he always timid? See John vii. 50, 51, where he spoke boldly for Christ in the council, and xix. 39, where, when all disciples had forsaken, he boldly showed his devotion. (3) *He was respectful.* Remind of way so many asked questions of Christ—rudely, mockingly (John vii. 25, 30, &c.); Nicodemus asked humbly, inquiringly, as if really wishing to learn. Therefore received honour of long private conversation with Christ.

Practical. Let the children see the advantage of learning about Christ. Nicodemus' character strengthened. Let children begin well; like Timothy, learn from childhood; will know God, and learn more to love God; be strengthened in temptations; able to confess Christ boldly at home, school, and work.

II. The new birth. (Read 3—11.) About what does Nicodemus ask instruction? Under whose power were the Jews? What did the wise men ask as to the babe born (Matt. ii. 2)? On what charge was Christ accused before Pilate (Mark xv. 2)? So Nicodemus inquires about the kingdom; just as disciples did before Ascension (Acts i. 6). So Christ shows the nature of God's kingdom. The Jews expected a temporal king; this kingdom spiritual—*i.e.*, over souls of men. (See John xviii. 36.) Notice two things (1) *The nature of the new birth.* What birth did Nicodemus think was intended? How is this birth like the other? It begins new life: a baby comes into new world; perceptions developed gradually; requires food, nurture, &c. So in spiritual life: soul becomes changed. What change had John the Baptist taught? Repentance means change of mind. How is it shown? What is the outward sign of Christian profession (Matt. xxviii. 19)? Remind of John baptising; Peter on Day of Pentecost (Acts ii. 41). But is this all? What causes change of life? The influence of the Holy Spirit upon our hearts. (2) *The continuance of the new life.* What is it compared to? (ver. 8). Let the children name some of the properties of the wind. (*a*) *It is invisible*: can be heard, felt, but not seen. So with Spirit in heart; can hear "still, small voice." What does it speak by? Can feel its working—touching conscience, &c., but not see it. (*b*) *It is powerful.* How does the wind blow? Describe it on a spring day, soft and balmy; then in a storm, rooting up trees, &c. Remind of Lydia; heart softly opened to receive Paul (Acts xvi. 14). Also of the Day of Pentecost; how many converted? So always; feel soft daily influences in heart. Sometimes strong stirrings of conscience—*e.g.*, gaoler at Philippi (Acts xvi. 30).

Practical. Bring home to children—Is the Holy Spirit influencing hearts? Is always striving: is He resisted or sought? This a test as to whether are truly God's children (Rom. viii. 14, 16).

III. The plan of salvation. (Read ver. 13—21.) Ask for the story of the brazen serpent (Num. xxi. 9). Describe the scene. Israelites lying about bitten by snakes; in agony; many dying; Moses coming forward, erecting brazen serpent, issuing command, "Look and live." Incredulity of some; apathy of others; faith of many; turning eyes as commanded—at once whole. Show the resemblance. Christ, who did no sin, treated as if had sinned (Rom. v. 17, 18); commanded "believe and be saved" (Acts xvi. 31, Rom. v. 1). Make the children show the contrast; deliverance from bodily pain and death of the Jews; deliverance from eternal death of all. Also the unconsciousness of the brazen serpent contrasted with the voluntary sacrifice of the Son of God. Show how simple is God's plan of salvation. His justice satisfied by death of Sinless One; man's part to accept offered salvation. Do all do so? For what will they be condemned (ver. 19)? How is true faith shown (James ii. 20)? What work must all do first? Giving up sin as hateful to God, and cause of Saviour's death. So close connection between repentance (or new birth), faith and holiness. What is our belief? merely words? or deeds which will bear the light (ver. 21)? Then the new birth will be manifest; men will see that we are born of the Spirit.

Questions to be answered.

1. Show the progress in the character of Nicodemus as seen on the three occasions on which he is mentioned.
2. What two things may be noticed in his visit?
3. How is a change of heart like a birth?
4. How does the Holy Spirit resemble wind?
5. Give the story of the brazen serpent.
6. What does Christ say about faith?

PATIENCE.

THE STORY OF A BLIND BOY. IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

AUNT MARTHA, now first informed of her sister-in-law's death, obtained a fortnight's holiday from the owners of Laughton Abbey, to whom she had been for many years housekeeper and confidential servant, and energetically set to work to do the best she could for her blind nephew. She called on the dressmaker now carrying on business in her sister-in-law's rooms at Southsea, and found there were many little sums of money due from customers for goods supplied by Bobby's mother, which her successors had not been authorised to collect. All the money that had come in, and a certain amount which she had promised to pay for the business, had been carefully put by for the blind boy, whose mother, in her last illness, had communicated all her wishes to her assistant, Mrs. Betts, on the subject, begging her to keep the money from her husband, if possible, and not name that she had it till he was off to sea again, and Bobby alone. This was unexpected good fortune. The vicar and other friends decided that a certain sum should be paid in to a savings-bank for him in case of future illness, or incapacity for work; also, as it was his own wish, and he was not really a pauper child, that he should pay something towards his education at the school where he would have board and lodging, and be, as his aunt felt, far happier than he could be with her, although, under other circumstances, she would readily have taken charge of him herself at Laughton Abbey, with her master's sanction. Bobby's favourite chair and table were re-purchased for him, and taken care of by Mrs. Barber, to whom, at his request, mother's work-box, Jessie's inkstand, and a few other family treasures were given.

But all these things happened long ago, for it is some years since the Hants and Isle of Wight School and Home for the Blind was first established in Park Lane, Southsea—years during which, in a quiet and unostentatious way, it has effected far more good than was ever anticipated by the foundress and her friends. Money has been scarce sometimes, and the funds at a terribly low ebb, for it is not a cheap charity to carry on with so little public support, but help, when most needed, has generally been forthcoming; and many a girl and boy, many an adult also, has been grateful for the teaching received there. Every year sees some new trade introduced, or increased accommodation for pupils provided. Visitors to the Isle of Wight, to Portsmouth and its neighbourhood, occasionally find their way to buy baskets, wicker cages, brushes, mats, &c., made on the premises. Not very long ago two ladies, anxious to see the institution, were taken through it by the foundress, herself an almost daily visitor. The matron, who is resident, was instructing a class of girls; some were knitting stockings, others reading around her. One pupil had a bead-basket in hand similar to those once made by Bobby Blake. In another room boys were occupied with rope-mat making, music was going on in a third apartment down-stairs where were an organ and piano. Concerts and readings are often held in this part of the building, the tickets of admission bringing in small but welcome additions to the funds.

The purchase of materials and the payment of instructors are large items in the expenditure, as may be supposed. All work by the blind connected with the institution is paid for on completion, but a rapid sale does not invariably follow, so that "straitened circumstances" are not unusual. More pupils, all lads, were in a room leading out into the garden, in which are various outbuildings for stores, also a separate class-room for adults. Here wicker-work of various kinds was going on, also chair-caning. Before a recently-commenced mat, suspended in a kind of frame against the wall, stood a tall delicate-looking young fellow, working with a sharp sort of instrument in his hand, under the direction of a teacher, who stood beside him, and occasionally guided his fingers. "Do not go too near," said the foundress to one of her visitors, "he is a nervous lad, new to this kind of work, and you might cause him to cut his fingers. He is getting on very well, for he is a quick industrious boy, and one of my earliest pupils, also a great favourite of mine. Do you know?" added the lady, as they passed out into the garden, "that youth earns fourteen shillings a week by his labour, and supports a crippled father, once a very good-for-nothing man, and now quite unable to work for himself; he fell from a broken ladder he had climbed for a bet when far from sober, and, after months passed in the infirmary, is now living very near the school, kept by the son whom he used formerly to taunt with his uselessness and infirmity."

And thus it was that Bobby had, by God's help, realised the one great wish of his life; indeed, had done more than he ever dared to hope—earned not only his own living, but enough to keep his father, now happily in many respects a very altered character to that of the reckless godless sailor introduced at the beginning of this story. The capital in the savings-bank has not as yet been touched, as Bobby is always thinking a rainy day may come, for he is not very strong, and might not be able to earn quite so much years hence as he does now. Y. S. N.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

299. Ezekiel has a remarkable statement respecting the burdensome nature of some portion of the law of Moses. Give chapter and verse.

300. Quote the exact words used by the Lord on the *first* occasion of His being sternly indignant with His opponents.

301. On what occasion did Jesus ask, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

302. State which of the Evangelists relate the feeding of the five thousand, and give the references.

303. We read in St. Matthew that "when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that Jesus did, and the children saying, Hosanna to the Son of David, they were sore displeased." To which of the Psalms did the Lord refer in His reply?

304. When our Lord asked His disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" the words St. Peter used in reply are almost identical with those he uttered on another occasion when our Lord asked a different question. Quote the exact words.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 672.

284. Exod. xxix. 38—46.

285. "Put on Christ" (Rom. xiii. 14); "grow in Christ" (Eph. iv. 15); "learn Christ" (Eph. iv. 20).

286. St. Mark gives eighteen; St. Luke, nineteen.

287. Both Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 21) and Elisha (2 Kings iv. 35) used great supplication and prayer: but Christ (Luke vii. 14; Mark v. 41) instantly, by using but a single word.

288. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (i. 9)

289. When he was praying in the Temple in Jerusalem. See Acts xxii. 17, 18.

290. See Mark ix. 32; Luke ii. 50; xviii. 34.

291. "Behold, the name of the Lord cometh from far, burning with His anger, and the burden thereof is heavy: His lips are full of indignation, and His tongue as a devouring fire" (Isa. xxx. 27).

292. Balaam (2 Peter ii. 15; Numb. xxxi. 8); Achan (Josh. vii. 20—25); Ahab (1 Kings xxi.); Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v.); Judas (Matt. xxvi. 15, 47—50; Acts i. 18).

"THE QUIVER" FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMINE IN BENGAL.

FIFTH LIST.

In presenting the fifth List of Subscriptions to the readers of THE QUIVER, the Editor cannot but again express his gratification at the ready response which has been made to his appeal. Further amounts received since the 4th of June will be acknowledged, and a complete balance sheet submitted to the subscribers as soon as possible.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged in first, second, third, and fourth lists ..	1970	8	10
Thos. Sisman, 55, Waterloo Street, Tipton, Staffordshire	0	8	0
W. O. B. Rhind, Torquay ..	0	5	3
J. F., Crainlington, Northumberland	0	1	0
A Reader of THE QUIVER at Blackheath, Kent ..	0	2	0
J. P., Wolverhampton	0	5	0
Mrs. J. C. Small, Bridgwater	0	9	0
Lucy Paget, one of the Inmates of Michael Yoakley's Charity, Margate ..	0	4	6
Wm. Stenhouse, 5, Park Side Street	0	15	6
Sarah S. Schofield, 59, Waverley Street, Hull	0	7	3
Bertha Risch, 9, Armstrong Terrace, Charlton, Kent	0	11	0
The Misses and Master Geddes, 26, Manor Road, Lewisham High Road, New Cross	0	8	3
O. W. J., London	0	2	2
A. W. A., Salisbury	0	4	3
Mary M. Guyatt, Padbury, Buckingham	0	2	6
Rev. Francis Bedwell, 11, Clytha Square, Newport, Mon.	0	10	0
P. L., Bilston	0	5	0
P. Boxhorn, Sevenoaks ..	0	3	6
Annie Smith, The Laurels, Offenham, Evesham ..	1	8	11
W. Gibson, Neva Stearine Works, St. Petersburg ..	8	7	3
Louie, Forest Hill, S.E. ..	0	14	3
Miss Sims, Ickham, near Wingham	10	0	0
Lucy B. J., Clifton, Bristol ..	0	8	0
Boys of Bloxwich National School, per W. A. Dunstone	0	13	0
L. C., Liverpool	0	2	0
Fanny C. Mitchener, 8, Gloucester Street, St. Paul's, Bristol	0	16	0
Carried forward £	1998	2	5

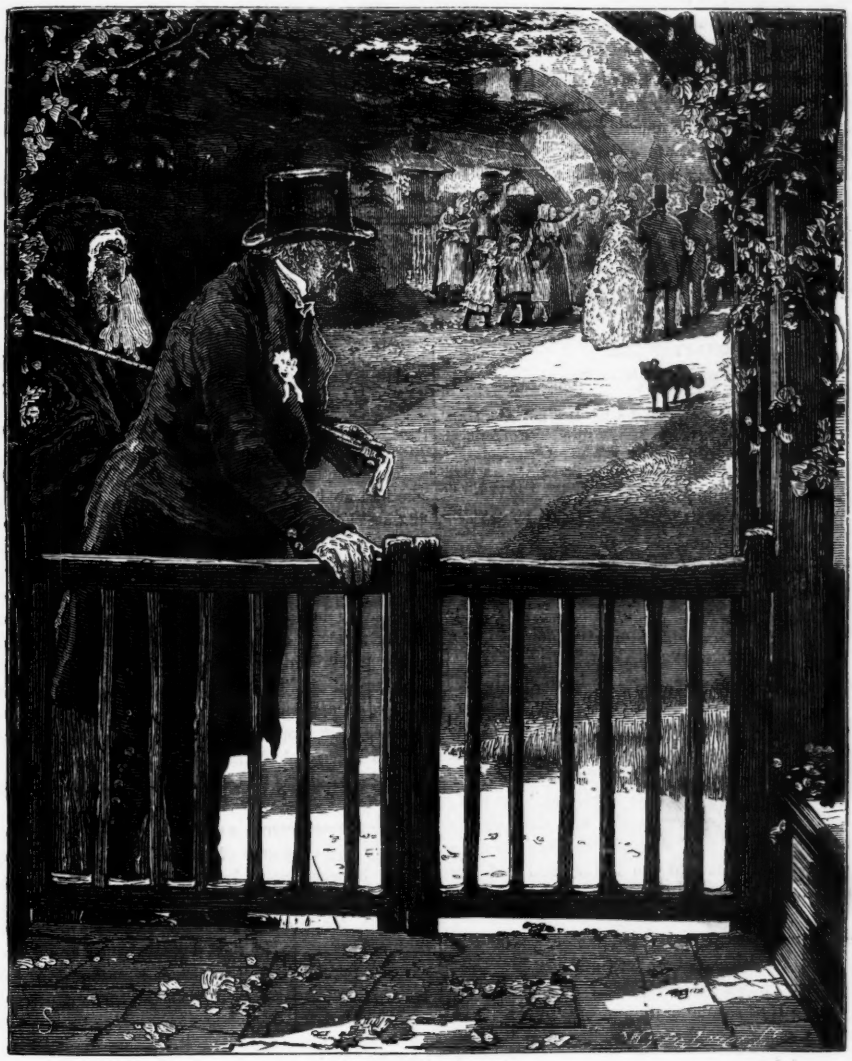
	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	1998	2	5
Willie Mayoss, Shirley, Southampton	0	10	0
Martha Robins, Tredegar Iron Works, Glan Rhyd ..	0	4	6
Richard Ainby, 5, Romney Place, Leeds	0	5	0
J. W. Mark, 23, Heywood Street, Cheetham, Manchester	0	7	2
A. M. C., London, N.	1	3	1
Emily Louisa Williams, Simon's Town, Cape of Good Hope	1	8	0
Miss Bodkin, West Hill, Highgate	1	1	0
Mary J. Edge, Stoke-on-Trent	0	14	6
R. A. L., Crewkerne, Somerset	0	4	0
Miss A. and M. Bennett, Ivy House, Redcar	2	17	0
R. S. P., Coleshill, Warwickshire	0	3	0
Henry Ottewell, 21, Siddal's Road, Derby	0	5	6
A. K. Harbord, Old Barracks, Fermoy, Co. Cork, Ireland	1	0	0
Master W. E. Frith, 21, Queen Street, Cefn, near Ruabon, North Wales ..	0	7	6
John S. Emery, 49, Belle Vue Road, Leeds	2	4	8
Annie Rosalie Vining, Newport, Isle of Wight	0	2	2
Frederick Henry Wright, New Park Street, Castle Fields, Shrewsbury .	0	3	1
J. P., Whitehall	0	3	0
John Hamilton, Crosshouse, Kilmarnock	0	7	6
Miss C. Matthews, Merton Watton, Norfolk	0	10	6
C. B., Ramsbury	0	3	6
From Six Poor Boys, Belfast	0	6	0
W. Heath, 5, Albert Terrace, Great College Street, N.W.	0	5	0
John Stephenson, Darwen ..	0	7	6
A. M., 59, Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square	0	5	0
Carried forward £	2013	10	7

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	2013	10	7
Geo F. Watts, 20, Leipsic Road, Camberwell	0	4	6
Mrs. Delany, 60, Moss Lane West, Manchester	1	0	0
E. B. Whittle, M. S. & L. Railway Station, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire ..	0	6	3
Barbara Bewley, Edington Clara, King's County, Ireland	0	14	0
Peeps	0	10	0
H. D. C., 3, Marquis Terrace, Camden Square	0	5	0
J. B. A., Edinburgh	0	7	6
James MacKenzie, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, W. I. ..	1	0	0
Christopher Stone, Stoke Ilminster	0	5	6
Margaret Doble, Tysellach Cottage, Mylor, Falmouth	0	11	0
R. Ackle, Morpeth	0	1	11
S. L. Goodey, Wilton, Redcar, Yorks	0	8	0
A. Martin, Waterloo	0	10	6
E. S., Cheltenham	0	4	3
C. H., Ipswich	0	2	0
M. Rows, 11, Newton Street, New North Road	0	4	6
M. S. O., Junction Road, Upper Holloway	0	3	4
S. Waters, Post Office, Horsmonden	0	10	6
W. A. Cruickshanks, 4, Atholl Terrace, Edinburgh	0	7	6
E. E. Wright, 39, Gardner Street	0	6	6
A. C., Sunderland	0	4	6
Chrissie, Bessie, Joey, and Nellie Smith, Assembly Rooms, Ludlow, Salop ..	0	5	9
J. Durie, Ottawa, Canada ..	3	10	7
Miss Meta Dowie, Birkenhead	1	2	6
H. E. J., Islington, N.	0	5	0
J., London, S.E.	0	2	6
H., London, S.E.	0	2	6
Anne Smith, Bideford, North Devon	0	5	0
Anna Roberton	1	0	0
Carried forward £	2028	11	8

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	2028	11	8
Catherine Roberton	1	0	0
Victoria Roberton	0	5	0
Robert H. Roberton	0	5	0
Georgina Murdoch, Nothiemay, by Huntly	0	8	6
A Reader of THE QUIVER, Hartlepool	0	0	6
James Morley, Diss, Norfolk	0	2	6
Rosy King, 2, Oak Villas, Gipsy Road, Lower Norwood	1	0	0
A Friend, Great Easton ..	0	9	6
Emma Peace, Hanover Sunday Schools, Stockport	0	15	4
Anonymous	4	0	0
Lavinia Rose, High Street, Ramsey	0	5	0
J. Y. Carrington, Bowdon College, Cheshire	1	13	0
Annie Gardiner, Ardleigh, near Colchester, Essex ..	0	10	0
Nine Sisters, Bridgnorth ..	0	4	6
E. W. Taylor, Stafford	0	7	0
For His sake, who fed the multitudes	0	3	0
W. C. and Friends, Tydd ..	0	16	6
L. J. Collins, 5, Alexandra Terrace, Addiscombe Road	0	13	3
Herbert S. Cousins, 16, Orange Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.	0	6	0
M. Simms, Windlesham, Bagshot	1	0	0
M. and A. Collard, Ocklynge, Eastbourne	0	10	0
Henry John Golding, Hurn Bridge, Christchurch, Hants	0	8	9
M. S., Tarbolton	0	3	0
Miss Annie Laura Reddy, 24, South Georges Street, Dublin	0	6	6
M. B., Rattlesden Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk ..	0	7	0
Miss S. Millhouse, 15, Shakespeare Villas, Nottingham	1	10	0
Gertrude Smith, Rotherham	0	1	0
Miss Elizabeth Palmer, Manton	1	0	0
£	2047	2	6

Being amounts received up to and on 4th June, 1874.

XUM



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

THE REST.

AS workmen left their work of day,
That called for light to keep it on,
And now the sun had sunk away
Adown the sky that faded wan,

O'er leaning slopes, the slopes that lean
Towards the hill—the hill grey-green—
I saw on Wydon ridge's breast,
The clump of elms—and knew the rest.

The rest—that down the other side
Of Wydon hill the river ran
By Wycombe doors, on-purling wide
Below bridge-arches' high-bow'd span,
And there was heard, I there could hear,
A peal of bells, of five bells clear;
From o'er the church for worship blest
I heard the bells—and knew the rest.

The rest—that there, a dear good maid
Was led to church that day forenoon,
Jane Dean below the morning shade,
Jane Hine ere yet arose the moon.
A happy day, a day well blest
To him that Jenny liked the best.
Gay rang the bells, the bells rang joy
To good John Hine without alloy,
But some there were with troubled breast—
I heard the bells—and knew the rest.

The rest—that John's dear mother lost
Her only child in that good lad,
Who took to Jenny's father's cost
The only child he ever had.
The old were sad, as sad to sing
A bird becomes with one poor wing;
The old were sad, and yet were blest
That day—and now you know the rest.

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

STEPHEN BOWDEN,

MY DEAR SIR,

"Many thanks for the notes. I am sorry that you have given up all idea of forming a company. Wishing you a speedy restoration to health, and, with kind regards, yours very truly, "STEPHEN BOWDEN.

"P. S.—I leave England on the 12th to join my brother abroad."

That was his letter. Maggie read it over and over again, after her father, having once heard it, had put it on one side.

"This is the end, I suppose," she said, with a sigh; "I shall never even see his writing again."

A little harshness came into her heart. He had not been very generous, she thought; for the words which had parted them were hastily spoken, and she had apologised for them humbly enough in that letter which she was ashamed even to remember.

"I would have forgiven *him* anything," she said, and she read his note over again, and then slowly tore it up. "Good-bye," she said, as if speaking to the writer rather than to the letter, and put the fragments into the fire.

The old man failed faster and faster, and at last Maggie could not leave him alone, and yet dared not give up her pupils, for everything depended upon them, and so Hetty came daily and stayed with him while she was away, and of an evening Maggie kept up the weary watch.

So the days went by, and the first Monday in May came, and Charley and Hetty went to the Academy, and returned to tell Maggie all about it.

"There was such a dreadful crush," Charley said. "The people were like so many sardines in a box all standing on their tails. However, we pushed on, and round your picture there was a little crowd all admiring it. Don't you feel important, Maggie?"

"No," she said, "not at all. Daddy," she asked, turning to her father, "did you hear what they said about my picture?"

"Yes, dear," he answered, drearily. "It was a good name for it, 'Nearly Conquered.'"

Then Charley wanted Maggie to go and see it, but she had no heart to do so. She knew whereabouts it was, she had seen it on the varnishing day, and she did not care for success, and could not leave her father. She read the critiques on her work, however; and if hers was not exactly the picture of the year, as Charley had predicted, she received more than a moderate share of praise. Perhaps there was something pathetic in the portrait of the proud, yet feeble-looking old soldier, that touched a chord in people's hearts, or perhaps Maggie, feeling her subject, had put her best work into it; be it what it might, the papers had most of them some kindly words for it, and a little crowd of admirers was always gathered round it.

"You *must* come and see it!" Charley said; "Hetty will take care of the dad, and you and I can go in between your lesson-giving. We need not stay five minutes there." But she refused.

"Yes, Maggie dear, I wish you to go," the old man said; and so the next day she went; and Maggie saw for herself how many were standing before the picture she had worked at for so many weeks and months, and felt just one swell of triumph—it was not in human nature to help it. Then, when she came well in sight of the frame—that frame which had been Charley's gift, and accepted by her in consideration of his having told her that he was engaged to Hetty—she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Charley!" she exclaimed, "it is sold; see, there is a red ticket on it! And oh!" (there was regret and not exultation in her voice), "I priced it at a hundred pounds, thinking no one would give that sum for a picture by an unknown painter. I did

not want it to sell, for it was daddy's portrait, and I shall never do another."

"Well, so it is!" he exclaimed. "Let us come and inquire who has bought it." And by dint of much trouble, and Maggie proving that she was the artist, they discovered that the purchaser was a Captain Gilbertson, so they were not much wiser than before.

"Hulloa, why, here's Bowden coming towards us!" Charley said, suddenly, as they were leaving the building.

"Don't stay! pray don't stay!" she said, clutching his arm. "I want to get back!" and the colour rushed to her face, and then suddenly forsook it. He seemed half inclined to halt, but Maggie, not daring to look at him, went breathlessly by. "How do you do?" she said, almost flippantly, and with a forced laugh, as she passed him.

"Going to sail on Tuesday?" asked Charley, looking back.

"Yes; good-bye." And he bowed and passed on.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW NIGHT CAME.

Maggie had a doctor to see the old man, though she knew it was useless. He gave her no hope, but shook his head, and told her it was a gradual sinking. And so a few more days dragged by, and on the Monday—the day before Stephen Bowden left England—there was a change in him. Maggie stayed all day by his side, and would not leave him for a moment, for she felt somehow that when the morrow came the old man would be at rest. He seemed to know it himself, and turned his face towards her whenever she moved about the room, and watched her with dim staring eyes till once or twice she broke down even before him. Then he put out his hand, and stroked her hair, which was the caress by which in after years she always remembered him and Miss Charlotte Campbell.

"Don't fret, dear," he said; "I am an old man; you call me one yourself, dearie." His senses seemed clearer that last day than they had been for a long while. "What time is it?" he asked, some hours later, when evening had come; "is it nearly night?"

"No, not yet, daddy," she answered; "it is only just seven."

"The end of a day, the end of a life," he murmured, and then Hetty's mother, Mrs. Henry Ashbury, who had been in the next room, looked in, and Charley and Hetty came for a moment and stood by him, but he made a sign to Maggie, and whispered, "Tell them to go away, dear;" and Maggie, turning to them, said, gently, "Let me be quite alone with my father;" and they went.

When they were together again, Maggie opened her book and read her favourite chapter once more, and when she got to the twenty-seventh verse he repeated the end of it often—"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." So the words which his daughter had made her comfort in life the old man took for his in death.

"Thank you, dear," he said; and, with a faint almost unconscious effort, he raised his hand and touched her head again, and she shivered, for she knew how long she should remember that last touch of his fingers upon her hair. Then, while Maggie still knelt there, that terrible silence fell which so often seems to herald death, and the sweet spring twilight faded, and darkness stole over the world and over the tired eyes of the poor old man.

CHAPTER XXIII.

STEPHEN BOWDEN'S FAREWELL.

Stephen Bowden little knew how sadly passed for Maggie his last day in England. He did not know why he thought of her so much during those last hours he had to spend in the same country with her; how once he found himself, almost without knowing it, within a few yards of the street in which she lived.

"I was a little harsh to her," he acknowledged, with a sigh; and determined to forget her, and yet remembered her all the more. "I wonder why she rushed by me in that way yesterday; I should like to have spoken to her again. I wonder if she will be happy with young Campbell;" for he had not thought of any other Miss Ashbury when he heard of Charley's *fiancée*. "I wish Herbert had not turned out as he did, too," he said with a half-sigh, for he had liked Maggie's rather priggish cousin, but he was not by any means a man to make the first advance after a quarrel. "Think I'll write him a line to-morrow to say good-bye, and post it just before going on board."

Then he went back to Coke Court (it was in the evening), and found a letter put under his door. It was from Herbert Ashbury, saying he had called, and should call again about nine or ten o'clock, and ask him to shake hands before he left England.

"Bravo, Herbert!" he exclaimed; "I shall be very glad to see you, old fellow!" The letter had been pushed by mistake partly under the oil-cloth which was round the edge of the room, and he had only noticed it through one white corner which had projected. "I should have been very vexed if I had missed it," he thought, and took a light to see if there were any more letters. He did not see any, but something prompted him to pull up the edge of the oil-cloth and look far under, and there he saw, and drew out, a little note from among the dirt and dust, all soiled and crumpled—a little note directed in a hand he knew well enough. "From Maggie!" he exclaimed in astonishment, a dim idea of the truth dawning upon him, and then, shaking the dust away from it, he read that penitential letter, which, months before, it had cost her so many tears to write. He

could scarcely command himself. He almost shivered as he read her protestations, just as on that same evening she had done when she felt the last touch of her father's fingers upon her hair.

"If you could only understand *how* I care for you," she said, "you would never doubt me. I should not like to be disagreeable to every one else, it would seem a sign of weakness, as if my love for you could not stand the test of contact with others, and it can with all the world. And, dear, I have so bitterly repented those foolish words, and will gladly unsay them a thousand times over;" and then she begged him to trust her, "as I do you; and I prove how much I believe in you by writing all this, and feeling as I do, that this foolish quarrel will be over to-morrow when you have read this letter."

He put it up to his lips and kissed it, just as she had done when she had hoped that the smeared and blotted words would bring back her happiness again.

"How she must despise me!" he exclaimed.

He was literally in despair as to what to do in the matter. She was going to be married shortly, he thought, though in the face of that letter he could not understand it. It seemed almost the greatest kindness to her now (painful as the idea was to himself) to keep silence. He was going abroad in the morning, all his arrangements were made, and she was to be married shortly.

"It is too late," he said; and leaving word with the housekeeper that he would be in by nine, he strolled out to think calmly over it. "If she had not been going to marry Campbell I could understand her," he said, as for the second time that day he found himself close to the street in which she lived. "What a fool I've been to throw the love of such a woman away! I shall never find another like her."

He could not help it, he felt as if he must go by the house for once, and he did, under the shadow of the darkness. He gave one look up at the windows, little knowing that behind them Maggie was weeping, and the poor old man was lying dead; then, when he reached the end of the street, he stopped and gave one long look back at the house.

"God bless you, and good-bye, dear Maggie," he said; "I shall never see you again," and hurried on.

And this was his farewell to Margaret.

A few days later, as Maggie, after staring long and sadly at the announcement of the old man's death, turned the paper over, a little paragraph met her eye to the effect that the *Juno* had "sailed on the 12th, having on board," and then followed a list of passengers, and among them was the name of Stephen Bowden.

(*To be concluded.*)

COMFORT IN SORROW.*—I.

A GREEK dramatist puts into the mouth of one of his characters a wail very sad and full of despair—"Altogether miserable is the life of man, and there is no end of his sufferings." And this wail of the Grecian finds an echo in that sublimest of all dramas—in the lamentation of the man of Uz. "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." True it is that he sees in his God what the Greeks did not see in theirs—justice as well as omnipotence; and though he cries in anguish of spirit and bitterness of soul, "That it would please God to destroy me," yet is his confidence unshaken in Him who is just, though he knows not how that Just One justifies Himself. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "He is not a man as I am, that I should answer Him;" and so he commits his cause to God. But the despair of Job is almost as deep and dark as that of the heathen poet, and if there be a glimmer of light in that darkness which suggests an after life of readjustment, it is too uncertain to give hope. "Man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" He cries, "If a man die, shall he live again?" but there is no answer to that cry. It is not until the last, when God condescends in that magnificent remonstrance with the afflicted man, to confute him for justifying himself rather than God, showing His power and wisdom, and the utter helplessness and ignorance of man, that Job confesses all these things are too wonderful for him, sees there is a wise design in affliction, learns that he is not just, abhors himself, and repents in sackcloth and ashes. Thus man is educated one step farther. He sees that affliction is right, that God is just; but as yet he takes no comfort from that knowledge. At last comes *the Master* to teach him that affliction is not only just and wise, but good and merciful. David, indeed, understood that it was "*good* to be afflicted;" but Christ alone propounded that wondrous paradox, which proclaimed that "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be *comforted*." Who else could propound, with authoritative consistency, that truth apparently so inconsistent but He who was at once the "Man of Sorrows" and "the God of Consolation?"—a truth that received its fuller development in the exhortations of his followers to "glory in tribula-

* "Words of Hope and Comfort to those in Sorrow." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1874.

tions," and to "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." Hence we find our own great dramatist, under a diviner teaching than the Grecian, declare that "sweet are the uses of adversity."

Such, then, is the schooling of man in relation to sorrow and suffering. Despair, repining, submission in acknowledgment of its justice: hope, comfort, and at last joy in recognition of its blessedness. The helplessness of the gods of the heathen left man in despair; the sovereignty of an all-perfect God taught the Hebrew submission; but it was the *fatherhood* of the God of the Christian, fully revealed by Christ (though dimly apprehended before His coming), that brought comfort and joy, by teaching that suffering was a pledge of love, the chastisement of a loving Father. The waters of Bethesda brought no healing till they were troubled, and he who troubled them was an angel.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of a volume, small in compass, but of singular worth—intensely interesting, for it is intensely real—the experiences of one that seems to have walked with God from childhood to the grave. An intellect large and well stored with worldly learning, a heart most tender and most affectionate, that felt deeply every blessing with which she was surrounded, and felt all the more keenly when one by one the most of them were removed from her. But the Christian grace that sanctified her joys to her, sanctified her sufferings also. Through a correspondence of ten years, in letters written to dear friends and relatives, never intended to pass into strangers' hands, are exhibited all the beauty, meekness, patience under her own suffering, and comforting exhortations to others in theirs, that show forth a lovely and a holy life. Few, indeed, were ever more fitted by the varied trials through which she had passed, to understand and sympathise with the trials of others. In every relationship of life she was bound to others by ties the strongest, the tenderest; for the objects were ever the worthiest—father, mother, brother, sister, friend. Yet one by one nearly all were taken from her. But she ever recognised the love of the Hand that took away as well as that which gave, and so her sorrow was ever sanctified, and her weakness made strong; and we find the schooling and experience ever made her the fitter to administer comfort to each heart in its several sorrow. It is little wonder that letters such as these should have passed from hand to hand amongst those to whom she was dear. Then, many of them were printed for private distribution among those who needed the consolation they were calculated to give, and many a stricken heart in its great sorrow has acknowledged with thankfulness "that they had come as a message from God to bind up the broken-hearted, and to lead the sufferer to the source of all consolation." And so it happened that at last they reached the hand and the heart of one as exalted in her station as she is honoured in her life—reached her in the depths of a profound sorrow, in which all mourned with her in reverent and respectful sympathy. "A gracious request," writes the sister who edits the work, "was sent by *one* whose every wish would be esteemed an honoured command," that these letters should be published. That wish of Her Majesty the Queen has been complied with.

Before approaching the consideration of these letters we commend to the reader the touching memorial lines written shortly after the death of the letter-writer by one who knew her intimately. They give "a faithful picture of her, and of the home life so dear to many." The poem itself, and the initials subjoined to it, betray the author as the Rev. E. H. Plumptre; and we violate no etiquette in stating what becomes manifest—that the subject of that poem was the widow of the late Ven. Julius Charles Hare, rector of Hurstmonceaux, and Archdeacon of Lewes. Whoever has read the "Memorials of a Quiet Life," and "Guesses at Truth," will readily understand what an assemblage of genius, learning, wisdom, and piety surrounded the life of this lady.

"All these came there, and all a welcome found," says Mr. Plumptre, after alluding to many illustrious for genius and for piety; and all went back the better for the light, the warmth, the love, the truth of that bright home, owning, amid the priceless treasures there of wisdom and of art, one radiant smile, one loving word of hers as worth them all. In these letters we find that the experiences of the writer enable her to offer to each sorrowing heart the consolation most fitting. Thus, she writes to a widowed friend in Germany:—

"One who is herself *an orphan and a widow* must, indeed, feel tenderly for each in their several relations to the beloved departed one; and in both relations none was ever more blest, and therefore I can sympathise the more."

And again to one who has lost a daughter:—

"Is it not a high honour and joy which has been given you of nourishing up that precious one, of preparing her for her own home? She was a King's daughter, given you for a time to prepare her for court, to train her for dwelling constantly in her Father's presence; and can we wonder that, having made her all-glorious within, He should now wish to have her home?"

And after observing that God has seen how faithful the mother had been in fulfilling the trust which He had for a season reposed in her, she adds:—

"When I was thinking of you the other night, I was much comforted and delighted by that passage where God tells us that He bears us on eagle's wings, because we know that this is the way that the eagle teaches her young to fly.

She places them on her own wings, and then her mate flies into the air above them, calling to them to make them try and follow him. It seems to me that this is just the way our God does for us. He would not have us grovelling here on earth; He knows we are too ready to say with Job, 'I shall die in my nest,' and to settle ourselves comfortably there, as if there was no better home; and He would fain teach us to fly upwards, so He 'bears us up as on eagle's wings;' and that we may be induced upwards, He places above us some we have most loved on earth, to call us to follow them; to come up to them; to spread our wings and use them; and not remain here as if there was nothing beyond. And is not this what the removal of our dear friends is for? And must we not be glad that God desires so much to have our hearts that He will not let them rest below? He will have our conversation in heaven, and therefore invites those there with whom we love most to converse, that we may have no excuse for not being there. So that everything God does is so surely love, and with such purposes to our loving souls, that even the sharpest trials are but the manifestations of it, and will prove to be for our endless comfort."

The heaviest of the trials which she was called upon to endure, and which she did indeed endure as the Christian who learns even to rejoice in tribulation, fits her to comfort a mourner, in like wise, on the death of a beloved husband. After uttering words of encouragement in God's love and wisdom even in the sorest afflictions, who knows best what is to be accomplished in each of us—"You have prayed each for the other for the best blessings, will you complain of God for answering your prayers?" And impressing upon her widowed friend that consolation which she herself had known experimentally, in the assured belief that outward removal does not break the chain which bound together in God's love her that is left with him that has departed, she continues:—

"Don't *you* break it, dear ——, now, by thinking it is all over with you,—nothing but desolation left,—want of sympathy,—misunderstanding,—hard, cruel thoughts,—may-be a lonely pilgrimage through the rest of life,—this is what is your outward prospect, you will say, and say truly. On the other side of this sad picture, what is there? A faithful God, a loving Father, one who has led your dear husband through many years of joy and sorrow, who has led him through the everlasting gates, and only keeps you on the other side of them till you have fulfilled His wise and loving purposes. You would not wish to enter sooner. Be patient, therefore, dear mourner. Oh! do not belie your God, do not say that He has forsaken you, when He has just given you such evidences of His presence, such token that He has been in the midst of you, as that He has chosen the companionship of your dear one, and taken him to His presence. Don't try to feel,—you are vexing yourself needlessly,—your body and mind are exhausted. He bids you rest now, and not struggle after conscious peace."

And then she concludes with words which will find a response in many a mourning widow's heart:—

"Oh, in those hours of agony, which only God knows how to meet, how have I been sustained by the precious tenderness of those words, 'The Lord hath called thee, *as* a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit.' So He bids us come to Him just as we are, not feeling comfort, or peace, or conscious of anything but the deepest grief, the most utter desolation; TO SUCH He reveals Himself as the Husband, the Comforter. Thus will you find Him; your sorrow is your rightful passport to Him, and *in* it, not *from* it, He will bless and help you."

In a letter to a friend, on entering a new dwelling-place, she thus writes, doubtless from her own experiences of the sanctities of family love:—

"Dreary as it is to have to 'change houses' in winter, I have felt thankful for you all that you should begin the new home-life at this Christmas season. May you, each and all, have the full blessings of the season—the blessing of knowing how completely our humanity has been taken by our Lord, and therefore how entirely He can feel for you as you each need; how He has made family love possible for us in its highest aspect, because He has given us His love as our pattern and standard. In this heavenly pattern we see how the mutual love, and forbearance, and trust, can be exemplified in the daily acts which constitute the confiding happiness and repose of family life."

It is remarkable how she ever seems keenly sensible of the recurrence of times and seasons, and never fails to draw some practical lesson of encouragement, admonition, or comfort from them. On Christmas Eve she writes to one under great trial, exhorting to cast all care on Him, so as to be enabled to rejoice evermore.

"I have this morning [she continues] been running through the principal prophecies of the coming of our Lord, and reading St. Luke i. and other passages as a preparation for to-morrow; and already I seemed to have joined company with the shepherds, and to be expecting the Heavenly Vision, and to be ready to go with them to Bethlehem. But though I say this, and feel it all, I am yet hoping for more, for as yet I feel so crushed with the immensity of wonder and mystery, that my heart and mind seem too small to take it in; I don't feel equal to it, and, like St. Paul, am blinded by the glory, and cannot see by reason of the light. I can only weep at my own incapacity, and pray earnestly for greater largeness of heart to take it in. And oh, if, poor and ignorant as I am—so incapable of receiving what yet I yearn after—may I but be permitted to go to that stable, and, if but to stand amongst the cattle, yet to look upon that Holy Child lying there, that so looking I may become like Him. There is perhaps no passage in the Bible (except the account of the agony in the garden) that has the same power over me as St. Luke ii. 1–20. As I read that, it seems to melt even me, and give a reality to everything,—the perfect simplicity and majestic beauty of the account, the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy, brought about in so unlooked-for a manner, the simple faith of the shepherds, the song of the angels—all is such a living picture of reality that one is subdued before it, and can only desire to be there too, by self-consecration and denial."

So at Easter she expatiates on the blessings revealed to the Christian at that season, and applies it to comfort one who has lost a child.

"We who have been called to many bereavements, and, above all, *to one*, know what that yearning of heart is towards those who are out of sight, which stretches after them, craves but for a glance, a touch, and cannot be satisfied whilst earth is so empty, have no excuse for being so 'slow of heart' to recognise Him who is evidently set forth among us, not crucified alone, but risen—risen as a man, as a *present* Saviour, ready to answer the yearnings of our

poor hearts, and to satisfy their cravings with His presence and His fulness. Dear friend, let us not refuse Him that speaketh, let us hear His dear voice, let Him 'make Himself known to us in the breaking of bread,' and then, like the disciples of old, we shall be *glad* when we see the Lord. The thirst He gives us after Him—the sense of our own dryness and want—is just 'His thirst for us;' and to it He has fixed His sure promise, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they *shall* be filled.' May the power of His resurrection thus raise us up on Easter wings, that so we may learn the 'felicity of His chosen!' Let us pray for each other, that it may be so, and meet also in thankful praise."

(*To be concluded.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCIRPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XIX. CHRIST DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS. No. 3. THE PHARISEE AND THE SINNER.

Chapter to be read—Luke vii. 36—50.

INTRODUCTION. Let the children glance back at the first part of the chapter, and see some of the incidents of this day: the widow's son healed at Nain; John the Baptist encouraged and exhorted (ver. 22), Christ's eulogy upon John. Tell the story of the king who kept a book in which to enter his good deeds to others; when no entry possible, used to enter, "a day lost." Did Christ ever lose a day? This day not over yet; has comforted a mother; exhorted John's disciples; must now bring influence to bear upon rich man. So in turn, all came under His notice.

I. THE FEAST. (Read ver. 36—38.) All like to give a feast or party when able; like to get clever and distinguished guests to be present. Ask about the Pharisees, rich, proud, self-righteous. Why did Simon invite Christ? Perhaps from curiosity, like Herod, who wanted to see him (Luke xxiii. 8), perhaps from condescension, to take notice of such a distinguished man. Question upon any feasts have read of in Bible, to show the Jewish customs—*e.g.*, Joseph to his brethren (Gen. xliii. 24, 34), when the steward washed their feet, and Joseph, the host, sent messes from his own table; Christ washing his disciples' feet (John xiii. 5); a special dress provided (Matt. xxii. 11). Were these kindnesses given to Christ? (ver. 45, 46). No water for weary feet; no kiss of welcome; no perfume for the hair. What sort of welcome was it? why thus cold and ungracious? Would Martha and Mary have treated Him thus? Why not? Therefore showed no love or respect for Christ. How different to Abraham's reception of Angels (Gen. xviii. 4, 5).

Practical. Let children learn how to receive guests—viz. (1) *Cordially.* People think a great deal of way they are received; kind words cost little, do much. (2) *Unselfishly.* Children often think more of themselves than their guests at a party, but if do all honour may get the blessing of Mary and Martha.

II. THE WOMAN. (Read ver. 44—50.) Let children notice the difference in the customs of Jewish feasts, and ours—viz., the doors standing open; any one allowed to come in and watch; the guests reclining so that their feet would be outside; the anointing of the feet; the kissing, &c. Ask about this woman thought to be Mary of Magdala; her character; not told what her sin was; need not inquire. How did the Pharisees treat such persons? Remind of Pharisee in the parable (Luke xviii. 11), and the Pharisees objecting to Christ's eating with sinners (Luke xv. 2). Now picture the woman standing behind Christ at the feast; watching Him, hearing His holy words, thinking of her own wicked life, begins to weep, droops down, hides her face, tears fall on Christ's feet, wipes them with long hair, at last breaks alabaster vase, and bathes his feet with the precious ointment. Was this accepted, and why? What would Christ see in this act? (1) *Repentance.* Remind how this includes sorrow for the past, as in the case of Peter weeping bitterly after betraying Christ; and change of mind. How could Christ know what was in her mind? As God, saw her heart, and judged her accordingly. (2) *Faith.* Perhaps had heard the words, "Come unto me" (Matt. xi. 28). What did her conduct show? See how different to the others at the feast (ver. 42). See how Christ called sinners to repentance. (3) *Love.* How will love always show itself? Remind of many holy women longing to work for Christ: Martha, Salome, &c. (Mark xvi. 1). Did Christ ever reject, or refuse to accept?

Practical. Apply to the children. What are their thoughts about themselves? Do they feel their sins, and are they repenting of them? If so, how do they feel towards Christ? Do they show love by doing what they can? The least act accepted: kind words; kindnesses shown to others; money given for his sake shall not lose reward.

III. THE PHARISEE. (Read ver. 39—43.) Picture the master of the house, at head (or middle) of table, watching Christ and the woman. Might have fancied that the sight of her in her shame, agony, and repentance, would touch his heart into sympathy. Did it do so? What did he say to it in his heart? Must have looked cold and stern. Notice how Christ reproved him; remind of Eastern custom of teaching by parables—*e.g.*, Nathan's parable of the ewe-lamb, to convince David; Jotham's parable (Judges ix. 8); and many others. Probably Simon, like David, did not see the application to himself at first. Now show how Christ reproved him for coldness and

want of love, and commended the woman. So she, repentant and forgiven, departed in peace.

Practical. Let the children see the point of Christ's reproof to Simon. What was wrong in his conduct? It was cold, selfish, external morality, with no warmth in the heart towards God; no faith to see Christ as Son of God; no love to Him; no unselfish devotion; no self-denial, no sympathy with deep feelings of repentant woman. This not uncommon with children. Pride themselves on blamelessness—look coldly on others betrayed into sin; keep aloof from, with haughty conduct, &c. Let them learn to hate the sin, but pity the sinner; to help the sinner; to help any one in struggles after right; take heed lest themselves fall.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe one of our Lord's well-spent days.
2. Give some account of Jewish customs at a feast.
3. Contrast the conduct of the Pharisee and the woman.
4. What three feelings did the woman show?
5. Give instances of reproofs conveyed by parables.
6. Suggest some practical lessons from the whole story.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A LOVELY summer morning some few weeks later found Una Dysart walking to and fro on the terrace which skirted the front of the house. She had passed a restless night, as she had too often done since Atherstone's departure; for the very effort she made to hide her bitter pain by day, when the eyes of others were upon her, only made her give way to it the more utterly, when in the darkness none could see the burning tears she shed for the hope that was dead, and the love that lived only to wring her unforgetting heart. There was one person whose society in all intercourse with her neighbours she systematically avoided, and that was the clergyman, Mr. Trafford. Her conscience was ill at ease under the concealment of Miss Amherst's letter, and on the few occasions when she had heard him preach, she had been so impressed by his uncompromising rectitude, and the pure and lofty standard he held up before his hearers, that she absolutely dreaded the influence he might acquire over her if she held much intercourse with him. For although Trafford could not of course really know how completely she was sacrificing truth and justice in this respect to the love that dominated her whole being, yet it always seemed to her when she met him as if his clear spiritual eyes could penetrate into the very depths of her soul, and read this secret with all the rest.

It was therefore with some annoyance, as well as great surprise, that Una suddenly saw Trafford walking towards her along the avenue at this early hour of the day. She had been thinking sadly how she would have rejoiced in such a sunny morning, before the shadow of Humphrey Atherstone had fallen across her path of life and dimmed all its brightness, as she thought, for ever, and tears were still trembling on her long eyelashes as Trafford's quick step brought him face to face with her. He looked at her keenly, but he met her hurried nervous greeting with a quiet kindness which had the effect of calming her immediately.

"I am afraid my aunt has not yet left her room," she said, as she shook hands with him; "did you wish to see her?"

"Not this morning, thank you; my errand is to you, Miss Dysart. You are aware, no doubt, that your friend Miss Crichton is hopelessly ill?"

"I have heard of her state occasionally from the Northcotes, but I do not know much, except that her brother Hervey has been sent for, which made me fear she was worse."

"She is dying," said Trafford; "I have a letter from the rector this morning, which states that this is the case, and also that she has expressed within the last few days a vehement desire to see you once again before she passes away. She has been continually begging that you might be asked to go to her, but her brother shrank from requiring you to take so long a journey. Yesterday, however, she became much worse, and so earnestly implored the rector to send for you that he could no longer refuse. He thought it best, however, to write to me rather than to yourself, as he did not know whether you were well, or if you could leave your aunt. He begged me to see you, and if possible I was to request you at once to go to Torquay, in order to gratify the last earthly wish of his poor sister."

"I shall be most thankful to go," exclaimed Una; "I have been longing so much to see dear Lilith again. I do not think my aunt will make any objection; but I must ask her of course."

"If you go, however, I fear it must be this very day," said Trafford, "or you will not find her alive.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"To wish you joy! Oh, Lilith!"—*p.* 714.

Since I received the letter, I have had a telegram sent off at an early hour this morning, to say that the doctors are afraid an attack is impending which may bring the end very suddenly, and that it is doubtful, even if you start at once, whether you can be there soon enough."

"Oh, I hope I shall not be too late!" said Una; "there is still time for me to go by the first train. Mr. Trafford, will you wait one moment while I speak to my aunt and order the carriage?" and she flew away, all her languor and gloom forgotten in the sudden excitement. In a very few minutes she was back again, breathless and flushed, to say that Lady Elizabeth made no objection to her going, provided she had both her maid and the old butler with her as an escort.

"You will be sufficiently protected certainly," said Trafford, with a smile, "and I will meet you at the station and see you off, as you will be very much hurried."

"Will you not wait and go in the carriage, since you are so kind; it is just coming round," said Una. He agreed, and soon they were driving together to the station, with Una's maid, looking very cross and discomposed at the sudden journey, on the seat opposite to them. Una was more like herself than she had been for many a day, as she spoke with all her old animation to Trafford of Lilith's goodness, and of the warm affection she had always felt for her. He gazed with interest at her bright sweet face, and wondered what manner of soul it was which looked out of those soft eloquent eyes, and why they had been so deeply sad when he had seen her first that morning. He was perfectly aware too of her former avoidance of himself, and he thought with pleasure that the service he was now rendering to her would probably produce a better acquaintance between them. In truth, Una almost marvelled at herself for having been afraid of him, when at last they parted as the train moved away, and he speeded her on her journey with the earnest words, "God be with you!" the same with which he had sent forth Atherstone to his exile, though he had not the least suspicion that Una Dysart was that one whom his friend so mourned to leave.

It was very late at night before she reached Torquay, and heard at once from the rector that Lilith was still alive.

He thanked her for having obeyed his summons in his usual formal maner, but with a tremulousness of voice which showed how much he was really feeling. "My dear sister has expressed a wish to see you alone, Miss Dysart," he said, as he led the way to Lilith's room, "and she has asked that she may be left with you only to-night, as she says she has much to tell you. Of course, my brother and I would greatly desire to be with her at the last, but we cannot refuse her wish that you should have these precious hours, while she is still able to speak; we must trust to you to summon us if you should see that final moment approaching."

"You may be sure I will," said Una. But, thankful as she felt to see Lilith for the last time, an indefinable dread of the interview caused her to shrink back shuddering as the rector opened the door of his sister's room. She mastered her agitation, however, and entered, hearing him close it gently, and walk away. She was alone with Lilith Crichton; but if the strange chill of fear she had felt had been caused by her near approach to the shadow of the dark valley, it might well be dispelled by the mere sight of her who was now entering upon it.

Lilith, propped up in the bed, was leaning back in an attitude of complete repose, while her fair hair, spreading out over her pillows, looked like a golden glory encircling the head of a saint. Her exquisitely lovely face, though pure white as the driven snow, was brightened by a look of rapturous joy, which shone in her luminous eyes with an almost unearthly radiance; while the fresh flowers over which her little hands were folded made her seem as if she were decked for a bridal. Una thought of the wedding garments of the King's guests, and of the linen white and clean, which is the righteousness of the saints, and felt that this fair stainless child was indeed prepared for the marriage supper of the Lamb.

A single lamp burnt with softly-shaded light in the room; but through the open window the silvery crescent moon could be seen sailing over the cloudless ether, while one pure pale star hung motionless below. The whole scene, within and without, was expressive only of serene beauty and purity, and a deep sense of quiet and rest stole over Una's beating heart as she approached the dying girl. At the sound of her step Lilith seemed to withdraw her radiant eyes from the contemplation of some unseen glory, on which they appeared to be fixed, and turned to her with a happy smile.

"Thank you for coming to me, dear Una," she said; "you are still in time to wish me joy."

"To wish you joy! Oh, Lilith, how can I in this awful hour?"

"Because of the wonderful happiness which is even now so blessedly near to me. I am passing this night through the dark waters; and think, oh, think, what it will be to see HIM upon the shore when morning breaks!"

"But have you no fear, dear Lilith—no dread of the unknown, such as I should feel in your place?"

"None, none! I hope I am not presumptuous, but I cannot fear, for He is my Lord and my God, and I know how with eyes of ceaseless love He watches His own all through their troubled course on earth, and then waits to welcome them upon the other side. Oh, I cannot fear! Already I seem to have passed into the light of the sinless land, and the melodious echo of its softly pealing music fills the air around

me; I hear the Master's voice calling me across the waters, and I only long to plunge deeper into them that they may bear me to His feet."

"Happy Lilith!" said Una, and tears rose in her eyes at the contrast of this expiring girl's perfect serenity with the restless misery which filled her own earth-drawn heart in all her bloom of life and health.

Lilith seemed instinctively to understand her. "Una," she said, "I must tell you why I have been so very anxious to see you. One night lately I woke from a dream I had about you, which I could not recall in its details, but which left a painful impression on my mind that you were in the midst of some great trial and temptation, out of which I ought to help you; and when I asked myself how a poor feeble girl such as I am could be of any use to you, I suddenly remembered the promise I once made to you to tell you my own history, and it seemed to me as if it were in some urgent manner necessary that I should do so now; I felt the impulse so strongly that I implored my brother next day to send for you, and I am ready, dear Una, at once to fulfil my mission, though I scarcely understand its purport myself."

Una listened to these words with a sense of awe, and felt a secret dread as to what Lilith might be about to tell her, but she only said, "It is very true, dear Lilith, that I have been in great trouble and distress, but I do not think any one can help me. Will it not fatigue you to speak so much?"

"I feel as if a special strength had been given me for that purpose; but I must be very brief, for my time is short indeed. Una, sit down and listen."

Una obeyed, and placed herself with her head resting on Lilith's pillow, so that she might catch every word spoken by the soft faint voice that so soon would no more be heard on earth.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I THINK you know," said Lilith, "that Rupert Northcote loved me very dearly, and wished me to be his wife, but none save He who reads the depths of the heart can ever know how intensely, how entirely I loved him. I so loved him that I knew if I were parted from him I could not live, and thus it has come to pass; we were parted, and I am dying." She paused a moment to ease her panting breath, and then went on—"There was but one feeling in my soul which was stronger than my love to Rupert, and that was my earnest purpose and desire to be true and loyal to Him who died for me, and to go to Him with clean hands and a pure heart when my last hour should come, as now it has. For a long time it never occurred to me to doubt that Rupert was good and holy like my brothers, and such as I believed all followers of Christ must ever try to be; and when he first told me how dear I was to him, I did not seek to hide from him that he was enshrined in my love for ever, and that my whole heart's devotion would be his unchangeably so long as I lived on earth; so he knew quite well how entirely I was his own; and although he was not at that time in a position to make arrangements for our immediate marriage he fully expected that when he could do so he had but to claim me, and I should be ready at once to be his wife. And I was happy for a time—oh, how happy!—but gradually, as I came to know him better, dark fears stole into my mind that if I were united to Rupert Northcote in that perfect oneness of heart and soul, that unreserved confidence which constituted my idea of marriage, it would be impossible for me to preserve myself so blameless from all taint of evil as I believed a child of God should be; for I came to know that he gambled; that he had just debts which he never meant to pay; that he lived for pleasure only; and that above all he was utterly careless of the claims of religious duty. The dreadful possibility began to loom in the distance before me that I might have to choose between my Rupert, the one love of my life, and the faultless allegiance I was bound to give to Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Of course I knew that if it came to that—if I could not be his wife without conniving at evil, and morally sharing it—I must give him up, and die: there could be no question on that point; if it were right to part from him I must do it, and if I did, I knew that I should die."

As Lilith said this very calmly, very simply, Una felt her own heart sink each moment more and more in shame and terror. Had not she been tried in like manner and found wanting? She buried her burning face on the pillow while Lilith, not perceiving her emotion, went on speaking with a faint sad smile.

"Do you remember, Una, the first day I ever saw you, how you wondered that I chose to stay and watch a little wounded bird we found lying helpless on the hill-side? I knew Rupert had shot it, and I wanted to see if it would be an omen of my fate; if it had lived I might have hoped on a little longer, but it died, struck down by his hand, and now I too am fluttering in the grasp of death. The crisis came on the day of the cricket match. He had been becoming very impatient for our marriage to take place; on his side it had been delayed by want of means, for although the allowance he received from his father would have been sufficient for us if he had been moderately careful, his extravagant habits had quite impoverished him. On my side he did not expect that there would be any obstacle, although I had never consented to any regular engagement subsisting between us, just from the fear that I might not be able conscientiously to carry it out. On that day, then, he asked me to speak to him alone because he had some good news to tell me, and I met him in a quiet spot by the river-side. How well I remember it all! for it was the death-scene of my earthly happi-

ness—the cloudless sky, the sparkling river, the mossy banks all decked with flowers, and my Rupert so bright, so winning, and glowing with the rapture he thought I was to share with him. I can hear his dear voice now, all trembling with delight as he told me he could claim me at last; he had been quite determined, he said, to wait no longer, and so he had taken a bold step, whereby he had secured quite sufficient funds to enable him to carry out our marriage, and take me abroad for a year or two, which he was sure I should like better than settling down in England. To that I only answered, that if I were with him it would matter nothing where we went, for home to me was by his side, and there alone; but I begged him anxiously to tell me how it was he had so suddenly become rich. He answered hurriedly that he made a clever stroke of business, and instantly changing the conversation, began to enter into all sorts of details about the arrangements for our wedding, which he said must take place immediately, for there was urgent need of haste; his manner was altogether so strange that a terrible uneasiness took possession of me, and I felt there was something wrong under it all. I put my hands in his and looked into his eyes, and asked him to tell me truly and plainly how he had obtained the money which enabled him to marry. He refused, trying to jest about it, and said I had no knowledge of business, and must trust all to him.

"Ah! that I could have trusted him! but I could not. I told him that if I was to be his wife he must give me his confidence, and he answered that when we were married I should know it all, for he would not be able to conceal it from others beside myself. 'Why not tell me now then?' I said. He replied, that it was because I was so terribly conscientious; I should be sure to have scruples on the subject, and I could not make allowances for the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. Una, I cannot go on telling you all the conversation, for it makes me sick at heart even to remember it, but this was the end—I came to see distinctly that it had been by using his father's name in a fraudulent manner he had obtained this large sum of money, and although he knew that in the course of a few months it must become known to Mr. Northcote, he felt so certain that his father, for the honour of his own name, would take no steps in the matter, but seek only to conceal the fault of his son, that Rupert had no fear whatever of the result; what he had done, however, was nothing less than a crime, although he tried to justify it to himself, by the false plea, that as at his father's death he must succeed to his possessions, the money was virtually his own already. Oh, Una! how can I tell you the horror that fell upon me when I came to understand it all, and to see that his one desire was to hurry on our marriage before the fraud became known, in order to escape with me to the Continent out of reach of his parents' reproaches! Instantly, with my first impulse, not pausing to think what my words involved, I told him I could never consent to be a party to a fraud or join in the smallest deceit towards his father. His eyes blazed with passion, and he grasped my arm, exclaiming, 'Do you know what you are saying, Lilith? if you do not agree to my plans, and keep my secret, you can never be my wife.' 'Never?' I asked faintly, for it seemed like my death-knell. 'No, never,' he answered; 'I have done this thing solely that I might win you to myself; but I know how it will be looked upon by my family, and by all who hear of it. I will not stay here to be reproached and disgraced; with you or without you I must leave the country. If we were married, and they knew that for your sake I had done it, in time they would forgive me, and all would be condoned and forgotten; but if I have to exile myself from England, knowing I have lost you, I shall have nothing left to make existence tolerable, but that miserable money, and I shall spend it in any pleasures that will make me forget you; then judge if I could ever return home to look my father in the face, without a shadow of excuse for my conduct, or if I should have room to hope that your pious brother would ever trust you in my hands! No, Lilith, do not deceive yourself; come to me now—you for whom I have sinned, or take your last look of my face, and bid me farewell for ever.' At these terrible words I gave a shriek and almost fell to the earth. He caught me in his firm grasp, and exclaimed, 'My own Lilith! my darling! you cannot forsake me—you will come to me I know; but you must make your choice—it is now or never,' Yes! he said truly, I had to make my choice—there, leaning on his arm, with my hand in his, and his dear eyes looking down on me with such a pleading, yearning love, and my own sinking heart knowing too well the truth, that to part from him would be to give myself to death, and worse than death while yet I lived. Oh, Una, may you never know the anguish of such a struggle as I underwent that hour!"

Lilith paused, while her agitation mastered for a moment the factitious strength that sustained her—and it was with trembling hands and quivering lips that Una applied the necessary restoratives, for she began to see with mingled terror and remorse what the lesson was which the dying girl was appointed to teach her; but Lilith spoke again, so soon as she could still her panting breath, for she felt that her time was growing very short.

"Una, you will feel as I did, that there was really no question what my choice must be, when there was the Divine Lord and the pure service I owed Him on the one side, and earthly love on the other. I thought of His words, 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and I turned to my Rupert and said, 'Darling, even for your sake I cannot connive at evil; if at this price only I may be your wife, I must give up the hope, though it is my very life.' 'Lilith,' he said, 'have

you well weighed what you are saying? do you mean that you decide against me? Take care, for our whole future hangs upon your answer. Do you give me up?' I lifted my eyes to the pure calm sky, and asked the One Great Sufferer to give me strength to suffer, and then I gasped out, 'Rupert, I must.' It was the end. He flung me from him so that I staggered against a tree and caught hold of it to support myself, while he thundered out the words, 'Go! never let me look upon your face again, for I must forget you as swiftly, as surely, as I can. I will tear your image from my heart by every means in my power, and from this hour you are dead to me!' and then, without another word or look, he dashed away past me out of my sight, and I have never seen him since; but oh! how thankful I am now on my death-bed that I acted as I did that day, for soon I shall behold my Lord in glory!"

A sort of ecstasy seemed to transfigure Lilith's face while she thus spoke. She raised herself up in bed, stretched out her arms to heaven as if she saw some one ready to grasp her hands and draw her upward from the earth, but the effort was too great, her lips became suddenly dyed by the crimson stream that burst from them, bearing her life away. Her mission was ended; her order of release was come; she sank back, while a veil seemed to fall on the shining eyes, and the sobbing breath sighed itself out; then a light broke over her face like morning on the slumbering hills, and the fair young life passed away from earth, to revive once more in the pure airs of paradise. *(To be continued.)*

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE FEET OF JESUS," ETC., ETC.

I.—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF"—*(concluded.)*

MANY will be condemned by-and-by simply from their taking care, as they thought, of No. 1. Then, when they see matters in the light of God's nature, and Christ's life and death, and when their own true life stands before them in its proper light, they shall see how far they had departed from God's law in the whole spirit of that life. Perhaps they will be surprised. Perhaps, like those men in the parable, they will say, "Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, or thirsty, or naked, or sick, or in prison?" and perhaps the answer they will get shall be this, you *could* not see, because you *would* not see; you stood in your own light; you put your gross and earthly self between your real self and Me, and as you would none of My law, so now I mock at your calamity. Behold, all your life was strewn with opportunities of your living in others for Me. "Inasmuch," says Jesus, "as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me." Suppose you hear the remainder of that speech addressed to you, that a voice said to you, "Depart, thou cursed one, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:" cannot you understand with what gibes and jeers and cruel mockings you may be received into the abodes of woe? horrible voices full of irony crying, "Here comes the man whose life-motto was, 'Every man for himself,'" your own heart's memory jeering and mocking too, and saying, "And thus miserably ends a lifelong taking care of No. 1!"

The fact is that all sin is against our real interest in the end. And so it comes to pass that a great deal of getting and keeping here may be simply dead loss, and ruinous as regards hereafter. If he that loses his life shall find it, how much more he that for Christ's sake gives up some smaller thing? If not even a cup of cold water can be given to a disciple in the name of Christ without its bringing hereafter a corresponding reward, how much more all those still larger services which it is in the power of every one to render?

Well, is it taking care of No. 1? is it being in any true sense of the word "for yourself" to lose the future great reward? Even suppose you have repented and sought Christ, and found life and safety in Him, are you pursuing your true interest when you are doing all you can to make your reward as small as possible for eternity? God has made a true sense in which a man's own interests are to be dear to him, in which his own self is to be precious; and you are missing God's way when you are following out your own. His teachings about yourself would lead you one way, your ideas on the subject lead you another; His would have landed you in gain imperishable, your own can land you in nothing but loss.

I would say to such a man, Remember this, too—and it is a very serious consideration—every day that you spend with "Every man for himself" as your motto and rule of life hardens you to the power of the Cross, and makes you move farther and farther from its influence. One of the great operations of the Cross is to penetrate "self"—to break through its hard shell, to pierce the armour in which it is encased from head to foot. And if we buckle self closer and closer still, then the more do we shut ourselves up from those holy influences

which would make us like Christ and fit for heaven. "Self," in some form, is the great enemy with which the Cross has to contend; and to hug over closer the enemy of Christ is to do ourselves a deadly injury.

How can a man be said to be for himself in any sort as to good, when he is putting from himself his hope of life?

And then I say to such a one, You are losing all real pleasure. There may be a poor shadowy pleasure for a moment in doing what that "self" desires which is not of God. It is folly to say that there is no pleasure in sin. If there were none, then people would not sin. The first sin was committed under inducements of pleasure—goodness of food, pleasure to the eye, the being made wise, all gave goodly promise; and under that inducement the sin was consummated. And so it is now. The miser, the drunkard, the voluptuary, and all who commit sin, find a pleasure of some kind in it for depraved self. But it abides not, and finally it stings.

The greatest pleasures are those which we find outside ourselves; they become our own, though we do nothing for self, still all our outgoings for others come back upon ourselves; good measure pressed down and running over is poured into our bosom. There is a story of, I believe, an Italian noble, who had lived entirely for himself, and exhausted, in what he thought pleasure, all his energies. At last life became burdensome to him, and he determined to commit suicide. On his way to the water in which he intended to drown himself he was accosted by a beggar-child asking alms. He threw the child a piece of gold, and was proceeding on his way to the river, when he suddenly determined to go and see the child's sick mother, according to her earnest request when she asked for charity. He went; and the happiness he experienced in ministering to their wants and seeing their gratitude was such that he believed life was not quite exhausted, that it had some new sensations and interests still left, and henceforth he became a useful and a happy man.

Well, if all this be so, if self be likely to assume so undue a prominence, and to play us in our deepest, truest, and most real selves so false a part, surely, when we say, "Every man for himself," or when we are about to act on this principle, we had better take care what we are about. What we are called upon to do, is to take care, and to deal aright with self. Our deep, true, and real "self" has claims on us which we cannot disregard without ruin.

We must see well to it wherein our individual true happiness is to be found. Ask yourself, good reader, whether you have been making a mistake hitherto in this matter. If you have found no happiness, say to yourself, "Why am I thus?" We may feel inclined to lay the blame on this person and that, or on one circumstance and another, but in all probability the blame rests entirely upon ourselves.

You have a right to look for personal happiness; it is right that you should have no rest without it; and the way to get it is this—Come and get unburdened at the Cross, and then go and live with the unselfishness which is the doctrine of that Cross.

Take care of No. 1, as you value all that is really worth having, but take care of it in God's way. Many, while they think they are taking care of it, are really ruining it. Every man shall give account of himself to God, therefore not to take care of No. 1 would be to throw yourself away, and be unable to render up a good account when the day of reckoning comes.

Put this question to yourself, good reader, "What kind of a 'self' did God mean me to have?" and when you do this, you will find that it is impossible that it can be a self unlike His Son—the great pattern Man for all.

Be strong, and earnest, and all alive for yourself, that you may be made what He would have you be, and God will put your self right with Him, and being right with Him, it will be in right and blessed relationship with all others also.

You must indeed look well to yourself. You must not commit this all-important interest to another; you must see to it that you yourself are in Christ—that you yourself are living for Christ.

Do not expect that others will look after you—that you can offer as a valid excuse by-and-by, that if you had been properly attended to, things would have been different with you from what they are now. What can you answer if you be asked, "To whom were you of so much importance as yourself; why then did you not look after yourself?" Little do men know what error, what truth, lie in this common saying, "Every man for himself."

STORIES OF "THE QUIVER COT."

I FEEL that I ought almost to apologise to my readers, for again bringing little Willie C. before them as "the Quiver Cot patient," for it really seems such a very long time since first he was introduced to them, and though he is not actually at this time—*i.e.*, when this paper is *read*—occupant of the cot, he was when it was written. What excuse can I make for my dear little friend for having so long monopolised a favoured corner of the world? If one is needed—and many people may rightly think that he has had laws and limits greatly stretched in his favour—then I must offer the true reason, which is hardly an excuse—namely, his poverty, his suffering, and his helplessness, and last, but by no means least, the great tender kindness of the hospital officers, who couldn't turn poor Willie adrift while there was a hope of strengthening and renewing the spark of his poor life. So Willie has stayed on and on, with short intervals of absence, and has been on the hospital books for more than four years. His trust in the skill, goodness, and wisdom of all those in any way connected with the place is stronger than ever. I paid him a visit a short time since, and heard all about his different little jaunts. One of his visits had been made to Brighton, which place, he explained to me, "was different to any other place, because it was large and grand, and yet there was lots of fresh air and kind people." He much enjoyed that visit. One of the ladies took him, and he had his little carriage, and used to spend many hours lying on his back close to the waves. By his own account he was intensely happy there, finding no drawbacks—"Cos you had *all* you wanted, and everybody was so kind." Not a bad definition of happiness, I thought.

These helps resulted in Willie's being pronounced able to be dressed, and he actually got so far as standing alone by last Christmas Day, but a slight push from another boy caused a fall, and three months in bed followed. In April he was up again, moving himself from bed to bed in his little carriage, going on errands for the nurses, and enjoying himself—grateful and happy and bright. A very sad sight was the child to me, going as I did from rosy country children; but though the little face was yellow and wan, and the scraps of arms and legs mere sticks, the old look of weary suffering, that I had so often felt my heart ache to see, was gone, and a sort of subdued brightness there instead. He chatted eagerly; and one of his first remarks was, "You haven't asked those kind people to write to me for a *long* time, I did so *love* their letters. Sometimes I feel as if I could cry, because it seems as if they didn't love me so much now I'm better."

I explained that he had been such a long time in the cot that, of course, people thought he had gone long ago. "Yes," said Willie, with a smile, "I have been a long time, the doctors got quite cross once, or somebody got cross, but they never turned me out; God let me stay; I must have cost a lot of money, but I do thank God for letting me stay here, and I try to get well, but I don't think I ever shall be very well, like other boys; and sometimes I am glad, because I love being here, and I had rather go to heaven than any other place, if I was turned away from here."

When he first went to church, the sound of the organ was quite too much for him, and he had a misty idea that it was heavenly music. Among the congregation he imagined that he recognised a dear friend of mine, who has often visited the hospital, and once worked there for some weeks. He audibly announced this fact to the lady who had charge of him, and was then advised not to talk in church, but he continued to gaze at the lady, and fancying *I* also must be near, he exerted himself to find me out, and was much upset at my friend's *double* taking no notice of him. He told me afterwards he *expected* to see me there, though I was at the time many miles away, and he knew it, because I had told him in answer to one of his questions, that I always went to church if I was not ill, and I then found too that he thought there was only *one* church.

Once Willie was taken to the Zoo., little carriage and all. Imagine his wonder and delight! I asked how he managed to see all the animals, as some of the cages are raised, and reached by steps, "Oh," said he, "the people were kind *there* too, and they *kept on* helping my carriage up." Though I had not seen the child for more than a year, he had forgotten none of our little mutually interesting topics, and inquired severally and separately after my relations and friends, confusing none of their names or affairs. The walls of the new building have indeed grown, and the dust and want of air are trying to the dwellers in the wards, but brightness and sunshine can enter at the front of the houses still, and the flowers find their way there too. I was greeted with a most pleasant odour when I opened the girls' ward door, quite like the Shropshire lanes I had just left behind, and I asked a bright-faced little girl, who was dressing her doll behind the door, "What *is* this nice smell?" "Tosties," she answered, and buried her unaccustomed nose in a fragrant cowslip ball. Cowslips everywhere! Kind little school-children to send them to their dear little sick sisters! God bless you for it! Tiny thin hot fingers were grasping their golden treasures in all the cots. One child was putting one on each rose-coloured little cheek, flushed with the deceitful bloom of consumption. A fit emblem of each other—fading sinless flower, and fading innocent baby. I "considered the lilies of the

field," God's little flowers, and this one so soon to bloom again in the garden of the Lord. I should like to have shown the little maker of the "tosty" how it was cherished. An hour after I passed the cot again, and the little one had fallen asleep, with the two tosties on her pillow, carefully laid from the heat of her hand. Three tiny mites in the same ward were acting a little hospital scene, one being a patient, another a nurse, and the biggest (about five) the doctor. "Sit up, Katie, and show doctor your foot," said the nurse, very imperfectly. "I can't," said Katie, smiling; "ain't dot a foot, he tut it off and toot it away." This speech was followed by a burst of laughter from the whole ward, the doctor only keeping grave. At last Katie was persuaded to have her woolly boot off. She had, with the other two actors, only left her bed the day before, and the doctor's cure for an imaginary bad foot was a good tickling, the nurse so far forgetting *her* office as to assist, and the final result was a general upset of little low chairs, and I left doctor, nurse, and patient a bunch of thin legs and arms and red jackets on the floor. She managed to say to me, "Doo-bye, yady, do and see the boys up-stairs." One midge of two, who was very fat and unwieldy, and rather short of breath, and who by her very resplendent blue hair-ribbons I guessed to be a ward pet, sat upon a royal couch in the centre of the ward, setting out the animals of a Noah's ark. I looked at her. She at once, with an imperious nod, said, "Tum." I went, and as something in the arrangement of my head-gear took her attention, she said, "Toop down," which I did, and then the intense concentration of all her powers upon one object, and that above her, caused her complete overthrow, accompanied by a general scrimmage among the ark company. I was afraid of a regular howl, but, behold! a sort of gurgle, a broad smile, a fat hand raised, and the concise sentence, "Pit me up." I did as I was told, and then re-arranged the animals to her satisfaction, putting out all my conversational powers meantime, and when I imagined I had quite won her heart by my patience in setting up animals with only two legs instead of four, to my astonishment I heard, "Oo may do now, do on, do on!" and all the animals were tossed on to the floor. Looking up, I saw a plate and mug on the table, first sign of tea. Ungrateful little maiden! "Good-bye," I said. "Do away, do away!" said Sally; but when I got to the door her heart relented, even though the trays *had* come up, and she called out, "Tum back." I went of course. "Tiss me." I performed the operation, and she waved her hand towards the door. She only vouchsafed one remark to me during my time of attention to her, and that was, "You a dood dirl?" I shall not tell what my answer was. I ventured the same question, but she shook her head solemnly, so I concluded that Sally, if spared, would be an honest woman. (*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

305. What was the number of fasts enjoined by the law of Moses to be kept every year?

306. "I indeed baptise you with water unto repentance," said the Baptist, "but He that cometh after me is mightier than I; He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." When was this announcement fulfilled?

307. In that part of the Jewish tabernacle designated the "sanctuary" were three articles of furniture. Name them.

308. In reference to which of Christ's announcements is it recorded that the disciples not only failed to understand what Jesus said, but were afraid to ask Him?

309. Mention three ordinances observed by the children of Israel *before* the Law itself was established.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 688.

293. See John xxi. 7.

294. Once only. See 2 Peter i. 18.

295. John viii. 59; x. 31.

296. After. See John xxi. 18, 19.

297. Rev. xii. 9.

298. "Thy sins be forgiven thee" (Mark ii. 5; Luke vii. 48).

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

MIND reckons distance by the motion—Time;
Mind, with a world, measures the sun sublime.
Now o'er the ocean, winged with steam and sail,
Speed forth ye ships of science, and return
From realms remotest; not with precious bale,
But Knowledge from the vast—truths which will burn
Like solar light for ever. Some will go
To Zealand's forest hills of fire and snow;
Some to the moist warm winter of the Nile,
Or watch the glory from a tropic isle
O'erflowed with verdure to its calm blue creeks,
Where the long billow flows, that farther breaks
In surge and rainbow on the coral reef,
Or curves in sunset like a golden sheaf;
And some 'mid desolation make their home,
Far past the conflux of tumultuous tides
Round earth's last cape—swung hugely in the sky—
Deep southward in a solitary sea
Under the pole's antarctic vaporous dome—
Isles mountainous and sterile, whose gaunt sides
Are lashed by leagues of unapproachable foam.

T. C. IRWIN.



(*Drawn by* M. E EDWARDS.)

TO THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

DEAR little children, how we love your voices!
Like silver bells upon the ear they fall;
Beneath their spell some aching heart rejoices
In cottage lowly or in stately hall.

How sweet to hear when weary toil is over,
And the green hills look indistinct and dim,
Their cadence steal through fields of fragrant clover,
Or mingling sweetly in the vesper hymn.

Oh, strains celestial! sounds beyond comparing!
A white-winged seraph seems each lisping tone,
Through evening mists and dying fragrance bearing
Your guileless wishes to the Saviour's throne,
Who, father-like, the messenger caressing,
While angels smile behind their golden lyres,
At your sweet wishes flings His sacred blessing
On the rough pathway of your worldly sires.

Dear little children, how we love your faces!
Pure as the lilies round the azure lake,
They greet us oft in foul and sinful places,
Where brutal oaths your fitful slumbers break;
In reeking slums, in sickly courts and alleys,
Faintly they smile—we bless them as we pass;
We meet them, too, in pleasant country valleys
Fresh as the daisies 'mid the tender grass.

The truant locks your lovely temples shading,
Some are as golden as an angel's crown;
Some like the leaves in russet autumn fading,
As rich, as clustering, and as softly brown.
Your speaking eyes, they tell us how ye love us
And thrill us often with a strange delight,
But oftener still their mute reproaches move us
As though they read our sinful hearts aright.

Dear little children, when your dimpled fingers
First clasp the kerchief o'er a mother's breast,
No sordid wish within her bosom lingers,
For, queen or vagrant, she is wholly blest!
Up to her lips the rosy palm she raises—
Why is she weeping, when she loves so much?
What has inspired her fine poetic praises?
Ah, baby fingers, 'tis your hallowed touch!

How kindly feel their eloquent caresses
To the bent brow with many a wrinkle cross'd!
Or roaming through the scant and hoary tresses,
Like summer buds amidst the winter frost—
Soft loving fingers to sad bosoms creeping!
Soothing some sorrow that is rankling there;
Tapping the cheeks grown wan with bitter weeping,
Nestling 'gainst hearts bowed down with worldly care.

Dear little children, bide with us for ever!
Slay with your meekness our unholy pride!
Nor time can rend, nor ruthless fate can sever,
The chain that binds us to the ingle-side,
Where from your love and innocence we borrow
Such sweets as strengthen us from year to year;
Few, few could bear their meed of toil and sorrow,
Dear little children, if ye were not here!

FANNY FORRESTER

AGAINST HERSELF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.
BY THE SEA.

MAGGIE was too ill and worn after her father's death to teach again for some time, and Herbert—somehow Herbert had been kind and considerate to her lately—who, now that she had lost her father seemed to think it was his business to look after her a little, insisted on her giving her pupils a six weeks' holiday.

"Dead!" said little Grace Fraser, when Maggie went to say good-bye to her—"is your poor papa dead?"

"Yes, dear," she answered.

"Then you'll never see him any more?"

"Yes, I hope I shall," she replied; "he has gone to heaven, where your little brother and sister are waiting for you. I hope I shall go there too some day, and then—then I shall see him again."

"Perhaps he'll come to the gate to meet you," said the child, wistfully, thinking of the manner in which she had been in the habit of meeting Maggie.

"I shall always remember those words of Gracie's," she thought, as she went back to Mrs. Ashbury's, where she was staying for the present; "they have comforted me almost more than any others." A little later, and Miss Campbell was going to Broadstairs to stay a month, and invited Hetty and Maggie to go with her, and they were glad to go.

"You will soon get strong again here, Maggie," Charley said, when they had been a week at the quiet little watering-place; "only fancy how nice it will be to take long walks when you are stronger—you, and I, and Hetty."

"No," she said, "I will let you go, and I will sit and look at the sea; I like that best." And she thought how pleasant it was to sit dreamily watching the waves as the tide came in and stole on, fold on fold, over and over the sand and shingle, just as time steals over our pleasantest days, till, like the vanishing shore, they are only a memory.

"Oh no," said Charley, "I shall make you go too—over the cliff to Margate, which is all windmills and pretty girls, and through the fields to Ramsgate; wouldn't you like that, Maggie? Fancy a good mouthful of sea-air and an eyeful of green with it, and all the daisies winking their yellow eyes at the sun."

"No," she said, "I would rather be quiet, and read of a day to dear Miss Charlotte, and sit on my favourite seat in the twilight." That was how Maggie passed her time, reading aloud to the blind woman (whom she had learnt to love dearly) in the

day-time, and of an evening sitting on a seat, which she generally had to herself—a seat which stood, almost hidden from sight, on a bit of projecting rock to the right of Chandos Place.

"I do so wish we could rouse Maggie a little more," said Hetty; "she has grown so silent and sad, though she evidently tries her best to be cheerful, and her cheeks are as white still as they were six weeks ago, when poor uncle died."

"Well, Herbert is coming down by the eight o'clock train to-night; perhaps that'll do her good."

"I don't see why it should."

"She likes Herbert ever so much better than she used."

"Yes," said Hetty, "and Herbert thinks Maggie quite a wonder now, and he used to be almost patronising to her."

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHILE THE SANDS O' LIFE SHALL RUN."

"COME down to the station and meet Herbert, Maggie, it's half-past seven," Charley said, after dinner, when Miss Campbell was taking her evening doze.

"No, I am too tired," she answered; "I will wait for you all in my usual place." And when they had gone she wrapped a shawl around her, and betook herself to the seat on the cliff. It was a lovely evening, after the sultry day, with not a breath of air to stir the motionless boats. She could see nothing but the sea from where she sat, and the dim ships far away in the hazy distance. Yes, there was the crimson glow of the sunset lingering still in the west, and dipping down upon the water till she could fancy that every wave had flushed beneath the glory of heaven. "It looks like one of the portals of the eternal city," she said, and she thought of her father and of Gracie's words, "Perhaps he'll come to the gate to meet you." A soft breeze stole over the water with the first thin veil of twilight, and soothed and lulled her. It was very pleasant, sitting there alone. Now and then she heard the hum of voices, but the seat was almost hidden from sight, and they died away in the distance. Yes, how pleasant it was to go on—as one often does at evening time and most of all when by the sea—dreamily from thought to thought. She felt, too, while she sat there with only the sea before her and sky above her, nearer to the old world and the old life, nearer to the dear old man in heaven and to Stephen Bowden on the sea. She supposed he was on the sea still—she did not know—and if so, he too had the sound of the rushing waves in his ears and the breath of the soft wind upon his face. Why should she care about Stephen Bowden now, though; and why think of him at all, when she had resolved to shut him out of her heart for ever? Then there came into her head the verse of a song she had sung to him many a time—

"O last love! O first love!
My love with the true heart,
To think I have come to this your home,
And yet we are apart."

She did not know why she thought of it now; he had not been very true, so it had no connection with him, save that she was by the sea and he was on it. How foolish she was! for she felt, as she sat there in the summer twilight, that she would give all the world, even now, to see his face just once again, and, having seen it, to die before it faded from her memory. Oh, how life had cheated her! Then she roused herself a little; it was surely time for Herbert to come; it was getting dark; and how delicious was the sound of the crisp waves breaking upon the shore beneath! Ah, there was a footstep! She would pretend to let him take her by surprise. Yes, someone was coming to the seat at last.

"Maggie," said a voice that made her start to her feet.

She turned round, and there, facing her in the summer twilight, was Stephen Bowden. She put out her hands, on the impulse of the moment, over the back of the seat, then drew them quickly back.

"I thought you were far away," she said, simply, without even a shade of surprise in her voice.

"Did you?" he answered, coming round to the front of the seat, and sitting down beside her.

She drew her shawl closer around her, and pulled her hat lower down over her eyes, and watched the misty ships far out at sea again. He looked at her for a few minutes—at the sweet feminine face, which had grown pale and thin, and at the plaits of fair hair, which was disfigured by none of the inventions of modern days. She felt his eyes upon her, and longed—oh, how she longed—for him to break that silence in which her tears were gathering and her lips beginning to quiver! She turned round at last, with a gesture which was almost supplicating. Then he spoke, putting his arms gently round her.

"Maggie, I want you to take me back again."

"Oh no, no!" and she drew away from him, and put her hands up to her face to hide her tears, but they fell through her fingers.

"Yes you will, dear," he said; but she shook her head, and drew yet a little farther away.

Then he told her how he had only found the letter the day before he was to have left England, and how he had supposed that she was going to be married to Charley, and even seeing her at the Academy had borne out the idea, and how, when at the last moment Herbert had undeceived him, he had thrown up his passage and stayed in England.

"Ah, but you never trusted me," Maggie said; "that spoilt even our happiest days. I was afraid of my most innocent words and actions, lest you should misconstrue them. You would not believe in my honour or my word, though you might have done so—might, indeed, for I never had a thought

that was treason to you, and loved you more than words can tell—more than I ever could again, for you have killed or starved out all the feeling that was in me."

"My dear child," he said, in the grave manner that had always been so grateful to her in former days, "I know perfectly now how wrong I was, better than you can tell me; but I did not think it possible you could care so much for me."

"But you must have seen that I did," she said, feeling herself giving way. "How could I help it?" and the tears came back; "and yet you would not believe in me or yourself."

"I was a great fool," he said, speaking to himself rather than to her.

"So was I," she said, quickly turning upon him, for she did not like to hear him accuse himself. Then he laughed the old pleasant laugh, which she had never hoped to hear again.

"Well, now that we have indulged in this mutual confession, don't you think we had better make it up?" he asked, entreatingly.

"No," she said, and looked out at the ships again, and thought they were as dim as bygone sorrows, when time and space have stretched between them and us.

"Turn round, Maggie," he said, beseechingly—he did not like being humble, but then he knew that it was due to her—"and say you care for me still; I believe you do, in spite of what you said just now: you women tell horrible fibs now and then. Turn round, I am so fond of *you*, Maggie!" He stopped, and followed the direction of her eyes, and put up a corner of her shawl over them. "Never mind those stupid ships," he said, and she, pushing away the shawl, gave one last look at them, and then, with a long long sigh of relief, put her hands in his.

"It was all my fault," she said, loving, as a woman does, to blame herself, or any one or anything, rather than the man she loves. "It was every bit my fault; I should not have concealed anything."

Maggie felt rather conscious, on the whole, when she returned to the house. She thought every one seemed to know about it. Charley looked up quickly, and, seeing the state of things, gave a sigh, for no one, not even Hetty, guessed how much he had cared for Maggie, though he had himself plainly seen the impossibility of all he had once wished, and he was very fond of Hetty—she was a dear little thing. Altogether, things could not well be better.

"It was too bad of you, Charley, not to tell *me* about Stephen," Hetty said, the next morning.

"Why, whenever did you know he had not left England?"

"Only a fortnight ago. No one knew it for a month; every one thought he'd gone. Then Herbert knew and told me, and I promised not to tell."

"It was very disagreeable of you," she pouted. "But why didn't he turn up before?"

"Why, you see, Maggie was poorly, and he thought it better to let her get over her father's death a little."

"Did you know he was coming last night?"

"Of course."

"Well, it was too bad of you, Charley, not to tell me; and I've half a mind not to tell you something, and to give you a good scolding."

"You may give me the scolding and welcome," he laughed, not in the least afraid of her wrath; "but tell me the secret."

"No, I won't."

"Yes, do, Hetty, there's a little duck, and then I'll give you something."

"What?"

"Tell me the secret first. I know you are dying to do so, and you will like what I'll promise to give you so much."

"Tell me what it is," she pleaded.

"Not till you have told me the secret," he said, firmly and grandly.

"Well, the Captain Gilbertson who bought Maggie's picture, 'Nearly Conquered,' and Stephen Bowden are one and the same person! So Maggie will get back the picture again. She was so sorry to sell it, you know. By the way, I don't think it is a secret."

"That was very well done of Bowden," said Charley.

"And now do tell me what you'll give me," she said, imploringly.

"Well, some day, soon, if you are a *very* good little girl indeed, I'll give you a wedding-ring, and put it on in a church for you," a remark which effectually subdued that usually irrepressible young lady for the next half-hour.

"Maggie," said Hetty, later in the day, when they were alone together, "do you remember what you said about it being easier to build a new idol than to put a shattered one together?—you don't think so now?"

"Yes I do," she answered, "but mine was never shattered;" and she thought of Stephen's observation the night before, and added, "We women tell dreadful fibs sometimes."

"Oh, I see," said the young chatterbox. "Well, now we are all going to be married. It is just like the end of a story."

"So it is," said Maggie, laughing.

And so it was.

THE END.

A BREAKING-UP SERMON.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"And every man went unto his own house."—JOHN vii. 53.

IF you will cast your eye over the chapter to which these words belong, you will find that the Feast of Tabernacles had just been held in Jerusalem. This feast, I believe, though not the most important, was the most popular, of the festivals appointed by the Mosaic Law. It was to the Jew very much what Christmas is to us. There was a great deal of eating and drinking, and merry-making about it. Many old customs were kept up, and others were added, as time went on. Amongst them was the ceremony of pouring out water in a golden ewer, from the pool of Siloam, and the display of some enormous lights, which were said to cast their glare over nearly the whole of the city. Altogether, the Feast of Tabernacles was a peculiarly joyous time; and, I am afraid I must add, that just as it is with ourselves at Christmas, and Easter, and Whitsuntide—the religious significance of the feast was too often forgotten in the merriment and self-indulgence which were considered to be peculiarly appropriate to the season.

Well, the festival was just over. From all parts of the country—from Hermon in the north, and Beersheba in the south; from the hilly sheep-walks on the other side of the Jordan, and indeed, from foreign lands as well, thousands upon thousands of Jews had crowded for several days within the walls of the sacred city. But now they were about to disperse. For more than a week they had been associated together—bad and good, rich and poor, young and old, thoughtful and thoughtless, religious and irreligious, merchants, artisans, lawyers, labourers, shepherds, hawkers, scholars, fishermen, scribes—men of every kind of character, of every grade of social position, of every shade of religious and ecclesiastical opinion, all had been drawn into contact with each other by this common object. Thus, they had been in Jerusalem, acting and reacting upon each other; some doing good and receiving good, others doing harm and receiving harm. But now the crowd is broken up. Every man has packed up his baggage, and gathered together his family, and is off to the quiet and retirement of his distant home.

Now the thing which I wish my younger hearers to notice—for I address myself especially to them—the thing which I wish you to notice is this:—That this week or ten days which the people had spent together had produced its effect, and left its trace upon each of them. They are going away, as we said, but they are not going away as they came. Each carries away with him to his own home an impression, be it for good or be it for evil, from the scenes he has passed through, and from the companions with whom he has associated, and from the things in which he has shared, and from the influences which he has yielded to or has resisted. The power with which human beings act upon each other, when they meet together in crowds and for a common purpose, is very great. And to this power, the Jews—who are now "breaking up," and going home—have been exposed. I ask you, then, to notice that the attendants at the festival do not return as they came. A stamp has been placed upon their spirit, an impulse has been given to their character, which was not there before.

Now if it be true—and I think it is—of men of maturer years, whose characters may be thought to be already formed, that when they meet in masses they influence each other greatly for good or for evil, much more will the statement be true of us in the earlier stages of our existence, when our minds are naturally more impressible, and when our characters may be said to be in the process of formation. Put boys together, in a large school, and when they emerge from it they will be very different from what they would have been had they been brought up under other and quieter circumstances. In some cases, no doubt—few cases I would fain hope—an injurious effect will be produced. A badly-disposed boy will become worse through his communication with others. He will corrupt, and be corrupted. But for the most part, the result will be good. The sympathy of numbers, the operation of public opinion (which is quite as strong in a school, if not stronger, than it is in outer life), the generous and honourable rivalry, the chivalrous feelings, which are called forth in elder boys for the protection and encouragement of the younger, the sentiment of loyalty to the old foundation, and the retribution with which anything mean, and false, and underhand, and tricky, is pretty sure sooner or later to be overtaken—all these things contribute their share to the formation of a true and manly character, fitted to take its place in the work and the conflict of the world.

Now we wish you, if you will, to think sometimes about this. Pray understand me. We do

not wish you to be priggish and unnatural. Christianity does not try "to put old heads upon young shoulders," nor does it expect a boy to look at life in the same solemn, earnest, almost awe-struck way, that it demands of a man. Christianity wishes a boy to be a boy. But at the same time, Christianity expects of even the youngest boy, who can understand anything, that he should have his serious and thoughtful moments; that he should always act under a sense of duty; that he should recognise in a quiet, but real way, that he has a good and loving Father in heaven, and a gracious Saviour, to Whom he is bound to be loyal, devoted, and true. That is all we want. But if we get this, we get a great deal; and I will tell you what will be the result. You will look upon the time you spend here at school as a very important time. Not as a time for lessons, merely; though they will always be thought of conscientiously by a conscientious boy. Not merely as a time for making pleasant acquaintances and friendships, which shall endure through life; and certainly not as a time that you are to huddle and muddle through as best you can, feeling that the sooner you are out of it the better; but as a time in which you are being helped to become God-fearing and God-honouring Christian men, who, in the future, shall be a credit to the country to which they belong, and to the religion which they profess.

There is another thought, which I have to suggest to you, in connection with our subject; If you remember the chapter at all, you will remember that our Lord Jesus Christ put Himself very prominently forward at this feast. He proclaimed Himself as the Light of the World, and as the Dispenser of all spiritual grace and blessing to those who came to Him for it. And you will remember also that, in consequence of His making this announcement, there was a strife among the people, and a distinct separation of them into two parties, some taking one side, and some another; some attaching themselves to Christ, and others reviling and opposing Him. You see thus that these Jews, when they went away from Jerusalem, went away with very different feelings in their hearts, and those different feelings produced by what Jesus Christ had said about Himself. In other words, they did not go the same as they came. Some were the better and some were the worse, for having mingled with the crowd on the occasion of that particular Feast of Tabernacles. Some were the better, and some were the worse, for having heard the preaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Now this suggests to me a thought which is very important, and which I am anxious to impress upon you. You must be either the better or the worse for Jesus Christ. In a great variety of ways we are all called upon, and you younger ones as well, to make up your minds about Jesus Christ, and to side with Him, or side against Him. Not only in church, and by the voice of the preacher, though that is worth thinking about. Let the sermon be what it may, there are prayers, and there are lessons, and there is the name of Jesus Christ running like a golden thread through all. Every one in a Christian land knows what Jesus Christ expects of us; that He expects us to give ourselves to Him in a loving and loyal and entire consecration. And if any one, knowing that he has not done this—knowing that he is holding his heart back from Christ—comes into a Christian Church, and is present at an act of Christian worship, he cannot go out of the building the same as he entered in. He goes away home, the better or the worse—the better if he accepts Christ, the worse if he continues in the same state of indifference and unbelief.

But I am not speaking of church and services and sermons, only. In many ways and at many times you and I are called upon to take our side. The question is continually put to us, "Will you be for Christ, or will you be against Him?" The question is put to us in our schoolboy-days. It is put to us as we get older. It is put to us in our business, in our counting-houses, in our offices, in our family circles, in our moments of relaxation and amusement. *For Christ? or against Him?* And when a decision is thus demanded of us by circumstances, we cannot be as if it had never been asked, we cannot go away to our homes the same as we were before. My younger brethren, unhardened as you are as yet by the influences of the world, let there be no doubt in your mind upon this subject. You are young; but you must take your side. You must be for Christ, or against Him. Which is it to be? Not against Christ, surely! No. You will, all of you, I trust, manfully, but unostentatiously, take your side with Him, the gracious Saviour, Who loved you, and gave Himself for you.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XX. CHRIST DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS. No. 4—JUDAS.

Scripture to be read—Matt. x., xxvii.; Mark x.; John xii., xiii. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Call the children's attention to the fact that almost all the Scripture characters hitherto noticed in these lessons have been good ones, though have seen that good people fall into sin. This lesson upon a man of whom hear nothing but bad.

I. HIS CALL. (Read Matt. x. 1—10.) Ask about the call of some of the other apostles—Nathaniel, the guileless (John i. 47); Peter, the fisherman, at the Sea of Galilee (Matt. iv. 18); Matthew, the publican, at the custom-house. Of Judas, nothing told; was one of the twelve called by name; allowed to follow Christ; called Iscariot from his native place, to distinguish from Jude, our Lord's brother; had all the privileges of the other apostles. What were these? (1) *He shared Christ's life.* Let children recall incidents when the apostles were all with Christ, *e.g.*, the marriage in Cana (John ii.), the walking through the corn-fields, and numberless others. (2) *He was sent out to preach.* From the verses read, point out that Judas, like the rest, had to preach repentance, and had power of working miracles. So far seemed all right. As regards his privileges and opportunities was on a par with the other apostles.

II. HIS CHARACTER. (1) *He was ambitious.* (Read Mark x. 32—34.) This seems the simplest explanation of his joining Christ at all. Ask what Christ's first proclamation was (Matt. iv. 17). Who was the king to be? Judas must have heard of the wise men's search for the king (Matt. ii. 2). If Christ, a king, and could do such miracles, surely His followers would be great also. Judas had joined in the dispute—perhaps had started it—as to who should be the greatest (Mark ix. 34), but seeing a storm in distance, enemies gathering, and in last journey to Jerusalem hearing Christ announce His own death, determines to advance himself by his Master's fall, and betray Christ to His enemies. (2) *He was covetous.* (Read John xii. 3—8.) Question on the story, showing that Christ and apostles had a common purse—that Judas had managed to be allowed to take charge of it. Remind how Christ often had nowhere to sleep—would not be much money in it, yet enough to tempt Judas. Let the children see what the love of money led him to. (*a*) *Inhumanity.* He cared not for the poor, only for himself. (*b*) *Basest treachery.* (Read Matt. xxvi. 14—16.) Notice how he *went* to the chief priests deliberately—no yielding to sudden temptation by their coming to him; asked for money; willingly promised to betray Christ. (*c*) *Hardness of heart.* In order to show this clearly read the account of the Last Supper (John xiii. 21—30). (*d*) *Hypocrisy.* Question upon the scene of the betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane (Luke xvii. 47, 48). A dark night; Christ praying under the olive-trees; three disciples a little way off asleep; Judas coming with a band of soldiers; lanterns flashing; swords gleaming; Judas coming up; the kiss; Christ's indignant question; His calm dignity; led away to the palace of high priest.

III. HIS END. (Read Matt. xxvii. 3—10.) Ask how Judas felt after betraying Christ—was this all that was necessary to repentance? What did John tell the people to do besides confessing their sins? Let the children give instances of persons thus changing their conduct, such as David, Peter, and others; then show how Judas felt remorse, but not repentance, or would have sought forgiveness. So Pharaoh was sorry, but did not let Israelites go (Exod. viii. 15). Herod was sorry, but cut off John's head (Matt. xiv. 9). For account of true godly sorrow see Rom. vii. 10. Then show how Judas broke sixth commandment by his suicide, and draw a lesson as to the sacredness of human life, and the awful sin of rushing into presence of Judge unrepentant.

IV. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) *Individual responsibility.* Show the children how Judas, being daily with Christ, hearing His words, even partaking of the Lord's Supper, was yet lost. Press this home to them to show that privileges, such as godly parents, the means of grace, &c., of themselves, cannot save, unless there is a turning of the soul to God. Each must give account of himself. (2) *The danger of not checking sin.* Show how the love of money led him on little by little; how it engrossed him, hardened his heart, and at last ruined him. Remind of our Lord's warnings and parables against the sin of covetousness. What is to be first in our thoughts? What did the other apostles give up for Christ, and how were they rewarded (Matt. xix. 29)?

Questions to be answered.

1. What privileges did Judas share with the other apostles?
2. Name his two besetting sins.
3. To what other sins did his covetousness lead him?
4. Contrast his sorrow with that of St. Peter.
5. Describe his miserable end.
6. What practical lessons does his life teach us?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE death of Lilith Crichton, although long expected, was at the last so extremely sudden, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, that it was a long time before Una could realise that it had actually taken place. Then, stunned and bewildered by the shock, she went into the adjoining room to call the old nurse, who required but one glance at the lady's pale agitated face to understand what had happened. With a cry of dismay the faithful servant hurried away to tell the sad news to the rector and Hervey, while Una, sinking down into a chair, remained for a considerable period in a confused half-conscious state, quite unable to collect her thoughts.

She leant back in her seat, silent and motionless, hearing indistinctly the lamentations of those who came to look on the lifeless form of her they had loved so well, and then the sounds ceased, and she heard only the footsteps of the women who were performing the last offices for the dead. After a time the rector came in to speak to her, his usually stern face softened by emotion, and Una looked up at him deprecatingly as she said, "There was not time to call you indeed; it was so terribly sudden; she had been speaking with quite a strong voice almost the instant before."

"I know," he said; "the doctors warned us that the end would probably be a sudden attack of this kind, and there were indications to-day that something of the sort was impending, which was my motive for sending to ask you to come at once, and it was well I did, or it would have been too late." A shiver passed through Una's frame as he spoke. She could hardly feel glad that she had been in time, for she knew instinctively that this last meeting with Lilith would have an influence on herself and her destiny which she dreaded even while she could not resist it.

"I am sure that Lilith at least is happy," she said, with a sigh, "she seemed so wonderfully joyous in the very act of dying."

"Yes, I solemnly believe she has gone to her reward, and never did a soul more truly without guile pass to its Maker. She knows now the exquisite bliss of those who have suffered for conscience' sake, and the departing spirit seems to have left the stamp of its ineffable peace on her face: she looks like an angel reposing."

"May I go to her?" said Una, lifting her heavy head from the chair.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but there are still some hours till daylight, and I was going to suggest your lying down in the room which has been prepared for you."

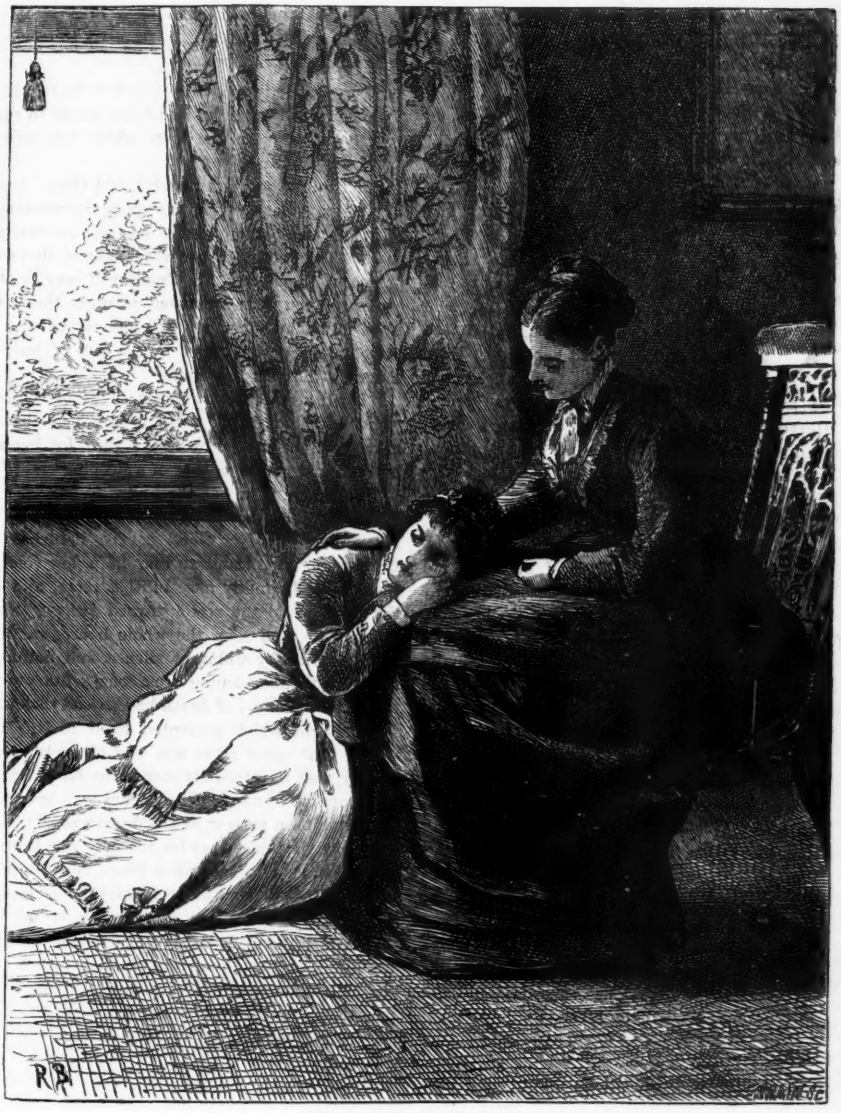
"If I might do what I wish," said Una, "I should like to stay alone in Lilith's room till morning. I want to think over all she has said to me, and I shall feel the power of her words best in that solemn presence. Some day, Mr. Crichton, I may be able to explain to you what a momentous night this is likely to be to me, and then you will understand why I ask leave to usurp your place by the side of your dead sister for the next few hours."

"I will cede it to you willingly," said the rector; "and I do not think there is any fear that your nerves will be shaken by such a vigil, for her aspect is sweet and gentle as that of a sleeping child."

"And there is no one there?"

"No; my brother has gone to his room, and I will give orders that you shall not be disturbed," and Una, rising up, thanked him in a low voice, and then walked quietly into Lilith's room, and closed the door, while the rector turned away to his own apartments, and soon the whole house was hushed into its ordinary midnight silence, and nothing but the veiled light shining from one solitary window told that the angel of death had passed that way.

The sight which presented itself to Una Dysart within that quiet room was one of such unearthly beauty, that she stood for many minutes gazing on it quite unable to move. It is a fact well known to all who have been present at the departure of those who have died in peace, that for the first few hours after the great change has taken place, the countenance becomes invested with an indescribable loveliness, which seems like a sort of reflection of the beauty and light into which the ransomed soul has entered. It does not last long, and human words cannot attempt to portray it, but none ever looked on that unearthly beauty without feeling that it is a gleam from paradise itself, which falls through the opening gates as they close on the new inmate of the blessed sphere. This lovely wondrous look was on the face of Lilith Crichton, as she lay with her blue eyes only half veiled by the white lids, and a little soft smile, almost playful in its meaning sweetness, giving expression to her silent lips. She did not appear to be either asleep or dead, but only resting in the consciousness of some marvellous secret, which shed over her whole being an inexpressible serenity and bliss, while the white lilies with which they had filled the little pleading hands that had so often



(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES)

"Then Lilith died for him!"—*p.* 731.

been raised in prayer, were not more pure and stainless than she seemed in her snowy draperies, with all her fair hair falling round her like a veil. Truly the sight, in its perfection of peace, was one to fill with sorrowful envy the hearts of those yet living in this difficult world, yet struggling with sin and temptation; and as Una drew near the quiet little bed and fell on her knees by Lilith's side, the cry went up out of the very depths of her labouring soul, "Oh, my God, make my life as pure and true as hers was, that my death, when it comes at last, may be as peaceful and as blest!"

Una Dysart was no wilful self-deceiver, and far as she had fallen from her own standard of right, by means of the sophistries with which she had stifled her conscience, she knew in that solemn hour that if the prayer wrung from her lips by the sight of the blessed dead were to be aught but a mockery of Him to whom she made it, she had now to look into her life and see wherein it failed to meet the requirements of His most holy law; and she did so. Kneeling there with her face buried in her hands, she commenced a rigid uncompromising scrutiny into her own past actions and future purposes, with all the motives that had prompted them, tearing off the veil from her inmost heart, and judging herself with unsparing severity. She had asked that her life might be pure and true as Lilith's, who had sacrificed that life and all that made it dear rather than so much as connive at evil, when once it became known to her, and Una saw that her own first departure from that truth and purity had been in the hour when by the dim sea-shore she stretched out her arms towards Atherstone's distant home, and registered the vow in her secret heart that she would devote her one only life to him alone, whatever might be the cost of principle it would involve.

Her trial and temptation at that hour had been precisely the same as Lilith's, with but the immaterial difference that she knew not what was the exact nature of the wrong which she would share with Atherstone if she were united to him. But she did know, from his own words, that there would have been even more of connivance with evil in her marriage to him, than there could have been in Lilith's with Rupert Northcote; yet she had fallen where the timid gentle-natured girl stood upright, and she had returned to England fully determined to become the wife of Atherstone, if, as she had every reason to expect, he still desired it; then, following the downward course of those who once depart from perfect obedience to the laws of righteousness, she saw how she had committed a far more glaring sin against justice in withholding from Atherstone the information contained in Miss Amherst's letter. Therein had she not shown in truth that she loved him better than she loved her God, since to save him from suffering and loss, she had held back the Atherstone estates from their rightful owner, defrauded him and his child of their true name and position, and acted a falsehood towards Humphrey himself, by concealing from him her knowledge of the wrong he was unconsciously doing to his uncle's heir? In the clear light that seemed to shine into her soul in that solemn hour she recognised the utter hollowness of the fallacies wherewith she had deluded herself into the guilty silence that now appeared to her in so dark an aspect. The justice of Edward Atherstone's claim could in no way be affected by his personal unworthiness, and the pain which Humphrey might suffer in giving up his people to so hard a master, could never make it right that he should retain that which was not his, or that she should hide from him the bitter truth of his usurped possession.

The very same lesson which Trafford had taught to Atherstone himself was now being made known to Una by the silent teaching of those death-closed lips. She saw that the principles of righteousness are ours as unerring guides in every difficulty, but that with the results of our obedience to those principles we have absolutely nothing to do, they can in no sense be affected by human action, for they spring from that essential holiness which is the attribute of God alone, and they are incapable of modification and change.

Una knew well, as she looked at Lilith, that the rapturous peace upon her softly smiling face was due entirely to the saintly constancy with which the simple child had held to the highest standard of right, at the expense of happiness and life; and she felt that she must follow in her steps along the straight and narrow path of purest equity, if she too would win that serene blessedness to be her everlasting portion. She did not hesitate for a moment as to what her future course must be; once convicted of her error she was ready to repair it. She was no longer called upon, as Lilith had been, to make the sacrifice of her love for conscience' sake, since already it had been deprived of all hope or joy by Atherstone's mysterious desertion, but she was bound to suffer in the infliction of that pain on him which she believed he would inevitably feel when he received Miss Amherst's letter. She resolved to send it to him at once, and if she still retained his dear remembrance in her heart, as she felt she must, she would at least no longer suffer it to be so fatal an influence upon her life as it had been since he had left her. Her repining, her despondency, her enervating uselessness, should all give place to a loyal devotion to her Master's service, for it was to her as though her eyes, following Lilith's redeemed spirit in its flight to the sinless realms, had caught a glimpse of that pure deathless love which alone can satisfy the immortal soul, and in the light of whose eternal beauty the world and all its joys seem scarcely worth a thought.

There was a foretaste of peace and rest already in

Una's heart when at last she rose from her knees and went towards the window, to see if this night, which had been so momentous to herself, as well as to her friend, were near to its close. Lilith's last earthly mission was accomplished, and already it was bearing fruit within her own awakened soul, and as she raised the blind a crimson light from the eastern glow fell full on the marble countenance of the dead, flushing it as with hues of life, and Una felt it did but symbolise the dawn of that eternal day on which she had surely entered, who, simple and unpretending as she was, had been able by her blameless truth and purity to exercise so great an influence for good upon the lives of others. She stooped, and gave one kiss to the cold brow, and then turned away to lose no time in obeying the silent teaching of Lilith's stainless life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Una Dysart's first act on returning to her home from Torquay was to enclose Miss Amherst's letter to Humphrey Atherstone, and send it to the Abbey, with directions that it was to be immediately forwarded to the absent master.

She wrote inside the envelope the briefest possible sentence from herself, merely saying that it was her painful duty to send him the document she enclosed, for she felt that in the very delicate position in which she was placed towards him it was simply impossible that she could write to him, on this or any other subject. She could not tell him why she had so long delayed conveying to him a communication of such extreme importance, although he would plainly see from the date of the post-mark, that it had been in her possession some months. It was a hard and bitter duty to perform in whatever way she did it; but if she could have dreamt how completely Atherstone would misunderstand her whole conduct in the matter, it would have caused her suffering almost too great to be endured. She had hardly dispatched it, however, when the current of her thoughts was changed by the arrival of Wil. Northcote, who came in, with her bright face sad and anxious, to ask Una to tell her the particulars of Lilith Crichton's last moments.

This was not altogether an easy task for Miss Dysart, as she shrank from letting Wil. have the pain of hearing what had passed respecting her brother Rupert; so she told her friend in few words how blessed and peaceful had been the departure of that gentle spirit, like the calm setting of a bright pure star into the glory of the opening dawn; and when she had finished the account, she looked up, to meet Wil.'s dark eyes fixed on her with a keen and eager gaze.

"Una," she said, "you have not told me all, and you have omitted just that which it most concerns me to hear; for I know that Lilith must have spoken of my brother. I feel but too certain," her voice trembled as she spoke, "that he had quite as much share in her death as he has had in bringing sorrow and gloom on our house. Tell me all she said."

"Dear Wil., I am afraid it would pain you very much if I did; I wish you would not ask me."

Wil. flung herself down on the ground at Una's side, and putting her arms round her waist, she looked up at her with an earnest pleading expression. "Una, listen to me," she said, "I know already all that you can have to tell me of Rupert's error; it has been the bitterest trial I have ever known, and I can well imagine in how dark an aspect it would appear to one so pure and true as Lilith Crichton; but I cannot help hoping that her death may have a powerful influence on him for good, if only you will help me in bringing it home to him."

"It might well do that if he could have seen her die as I did," replied Una. "I know that she has wrought a work in me which will alter my whole life; she has opened my eyes to errors of my own, as great, perhaps, as your poor brother's, and made me long to repair them; but, oh! above all, Wil., she has taught me how little it matters whether we pass through our brief earthly course in sunshine or in gloom, if only we live so as to win at last the love which lights eternity—the love that cannot die."

"Then she has done for you all that Mr. Trafford's teaching has done for me," said Wil.; "you would hardly imagine how differently he has made me look at all things here from what I used to do. I was then only bent on using life for pleasure and excitement, and I had but one ruling motive in all I did, and that was to get my own way at all times, cost what it might; but now—his words have been like flames of fire burning out my frivolity and selfishness, and showing me that I am not my own, but His who bought me with the price once paid on Calvary; and now, dear Una, I want only to be good," and she hid her face on her friend's lap.

"I think you are very good, little Wil.," said Una, fondly, "and I can well understand the influence such a man as Mr. Trafford would have over any one. I have been afraid of him hitherto, just because of his uncompromising goodness; but I mean to ask his help and advice now."

"You will like him so much! but, Una, you will not scruple any more to tell me all that passed between Lilith and yourself."

And Una told her; word for word she detailed their interview, and described the sudden passing of the martyr's spirit to its great reward, and as she finished, Wil. burst into tears, exclaiming, "Then Lilith died for him; and surely not in vain! It cannot be but that the sacrifice has been accepted, and she will save Rupert by her death instead of making him happy by her life. Oh, Una, you must help us in this, you will not fail us I am sure, you will bring him back, my dear and only brother!"

"I would do anything I could for you, dear Wil., but I do not understand. What is it you wish me to attempt?"

"I will explain it all," said Wil., and, rising up, she took a seat quietly by Una's side. "I suppose you do not know what happened to Rupert after he and Lilith parted?"

"No, I know only what she told me, and that she never saw him or heard of him again."

"He left the Manor that same day, without taking leave of any of us, and we never knew where he was till I received a letter from him written at Vienna; but long before that came his great fault became known to us." Wil. flushed crimson as she spoke, and Una pressed her hand in sympathy. "Great as it was," she continued, "I think he tried to appease his conscience by the fact that he knew the money would all be his ultimately, and that it was only his father's name he used unwarrantably."

"I know how one makes false excuses to oneself," said Una, mournfully; "but when one comes to look without flinching on the glory of truth, one sees that it cannot admit of so much as a speck on its purity."

"No, I feel that," said Wil., sighing, "and so does my father. He was perfectly furious when he came to know what Rupert had done, and his anger was increased by hearing that my unhappy brother was squandering his ill-gotten money in the most reckless and even wicked manner at Vienna, and it ended in my father writing him a terrible letter, telling him he would have nothing more to do with him, and that he never wished to see his face again."

"I am sure he does not feel that now," said Una.

"No, indeed; he has bitterly repented of it long ago. But Rupert has never written to any of us since he received it, and my poor father is breaking his heart about him, I know very well," and Wil. burst into tears as she spoke.

"But surely he will come back, dearest Wil.; he can never bear to be an exile for life."

"My whole hope is in you," said Wil., drying her eyes, "and I am sure you will do what you can."

"Indeed I will, if you will tell me how."

"Well, I want you to write to him and tell him the whole history of Lilith's death; he would think it only natural that you should do so, as you alone were there, and, indeed, it seems almost due to Lilith; for I believe if she had lived a few minutes longer she would have given you some message for him."

"Probably she would," said Una, thoughtfully; "I think she would have tried to win him to follow in her steps."

"And that is just what I want you to do yourself, dear Una. If you will describe the whole scene, and the effects her martyrdom in the cause of truth has had upon yourself, I cannot help hoping that the example of her pure saintliness will act on him as powerfully as it did on you; for my poor Rupert has noble qualities, believe me, Una, only he has never cared to think of religion, or of anything beyond this life at all; and I feel sure that the thought of Lilith reaping at her Master's feet the eternal reward of her constancy and suffering, must awaken him to a sense of the tremendous importance of that future state, and its bearing on our existence here. I am sure if only he would so think of it all as to repent and turn to God he would feel that he must have the forgiveness of his earthly father no less than that of his Father in heaven."

"And do you authorise me to tell him that your father would forgive him?"

"Oh yes! if Rupert would but give up his evil habits and come back to us, my father and mother both would welcome him with all their hearts; he was never publicly disgraced, for, of course, our agent was instructed to pay the money he got unlawfully at once, and no questions were asked. I am certain that if he would only express regret in an open manly way to his parents for all the past, and show that he was changed, the whole affair would be entirely condoned and forgotten, and we should be so happy; it would be like new life to us all."

"Well, dearest Wil., since you feel quite certain he would not be offended at my writing to him under the circumstances, I will do so, and you may be sure I shall do my utmost to bring him back to you; it is what Lilith prayed for daily, I am certain, and I earnestly hope I may succeed."

"Oh, I hope you may! and, Una, you will make another person besides us happy if you do. You will not be surprised to hear that I am engaged to Hervey Crichton."

"No, I quite expected to be told so; I am so glad, dear Wil. I suppose you will be married when the mourning for Lilith is over?"

"Only if you succeed in bringing Rupert back to us, for it seems to me impossible that I should leave my father and mother while their only other child is completely lost to them, and they are so unhappy about him; I have not the heart to desert them in their loneliness, much as I love Hervey."

"I can well fancy it would be like taking away their last gleam of sunshine, if you left them, Wil."

"That is what they say, though they would not prevent my going if I wished it; but I cannot bear to leave them alone in their sorrow, and yet you see I have a terrible prospect before me in a few months, if Rupert does not come to take my place, for Hervey's regiment is ordered to India, and how am I ever to endure it, if he has to go away for years and years without me!" Poor Wil. broke down completely as she spoke, and hid her face in her hands, sobbing aloud.

"Darling Wil.," exclaimed Una, "do be comforted, for I will do all I possibly can to bring your brother back; I am sure the thought of you will give me

eloquence, and if he comes all will be well, will it not? Your parents will not feel the separation from you nearly so much when he is restored to them."

"Oh no! for Rupert, their only son, has always been a great deal more to them than ever I could be; if he were with them I should go to my Hervey with such a light heart!"

"And so you shall," said Una, "if I can compass it by any means; meantime, you must be brave and hopeful." (*To be continued.*)

COMFORT IN SORROW.*—II.

THE volume we are considering abounds in practical lessons such as these, regulating sorrow, teaching the continued life and union between those who remain and those who have gone before, and endeavouring constantly to impress on those to whom she writes how God is ever a present help in time of trouble. How strong, well-regulated, and sober was the mind of her, which appears also to be so tender and susceptible, we have remarkable evidence in two or three letters. For instance, in writing to one suffering under mental depression arising from bodily weakness, she writes these words of sound advice, which we commend heartily to all who are under depression:—

"I have just been reading an interesting article on physical pain by Dr. Anstie, in which the whole cause of your present state is given in a few words: 'The brain which has been labouring beyond its strength, *has really been consuming its tissue faster than nutrition can repair it*, until at last it comes to have an imperfect energy, *owing to want of material in itself*, and the result is a condition of the nervous system which, as far as its outward symptoms go, clearly resembles the irritative stage of inflammatory disease, with pale, cold, shrunken skin, and a tendency to shiver.' Now, dearest ——, in looking mournfully at your present state (and I know too well by experience how sad it seems to ourself) you have been making the mistake of supposing that the *spirit* is in fault, and also you have attributed too much to an *apparently* inadequate cause. The spirit has no more to do with it than if you had none. It comes entirely from physical causes, and the secret is in the lines under-marked above. Had the excitement and fatigue you have been going through come upon you by itself, you would have had some bad headaches, and have got over it. But your lifelong overworked brain had not recovered enough nutrition to enable you to bear any fresh strain, and has therefore collapsed for a time. Do not, I entreat you, struggle against it, as if you were in a bad state of mind. Do not attempt to read the Bible, still less to gather up any meaning out of the words; and as for prayer, *your whole state is a prayer*. Your 'pitiful' Father is not so straitened in His understanding of your frame, as to need *words* from you to tell Him how wretched you are. In your state, I would just kneel down for one minute, or even less—not say a word—but the very act of kneeling brings a tenderness, and nearness, and submission over the spirit—a drawing nigh. I would do this several times a day, merely saying, 'Lord, help me;' or, 'Lord, Thou seest and knowest;' or, 'Lord, undertake for me;' or, 'Lord, have mercy.' Not that these words are needed; but the act of using them, even if the mind is not in them, becomes a help. Do not attempt to remain kneeling—it is too exhausting a position for your brain and spine just now. But one moment does good; it puts the heart *en rapport* where it craves to be, and gives a tender fellowship to the feelings. You should creep out when the sun shines, as often in the day as you can, for a quarter of an hour at a time.

"With regard to reading, I should recommend you to avoid all devotional books, or any that require an attention, either of feeling or intellect, which you cannot now give. By yielding yourself for a short time to reading of a light kind, and foregoing all other until you have a desire for it, you will be giving gentle 'nutrition' to the impaired brain, and enabling it for greater exercises. Again and again, dearest ——, let me entreat you to put away the wretched thought that you are in a bad or sinful state of mind. It is a sore trial to bear patiently the state now upon you (which comes sometimes by heavy sorrow as well as from illness). But it is one you can only remedy by patient submission, using the means for gently restoring the impaired organ; and as it gains strength, the other functions will begin to act, and you will be able to feel and think. Above all, don't *force* yourself to any act of thinking or feeling. You would only protract the state and produce a worse reaction. Accept your present state from His gracious hands who permits it. 'Even so, Father,' teach me to bear it, to endure it, and to wait Thy time to remove it."

Here, too, are some thoughts in relation to work that are excellent:—

"I have no faith in your *work* remedy, dear. Work that 'lulls sensation' from its continuity may indeed be useful for a madman; but his is not a normal state, his is not a state reflecting the image of the God of *life* and *order*, but one in which all is confusion and dismay. The one pattern, the *express* image of God, which we are to follow, how different from that! Growth, progressive maturity, the branch putting forth its tender buds, then its leaves, after them the flowers, and so out of the whole comes the fruit which is for the healing of the nations.

"*Work*, unless done for God, as appointed by Him, can only harden the spirit and encrust the soul; but done in His name, and because He has given it, the most distasteful becomes a means of grace, an opportunity of following Him who 'pleased not Himself;' and, walking in His footsteps, we see a light shining on the path which seemed all dark.

"But even the work of Christ would not have been perfect without *the pauses* which He took, the breath-takings of His soul in that weary ascent to glory of the three years of public life. And no less in this are we called to follow Him, than in the active labour."

In writing to another friend, the authoress incidentally shows what culture had been bestowed on a mind so fitted to profit by it.

* "Words of Hope and Comfort to those in Sorrow." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1874.

"Let me congratulate you on your Eastern studies, of which I once tasted the delights. I read a portion of the Gospels in Syriac, wishing to get the nearest possible to Hebrew in the New Testament, as it was my greatest delight to read the Old Testament daily in the original. But from the pressure of other duties it was laid aside. My good grammar and lexicon are now all that remain to bear witness to those happy hours, and the heavy tides of sorrow which have swept over me of late have effaced the memory of much, and even of the Hebrew, with which I was once happily so familiar. I remember I found it a help in both languages to write the Hebrew equivalent against the Syriac roots in my lexicon, especially as, being a Latin one (for want of an English one), my imperfect remembrance of the Latin of early years made me need the help of the language I knew best, which then was Hebrew."

But on no subject does she write more tenderly, more pathetically, or more in the spirit of a resigned faithfulness in the support of God, than on that of her own deepest bereavement—that which made her a widow. Here her heart pours itself out to fellow-sufferers with a fulness and a depth of feeling and commiseration that show how she has herself been tried, and how she has been sustained, disciplined into a calmer trust, a more abiding rest upon God, and thus tasting the blessedness of His chastening discipline. One such letter we cannot forbear giving at length.

"Long as you have dreaded this hour, certain as you have been of its approach, you are now feeling as if you were quite unprepared for it, as if it had come only too suddenly. And so would it have been if your beloved one had been continued with you for weeks longer—we are never prepared to part. But, dear friend, He who has called His servant home to Himself, has prepared for you all that you need in this hour of woe. He has been beforehand in laying up for you just the help you require, and He will supply it to you now, hour by hour, as the first bewildering sense of *loss* becomes more definite realisation of what is gone, and how the whole life is in one sense gone too, and blank desolation seems all that is left. But though the outward presence of the beloved is gone from us, the hidden life which bound us together remains; and since, 'whether we live or die, we are the Lord's,' and we have our Saviour's gracious promise, '*Because I* live, ye shall live also,' we have no need to live a separate life from those out of sight. In Him we are still *one*. For *them* He has heard our anxious, loving desires, and has *full*-filled them all by taking them to Himself, freeing them from sin, and imperfection, and suffering, and giving them that completion and satisfaction in His presence for which they longed when they were here. We cannot grudge them their blessedness *there*, when *here* we would have died to procure them good. Rather we will thank Him for doing so far better for them than by our poor love; and will beseech Him to hold our lonely goings so near to Himself, that we, too, even in our desolation, may thank Him for His supporting tenderness, and feel sure that we are not alone, 'for the Father is with us.'"

Yet that she felt very keenly "the deep still under-current of a great sorrow which can rarely give outward tokens of its presence, but which has altered the whole course of life," is abundantly manifest throughout this little book. And though the blank in life which such bereavements leave can never be filled up, she yet knew in her own case, as she told to others would be in theirs, that when the first passionate grief had exhausted itself, the relations of those griefs and losses to actual life would become part of oneself, "not hindering a participation in the outward life around, but hallowing all with the sense of a Presence not of earth, but yet more real, and influencing the actions with the highest motives."

This is thoroughly, profoundly true; how thoroughly and profoundly they only can know over whom "all God's waves" have gone, leaving them wounded and bleeding indeed, but yet buoyant upon the ocean of life. We could willingly, did space permit us, quote more largely from this most interesting and instructive volume. Most fittingly will we come to a close, with the closing scenes of a life of great personal holiness, by exhibiting those glimpses of resignation and thankfulness, through weakness and suffering, light in darkness, glory in trial, short utterings of joy, praise, gratitude, in the short broken thoughts penned when writing was a labour, like the short broken gaspings for breath that preceded her death.

"A new meaning has been given to me to that word, 'He giveth life and *breath*, and all things'—now that I have to ask for breath to get through every movement, and to pause again and again till it comes."

And again, a few months after—

"Such abounding mercies and comforts on every side! I want my heart swelled out bigger, to be able to give thanks."

And again, when strength was failing, and pain increasing, here are her words of cheerful resignation:—

"I can hardly bear the word sufferings, as applied to mine, when I think of what I have seen in the cottages—lingering consumption in close rooms swarming with children, and discomfort, and noise; and then see this 'calm decay,' and the blessed stillness permitted to me!"

On the 15th of February, 1864, she writes:—

"I had some sharp experience of breathless struggles last night, which have left me a poor panting creature to-day; but when 'need is nigh, aid is nigh,' and I only pray for more patience and stillness. The Lord bless and sustain you, beloved friend! Please always ask for me to have ever-increasing *stillness* of spirit and body, so that I may not yield to restlessness as the suffering gradually increases."

And then the last recorded utterance to a beloved friend is like a triumphant song of light and life as the hour of darkness and death approaches:—

"Thus it is ever—life springs out of death—would that we could better realise that life is the *reality*, death the shadow cast by time, but to be dispersed by the sight of Him in whom is no darkness at all."

We cannot more appropriately close this notice than in the words which the loving sister who edits this book writes of her:—

"After thus glorifying her God and Saviour by her life

and conversation, she was called to glorify Him in acute and protracted suffering, by patience which never failed, and by faith and hope which grew brighter and brighter to the end.

"Those who knew her sweet life, and were blessed by her holy example, will feel how meagre is this faint sketch of one whom to know was as surely to love. Many there are who now bless God for her friendship, and who attribute to her teaching the impulse given them to run their Christian course with zeal and perseverance; whilst others, who were in deep tribulation, speak of the help and comfort she was able to bring them, both from her own abounding sympathy, and from her power of leading them to the God of all consolation."

STORIES OF "THE QUIVER COT."

ONE poor girl of eight was suffering sadly with bad eyes. I went to her, and put my hand on her shoulder. She put up her own, and caressed mine, saying, pitifully, "I aint naughty—I aint naughty, but I am *so* ill, so bad, I *can't* get better; I do try to be good!" I said what I could to console her, and on my next visit she recognised me, and beckoned me to her bed, saying, "I'm better to-day; I tried to be good, and now I aint quite so bad in my eyes." One little girl said she liked to be there, but wanted to see her father *every* day, "because he missed her so." I suggested that she should try to get well as soon as possible, but to my great astonishment she said, "If he forgets me, I don't want to get well;" and on inquiry I found that her nurse had told her that she couldn't go home in less than a month, and that when her baby-brother had been dead a month, "she couldn't remember his face," so she feared that her father would also forget her, and then her life would cease to be of any consequence. We had a chat, and I left her much comforted by my most positive assurance that fathers and mothers *never* forget their little girls' faces in a much longer time. One child, who had a bad knee, told me she was going home as soon as it was cured, adding, "It may be cured to-morrow." Happily she is very contented, for it will be many "to-morrows" before she leaves her cot.

A little girl of nine, who went with me, made friends with many of the children. After half an hour spent in the ward, matters had advanced sufficiently for me to hear, "Edith, come here; are you going to stop a long time?" "No," said Edie, "we must go now, I think; perhaps I may be brought again to see you." The little patient, with a sunny smile, remarked, "I shall cry when you go." Edith laughed heartily, and the child joined in the merriment, nor do I think she *could* cry, though she tried hard. Many eyes watched my healthy little lady, stepping about so lightly, and she was much amused by confidential remarks about her clothes; and on our departure I was bidden to "bring her again, please."

When I first went up to the boys' ward, Willie C. was playing with the house-surgeon. At first he did not see me, and I waited till the fun was over—a mock trial of strength over a handkerchief. When Willie was tired, the doctor moved away, and then the little boy saw a visitor standing alone, and looked with shy eyes furtively until he was sure of my identity, and then his dear little face lighted up, and his tiny hand, a little larger than of old, was stretched out, and with his large eyes full of tears, he said, "I thought you was never coming again to see me." Among many other bits of news, he told me he was going to be sent into the country, to Kendley, and he was *so* glad, though he was happy *there*, "for there's nothing like the real country." And now, in these pleasant warm days, Willie is in the country, getting stronger, we hope and trust, though we may not say that he will ever be able to earn his own living. He bade me a kind farewell, and asked me to give his love to all the good people who had paid money for his cot, and to thank them. He introduced me to some of his special friends and favourites; one merry, spoilt boy, who was formerly here, and who had been re-admitted, told me that "Willie was a brick," and then asked me to lend him my umbrella, saying, solemnly, "How can I lie here in the rain?" It was raining, and Tom's joke, caused some other little boys to hold up tiny hands, to see whether the ward ceiling was waterproof or not. I told them the story of the lazy Arab, who was asked by his wife to see if it rained, and being too lazy to see, called a dog who was passing, and felt its coat. That story was a success, for I afterwards heard a merry little voice suggest that the cat could go out and find if it rained or not.

Willie's opposite neighbour, a little boy who looked terribly ill, repeated one request in various forms a whole afternoon. The doctor was busy with bottles at the fireplace. "Doctor, I want to go home; you can take me home, doctor." "Indeed, Johnny, I don't think I could find the way," this was said in very tender, soothing tones. "Oh yes," gasped the poor little thing; "you carry me, and I'll show you which way." This was rather keen, so the doctor tried another argument. "Well, you see, your mother brought you for me to make you better, so you must get better first." "I can get better quicker at home with mother," said poor Johnny, who is nervous, and objects to painful remedies, too late applied probably. "Well, Johnny dear," says the doctor, using his last shot, "you see your mother has taken away your clothes." Indefatigable Johnny!

XUM

"Well, take me home in a blanket—I could go home in a blanket." With that idea Johnny lay down again, and the doctor retreated. I endeavoured to reconcile dear Johnny to his surroundings by tales of previous Johnnies. No use. The one sentence was sounded in my ears till I also retreated—"Take me home yourself then in a blanket." Louis lay under the open umbrella, while I talked to Willie, putting in a word now and then, declaring that he could remember the days when I used to live in the hospital and tell them fairy tales. Quite a mistake, as Willie calmly said, so we concluded that Louis had been dreaming. I asked Willie what I should say to THE QUIVER readers about his having been in the cot so long. "Tell them I *have* tried to be good, and I hadn't anywhere else to go to." I often wonder what will eventually be Willie's fate, should he live to grow up. I wish some rich and good person would "endow" Willie, settle a small sum for life upon the little man, that he may never have to suffer pain and want when his present friends have passed away or can no longer help him. His home affairs are more deplorable than ever, for his mother had to give up the ward scrubbing some time ago, for want of strength to do it well enough. Whether he will return to Great Ormond Street or not I do not know.

The present "Quiver Cot" patient is a dear little boy of eight, Benjamin B. He has had excision of the knee, a very tedious and painful operation, wherein the joint is removed, I believe, to save amputation of the leg. Recovery from this operation is always slow, and great care is needed to keep the patient in health. Little Ben is not a clever or brilliant child, and I have no little speeches of his to record, but he bears his pain well and quietly, and is grateful for his pleasant home. He comes out of the great miserable parish of St. Luke's, and must find the wards comparative paradise. By-and-by he will be less shy, and perhaps we shall get at some of his ideas; at present his days and nights are long and full of pain, poor little man. Dear Willie takes an interest in his successor, and writes that he is a little better.

I must add one little incident that occurred, to my knowledge, connected with the hospital. A little child, who had been an in-patient some time ago, and was quite recovered, went to see the dying mother of a little friend. Some neighbour was making a poultice to relieve the poor suffering woman, and the child stood and watched for a moment; at last the said to the unskilful nurse, "Let me make it, I used to watch nurse make mine in the hospital, and she didn't do it so." The woman gave in, and the little nurse of seven proved very efficient, and for several weeks she waited on the sick neighbour, and ministered, not only to her body, but to her soul, in a way that only a child perhaps could have done, for the woman would see no "minister of the Gospel," so called, but was, as far as we may judge, led by what the little child could teach her into the way of "repentance that worketh salvation." By the teaching of a little child she became as one, and died in the faith of her own childhood. M. S.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

310. Find a parallel phrase in another minor prophet to that in Micah: "We will walk in the *name* of the Lord our God for ever and ever."

311. The fact that the Lord Jesus on *one* occasion treated with coldness an individual who came to Him imploring the exercise of His miraculous power on behalf of an afflicted one is recorded by two of the Evangelists. Give the passages.

312. Show that the custom of having a common purse, which was adopted by the early converts at Jerusalem, did not prevent great poverty being felt by some of them.

313. "When thou buildest a new house," said Moses, "then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence" (Deut. xxii. 8). Give the name of a Jewish king who—notwithstanding that precaution—fell from the upper chamber and died.

314. Name a few of the duties which the Jews performed upon the housetops.

315. "And there came also Nicodemus," we read in John xix. 39, "and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes," for the purpose of preserving Christ's body. Show that this was unnecessary.

316. Where do we *first* meet with the title of the "anointed," or Messiah, applied to the Mediator?

317. "Ye have heard the blasphemy," said the high priest when the Saviour declared Himself to be the Son of God: "What think ye? And they all condemned Him to death." Give the passage in which Moses decreed death as the punishment of blasphemy.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

299. Ezek. xx. 25.

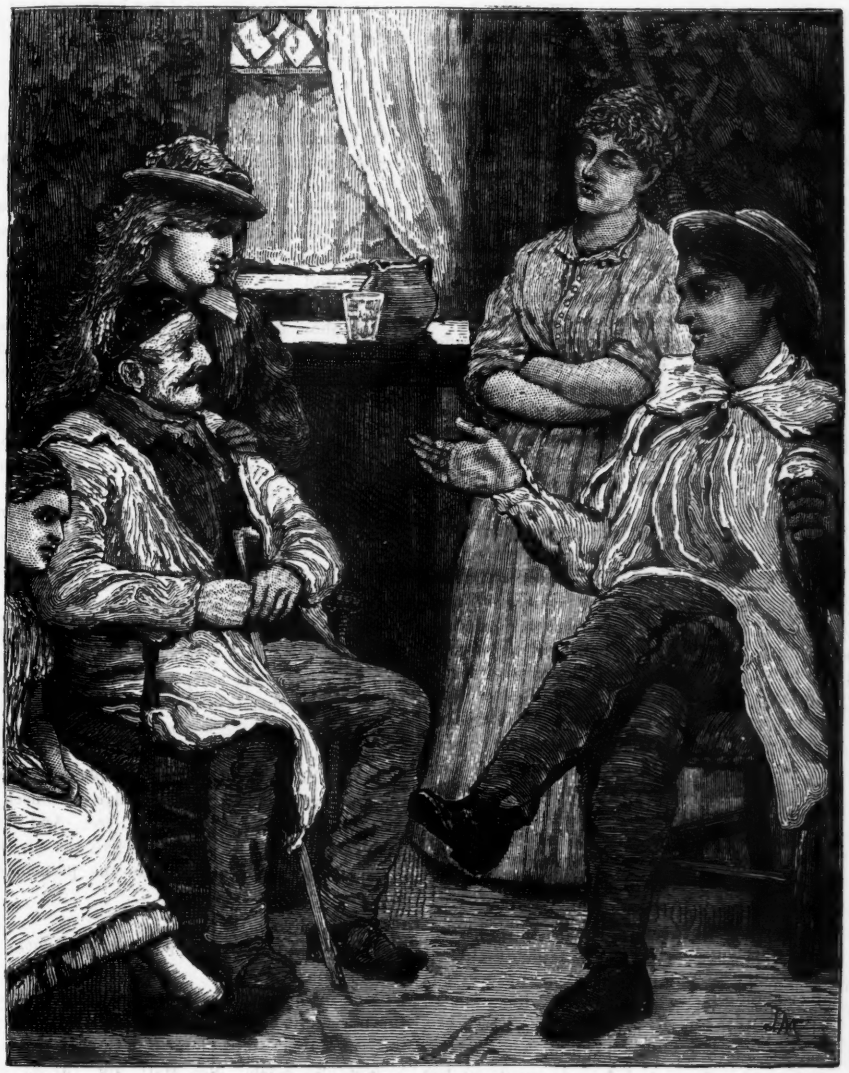
300. "Ye hypocrites" (Matt. xv. 7).

301. Just after rebuking St. Peter. See Matt. xvi. 26.

302. The whole. See Matt. xiv. 13—33; Mark vi. 34—44; Luke ix. 12—17; John vi. 1—14.

303. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" &c. (Ps. viii. 2). See Matt xxi. 15, 16.

304. "Thou art *the* Christ, the son of the living God" (Matt. xvi. 16); "Thou art *that* Christ, the Son of the living God" (John vi. 69).



(*Drawn by* J. MACBETH.)

EARLY DAYS.

AY, then, as our days began to shine
At Meldon, we gaily looked, in mind,
To years coming on in longsome line,
With few that we yet had left behind.

We planted the walnut-tree, knee-tall,
That now showers nuts in longsome fall;
The cypress we set, to see it rise
House-high as the years went by.

The stream, that from woody slopes onwound,
By willowy meads, or mounds, to wend
Where under some church-bells' Sunday sound
Some house overroof'd an early friend.
The many-miled road, that climbed the hill,
Or fell by the bridge or stream-side mill,
Reached on by the milestone's mossy face,
The way to some friends yet gay.

In spring when the Easter wind blew dry,
Or shed a few drops of glittering rain,
Or under the Whitsuntide's blue sky
Lay flowery field or dusty lane.

Or else at the feast, if all might fay,
We took from our work a holiday,
To go and to see how some old friend
Might fare, and his life might wear.

Of earlier friends we find, about
The land, only two or three in ten,
But children come in, for elders out,
To fill up the losing world again.
And we, at our death losses bewail—
Lost faces, and not lives' lower tale,
And many must be the souls in bliss
Whose day never wears away.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.—VII.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

FREEDOM BY OBEDIENCE—(*concluded.*)

BUT the passage suggests another line of thought. Our whole life is under law to God, and to keep the law is to be free. But, as *we* apprehend our life, there is much in it which does not come under any precise and formulated law. Between the things we ought to do, and the things we ought not to do, there lies a large province of what we call "things indifferent"—things, that is, which one man may rightly do, and another may just as rightly not do; a large province in which, to our apprehension at least, the Divine law does not run, or runs with a wavering and uncertain authority. There are many actions which, as St. Paul reminds us, some good men hold to be sinful, and to these they are sinful; yet to other equally good men these same actions do not seem sinful, and to these they are not sinful. In his time, this debatable province of things, this spiritual no-man's land, this tract which lay beyond the scope of definite law, consisted of questions about Sabbaths and feasts, about meats offered to idols and sold in markets, about marriage and celibacy. In our day, this dubious province of thought and action includes questions of what may and may not be done on Sundays, about dress and conformity to fashion, about what books should or should not be read, about what amusements are lawful and what unlawful. There are still weak brethren, and, oh! how many weak sisters, in the Church to whom these questions are of the gravest moment; and there are still strong brethren and sisters who can hardly discuss them with gravity. But on one point we are all deeply concerned, whether we be weak or strong—viz., that we ascertain what should be our ruling principles, and what our animating spirit, in relation to these doubtful disputations. For we may be very sure that, even in this province, God's law does run, though we cannot always clearly discern it; we may be very sure that it is not indifferent to *Him* how we handle even things indifferent.

And here the Psalmist helps us with a suggestion. He suggests that, in this dubious and debatable province of things indifferent, as everywhere else, only those can "walk at large" who are seeking God's commandments. There are many persons weakly good, and whom God is trying to make stronger, that He may make them better, who really do *not* seek His commandments. How should they *seek* for what they hold, or think they hold, in their hand? They believe in Christ,—at least they believe the little they know about Him; they try to do His will—at least what little they know of His will. But they do not much care to know more; they do not study His Word with intelligent and earnest devotion, seeking to acquaint themselves with the whole counsel of His will. They are much occupied with trifles or with truisms, with the first rudiments of the faith, with the few dogmas with which they are already familiar, or with the forms and observances, the maxims and rules, which they find helpful to their weakness; and they shrink from aught that sounds new or large or strong. They carry a tiny lantern in their hand, often a *dark* lantern, though the true light burns in it, by whose aid they painfully pick their steps along a path they would fear to walk were they not accustomed to it. Their lantern casts *shadows* on their companions, or a light which only partly illuminates them, so that they often misjudge even those who walk by their side; and if any of these, with stronger feet and seeing the path more clearly, should take a swifter pace and go before them, they are both offended and dismayed. Their friends are leaving *them*, and therefore they must be leaving the true path.

Their friends are using a liberty which *they* never permit themselves, and therefore they must be breaking through the hedge of the commandments. *They* cannot read profound theological books without being tempted to doubt, and therefore no good man will read them—no, not even those whose duty it is to test or to confute them. *They* cannot talk cheerfully, or take a pleasant walk, or listen to the tale of another's troubles on Sunday, without losing the devout spirit they brought with them from church; and therefore it is sinful to do all this. *They* cannot go into a certain kind of society, without being conformed to this present world; and therefore no sincere Christian can go into it or partake its recreations.

Now these weak brethren and sisters are quite right; and yet they are altogether wrong. The rules they would impose on others may be very good rules *for them*, and probably are good for them. If they cannot seek God and His commandments, that is, if they cannot find God and keep His commandments, in certain societies, occupations, amusements, beyond all question they *should* abstain from them; and their stronger brethren, so far from despising them, should honour them for their abstinence. But they must not make their weakness a law for strength. If they are humble as well as weak—and who should be humble and self-distrustful if not the infirm?—they will not demand, they will not desire, to give the time and to measure out the stride by which the whole army of the living God is to order its march. They will, rather, smilingly bid the strong go forward and conquer new provinces of thought and action for God, while they bring up the rear, or "tarry with the staff." Their lantern may be both little and dark, yet it may hold the true light; and they do well to walk by the light it sheds; but they must not mistake their lantern for the sun, and fret and fume if the whole Church does not walk by its beams. It may be day for others, while it is still dusk with them. And if the night still linger over us all, there are other and even larger lanterns than theirs, strange and incredible as that may seem to them. There are stars as well as lanterns, and the wise may guide their course by a star when the simple need a lamp.

Those who sincerely seek God's commandments may safely walk at large, though only these. If in things indifferent, as in all things else, they make it their supreme aim to find God and do His will; they will not go astray, He will suffer none of their steps to slip, although they walk in untramelled freedom.

Two men are sent to a distant city. One longs with an undivided heart to be there; the other would like indeed to be there, but would almost as soon go somewhere else. To the second of these men it may be wise to give careful guidance and stringent commands, to bid him take this road and then that, to forbid him to linger in any too pleasant spot by the way. But you need not give such commands to the first of the two, or bind *him* with rules and prohibitions. You may leave him to find the road for himself, to pause where he will, to gather what flowers and take what refreshment he will by the way; for you are very sure that he will not waste time, nor linger unduly by the way, nor stop short of his destination. *He may safely walk at large who seeks, and seeks first, the city and kingdom of God.*

Two men start up a mountain. The one has heard of the glorious prospect to be seen from the summit, till an overmastering desire to behold it has drawn him from his common round and daily task. The other would like to see the prospect well enough, but he is fond of flowers and ferns, rocks and streams; he loves valleys as well as hills; loves rest above all. *He* therefore may need to have rules and orders, to be forbidden to leave an appointed track, or to amuse himself by gathering the sweet mountain grasses and flowers, or to repose save at certain prescribed halting-places and for definite periods of time. But you need lay down no rules for the other. *He* will not dally with the flowers, though he may pick one now and then, and be refreshed with its odour; nor will he linger by the streams, though he may now and then sip of their pure waters. *He* will not leave the path, except it be to take a steeper yet shorter way. *He* will not lie lapped in drowsy slumbers till the day be past, nor let occasion slip. You may trust *him* to "walk at large," for he seeks the prospect, and his strong desire will carry him on, and up, till he reach the summit of the mountain and looks down on the broad and varied scenes beneath his feet.

And, in like manner, a weak Christian who loves God, but also loves the world; a weak brother who wishes to do God's will, but would like to have his own will too, who cares almost as much for business as for worship; or a weak sister who loves her children or her husband at least as well as she loves the Saviour; or who tries to keep a few commandments, but hardly cares to know more, lest she should have to keep these too—such an one needs rules, needs stringent commands and prohibitions, needs to be forbidden this society or that, needs to have this affection weakened or that. But a strong Christian, who loves God so sincerely and supremely that he has given up much for God's sake and the Gospel's, who earnestly studies God's Word that he may acquaint himself with the whole counsel of God's will, and who holds high above all other aims the ambition to grow like Christ and to serve Him—

he may be left to walk in liberty. Because he seek's God's commandments, because he takes God and the love of God wherever he goes, he may go where he will. Because he seeks, in all he does, to do it as to God, he may do what he will. We need not fetter *him* with the rules which our weakness makes very requisite and serviceable for *us*. We cannot judge him without condemning ourselves. We cannot check him without injuring ourselves. He is climbing the mountain on which our feet stand, but he is far before us; we cannot see him clearly, nor what he does, nor why he does it. To us he may seem to be indolently standing still, when he is climbing stoutly upward, or is only pausing for a moment to select the best line to take. He may even seem to us to have left the clear and direct line of ascent, but it may be that he has only left it to avoid some peril which we cannot discern, or to help a fallen and wearied brother, to reclaim the erring, or to put his strength at the service of weakness. Let us not judge him any more. We know that he loves and seeks God's commandments; he may have given such proof of that as *we* cannot give yet: and, knowing that, let us leave him, with our prayers and good wishes, to walk in the freedom wherewith God has made him free.

And thus we arrive once more at the old conclusion of charity. Let the strong consider and help the weak; but let not the weak hinder and judge the strong. Nay, let us all, whether strong or weak, take hands, and walk together as far as we can: and, when we must part, let the strong go forward to make an easier path for the weak, while the weak, in their turn, help the strong with their cordial good wishes and prayers; until, at last, we all come to that happy kingdom in which weakness is unknown, and all walk at large because all both seek and find the commandments of God.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

XII.—WITH LOST LAMBS.

ONLY quite lately I had to write about the old French colony in Spitalfields, and of the changes that have come over entire neighbourhoods which were once associated with what is now a failing industry, or rather with one which, so far as London is concerned, has nearly died out altogether.

Not that the public has ceased to hear sundry reports of those quarters of the metropolis of which the name of Bethnal Green is an indication as suggesting dire poverty, neglected dwellings, poorly-paid callings, and constant distress. Some few years ago it became quite a fashion for newspaper special reporters (following in the wake of one or two writers who had begun to tell the world something of the truth of what they knew of these sad regions) to make sudden amateur excursions beyond Shoreditch, for the purpose of picking up material for "lurid" articles about foul tenements, fever, hunger, want, and crime. Bethnal Green became quite a by-word, even at the West End, and certain spasmodic efforts in the direction of charitable relief were made by well-meaning people, so that for a time there was danger of a new kind of demoralisation of the "low neighbourhood," and the price of lodgings, even in the wretched tenements of its notorious streets, were expected to rise in proportion to the demand made by immigrants from other less favoured localities, to which the special correspondent had not at that time penetrated. One good work was effected by the attention of sanitary authorities being called to the fever dens during a time of terrible epidemic, and a certain provision of medical aid, together with purification of drains, whitewashing of rooms, and clearing of styes and dustheaps, was the result. This was but temporary, however; and those who best know the neighbourhood lying between Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, and disclaimed by the local authorities of both because of its misery and dilapidation, are also aware that in various parts of the whole great district from the Hackney Road to Bishopsgate, and so embracing Spitalfields and part of Whitechapel, far away to Mile End and "Twig Folly," there can be discovered more of want, hunger, and disease, than could exist in any free city under heaven, if men were not such hypocrites as to defy and disregard the laws which yet they claim to have a hand in framing, and a power to enforce.

Only those who are personally acquainted with such a district can conceive what is the condition of the children of its streets, and yet every ordinary wayfarer of the London thoroughfares may note to what a life some of them are committed. About the outskirts of the markets, round the entrances to railway stations, cowering in the shadows of dark arches, or scrambling and begging by the doors of gin-shops and taverns, the boys—and what is even worse, the girls—are to be seen daily and nightly, uncared for, till they have learnt how to

claim the attention of a paternal government by an offence against the law. When once the child, who is a mere unnoted fraction of the population, has so far matriculated in crime as to warrant the interposition of the police, he or she becomes an integer of sufficient importance to be dealt with by a magistrate. Let an infancy of neglect and starvation lead to the reckless pilfering of a scrap of food from a counter, or the abstraction of something eatable or saleable from a market-cart or a porter's sack, and the little unclassified wretch is added as another unit to a body recognised, and in some sense cared for, by the State. As a member of the great "criminal class," the juvenile thief becomes of immediate importance. Even though the few juvenile criminal reformatories be full, the gaol doors are open, and the teachings of evil companionship are consummated by the prison brand. The individual war against society gains strength and purpose, for society itself has acknowledged and resented it. The child has entered on a career, and unless some extra legal interposition shall succeed in changing the course of the juvenile offender by assuming a better guardianship, the boy may become the habitual thief, the full-fledged London ruffian; the girl —— ?

It was with a deep sense of the terrible significance of this question, that a small party of earnest gentlemen met, twenty-seven years ago, in that foul neighbourhood to which I have referred, to consider what should be done to rescue the deserted and destitute girls, some of whom had already been induced to attend a ragged school, which was held in a dilapidated building that had once been a stable.

These thoughtful workers included among them two men of practical experience; one of them, Mr. H. R. Williams, the treasurer of the present institution, the other the Rev. William Tyler, whose bright genial presence has long been a power among the poor of that district, where even the little ragged children of the streets follow him, and lisp out his name as the faithful shepherd, who both gives and labours in one of the truest "cures of souls" to be found in all great London. To them soon came the present honorary secretary, Mr. J. H. Lloyd, a gentleman already familiar with teaching the poor in a neighbouring district no less wretched and neglected. They were the right men for the business in hand, and therefore they began by moving sluggish boards and commissions to put in force the sanitary laws—and, in spite of the opposition of landlords with vested interests in vile tenements let out to whole families of lodgers from garret to basement, and with the malignant opposition of owners of hovels where every abomination was rife, and pigs littered in the yards, while costermongers shared the cellars with their donkeys—insisted on the surrounding streets being paved and drained, and some of the houses being whitewashed and made weather-proof.

Nothing less could have been done, for the terrible cholera epidemic was already raging in that tangle of courts and alleys. Application was at once made for a share from the Mansion House Relief Fund, and the committee had to use every available shilling in order to supply food and medicine, blankets and clothing, to the wretched families; to visit whom, a regular relief corps was organised, carrying on its beneficent and self-denying work until the plague began to be stayed. Then, with scarcely any money, but with unabated hope and fervid faith, this little company of men and women began to consider what they should do to found a Refuge for the children (many of them orphans, and quite friendless) who were everywhere to be seen wandering about, or alone and utterly destitute in the bare rooms that had been their homes. There were already certain institutions to which boys could be sent, for then, as now, the provision for boys was far greater than for girls. This is one of the strange, almost inexplicable, conditions of charitable effort, and at that time it was so obvious which was the greater need, that the committee at once determined to commence a building on a waste piece of land which had been purchased close by, and to devote it to the reception of thirty destitute girls, who should be snatched from deadly contamination, and from the association of thieves and depraved companions.

Surely, if slowly, the work went on, the plan of the building being so prepared that it could be extended as the means of meeting the growing need increased. Almost every brick was laid with thoughtful care, and when subscriptions came slowly in, the funds were furnished among the committee themselves rather than that the sound of plane and hammer should cease; till at last, when the King Edward Ragged School and Girls' Refuge was completed, a large edifice of three spacious storeys had superseded the old ruinous stable amidst its fœtid yards and sheds, and, what was more, the building was paid for, and a family of children had been gathered within its sheltering walls. Only fifteen, and at the time of my first visit to the institution no more than twenty had been taken into this Refuge; but every foot of the building was utilised until the money should be forthcoming to add to the dormitories, and enable the committee to fulfil the purpose that it had in view.

In the large square-paved playground forty happy little members of the infant-school were marching to the slow music of a nursery song; and the numbers on the books were 196, in addition to 304 girls who came daily to be instructed in

the great school-room, where they were taught to read, and write, and sew. A hundred and twenty boys were also being taught in the Ragged Church opposite, while seventy children over fifteen years of age attended evening classes, forty-two young men and women were in the Bible class, and a penny bank, a library of books, and a benevolent fund for the relief of poor children in the neighbourhood, were branches of the parent institution.

This, however, was five years ago, and since that time, so greatly has the work flourished, that the Ragged and Infant Schools have premises of their own on the other side of the way; and the great building having been completed by the addition of an entire wing, its original purpose is accomplished, and it is "The Girl's Refuge," of the King Edward Certified Industrial and Ragged Schools, Albert Street, Spitalfields.

It is to the receipt of munificent anonymous donations that the committee owe the completion of the building; and in order to extend the usefulness of their Refuge they have certified it under the provisions of the Industrial Schools Act of 1866. That this was in accordance with their ruling principle of making the most of every advantage at their command may be shown by the fact that when the School Board, almost appalled at the need for making immediate use of any existing organisation, began to send cases to existing "Homes," only eight of these institutions could receive the children, and in these eight no more than forty-four vacancies existed for Protestant girls. The consequence of opening the King Edward Refuge under the Act has been that it has received nearly all the cases of the year, and that in the twelve months since it was certified ninety new inmates have found an asylum within its walls.

If you were to go there with me to-day, you would not wonder that the supporters of this institution are anxious to erect another building in some part of London where another hundred lambs straying in this great wilderness could be taken to the fold. Passing through the neat dormitories, with their rows of clean white beds; peeping into the big toy cupboard, where the kindly treasurer has recently placed a whole family of eighty dolls and other attractive inventions to induce children to play, some of whom have never known before what play really meant; looking at the lavatory with its long rows of basins let into slate slabs, and each with its towel and clean bag for brush and comb; noting the quiet "Infirmary," with its two or three beds so seldom needed, and remarking that from topmost floor to the great laundry with its troughs and tubs, a constant supply of hot water provides alike for warmth and cleanliness, I begin to wonder what must be the first sensations of a poor little dazed homeless wanderer on being admitted, washed, fed, and neatly clothed. Why, the two kitchens—that one with the big range, where most of the cooking is done, and the other cosy farmhouse-looking nook, with its air of comfort—must be a revelation to all the senses at once. Then there are the highly-coloured prints on the walls, the singing of the grace before meat; the regular and wholesome food; the discipline (one little rebel is already in bed, whither she has been sent for misconduct, and an elder girl demurely brings up her slice of bread and mug of milk and water on a plate); the provision for recreation; the occasional visits of parents (many of them unworthy of the name) at stated seasons; the outings to the park, the Bethnal Green Museum, and other places; the Christmas treat; the summer presents of great baskets of fruit; the rewards and prizes; even the daily instruction in such domestic work as fits them for becoming useful household servants; what a wonderful change must all these things present to the children of the streets, whose short lives have often been less cared for than those of the beasts that perish! Everywhere there are marks of order, from the neat wire baskets at the foot of each bed in which the girls place their folded clothes before retiring to rest, to the wardrobe closets and the great trays of stale bread and butter just ready for tea. Everywhere there are evidences of care and loving kindness, from the invalid wheel-chair—the gift of the treasurer to the infirmary—to the splendid quality of the "long kidney" potatoes in the bucket, where they are awaiting the arrival of to-morrow's roast mutton, three days being meat dinner days, while one is a bread and cheese, and two are farinaceous pudding days.

As we sit here and sip our tea—for I am invited to tea with the committee—and are waited on by three neat and pretty modest little women—one of them, a girl of eight, so full of child-like grace and simplicity that there would be some danger of her being spoiled if she were not quite used to a little petting—who can help looking at the inmates now assembling quite quietly at the other end of the room, and thinking that in some of those faces "their angels," long invisible because of neglect and wrong, are once more looking through, calm, happy, and with a hope that maketh not ashamed. Do you see that still rather sullen-looking girl of thirteen? She came here an incorrigible young thief—her father, a tanner's labourer, and out at work from five in the morning—her mother bedridden—her home was the streets—her companions a gang of juvenile thieves such as haunt Bermondsey, and make an offshoot of the population of a place till recently called "Little Hell."

That girl, aged ten, was sent out to beg and to sing songs, and was an adept in the art of pretending to have lost money. There is the daughter

of a crossing-sweeper, who cut his throat, and yonder a child of nine, driven from home, and charged with stealing as her sister also is, in another Refuge; and close by are two girls, also sisters, who were found fatherless and destitute, wandering about famishing and homeless, except for a wretched room, with nothing in it but two heaps of foul straw. I need not multiply cases; and but for the known power of love and true human interest, in which the very Divine love is incarnated, you would wonder where some of these children obtained their quiet docile manner, their fearless but modest demeanour, their bright, quiet, sweet faces.

One case only let me mention, and we will go quietly away, to think of what may be done in such a place by the discipline of this love and true Christian interest. Do you see that emaciated little creature—the pale, pinched shadow of a child sitting at a table, where some of her companions tend her very gently? She is the daughter of a woman who is an incorrigible beggar. She has never known a home, and for four out of her eight years of life has been dragged about the street an infant mendicant; has slept in common lodging-houses; and in her awful experience could have told of thieves' kitchens, of low taverns, and of the customs of those vile haunts where she had learnt the language of obscenity and depravity. But that has become a hideous, almost forgotten, dream, and she is about to awaken to a reality in a world to which the present tenderness with which she is cared for is but the lowest threshold. It is only a question of a month or two perhaps. One more bright sunny holiday with her schoolmates in the pleasant garden of the treasurer, at Highgate—whither they all go for a whole happy day in the summer—and she will be in the very land of light before the next haytime comes round. She wants for nothing—wine and fruit and delicate fare are sent for her by kind sympathetic hands, but she is wearing away, not with pain, but with the exhaustion of vital power, through the privations of the streets. From the Refuge she will go home—a lost lamb found and carried to the eternal fold.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XXI. CHRIST, A MAN OF SORROW.

Chapters to be read—Luke ii.; Mark xiv. (parts of).

INTRODUCTION. Refer to Is. liii. 3—7 to show what was prophesied about Christ; then ask for different kinds of suffering—viz. (*a*) *of body*, caused by pain, accident, illness, &c.; (*b*) *of mind*, caused by fear, anxiety, disappointment, &c.; (*c*) *of soul*, caused by grief, distress for sin, &c. These may all be drawn from the children, with examples of each. Shall now see what share Christ had in them all.

I. BODILY SUFFERING. (Read Luke ii. 1—7). Ask the children to describe the familiar scene of Christ's birth, to show the poverty, neglect, and suffering attending it. Contrast with the birth of a prince or nobleman's son now, to show how His life must have begun with suffering, caused by want of many comforts. Then refer briefly to Christ's circumcision, to show how he endured all that man did. Ask at what age He began public ministry. Where had He lived all that time? This poverty and obscurity were a training for future life. Ask the children to name some bodily pains and sufferings, and then show what Christ endured. Refer to John iv. 6 for His fatigue. Ask where He often spent the night, and why, not having a lodging. Refer to homeless people in London as the most miserable outcasts, so showing how in these bodily sufferings our Lord endured in His life the lowest degradation. Then read from John xix. 28—37 the tale of the crucifixion. Tell of the Saviour being fastened by cords to the cross; his hands and feet pierced by nails; the cross then lifted up in the air, and dashed into the socket. Describe the slow, painful, lingering death, reserved for slaves and the worst of malefactors. Between whom was He crucified? Remind of the awful thirst (ver. 28). Tell of the soldiers—perhaps out of some slight feeling of pity—offering hyssop to stupefy, and thus lull the pain. Did he drink it? Would not shorten the pain one moment.

Practical. (1) Ask why Christ endured all this suffering? When did suffering enter the world (Gen. iii. 17—19)? Hence show that it is a punishment of sin. But had Christ sinned? Still must endure all the consequences of sin as part of the atonement for sin. Therefore let children see how their sufferings are all part of the curse, and learn the sinfulness of sin. (2) What effect does suffering have? Remind of Jacob obtaining birthright by a fraud; obliged to leave home; disciplined by twenty years' banishment. Why, then, did Christ suffer? To undergo all pain, to be made perfect through suffering (Heb. ii. 10). Bring this home to the children who have many children's trials and sufferings. Show that sickness, disappointment, loss of friends, poverty, &c., are all sent from God to teach us—to draw our hearts away from the

world and towards heaven, and remind of sympathy of Christ.

II. MENTAL SUFFERINGS. (Read Mark xiv. 43—50.) The scene in the garden may be pictured out or shown from a picture; the three disciples asleep; Christ praying under the olive-trees; the traitor approaching with the armed band; the treachereus kiss; the Saviour taken prisoner; Peter's hasty defence; the apostle's flight (ver. 50). Then read Luke xxii. 54—62, and describe Peter's denial. The trial going on in the palace of high priest; Peter outside in the court; the fire with crowd of servants round; the thrice-repeated question and denial; then the Lord's look (ver. 61), and Peter's repentance. From these two scenes show how Christ must have suffered disappointment from the treachery of Judas' desertion of all, denial of Peter. Just when wanted friends most, all, even beloved disciple John and bold Peter, forsook Him. Remind how John came back, was present at the cross, and told to take care of His mother; but hear no more of Peter till after the resurrection. What a trial this must have been to Christ—disappointed in His best friends.

Practical. We profess to be Christ's friends; to love Him and serve Him; to be willing to follow Him; to fight under His banner against His enemies. What are they? Is He ever disappointed in us? Do boys at school always take His side against cheating, bad words, impurity, &c. Do girls always confess Him, and live to Him instead of to themselves in the world? Also all, like Christ, meet with disappointment in friends. Who is it that sticks closer than a brother? He can never fail—is the same to-day and for ever (Heb. xiii. 7).

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the different kinds of suffering.
2. Show some of the bodily pains endured by Christ.
3. When did suffering enter the world?
4. Why did Christ suffer?
5. What mental suffering did Christ undergo?
6. Give any practical lessons taught us.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNA DYSART lavished the whole ardour of her generous sympathetic nature on the mission which had been imposed upon her by Wilhelmina Northcote. The very fact that she had resigned all hope of happiness for herself, made her the more anxious to promote that of her friend, and she felt deeply also for the poor old squire, who seemed completely broken down by the painful estrangement from his beloved son; the only person to whom he had ever spoken on the subject was Mr. Trafford, whose wonderful power of winning confidence had not been exercised in vain, even on the stout-hearted country gentleman, and Una was therefore aware that the clergyman knew all the circumstances of Rupert's fault. This being the case, she felt very anxious to have his powerful help in the difficult task she had undertaken, and, with Wil.'s complete concurrence, she determined to take her letter to him, and ask him to enclose it to Rupert in one from himself which would add weight to her earnest entreaties that he would return to his home, and gladden the hearts of those to whom he was still unchangeably dear.

Una sat up late into the night after she saw Wil. writing her letter, in which she gave a detailed account of the circumstances of Lilith's death, and of all that the young girl had said to her before she passed away; and the next morning she set out at an early hour, when she knew she would find Mr. Trafford at the parish school, to ask him to forward it to Rupert Northcote.

The cool sweet air refreshed Una's tired eyes, and the sunshine streamed upon her in all its summer radiance as she walked along. But she looked on the bright landscape with very different feelings from those with which, one year before, she would have gazed on such a scene, for the last few weeks had taught her to look beyond this world for the fulfilment of that ardent desire of happiness which she had once so confidingly fixed on the love that seemed to have failed her utterly. She felt, however, as if the fair beauty of the calm clear morning impressed itself upon her mind with that sense of mysterious sympathy in Nature, of which we are all sometimes conscious, when the spirit, the breath of God within us, asserts its power over our lower being. It seemed to offer her a faint reflection and foretaste of the eternal loveliness of the true Home, where the aching regret that lay so heavy on her heart could never enter; and as she lifted her eyes to the blue limpid sky, where the snowy clouds seemed like the white angel wings that had borne Lilith to her blissful rest, Una almost hoped that the happy ransomed soul could look down through those lucid depths, to see with joy the fruit her bright example had already borne.

The school-house was near the church, and the



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"A chubby little one sat on his knee."—*p.* 746.

door stood wide open, to admit the fresh air, so that Una's entrance was not perceived as she stood for a moment looking, with a smile, at the scene. Mr. Trafford sat at the end of the room, surrounded by an eager group of the smallest children, who were crowding about him with fearless confidence; a chubby little one sat on his knee, and two or three others clung to his disengaged hand, while the rest listened with upturned animated looks to the low kind voice, that was telling them how the Good Shepherd loved His little lambs, and watched over them day by day. Una could hardly believe that this was the stern preacher who could denounce with such scathing words the pleasant vices of the world, and of whom she had been so much afraid. He detected her presence before she was aware of it, but he made no movement to come to her till he had finished all he wished to tell the children; his keen eye noted, however, the charming picture she made as she stood there framed in by the doorway, with the soft light of her sunny smile brightening the sweet face that had acquired a new spiritual beauty since the pure winds of heaven had blown in suffering upon her soul. Presently he rose; at a gentle sign from his hand the children melted away from around him, and coming forward to Miss Dysart, he asked her in his frank cordial manner if he could be of any use to her. When she answered that she was anxious for a few minutes' conversation with him, he led the way into the garden attached to the school-house, where there was a seat under a shady tree.

"This will be more agreeable than the atmosphere of the school-room," he said, "and no one will disturb us here. Now, what can I do for you?"

Then Una told him all that had passed at Lilith's death-scene, and the conversation that had taken place between herself and Wil. Northcote the previous day; finally she gave him the letter she had written to Rupert, and begged of him to read it, and if he approved of it, to send it with one from himself. Trafford went slowly and carefully over the clearly-written pages, with a joyful light stealing into his eyes, as if he were receiving the assurance of some unexpected good fortune to himself, and when he had finished it, he turned with a bright smile to Una, saying, "I hardly think it possible that so beautiful and pathetic a history can fail of its effect on this young man, especially as the blessed death of this pure-hearted girl touches him in every way so nearly, and I am most thankful that an effort will be made at last to win him back. I never saw him, but his case has lain very heavy on my heart for his father's sake, as well as his own. If I had not feared that he would resent the interference of a stranger, I should have gone to him myself long ago; I am very much inclined now, however, to take your letter as my credentials, and go to him at once, instead of writing, as you propose."

"But he is at Vienna!" said Una, opening her eyes wide; "have you forgotten what a long fatiguing journey it is to go there?"

"Don't you think St. Paul's example teaches us that part of the duty of the messengers of Christ is to be 'in journeyings oft?' I can go to Vienna and return within ten days, and I can easily get a friend to take my work here for that time, or longer if necessary. I think that if I go I may be able to bring him back with me, whereas if we only write, he may lack courage for a return home under such circumstances."

"There can be no question that it would be far the most efficacious means we could employ, and I have no doubt at all of your success; it was only of the fatigue to yourself that I thought as an obstacle to the plan."

"My physical self has nothing whatever to do with it," he answered, smiling; "it is quite plain that it is part of my work as the servant of God, and that settles the question. I shall go to-morrow morning, as I should like to see Mr. Northcote first; I shall ask him to give me a letter himself for his son, and I have no doubt he will."

"I cannot help being very glad you are going, though I would not have ventured to ask it," said Una. "I shall be most anxious to know the result."

"I will come and see you so soon as I return," said Trafford, "and then you shall know all that has happened. You are looking brighter yourself than when I saw you last," he added, bending his eyes searchingly on her face; "is it that Lilith, as she passed into paradise, has left open a little chink of the gate, so that the blessed light shines down upon you even through all the earth shadows?"

"Yes, that is precisely what it is," she answered, smiling; "and, Mr. Trafford, Lilith has shown me, amongst other truths, that however sad one's own life may seem, there is always an unfailing joy to be found in ministering to Christ's own poor as she did. I want you to tell me how I can be of use to the people here."

"That is easily done," he answered; "there is work enough and to spare; here as elsewhere it is the workers that are unhappily so scarce. You might become most useful to me as well as to the poor, if you would undertake various offices among the sick and the children, which are not in my province at all."

"I will do anything you tell me most gladly," said Una; "only you must give me explicit directions, for I am very ignorant in such matters."

"You shall have them written down before I leave home to-night," he answered with his usual energy; "there are one or two cases of sickness I shall be glad to leave under your care till I return."

"Then I will not take up more of your time now," said Una, and she walked home, with her heart lightened of half its load by the hope that she might

be able in some small degree to relieve the sufferings of others.

Miss Dysart soon found that Trafford had been as good as his word in leaving her plenty of work, but the delight she took in being a true source of consolation to the poor around her, made the time of his absence pass much more quickly than she could have expected, anxious as she was concerning the result of his mission.

It was about a fortnight after he had left home when he suddenly startled her, one evening, by walking into the drawing-room at Vale House, when she was sitting there alone quietly reading, without the least expectation of seeing him. She started up with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure; and as she went forward to greet him she looked up into his face with an expression of eager inquiry.

"Rupert is safe at home," said Trafford, answering to her speaking eyes; "it is through his impatience that I pay you so late a visit, as we have only just arrived, after travelling night and day, and I remembered my promise to let you know the result of my mission so soon as I returned. He seemed at last as if he could not rest till he held his father's hand in his."

"Oh I am so thankful! How happy they will all be; and what a good work you have done, Mr. Trafford!"

"It has been Lilith's work, not mine, or yours," he answered; "the light of her pure life does indeed seem to shine out from paradise upon us still. It is wonderful what a mighty influence for good that one simple unpretending girl has exercised by the mere blamelessness of her obedience to the law of God; it has been a most striking illustration of the silent eloquence of example."

"What a blessing for the Northcotes that it has so completely conquered Rupert. It must have changed him very much."

"It has indeed; he is, in the deepest sense of the word, 'a new creature;' his undiminished love for Lilith Crichton predisposed him to hear with intense interest the history of her beautiful happy death; it filled him with remorse for having been the cause of it, and drove him to look back into his past life, and to consider what his own position would be when he came to his last hour as she has done."

"Do you think the hope of seeing her again in a happier sphere had any share in the change which has taken place in him?" asked Una.

"Just at first, as a secondary cause, it may have had; but before we left Vienna he had learnt to appreciate the value of far higher hope of happiness than the renewal of mere human love could give. It so happened that on the Sunday we spent together I preached in the chapel of the British Embassy, on the words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' I had Lilith in my mind, no doubt, when I chose them, but that same evening Rupert came to me at the hotel, with his eyes so bright and his whole appearance so radiant, that I thought some great good fortune had befallen him. I asked him what it was, and he told me that one painful thought had continued as it were to pierce his heart, through all the blessed change that had come upon him, and that it had now been suddenly removed, so that he seemed lightened of all his burthen, and full only of thankfulness; and then he explained to me that it had seemed to him so sad and cruel, that Lilith who who had benefited so many others should herself have been cut off in her fairest spring, and punished as it were by death for her very goodness; but when he had heard me speak that day of the glorious blessedness of those who, because of their heart-purity, had attained even to the visible presence of their God, it flashed upon him like a light from heaven, that so far from being punished, Lilith had in truth received the highest reward that could be given her, inasmuch as she, so pure in heart, was rapt away from this sinful world, to see and enjoy the ineffable vision of the Divine Love—of God, who is love for evermore; he said he never again should grieve that she was gone, but would only feel thankful always for her blessedness, and for the mercy which had given her to earth a little while, that she might shed her bright influence on less steadfast souls."

"It is exactly what I felt myself when I saw her lying dead with that rapturous smile upon her face," said Una; "but indeed dear Lilith would have thought it reward enough to have saved Rupert from an evil life, as she seems to have done."

"No doubt she would; and his parents have good cause to bless her memory, for she has given them back their son as one who was dead, and is alive; who was lost, and is found."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Una Dysart lay down to rest that evening with the feeling that whatever the future might have in store for her of pain or of regret, she had it in her power to become possessed of one pure joy at least, which the world could neither give nor take away.

She was tasting it even then—the exquisite enjoyment of knowing that she had been able to relieve the sorrows of some of her fellow-creatures, and that she had brought back hope and brightness to lives that but for her would have struggled on in grief and gloom beneath a load of care. She was too young yet to know, as those do who have travelled longer on the rough paths of this mortal life, that the consolation she was then experiencing is, in truth, the one and only human happiness which can never deceive or fail us. All other earthly joys contain in their very essence the power to destroy as well as to bless, for none are exempt from the chances of death and change, satiety or decay; but the relief of suffering is in the power of all, be their own fate what it may;

and the most desolate heart that beats on earth may know somewhat of the bliss of the tender ministering angels, when its active sympathy has won back smiles to the lips of mourners and shed brightness on forlorn souls. Una thought with delight of the happiness little Wil. must feel in having not only regained her lost brother, but in being relieved from all fear of separation from her future husband; for she suffered herself so keenly in the consciousness that mighty trackless oceans divided her from the presence she most desired on earth, that she could well understand what it must be to Wil. to know that she would go with Hervey now to his Indian home; but it was for the poor old squire chiefly that her gentle heart rejoiced; now would he be able once more to lift up his head, and face the world without the dread that his honest name would ever again be tarnished by him who should most have sought its honour, or his old age bereft of the first-born son in whom had been centred all his hopes and pride. Una felt that it would indeed be sweet to her to see her friends in their restored happiness; but she resolved, with the delicacy which was one of her most charming qualities, that she would not intrude upon them in any way for some days, and that she would avoid as much as possible any allusion to her own share in Rupert's repentance and return.

She found, however, on the very next morning that she was to have no choice in the matter. Lady Elizabeth always remained in her room till a late hour of the day, with Miss Grubbe in attendance upon her, and Una had scarcely finished her solitary breakfast, when she was told that Mr. Rupert Northcote had called and wished to know if he could see her.

She felt that she could not refuse, and desired the servant to show him into the drawing-room, but it was with a certain timidity and unwillingness that she joined him there. She had only known him slightly in the days when she used to meet him in society, where he had always been entirely absorbed in Lilith's presence, and she had never been prepossessed in his favour, though her artistic eye could not fail to be struck with his personal beauty. The young man was standing by the window, looking out on a bed of white lilies which had been Una's special care from some association of ideas with Lilith, and as she came in he turned round at once, and came forward to greet her with a frank and manly modesty which put her instantaneously at her ease.

"Miss Dysart," he said, "I have come to thank you with all my heart for your letter, in my own name and in Lilith's." His voice faltered on the last word, and she answered warmly, "I am so glad, so thankful that you have returned home!" They sat down, and then she had time to note the great change that had taken place in his appearance; he was dressed in the deepest mourning, and there were dark lines now under the large eyes that used always to seem so full of joyous light, while the beautiful sunny face she remembered was pale and haggard now, but his once bold and reckless expression had given way to a look of earnest thoughtfulness, and the scornful curve was gone from the calm mournful lips; all the sparkling gaiety, which had been one of his chief fascinations, too, had vanished, and there was a quiet humility in his manner which seemed to her very touching.

"My dear father and Wil. are coming to see you presently," he said; "but, Miss Dysart, I was very anxious to meet you first alone; there was so much I wished to say to you. Your letter has been to me like a message from the paradise of God, and I cannot find words to express how grateful I am to you for having written it."

"You must not think of me in the matter at all," said Una; "that letter really came to you from her who alone had a right to say to you all that in her name I ventured to repeat."

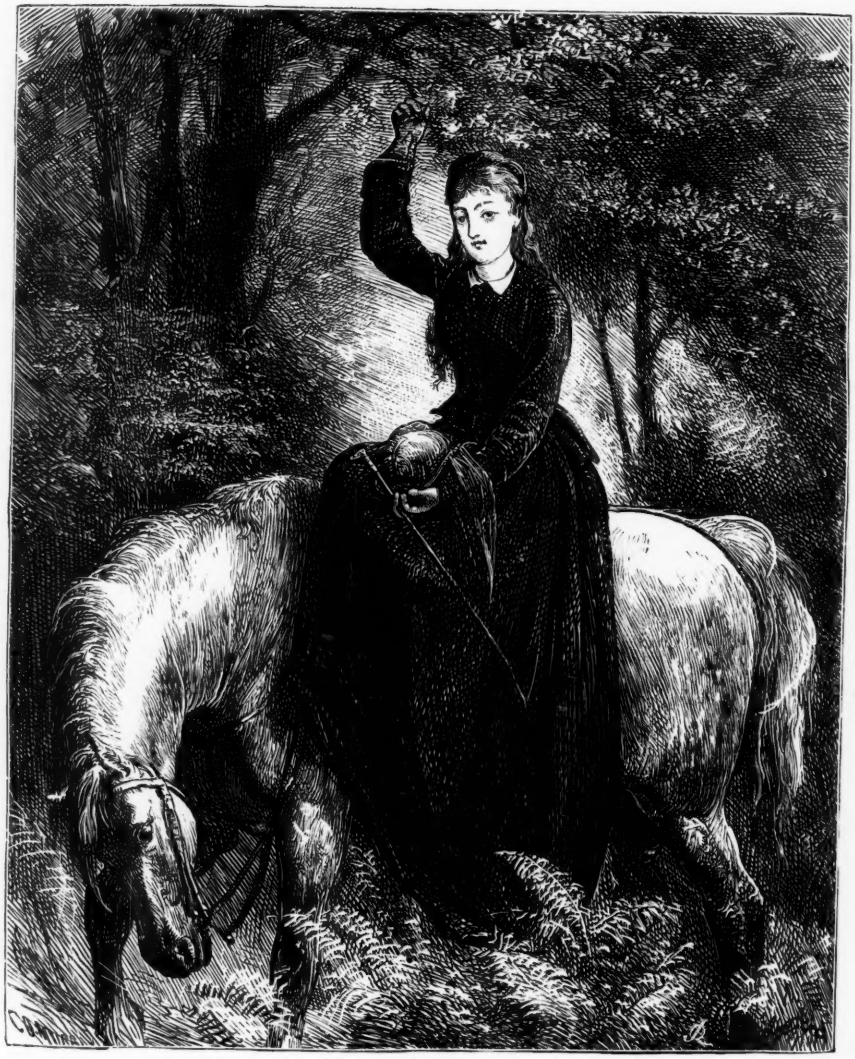
"Yes; and it is for that very reason that I wish to tell you what those words have done for me; it is a foolish fancy doubtless, but I feel as if when it is told to you she too will learn it and rejoice; it almost seems to me as if I might be able to catch some echo of her accents from your voice, since you were the last to hear her tones on earth before she went to add them to the angels' songs, and indeed there may be some word she said that night which you have omitted in your letter."

"I think not, for I wrote down all I could remember the very next morning, and I sent you the record just as it was," said Una; "but you know dear Lilith's departure was startlingly sudden; it almost seemed as if a supernatural strength had been given her till she had completed her task in speaking to me, and the moment she had said all that was needful, she was caught away as swiftly as if the fiery chariot had been waiting for her as it did for Elijah."

"No doubt her Master would not keep her back from heavenly joy a moment more than could be helped, but I shall never cease to thank Him for having sent you to her that you might be her interpreter to me."

"And I too have reason to be deeply grateful that I was allowed to see her," said Una, "for she opened my eyes to the errors of my own life with wonderful power."

"I have often thought of late," said Rupert, "that she was really one of God's own messengers, whom He merely lent a little while to this world that she might work out His purposes of mercy, and then when she had done His bidding He straightway drew her back within the pearly gates, before the dust of earth had time to soil her snow-white garments. You can hardly imagine, Miss Dysart, in how strange a manner she has influenced my life, from the first moment I saw her. It was by no overt act of her own; she never said a word of reproof to me in all



(*Drawn by* C. O. MURRAY.)

"The reins drop idly from her hands,
And they are musing – he and she."

"*OLD HERO'S MISTRESS.*"—*p.* 749.

the time I knew her; nor did she ever try to teach me her religion; but it was impossible for me not to see that it was simply her very life; it shone through her transparent nature with a pure and steady light that illumined all the way around her as she went upward with her flying feet on the steep ascent to heaven; I saw it, I felt it, and I rebelled against it with all my power; but it was an everlasting witness for her God to my erring soul, from which I could not escape, for I loved her so intensely that I was literally unable to give her up, though I knew her whole being was animated by the influence I dreaded most. My one hope always was that if only I could make her my wife, I should soon be able to coerce her—tender, loving, and obedient as she was sure to be—into flinging aside the faith which would have ever stood as a barrier between us."

When he said this Una looked up at him with a question on her lips, which she checked before she uttered it; Rupert saw her movement.

"Say what you will, Miss Dysart; no reference to the past can hurt me now, for I feel as totally changed from what I was then as if I had died when Lilith did, and risen again to a new and purer state of existence."

"I only felt the wish to ask," said Una, "whether you had in those days actually adopted sceptical opinions."

"Only in the sense described by our Lord Christ when He said that men would not come to the light because their deeds were evil; I had never examined the subject intellectually, but I was resolved that pleasure and self-gratification should be my only gods, and I tried to persuade myself that the pure faith which warred against them was a delusion. I would not look at the question or think of it as regarded myself, and I chose to believe that the majority of persons professing Christianity were insincere, and the remainder, like Lilith, deceived by so unsubstantial a dream, that it would at once dissolve in their grasp so soon as it came between them and their happiness. It was this hope that made me commit the crime whereby I disgraced myself so deeply," and he reddened painfully as he spoke. "I thought that if I could hurry on our marriage by this fault, and then make her cognisant of it, she would become entangled in the meshes of my error, and would abandon for ever the laws of her immaculate righteousness."

"How little you knew her!" said Una.

"True," he replied, "I only knew her love, which seemed to me strong enough to conquer every other feeling in her heart."

"Love strong as death," said Una, in a low voice; "but a living faith in Christ is stronger still."

"Yes, so my darling has proved," he said; "but when I left her that day by the river-side, it was with the full conviction that if I absented myself for a time, she would so suffer in the separation that as soon as she was of an age to defy her brother's authority, she would fling her religious scruples to the winds, and bid me come back to claim her as my wife. I lived in this hope a reckless ungodly life, and as I never heard from home I knew nothing of her illness whatever, till the news of her death came upon me like a thunderbolt; and then when you sent me the history of her last hours, it was to me an absolute revelation from heaven. My remorse and terror were, however, so great, that I think they would almost have killed me if Trafford had not been with me then, for I felt that I was Lilith's murderer, and it seemed to me impossible that the righteous God could ever pardon me; but that good and wise man showed me how deep answers to deep, and uttermost sin is met by uttermost mercy. He raised me with a strong hand out of my gulf of misery, and now he has set my feet on a new straight path, wherein I hope to walk unswerving to the end."

"I am sure you will," said Una, "and," she continued, smiling, "dear Lilith will be to you what Beatrice was to Dante;" but she could not add more, for at that moment the door-bell rang, and little Wil., rushing impetuously into the room, flung her arms round her friend's neck, sobbing with delight; the squire followed almost as quickly, and clasped Una's hands in both his own, while he prayed God to bless her for ever and ever, since it was to her they owed the happy return of their dear lost Rupert, and the restored peace and comfort of the home his absence had made desolate.

(To be continued.)

OLD HERO'S MISTRESS.

KNEE-DEEP in ferns old Hero stands,
He knows his little lady's tree;
The reins drop idly from her hands,
And they are musing—he and she.

She, of a happy morning-tide,
When down along that selfsame glade
She and another, side by side,
Rode merrily through sun and shade.

How life had never dawned till then,
How earth till then had ne'er been gay,
And how the wonted ways of men
Seemed brighter, nobler, from that day.

And Hero muses of her sire—
His master—how he loved him well;
And how through battle-smoke and fire,
He bore him, fighting till he fell.

He longs to feel him grasp the rein,
To hear his clank and cheery call;
To bear him to the fight again,
And nobly there beneath him fall.

And what of her—his master's child?
She only makes his old days bright,
With pretty ways, so arch, so wild,
With fond caress and laughter light.

Lo! where she sits amid the shade,
The leaves bend down to kiss her face—
A very sunbeam earthward strayed
To light and bless the woodland place.

The winds are glad her sweet hat lies
Soft cradled by her fingers fair,
Because they now may see her eyes,
And move amid her sunny hair.

Oh, bold must he who wins her be,
And gentle, courteous, good, as bold,
For Hero says—good judge is he—
That she is worth her weight in gold.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY, M.A.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.—IX.

SHORT READINGS FOR THE SICK ROOM. BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY; AND SELECT PREACHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus."—HEB. xii. 1, 2.

THE Christian disciple has a race to run, and that race is to be run in a particular way—these are the two leading ideas of the passage before us. Let us consider them in the order in which they occur.

"A race!" When the writer penned the word, what he saw in imagination was the crowd of young men standing at the starting-post; then, at the giving of a signal, darting forward at full speed; then the group breaking up into fragments, as superior swiftness or superior training asserted itself; and then the one figure, dusty and breathless, clutching the prize, and hailed victor by the acclamations of the multitude. The image, then, suggests effort, striving, anxiety, perhaps exhaustion; and it is meant to do so. There is a side to the Christian life which is wholly one of calm enjoyment. Its characteristic is peace; its element is communion with God. The human spirit comes into contact with the Divine, and is filled with happiness. But there is also another side. In this world of sin—of sin within us and without us—the energy of the soul must be put forth in watchfulness and endurance, in self-recollection and self-admonition, in earnest taking-up of the cross to follow Christ; and it is this aspect of the Christian life to which the image of the race directs our mind. Something corresponding to the runner's strain of muscle, and something corresponding to his anxiety as to the issue of the effort he is making, must be found in the experience of every one who is truly following the Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes! but for our comfort we are informed that the race is one that has been "set before us." There is, of course, no hint here of a hard fatalism, of an unloving and unthankful submission to the superior power of God. It *is* possible for us to say in our trouble, "This race of pain and suffering is indeed 'set before me.' I know that I *must* run the race, and run it to the end. I cannot help myself. God is stronger than I am. For some reason or other, He chooses to put down the iron heel of His power upon me. I may writhe like a crushed worm, but it is of no use complaining. That will not mend matters. I must just bear it as well as I can." How natural this language is we all of us know. But it is not suggested by the passage we are considering. Far different is the feeling which the word of God would encourage. When the sacred writer speaks of "the race that is set before us," he thereby reminds the suffering disciple that not chance or caprice has decided and arranged the circumstances in which he is placed. It may seem to him an accident that has befallen; but it is not so. A father's love and a father's wisdom have been concerned in the matter. The great Master of the Christian life-course has appointed, with unerring skill and tenderness, both the length and the character of the race that is to be run. Some die in infancy, others in youth; others advance to maturity, and others, again, to old age; and sometimes it seems to us strange that the young and the vigorous should be taken, whilst the old and decrepid and apparently useless, are left. But there is no mistake; the life-course is neither too long nor too short. It is exactly right in its dimensions. The old man does not live a moment over the proper time; nor are the young removed a moment too soon. And very different are our lives as to the character of them. What a heavy load of sorrow seems to be bound upon some, whilst others go comparatively free! This man is crippled by narrowness of circumstances; that man is in affluence. Here we see robust healthy frame; and there the pallid look and attenuated limbs and

drawn wasted features, that tell of an existence spent in disease and pain. How different is one race, as it seems to us, from another! Yet, whatever our course be, it is "set before us." It is the best, because our Father in heaven has ordered it; and He knoweth our frame, and our needs; and His wisdom is infinite, and His compassions fail not.

Our subject suggests, in the next place, the manner in which the race is to be run. With patience; and with looking unto Jesus. That the two are closely connected together in spiritual experience there can be no manner of doubt. The patience will soon fail if the practice of looking to Jesus be abandoned. But what is "looking unto Jesus?" The runner fixes his eye upon the goal. There is the prize for which he is striving! He does not allow his attention to be diverted for a single instant; for, if he turns his head to the right hand or the left, his pace will slacken, and his rivals spring out before him. Thus the Christian disciple keeps his gaze intently fixed upon the person of the Saviour. Jesus Christ fills the field of his mental vision. Of course, it is not meant that he is always engaged in making Jesus Christ an object of thought. But *he does not turn away from the Saviour.* His face is set in one direction. The looking implies dependence; for from Christ alone does he expect the help of which he stands in need. It implies imitation; for the spiritual gaze transforms. The devout, loving contemplation of the Saviour makes His people acquire a resemblance to Him. It implies companionship; for the heart of the true disciple reaches out after fellowship with the Divine Master, and the man naturally and instinctively turns to the object of his adoration and his love. Running thus, he runs "with patience." That patience—perhaps endurance is the better word—is very characteristic of the Christian's career. Not the impulsive man, who does things by fits and starts, is the man who succeeds, but the man who sets a great object before him, who steadily pursues it, whatever his difficulties and discouragements may be. The race must be run to the last. The burden must not be thrown off, but borne throughout. The struggle must be maintained until the prize is won. Does this seem a hard saying? Sometimes it does. "Am I never to relax?" says the afflicted soul. "May I never turn aside and get rest? Must I be always pressing on thus, straining and panting, towards the goal?" Ah! when we remember what some people have to suffer, and how long they have to suffer, this saying about patient endurance even unto the end might seem a hard one, almost an unfeeling one, were it not that just to *these* especially the Man of Sorrows manifests Himself in all the tenderness of His love, and that just to these especially the greatest supplies are ever vouchsafed of consoling and sustaining grace.

THE WILD WOLF'S BARK.

PART I.

"NOW, little Nora, if you wish to gather flowers, there's a fine field of daisies."

"Oh yes, Harry, I should like it very much; but won't you come with me?"

"No; Leonard and I will keep to the road; we don't care for daisies. You needn't be afraid, for there are only a few sheep and lambs in the field. Here, I'll lift you across the drain; now climb the bank, and you're all right. We'll come back for you soon."

Harry waited a few moments, until he saw his little sister seated on the ground and busily engaged gathering flowers, then rejoined his brother, who waited for him rather impatiently.

"Come on, Harry," he said, "we're losing our precious time; I see the boys at play already, and you know we mustn't leave the little one alone too long, we were told to take care of her."

"Oh, there's nothing to happen her here, so make your mind easy! she'll amuse herself very well for half an hour among the daisies and lambs."

The two brothers then hastened to a farm-yard at a little distance, where some rough boys were playing a game of ball. Time passed more rapidly than they supposed, and the half-hour had fully elapsed, when some men rushed into the yard in a state of great excitement. "Did the wolf turn in here?" they asked, "or does any one know which way he took? We missed him at the foot of the hill!" No one being able to give any information, they set off again without delay.

"What can it be all about?" said Harry, "there are surely no wolves in this country!"

"Is it possible you have not heard," answered the farmer, "that one has lately escaped from the Zoological Gardens? Why, it is the talk of the whole country round. He has killed several sheep in this neighbourhood, and the men are out hunting after him all day. He passed though some of my fields not half an hour ago, and I wouldn't be surprised to find that he has devoured one of my best lambs."

Harry and his brother looked at each other in dismay, "Oh, do tell us," they cried, "was he in that field all covered with daisies, at the foot of the hill, for we left our little sister there?"

"He was, indeed, that's where the lambs are. Come

on quickly, and let us see if she's safe—for if the wolf caught sight of her, she has a bad chance, poor child."

Not another word passed till they arrived at the place. With a beating heart Harry sprang over the ditch, which he had lifted Nora across so short a time before, and gazed anxiously round, but she was nowhere to be seen. The farmer observed that all his sheep and lambs were huddled together in one corner of the field, looking very much frightened; and Leonard discovered a little heap of gathered flowers on the grass, flung as if in haste from the child's lap. At a short distance further on, a clump of daisies attracted his attention. Ah! they were more than "red tipped," they were covered with yet undried blood, the grass, too, was stained in several spots. And these were all the traces to be found of the wolf's visit. Harry and Leonard searched wildly through the adjoining fields, trying to "hope against hope," whilst the farmer made inquiries at the neighbouring cottages, but no tidings could be obtained of the missing child. Nothing now remained but to go home and communicate the sad tidings to their parents; it was a heavy task, but their father would know what further steps should be taken, and the less delay the better. On reaching the hall door they were met by one of the servants. "Take care not to make any noise, young gentlemen," she said, "for the mistress is very ill."

"Ill!" they repeated, "has she then already heard what has happened?"

"Is it about poor little Miss Nora? oh, yes! she knows all, we couldn't keep it from her. She was bad enough before, and, as you may suppose, that made her ten times worse; but I can't wait to talk now, I'm in a hurry."

"Stop a moment. Where is papa?"

"He's with the mistress, and can't be disturbed. The best thing for you is to take your supper and go quietly to bed."

The boys could not eat, neither could they sleep. Long they sat at the window in their room, sometimes silent, sometimes consulting over the future. "Perhaps mamma will die too," said Leonard, "and it will be all our doing. I don't see the use of speaking to papa in the morning, when he knows everything already, and of course has done his best about poor Nora. Let us go away."

"I was just thinking the same," replied Harry, "none of them will ever be able to bear the sight of us again. But where shall we go?"

"No matter, anywhere out of this."

Silently they descended the stairs. The hall door was locked, but, cautiously opening the shutters of the study window, they raised the sash, and easily dropped down to the grass-plot beneath. As fast as their trembling limbs would permit they crossed the lawn, and soon reached the planted hill beyond. The moon shone brightly, but the shadows looked tall and dark, and as the boys stopped to take breath after their long run, a strange sensation of awe crept over them. There was a weird stillness about the whole scene, and no human dwelling stood in sight; however, they determined to take courage, and get on as far as possible while the light lasted. Just at this moment a sharp bark was heard in the distance. Harry started and looked timidly round, but nothing was to be seen.

"Leonard," he said, in a frightened whisper, "don't wolves bark?"

"Yes, so the adventure books say, but that sounded more like a dog."

"How can you tell? I dare say they're much alike. It might be the wolf, and then what should we do?"

"Get up a tree, of course, that's what they always do in books. Wolves, you know, can't climb, so we should be safe if there were a whole pack round us."

Again there was another bark, and nearer this time. The startled boys cast a hasty glance in the direction of the sound; surely some object moved in and out amongst the tall shadows of the trees. "I can see an animal plainly," whispered Harry, "just crossing that space of moonlight. It is red too. Oh, Leonard, there can be no doubt—it *is* the wolf! Let us run to the nearest tree; 'tis our only chance."

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

318. Show from the book of Genesis that the ancient Jewish mode of sepulture by interring in a *cave* was not the only one in use.

319. Give the first three occasions in which the Saviour rebuked the Jews for their exclusiveness.

320. We read in the Acts of the Apostles that St. Paul was on one occasion the guest of Jason. In which of his Epistles does the apostle incidentally allude to him?

321. Account for the silence of Matthew, Mark, and Luke respecting the raising of Lazarus.

322. "Ye hypocrites," said our Lord to the scribes and Pharisees, "well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying, This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, but their heart is far from me." Give a similar passage from Ezekiel.

323. Who uttered the words: "Why transgress ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot prosper? because ye have forsaken the Lord, He hath also forsaken you?"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 720.

305. One only. See Lev. xvi. 29; Numb. xxix. 7.

306. Acts ii. 3, 4.

307. (1) The altar of incense; (2) the table of shewbread; and (3) the golden candlestick. See Heb. ix. 2.

308. See Mark ix. 31, 32.

309. (1) The Sabbath (2) circumcision, and (3) the Passover.



(*Drawn by* M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

JESSIE.

I.

TO me all beauty of the race
Was in the beauty of her face;
And brightest gold would ill compare
With brightness of her golden hair!

Sweet as the blue of summer skies,
The rare blue of her roguish eyes;
Sweet as a rosebud from the south,
The marvel of her perfect mouth!

And words of wonderment were weak,
Of all her winning ways to speak,
Whose graciousness had fairer grace
Than all the fairness of her face!

Alas! that I shall hear no more
Her footstep light upon the floor,
And that my lips must sadly miss
The touch of her caressing kiss!

II.

Dead ashes dropping from the fire,
And dead leaves dropping in the lane;
And in my heart the dead desire
For summer days to shine again—
Since bitter loss brings bitter pain!

The fire dies in the dismal grate;
The short day ends in longer night;
My heart aches with its leaden weight;
Long grief succeeds my short delight;
And her sweet face is cold and white!

The faded flowers are lying low;
The sweet flower of my life is shed;
Through days of weariness and woe,
My heart will sorrow for the dead—
Refusing to be comforted!

III.

In dreams, in dreams, I see again
A sweet face seen in former years,
But with no pang of sudden pain
Or flow of unavailing tears!

In dreams, in dreams, she runs to me,
With laughing lips and eager eyes,
Whose little grave I often see,
Grown green with many summer skies!

In dreams, in dreams, I hear her fleet
Familiar step upon the floor,
Who paces now, with infant feet,
The golden pavement evermore!

In dreams, in dreams, with rapid flight,
I rise above each fading star,
And see her in those halls of light,
Where many little children are!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.—I.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, BERKS; HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

THE most remarkable events which have occurred in the world's history are associated with some of its "high places." It was from the heights of Sinai that the law of the Ten Commandments was proclaimed, amidst thunders, and lightnings, and tempest. It was from one of the mountains of Galilee that the new law of love went forth from the lips of the Incarnate Redeemer. It was upon one of the mountains in the land of Canaan that the typical Isaac was laid upon the altar which Abraham had built. It was upon one of the mountains of the same land (as some think upon the same spot) that the lamb which God had Himself provided was offered as a propitiation for the sins of the world.

Again, as it was on "the mountain of God," *i.e.*, on Mount Sinai, that the voice was heard by Moses proceeding from the burning bush, and as it was on the heights of Carmel that the fire was seen to descend on the altar which Elijah reared, so was it on the Mount of Transfiguration that those two great representatives of the older dispensations again appeared, when the fulness of the times had come, and when He of whom—the one in the discharge of his mediatorial office on earth, and the other by his miraculous departure from it—were conspicuous types, was attested by the voice from heaven.

The third and last of the three eventful periods of forty years into which the life of Moses was divided seems to have expired whilst the children of Israel were yet encamped in the valley over against Beth-peor, ready to take possession of the land which God had promised that He would give to their fathers. Many and strange were the vicissitudes which the great lawgiver had experienced, from the day when he was rescued by Pharaoh's daughter from the waters of the Nile, up to the day on which, having completed his 120th year, he announced to the Israelites his own exclusion from the land of promise, and he encouraged Joshua and the people committed to his leadership to enter into it and to possess it.

In a very marvellous manner had Moses been prepared, first in the court of Egypt, and afterwards in the solitudes of Sinai, for the work to which he was called. By a long course of trial the natural impatience of his temper was subdued, and he was taught the lesson—so needful to be attained, and yet so hard to be learned—that God's servants must not only be willing to do God's work, but that they must be willing to do it in the manner which God approves, and in the way which God's providence points out. Again and again, as we follow the eventful annals of the wanderings in the wilderness, we pause to admire the patience, the resolution, and the self-renuncia-

tion of Moses. As at the first he had been willing to resign the grandeur of a court for a share in the reproach of God's people, so, throughout the whole of his after course, we are struck by the spirit of self-surrender which he breathed in all his words and actions. At Sinai he prayed that his own name might be blotted out of the Lord's book (it may be of the book of those who should enter the land of promise), if only the sin of his people might be pardoned. In the desert, when Joshua would have had the voices of Eldad and Medad silenced, Moses would have had all the Lord's people prophets.

But just as Abraham, the father of the faithful, and Job, whose patience has been left on perpetual record, failed in the exercise of those very graces for which they were most conspicuous, so Moses, who was otherwise so remarkable for his meekness, his endurance, and his self-control, was at length provoked to speak unadvisedly with his lips; and on the second occasion of the miraculous supply of water, viz., that at Kadesh, he was not only betrayed, as regards his tongue, into the sins of impatience and of arroganoe, but he smote the rock twice, when he had been commanded only to speak to it, and the heavy sentence went forth from the Lord, both against himself and also against Aaron, who seems to have been a partaker of his sin, "Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them" (Num. xx. 12).

This sentence of exclusion from the land of promise, thus denounced against the two leaders of the people, who appear to have been equally implicated in the transgression of the Divine command, was speedily executed. Shortly after the departure from Kadesh, at the expiration of the forty years' wanderings in the desert, the children of Israel came unto Mount Hor. On the top of that mountain Aaron was divested, in obedience to a Divine command, of his sacerdotal robes, with which Eleazar, the eldest of his surviving sons, was invested; and, in the very same chapter which contains the record of the transgression, we read that "Aaron died there in the top of the mount" (Num. xx. 28).

The circumstances attending the last hours of the great captain and lawgiver of the hosts of Israel, are yet more remarkable; and the record of his departure from earth is fraught with many lessons of deepest interest and instruction. In obedience to God's command, Moses ascended the heights of one of that chain of mountains which overhang the eastern bank of the Jordan, on which Balaam, the unrighteous prophet, had recently stood, and from which his unwilling lips had pronounced blessings on the people whom he had been summoned to curse. How earnestly the heart of Moses was set upon the full accomplishment of the work to which his life had been consecrated, appears from the prayer contained in Deuteronomy iii. 25: "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain (*i.e.*, as it should seem, the mountainous district of Canaan on the western side of the Jordan), and Lebanon." But, as he himself records the answer returned to his petition, "the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes: for thou shalt not go over this Jordan" (vv. 26—28).

But ere the sentence was executed—a sentence, it should be observed, which the double sin both of their leaders and also of the people had provoked—it remained that Moses should utter in the ears of the Israelites, and leave on perpetual record for those who should come after, the solemn words of warning, of instruction, and of encouragement, which are contained in the Book of Deuteronomy. And, throughout the whole of this eventful history of the great prophet and lawgiver, there is nothing more striking than the evidence which this book furnishes of the single-hearted and unshaken devotion of Moses to the great work confided to him, as to a servant "faithful in all his house"—"for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after."

About forty days seem to have elapsed previously to the death of Moses from the time that the first command was given to him, as recorded in the Book of Numbers (xxvii. 12), and again in the Book of Deuteronomy (iii. 27), to go up to the summit of Mount Abarim, and to behold the land of promise, coupled with the announcement that he should not go over the Jordan, but that having only beheld the land into which he had so ardently desired to lead his people, he should die upon the mountain. Let us endeavour, for a moment, to realise to ourselves the imposing scene, so briefly but so graphically brought before us in the narrative recorded in the Book of Deuteronomy.

Although on the day on which the words recorded in Deut. xxxi. were spoken, the aged lawgiver had completed the last of the three great and eventful periods of his life, "his eye," we read, "was not dim," neither was his "natural force abated" (Deut. xxxiv. 7). Moreover, as we have already seen, the great work of his life—the one all-absorbing object of his hopes and his aspirations—was not yet accomplished. He had already endured for forty years the repinings and the rebellions of his people. He had suffered with them the toils and privations of the wilderness life, and

with them he had encountered its new and unseen dangers. He was already, as it seemed, on the very eve of the accomplishment of that on which his whole heart was so intently fixed. The prize was already in view. But a few more days of hope and expectation, and the great and terrible wilderness, "wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water," was to be exchanged for the land flowing with milk and honey—a land wherein his people were to eat bread without scarceness—"a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills they were to dig brass."

Nor was this the only consideration which might well have made the immediate prospect of death at such a moment an object of dismay and of terror to the great leader of Israel. For, notwithstanding the marvellous communication made to Moses on the mountain of God—wherein, as our Saviour Himself declared, the doctrine of the Resurrection was contained—it is impossible to overlook the fact that the revelation of a future state, made to the most highly favoured of God's servants under the older dispensation, was immeasurably inferior to that which is now made to us, insomuch, indeed, that the general record of their experience is briefly summed up by the Apostle in the very expressive words, "through fear of death they were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

If both of these considerations be permitted to exercise their due influence on our minds, we can scarcely fail to arrive at the conclusion that there are few portions of the inspired volume which are more calculated, not only to excite our astonishment, but also to suggest to our minds matter of deep and profitable meditation, than that which records the manner in which the last forty days of the life of Moses were spent, and which ends with the brief recital of his ascent into the mountain, his death, and his burial.

There are comparatively but few, even under the higher and brighter dispensation of the Gospel, who, if suddenly surprised by the summons to "set their house in order," accompanied by the warning, "Thou shalt die and not live," would not be so absorbed by their own personal hopes and fears that they would have little time or disposition to warn and to admonish others.

Now, it was not thus with the great leader of Israel. Having once received the assurance that the sentence of exclusion from the earthly Canaan was one which was irreversible—like St. Peter in after times, when warned, by the same voice, of his approaching end—he not only meekly bowed beneath the rod, but he addressed himself, with resolute and unabated energy, to the same great work to which he had consecrated so large a portion of his life; and he endeavoured, during the last forty days, as he had done during the last forty years of his life, so to impress the minds of his hearers with the solemn truths which he was commissioned to announce to them from heaven, that they might be able, "after his decease," to have the same things "always in remembrance."

On the day on which Moses had fully set before his people the blessing and the curse, as set forth in that memorable song of mercy and of vengeance which is recorded in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, "the self-same day," we read, he received the command, "Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession: and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people; as Aaron thy brother died in Mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people" (vv. 49, 50). Having pronounced his final words of blessing on the people who have the eternal God as their refuge and underneath the everlasting arms, his sight appears to have been so supernaturally strengthened that he was enabled to survey the whole extent of the country of Canaan, from Dan in the north even to Zoar in the south (Deut. xxxiv. 1—3).

His appointed work was now done. In mercy, as well as in judgment—for in the case of God's people mercy is ever mingled with judgment—this faithful servant of the Lord was summoned to cease from his labours and to enter into his rest. No human eye seems to have witnessed the final scene. No earthly friend on whom he could lean was present to close the eyes of a prophet like unto whom no other afterwards arose in Israel, until the advent of that Greater Prophet, to whom Moses, by type and by prophecy, had borne such conspicuous witness.

But his death was precious in the eyes of Him whom he had served so faithfully in life; and though no man knew of the place of his sepulchre, never was there beheld upon earth so grand a funeral. "And he buried him," we read, "in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Inasmuch as God has Himself, in infinite wisdom, concealed from human eyes the history of Moses from the day of his sepulture in the lonely valley over against Beth-peor until the day on which, together with Elijah, he stood on the Mount of Transfiguration, and there held converse with his Incarnate Lord, it would ill behove the humble student of Scripture to endeavour, with rude hand, to rend the mysterious veil.

But surely, there is a flood of light thrown in upon the condition of the faithful after death, when we read, in the few but expressive words of the inspired Evangelist, "And, behold, there talked with Him (*i.e.*, with Christ) two men, which were Moses

and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem" (St. Luke ix. 30, 31). We know not, indeed, what bright anticipations of the new Jerusalem may have been given to Moses, as God Himself disclosed to him the beauties of the earthly Canaan. It may be that in that eventful day on which he stood alone with his Maker on the heights of Pisgah, there was unfolded before his eyes so glorious a view of "the city which has the foundations," that, like Abraham, he was content to relinquish his desire of entering into the land flowing with milk and honey, and to transfer his ardent aspirations to the "rest which remains for the people of God." Be this as it may, when next the leader of Israel is brought before our view, it is no longer as one who was disappointed of his desire, seeing that it was on one of those goodly mountains which he had so earnestly longed to behold before death, that we find him standing and holding converse with the Lord of the whole earth after it.

The earthly Canaan, as we are so frequently reminded in Scripture, was God's own type and representation of the heavenly rest. Into that rest it is not the law, but Christ, not Moses, but Joshua, *i.e.*, Jesus, who alone can bring His people. The law, with its awful doom for impenitent sinners, must still be proclaimed in all its terrors, and we must not shrink from the enunciation of God's wrath, as "revealed from heaven, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." But the blessings promised from Mount Gerizim must ever be mingled with the curses denounced from Mount Ebal. The sinner, whose conscience is awakened to a sense of the sinfulness of sin, must be pointed at once, and without any intercepting medium, to the cross of Christ. No earthly priests or mediators must come between the sinner and the Saviour. As Christ's ambassadors to the souls of those for whom Christ died, it is the privilege of Christ's ministers to declare, even to those whose sins are "red like crimson," "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins;" and again—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If we look to the directions given to the Israelites in Deut. xxvii., we shall find that it was on Ebal, not on Gerizim—*i.e.*, on the mount of cursing, not on that of blessing—that an altar was to be erected to God, and that it was there that not only burnt offerings, but also peace-offerings, were to be offered, and that the people were to rejoice (vv. 5, 6, 7). And what other inference can we draw from this remarkable injunction but the one central truth of the gospel of Christ, viz., this—that the curse of the law is removed from the penitent believer in Jesus? in other words, that "Christ hath delivered us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." But the direction for the erection of an altar on Mount Ebal seems to imply even more than this. It teaches that it is only *through the curse*, if we may so speak, that we can attain the blessing; *i.e.*, that Christ's atonement for sin is the one and only ground of the acceptance of the sinner; and further, that it is not until sinners have been brought to feel in their inmost souls the weight of the curse, that they will be stirred up, as men who are in earnest, to seek and to obtain the blessing.

One more lesson seems to be fairly drawn from the record of the death of Moses. As the outward circumstances of time and of place which distinguish the history of God's true servants during life—whilst varying greatly in each particular instance—are subject to the control of the same guiding and over-ruling Providence, which makes all things to work together for their good, so, and perhaps in a yet more marked manner, are the circumstances—however apparently dark and incomprehensible—which characterise the departure of each out of this world. To the eye of the superficial beholder the good and faithful servant is often summoned to cease from his labours at a time when his work is still incomplete, and when his services seem to be most required. A Tindale devotes the whole energies of his mind and body to the noble end of translating God's Word into his native tongue; and just as his life-long efforts were about to be crowned with success, a cruel death snatches him away from a yet unfinished work. A Henry Martyn, intent on the accomplishment of a similar task, is permitted to breathe out, in solitude and in suffering, his last earthly aspirations for the dawn of the new heavens and the new earth wherein shall dwell righteousness. A Patteson, endowed in a marvellous manner with the highest qualifications for the same work, is severed from it by a violent death, inflicted by the hands of those to the benefit of whose souls and bodies he had so cheerfully and ungrudgingly devoted his life. But in each and in all of these cases, precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. It matters little for such whether their death-bed be surrounded by living friends and relatives and their resting-place be the peaceful churchyard of their native parishes, or whether amidst the solitude of the desert they breathe their souls into the hands of their Redeemer, or in the depths of the ocean their bodies await the day when the sea shall give up its dead. Alike, as in the case of Israel's prophet and leader, their souls are secure in the guardianship of their Lord, and their bodies are the objects of solicitude to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

CREDULITY AND FAITH.

WE must protest at the outset against a confusion between credulity and faith, which is intentionally made by those who wish to disparage faith. It has been said that credulity and faith are only different names for the same thing; that credulity is only faith carried to a foolish extreme; that it is too much of a good thing, or a bad thing, as we may please to call it; but in any case the two are only varieties of one and the same thing. Now if credulity and faith are children of one common parent—superstition—and are suckled on the same spirit of fear and ignorant wonder, it is easy to see that we have no test to enable us to distinguish between true and false miracles. It is the interest of those who would reject the supernatural *in toto*, of those to whom Revelation and Redemption are alike irrational and absurd, to efface this distinction between credulity and faith. Göthe accordingly, in a well-known line in his "Faust," treats the two as identical. It is not the miracles which produce faith, but faith which produces miracles. It is in this inverted order that credulity lies to superstition; we can easily then discover the motive of those who thus confound faith with credulity.

> "Who wants more wine must press more juice;
> Who wants more miracles must faith produce."

Now we are anxious to show at the outset of this paper, that faith and credulity are really plants of a different growth. They have neither the same root, nor bear a similar fruit. True, they are sometimes found growing together, but it is only as the wheat and the tares, or rather (for that is an apter illustration) as the oak and its parasites. So far from credulity springing from the same stock as faith, it is generally found that credulity begins to flourish only in cases where faith is dead. As the mushroom thrives on the roots of the decaying oak, so credulity is a kind of fungous growth, a sign not so much of a living faith as of the decay of all true faith in the unseen and eternal.

There are these three marks of a living faith, all of which are wanting in its counterfeit, credulity: 1, Faith springs from a principle; 2, is nourished by a promise; and, 3, clings to a gracious and living Person. These three signs meet in the children of faith. Credulity, on the other hand, is wanting in all three. To begin with:—Faith springs from a principle. That principle is trust. Our English proverb well expresses it—"Truth breeds trust." Where there is no truth there is no room for faith. However weak in its beginnings, however limited its early experience, living faith always presupposes a sense of trust in the truthfulness of another. Hence it is that, when truth—which has been called the seed-plot of all the other virtues—has been denuded and swept away, and the subsoil of the human heart is left bare, there is no longer any ground in which faith can take root and grow. A thoroughly cynical nature, one lost to all sense of goodness, is one which is, and must be, hopelessly sceptical. This is why we speak of the faith of childhood. Not that the immature mind of a child is more disposed to faith than when the reason is ripe, and the will has become vigorous with age—this is quite a mistake—but only because children are seldom cynical, and therefore not sceptical. Their faith in human goodness has not been crushed by sad experience, and therefore it is that they can trust in the Divine goodness.

The next mark of faith, as distinguished from credulity, is that it depends on a promise. This is the positive element in faith. It asks for a sign, and it is given it. There is an unbelief which apes reverence, as there is a pride which apes humility. Ahaz's unbelief was of that kind. When offered a sign from Jehovah, either in the height or in the depth, he would not thus tempt the Lord. Therefore the Lord Himself gave him a sign; but the very last which he was looking for, and one which to him was only a sign and a wonder. Credulity, since it has no real promise to rest upon, has to seek signs for itself, and to invent them in passing prodigies and mock portents. When the Jews had lost all faith in the promises, they were then on the look-out for lying wonders and signs. They are rebuked for this by the prophet. "Should not a people look unto Jehovah, and not unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter?" (Isa. viii. 19.) In later times the Jews became of all people the most credulous. As the class of true prophets ceased, false prophets increased. Their credulity became a proverb and a by-word among the nations, so that the Roman satirist could select the Jew Apella as the type of one who would believe anything, however absurd.

The third criterion of faith is that, as it springs from a principle, and depends on a promise, so it grows up into love and confidence in a living Person. Faith in doctrine or dogma is important in its place, but, if this is all, it wants the real criterion to distinguish it from credulity. It is the personality of God which is, in fact, the great determinant of faith. According as we think of God, so will be our faith in Him. If we only know Him as the Almighty, the great El-Shaddai, then we may reverence and trust in Him for ourselves; but it will not go much beyond this. Ours will be at

best the religion of fear; but if we know Him as our Covenant God, as the Jehovah or Eternal One who has come nigh to us in a mysterious way, then fear will ripen into love and confidence. Personality and nighness are in religion almost convertible terms. A God who is very far off, and only seen and known in His works, may be a living Person, but the works themselves, though they declare His eternal power and Godhead, do not carry us further than this. To know persons, we must draw near to them. Hence it is that, with a certain fitness, we address even an earthly sovereign in the third person, "the King's most excellent Majesty." The sovereign is so far off from the subject, that the sense of his person is lost in his dignity and office. It is the same with God. In nature He is far off from us, hidden behind His works, through which we only catch a reflection of His person. But in grace it is otherwise. Here we draw nigh to Him, and He to us.

In all these three respects, then, faith differs from credulity. Faith has its roots in the ground of an honest and good heart; faith rests on the distinct and articulate promise of God's revealed Word; and lastly faith ripens into a sense of living communion with an unseen Father and Friend. Credulity wants all these marks. It has no root of principle, no vital sap of promise, no fruit of ripened intercourse with a living Person. In this again the two dispositions are opposed—that faith is the death of credulity, and conversely credulity only springs out of the soil where a dead faith is corrupting. It is a great mistake to say, as many do, that credulity is a special mark of an early and unreasoning age. On the contrary, the two most credulous ages of the world's history were during the decline of the Roman Empire and on the eve of the French Revolution. These were eminently ages of reason, but so far from reason checking this mushroom growth of credulity, it actually sprang up and flourished in spite of philosophers and sceptics. The cause of this rank growth was the same in both cases. It was the soil of a decaying faith that became the hot-bed out of which all this superstition sprang. The Roman had lost all faith in his national deities; two augurs could not meet, as it has been remarked, without looking in each other's faces and laughing at the delusion which the vulgar believed in. Hence, there came an irruption of foreign superstitions into Rome. The whole Orontes, to use Juvenal's phrase, poured into the Tiber. Noble Roman matrons borrowed the ceremonies of the Syrians and Egyptians. Strange rites of magic were practised. Sorcerers were never so common; and itinerant Goetoe or pretended miracle-workers went about deceiving, not the simple only, but also the wise and learned. Apollonius of Tyana, Philistratus, and others, were instances of these religious quacks. It was the same with the Jews. In the Acts of the Apostles we have Simon Magus and the false prophet Bar-Jesus, and the seven sons of one Sceva a Jew, as instances of this tendency. The rank soil of a dead faith brought forth a prolific crop of lying miracles and wonders. So common were false miracles, that as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so these practisers of magic and curious arts encountered the apostles, and sought to turn men from the faith. Truth and falsehood thus entered the lists together, believers were attracted by the true, the merely credulous were drawn away by the other.

The eve of the French Revolution was also another remarkable time for this outburst of credulity. The same cause produced the same effect as at the decline of the Roman Empire. The age of reason, as it was called, was the age of a decaying faith. Christianity in France, at least (for our observations are chiefly confined to that country), was nearly if not quite defunct. The age of the Dragonnades had been succeeded by an age of frivolity and vice. Scepticism was nearly universal, and the result was everywhere apparent. The interval between 1740 and 1795 will always be regarded in history as the period when impostures and impostors of all kinds reigned most triumphantly throughout Europe. It was a time of moral and religious decay, and consequently of social putrefaction, such as was never witnessed since the break-up of the old Roman Empire. Chesterfield, an acute observer, and no bad judge of social symptoms, visited France in 1753, and wrote these words, which were prophetic of a revolution which was to break in a tempest over France exactly forty years after the prediction was uttered. "In short," he wrote, "all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist and daily increase in France."

Among the impostors who showed that the age of reason was also the age of credulity, was one Cagliostro. A sketch may interest the reader. In the retinue of Marie Antoinette, travelling to France as the future Dauphiness in 1770, were Prince Louis de Rohan, Bishop of Strasbourg, and the so-called Count Cagliostro. De Rohan, who figures in history as the dupe of the diamond necklace, was the cardinal whose intrigues had woven a web around the fair fame of Marie Antoinette, from which her pure memory only emerges at last in our day like a star from behind a dark cloud of suspicions and malignant court gossip. Cagliostro, on the other hand, was a quack, and nothing else. Starting in life as a city Arab, his real name was Joseph Balsamo. He was born at Palermo, and having lost his father at an early age, he was placed under the protection of the friars of the Misericordia, whose order

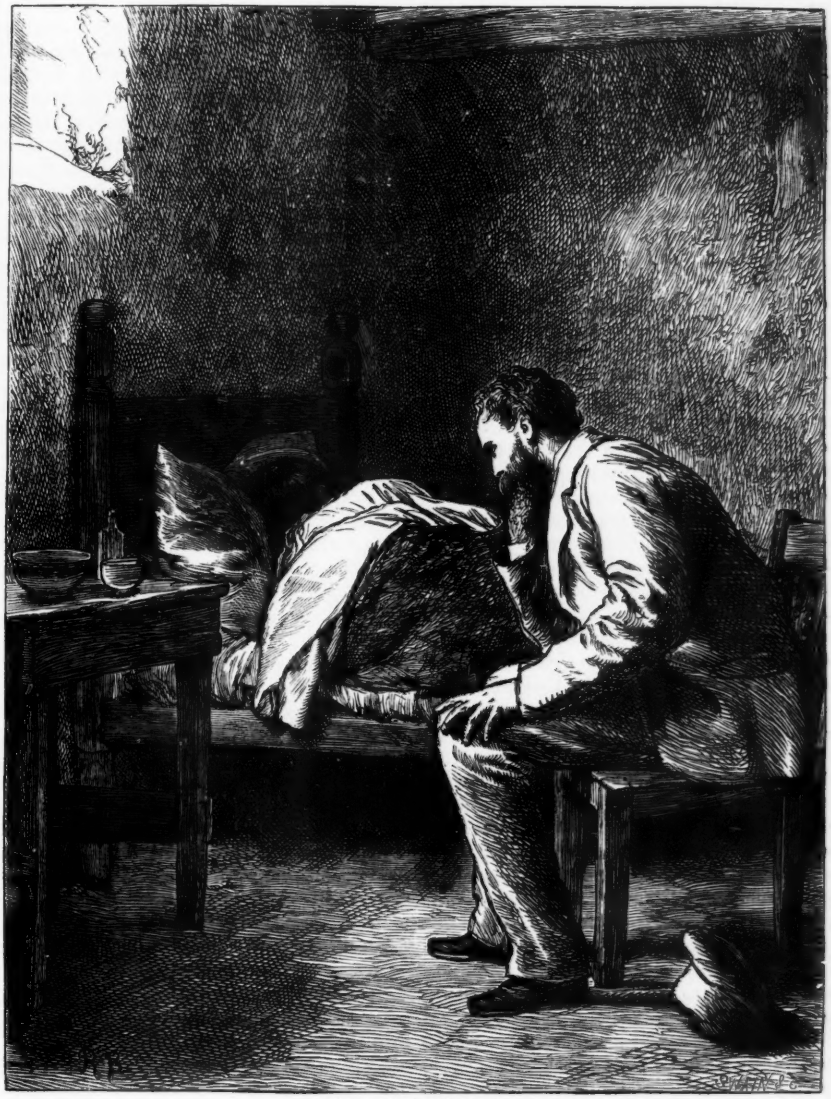
he entered as a novice. Here he acquired the elements of chemistry and physic; but he speedily made his escape, and committed so many frauds in Palermo, that he was obliged to abscond. If one man in his time plays many parts, how shall we describe Cagliostro, who was "not one, but all mankind's epitome?" An apothecary's bottle-washer, an artist, an alchemist, an astrologer, a necromancer, a house-painter, a Freemason, a revolutionist, a prince, a mesmerist, a clairvoyant, a quack-doctor, an author—he traded on the credulity of all classes in Italy, Spain, Portugal, England, and France. It is difficult to follow his career, he wore so many disguises, assumed so many aliases, and changed his sphere and mode of operation so frequently, that one becomes confused in trying to separate the truth from the falsehood. All writers have agreed that he was the most unscrupulous, the most ingenious, and the most impudent impostor the world has ever known.

The eve of the French Revolution was the very age for an impostor like Cagliostro. Fate appeared to throw in his way the exact means best suited to accomplish the end and aim of his existence. It was an age when men had parted with their old faith, and were on the look-out for some fresh object of worship. Cagliostro, whose travels in the East had given him some smattering of Eastern manners, pretended that he had discovered the true religion, which he described as an Egyptian order of Freemasonry, of which he gave himself out to be the Grand Copt or Chief, and which was alleged by him to have been founded by the prophets Enoch and Elijah. He made his dupes believe that the true principles and tenets of religion had been handed down pure and undefiled through a succession of Grand Copts, of whom he was the regularly appointed successor.

The "elixir of life," and the "canthartic tincture" were the nostrums which he vended to his dupes at his own price: £800 a drop was the estimate which he put upon the elixir. Even in England, which he visited three times, he found people credulous enough to part with their money on promises like those by which modern imitators have undertaken to make old women "beautiful for ever." As an instance of his cunning, he contrived to defraud a certain Quaker out of a fée of a hundred guineas, on the pretence of restoring to him the beauty and vigour of youth. Convicted at last of swindling, he had to leave England, and resumed his life of vagabondage on the Continent. As the Marquis de Pelligrini he now visited Germany and the Netherlands, and even had the impudence to return to Palermo, where he was recognised, thrown into prison, and would have ended his career there, but for the dexterity of his wife, who ingratiated herself with a certain marquis, who contrived to obtain Cagliostro's release by thrashing the prosecutor's lawyer, and intimidating the president of the court. On his release from prison he set out for Spain, under the name of Dr. Tischio, where he made a living by selling a water of beauty, converting hemp into silk, making gold of mercury, melting small diamonds to produce larger ones, and predicting lucky numbers in the lottery, a trick which he had picked up from the friars in Italy, whose books of dreams are a well-known source of revenue almost to this day. After leaving Spain, he again paid a visit to London, where he moved in the very highest circles, and managed to obtain an extraordinary influence over rich and credulous people. His portrait, and that of Lorenza his wife, were worn on rings, fans, and medallions, and busts were sold of him bearing the inscription, "Divo Cagliostro," which was the only name he thenceforth acknowledged.

It was in Paris, however, and on the very eve of the great Revolution, that he rose to the highest point of renown. Here he appears to have divided his time between presiding at revolutionary meetings of the so-called Egyptian Masons, holding mesmeric seances, and attracting attention by the wonderful feats of a clairvoyante, who appeared in the form of a draped and veiled priestess, and whose oracular sayings the seer interpreted.

Now, what is the real remedy for this evil? A trained judgment is an excellent safeguard against credulity, but the real antidote is faith. It is faith in the moral and spiritual order of the universe which is the only antidote to credulity in the magical and abnormal. We have no space here to lay down the place of miracles in a supernatural revelation; enough that there are true and false miracles, and the test between them is this: that the true are connected with a moral and spiritual order which the conscience attests to, the false are not. This was the criterion which Christ laid down when He claimed that His miracles were signs from heaven. Those who could not, or rather would not, see this, sinned against the light which lighteth every man, and to such no more sign was given. In such cases it is said He could do no miracles there because of their unbelief. We conclude, then, that credulity and faith are not to be confounded together, but contrasted. Faith and superstition, the *glaube* and *aber-glaube*, or belief and *extra*-belief, of the German, are to each other as the oak and the mushroom which springs out of its decaying roots, and that to kill superstition we must plant the young acorns of a living faith in a living Person, the gracious and loving Father of men, who has revealed Himself in the Son of His love, whose light is life, whose service is love, and communion with whom is the effectual antidote to those foolish fears on which superstition battens.



(*Drawn by* R. Barnes.)

"It is too late for him and for me!"—*p.* 765.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A FEW months later, while the winter snows were falling thick and fast round Atherstone Abbey, the master of that proud old home sat in a lonely lodging in Sydney, with the sunshine of the Australian summer streaming through his open window, and all the glory of that strange climate at its fairest season, shining on earth and sky.

Yet despite of the brightness which surrounded him, the life of Humphrey Atherstone had never known a deeper desolation than that which chilled his being to the very centre now. Flung on the table beside him was Miss Amherst's letter to Una Dysart; but it was not on that day he had received it, for it had already been in his possession some weeks. The arrival of that letter, sent by the hand of her whom he loved with unchanged intensity, had been a crushing blow to him; of course, the substance of the information it contained was nothing new to him, though it gave him many details of the circumstances of his uncle's marriage which he had not known before; but it was the fact that it had come to him from Una which made him receive it as the death-warrant of all his hopes concerning her; he knew from the date that it must have been in her possession at the time when he was so peremptorily denied admittance to her house, and he now did not for a moment doubt that on receipt of that letter Una had at once determined to give him up finally, that she herself, and not her friends, had refused him permission to see her, and that she had sent him the letter without a word from herself, for the very purpose of showing him that, in consequence of the history it contained, all acquaintance between them must be distinctly at an end. It was not that Atherstone supposed Una to have been alienated from him by the loss of his estate and fortune, he knew that she was too noble and pure-hearted to be influenced by so unworthy a motive; but he believed that, precisely because of her high sense of honour and her refinement of feeling, she could no longer retain even friendship, much less love, for a man who had been guilty of fraud. It never occurred to him to doubt, in the smallest degree, that on reading that letter, quick-witted Una had divined the secret of his whole conduct from the time of his uncle's death, and had thus become aware that for five years he had held possession of an estate which was not lawfully his, and that he had finally driven the rightful owner into exile in order that, without fear of discovery, he might bring her home as his wife to the house where he dwelt as a dishonest usurper. No wonder she had cast him off for ever, he thought, it was but what he deserved, and might surely have expected; only, like Cain, he was ready to cry out that his punishment was greater than he could bear. Nor was the loss of Una all that he had to weigh down his spirit with deep despondency. As yet he had failed to discover Edward Atherstone, and the hope of being able, at least, to make reparation for his error, and set himself right with God and man, seemed as far distant as it had been on the first day when he landed at Sydney. He had worn himself out since then, in ceaseless journeys to every quarter where he had the faintest reason to think his cousin might possibly be, and this search had been conducted on a rigorous system of personal privation; for he had abstained from appropriating a single penny from the revenues of the Atherstone estates, after that night when, in Trafford's presence, he determined to make restitution of all his unlawful possessions; he had lived from that time entirely on a very slender income which he had inherited from his father, and every part of it which he could spare from the actual necessaries of life was given to the agents whom he employed in assisting him to discover his cousin. He had placed himself in communication with the police; but the person who had chiefly assisted him in his endeavours was Wilson, the agent to whom he had telegraphed from England in the first instance. He was an honest intelligent man, of high character, and Atherstone had told him the whole truth with a frankness which had won his esteem and his hearty co-operation in the search. He had ascertained that when Edward landed at Sydney both he and his son were suffering more or less from the fever which had prevailed on board the ship, and from which Ashtaroth had died; also that during the short time he had remained in the town he had lived with the most reckless extravagance, and had finally joined a party of unprincipled adventurers, with whom he had gone into the interior of the country, taking his child with him, and there he had disappeared, leaving not a trace behind him. So the matter had rested ever since Humphrey's arrival; and his great dread now was that possibly Edward and his boy had succumbed to the hardships of life in the bush, when both were in an enfeebled state of health. Wilson had learnt that the child especially seemed little likely to survive, even when it left Sydney, and there was no one amongst the rough bush-rangers with whom they were travelling who would be at all capable of giving poor little Maurice the care which alone, perhaps, could have saved his

life. But if Edward himself had perished in some unknown part of that trackless continent, there was small chance that any proof of his death could ever be obtained, and the position in which this uncertainty would leave Humphrey Atherstone was indeed terrible; for he had vowed most solemnly, as an immediate act of reparation for his own wrongdoing, that he would under no circumstances again take possession of his uncle's estate, excepting in the event of his cousin's death without leaving an heir.

Well might his thoughts be sad and hopeless as he sat there, leaning his head on his hand, and gazing out listlessly on the hot dazzling sunshine of the street. Una and Atherstone Abbey were lost to him already, and now it seemed as if even the hope of repairing the past in any way were taken from him also.

Suddenly, as his eyes wandered up and down the burning street, he caught sight of Wilson, the agent, hurrying along towards his lodgings at a pace which he would hardly have adopted in such weather without an urgent reason. Atherstone started to his feet, while the glad thought flashed into his mind, that perhaps he was the bearer of some tidings respecting Edward or his child; it was nearly a week since he had seen Wilson last, and news from the interior of the country might have reached him in the interval.

There was a hurried step on the stair, and Wilson came dashing into the room exclaiming, "Found! found!—your cousin is found!"

"Thank God!" was all Humphrey could say in the strong revulsion of feeling, while Wilson, who was a large heavy man, sank into a chair, breathless with the haste he had made to bring his friend and employer these welcome tidings. It was some minutes before he could answer the anxious questions with which Atherstone soon assailed him, and when he did speak the tale he had to tell was sad enough.

Edward was found indeed, but only as a dying man, and the little child had long since lain in a nameless grave, dug by rude hands in the pathless forest; Maurice had not lived many days after they had left Sydney, nor had the father ever regained his strength; and now he had for many weeks been suffering from a malignant species of fever and ague, caught in a pestilential swamp to which he had strayed in his wanderings, and where he would certainly have perished but for the charity of the driver of a bullock-wagon, who found him in a pitiable state, under no better shelter than a cattle-shed, and brought him back to Sydney; there he drifted into a miserable underground room in a low lodging-house, where, half-starved and wholly neglected, he was rapidly sinking into his grave.

Humphrey uttered an exclamation of bitter pain at this account, and asked how it was possible that Edward could have been reduced to such abject poverty when, on his arival in Sydney a little more than a year before, he had in his possession the large sum of money with which he had been bribed to leave England.

"Easily enough," replied Wilson, grimly; "it seems he began, even before he left Sydney, plunging into all sorts of reckless speculations, which swallowed up the greater part of his money, and nearly as much again has been lost in gambling; finally, he has been wandering about no one knows where, with some of the most undesirable companions any man could have, and they have very effectually helped him to make away with all he possessed."

"How did you discover him?" asked Atherstone.

"By a casual circumstance, quite unconnected with the efforts we have been making for so long a time to find him. Ill and starving as he was, some remnant of pride or shame has prevented him from taking advantage of any of our charitable institutions, and he would certainly have died undiscovered in the wretched place where he now lies, if it had not been for a philanthropic doctor, who stumbled upon him when visiting some other poor person in the same house. Dr. Townsend happens to be a friend of mine, and knowing what a search I have made for your cousin, it occurred to him, when he gave his name as Edwards, that he was probably the man we wished to find. I went to see him myself before I came to you, and there can be no doubt of his identity; in fact I had a detailed account of his proceedings since he left Sydney from another broken-down adventurer, who lodges in the next room, and has accompanied him in part of his wanderings. It was from him I heard how Edward's money has been squandered."

"I must go to him at once," exclaimed Atherstone.

"You will see a sorry sight, if you do; he is frightfully emaciated, and almost at the last gasp."

"What does the doctor say of his case?" asked Humphrey; "is there no hope of saving his life?"

"None whatever; his constitution is completely worn out."

"If it be in any way possible to restore him, even yet, by care and skill, he shall not die; if he could be moved, I should like to bring him here; anyhow, I will hasten to him, and I should be greatly obliged, Wilson, if you would bring the doctor to meet me there, and then we could judge what would be best for him."

"You will not be able to move him, that is very certain; he looked as if every breath would be his last; but I will do your bidding, and bring my medical friend to give you any help I can. Shall I send a cab for you, and tell the driver where to go; you will never be able to find the place on foot."

"Pray do, I can have no rest till I have seen him." And in a few minutes Humphrey Atherstone was on his way to the death-bed of the man he had so deeply wronged.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HUMPHREY ATHERSTONE stood in a dark underground room, more like a cellar than a human habitation, gazing, sick at heart, on the scene before him. At last the victim of his fraud was found; the hour of reparation, which, in his deep repentance he had so ardently desired, was come; but what atonement could he now ever make to him who lay stretched out at his feet, visibly dying, as every laboured breath shook his wasted frame, and all that remained to him of life seemed gathered into the eyes burning from fever, that gleamed with lurid light in their hollow sockets! His bed was a little more than a heap of straw, covered with some coarse material like a horse-cloth; a broken table stood near it, on which were some restoratives brought by the charitable doctor, and one or two chairs completed the furniture which the room contained; no sunshine could reach it from the narrow window that was level with the pavement of the street outside; but Atherstone felt instinctively that the gloom and chill which pervaded the whole place were those of death itself, and as he sadly estimated the extent of the misery demonstrated in these details, it seemed to him as if the truth, that evil once wrought can never wholly be undone, were branded on his heart for ever in burning pain. Some minutes passed while he stood there in helpless silence, then Humphrey became aware that the eyes of the dying man were fixed on his face with a look of undoubted recognition, and, going forward, he sank on his knees by the bed-side of his unhappy cousin. An expression of exceeding bitterness passed over Edward's ghastly countenance, as if life were too far spent within him to call up the fiery passion of hate that would fain have possessed him, and slowly his livid lips framed the words, "My enemy! even in this last hour!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Humphrey, "not your enemy, Edward Atherstone, your friend, your cousin; I have been seeking for you these many months to give you back all that is due to you as my uncle's son." A gleam of excitement lit up the wan face of the dying man at those words.

"He was my father then! I was his true heir! I always felt it—knew it, though I could not prove it. Did you find his will in the ebony cabinet?"

"No! he never made a will; but it contained documents establishing your birthright. I have the proofs, and all is clear. Atherstone Abbey is yours, as your father meant it should be."

"He acknowledged me then before he died! I felt sure he had, and you stole my inheritance, you—villain!"

Humphrey started violently at the opprobrious term; but the next moment he showed the depth of his repentance by bowing his head as if to acknowledge its justice.

"You are right, Edward, I have wronged you deeply; but I bitterly regret it, and I have come from England on purpose to find you, and yield up to you all that is your own. I desire most ardently to make atonement to you for the past."

The dying eyes turned on him with a look of withering contempt. "Your words are a wretched mockery, Cousin Humphrey; you know it is too late!"

Too late! The voice of the man he defrauded had but echoed the words that were seething in Atherstone's own heart, as he looked on the wreck before him. He could not lie in the face of death by any attempt to refute the sentence; but he seized the emaciated hand of his cousin, and exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Edward, I can but entreat of you to forgive me. I would make restitution to you if I could; since I cannot, say at least that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" repeated Edward, slowly; "you can tell me to forgive you, although by your means I am dying in a hovel, when I should have been lord of Atherstone! It is too much to bear. Even your wife would plead for you in vain, though she stood between you and my vengeance once."

"My wife!" said Humphrey, amazed. "Edward, what can you mean? I am not married!"

"Not to Una Dysart?" asked the sick man, turning round feebly, with a look of surprise. The question caused Humphrey a thrill of exquisite pain.

"No, indeed," he said mournfully, "nor am I ever likely to know such happiness!"

"But you loved her?"

"I did, more than life itself, and I do so still unchangeably."

"And she loves you?"

"I fear not, Edward; why should you suppose it?"

"Because Ashtaroth, my dead wife, who had power from her race to read the secrets of others, told me that it was so; she said if I struck a blow at you it would pierce the heart of the fair-faced woman who saved the life of our little child at the risk of her own, and she persuaded me, for Una Dysart's sake, to forego a well-planned scheme of revenge I had prepared for you; it seems then that I was fooled in that as in all else."

"No, Edward," said Atherstone, "I do not doubt your wife was right at the time, and that in sparing me you spared Una too real pain and sorrow. I think she did love me then, and if she has ceased to do so now—if I have lost all hope of happiness with her, for that very reason you should forgive me; it is for your sake that she now stabs me to the heart, even as for her sake you saved me: because of my sin to you she has abandoned me." A faint smile of triumph stole over Edward's pale lips; but the effort he had made to speak had exhausted him, and he lay back in silence, while Humphrey tried to make him swallow a little of the wine which stood on the table beside him. Fortunately at that moment

Wilson came in, accompanied by Dr. Townsend, who proceeded to administer various restoratives, which seemed slightly to revive him. While the doctor was doing what he could for his patient, Atherstone, feeling completely overcome, went out into the street, that he might escape for a few minutes from the sickening atmosphere of the death-chamber. "My Una!" he murmured, as a rush of tender recollections almost unmanned him, "my Una! who saved me unconsciously, and now will never love me more! Oh! that I could have gone to her then with clean hands and a pure heart, and won her for my own in face of day. Too late! Edward said well—it is too late for him and for me."

Slowly he paced up and down beneath the soft evening sky, watching a glorious sunset, whose long beams of light, streaming down out of the liquid glory, seemed like golden paths leading from earth to heaven; and he had grown calmer and more patient, even in the prospect of expiating his error all his life long in solitude and unavailing regrets, when the doctor came out of Edward's room to speak to him.

"Is there a possibility of saving him?" asked Humphrey, eagerly.

"Not the slightest! the poor fellow's case is perfectly hopeless; no human skill can avail him now; he will not pass the night."

"I had wished so much to move him to my own rooms, that at least he might not die in that wretched place. Is it quite impracticable?"

"My dear sir, he would expire in your hands if you attempted to lift him off that bed.

"In that case I would rather remain alone with my cousin. I shall not leave him till the end."

"Well, send to my house if you want assistance of any kind. I fear I must leave you now, as I am due elsewhere;" and then, as Atherstone declined Wilson's offer to remain with him, the two men took leave of him, and he was left alone.

He went back into the room, and found Edward lying with his face to the wall; he bent over him and spoke very gently, asking if he would allow him to lift his head into an easier position, but the dying man was either unconscious of his presence, or wilfully ignored it; and he desisted at last from any attempt to attract his attention, and sat down in silence by the side of the miserable couch. Truly Humphrey Atherstone's reflections were bitter enough as he remained there, leaning his head on his hand, and wearily counting the passing moments by the laboured breathing with which the blighted life was slowly sighing itself away. How utterly worthless seemed all earthly possessions in that hour! Justice—mercy—humility! where had they been in his life who had brought his uncle's lawful heir to such a pass? More than an hour had elapsed, when Edward became very restless, and seemed endeavouring to turn round from the wall, without having strength to do so. Humphrey tenderly placed his arm round him, and moved the light wasted frame into the position he appeard to desire. Edward was now lying facing the window, with his fast-glazing eyes fixed on his cousin; a dim awful shadow was stealing over his face, and it was plain that death was very near. He seemed conscious, however, and Humphrey thought he might make one more effort to win that pardon from him, without which he felt as if his whole life yet to come must be unhallowed and unblest. He fell on his knees beside his cousin, and stretched out his pleading hands to him, exclaiming, "Edward, you are passing to the tribunal of the Most High God, where, one and all, we shall have to answer for the deeds done in the flesh; you will yourself have need of mercy and forgiveness there, and I pray that for Christ's sake you may obtain it; but in His name I ask you to forgive me too, even as you hope to be forgiven!" The dying man heard him, his lips moved, but he could not articulate; then he made a feeble effort to hold out his hand. Humphrey grasped it eagerly, saying, "You do forgive me, Edward; I may believe that you do, may I not?"

The chill fingers gave a faint pressure—so faint that Atherstone could scarcely feel it, but it was all he was ever to receive as a token that his attempted reparation was accepted by the man he had so greatly injured. A few minutes later death had locked the cold lips of his cousin in impenetrable silence for evermore in this world, and Edward Atherstone had gone to meet the righteous Judge.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XXII. CHRIST A MAN OF SORROWS, PART II.

Chapters to be read—Various.

INTRODUCTION. Ask the children the two kinds of sorrow already spoken of; which is the worse? Can any sorrow be greater than that of the mind? Why is that of the soul greater? Because the soul is highest part of man's nature, all that affects it, therefore of greatest importance. To explain the sorrow of the soul, remind the children of some time when were in disgrace; had committed some fault; been punished; parents' or teacher's face turned away; would not look on child with smile of pleasure as so often before; would not for the time receive as a child. Then had punishment

to bear; kept in from play; lessons to learn; &c. What was it caused so much pain and suffering? Was it the punishment? No, could bear that, but the look of displeasure, the absence of smile, the feeling of being cast out from love and approval, caused deep pain to highest and best part of nature, viz., soul, and how much more trying when undeserved, wrongfully accused, &c. Now apply this to Christ. Remind of His sufferings of body and mind; all as nothing compared to that of His soul. See this foretold in Is. liii. 3—5, &c. Will now speak of our Lord's two trials as a prisoner, to show how He was an innocent victim.

I. THE TRIAL BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST. (Read Matt. xxvi. 57—68.) From last lesson remind of His betrayal by Judas and capture in the Garden of Gethsemane. What became of the apostles? From John xviii. 15, 16, show how two of them—Peter the bold, and John the loving—afterwards followed, and were present during the trial. Describe the officers of the high priest, with torches and lanterns, led by Judas; leading the prisoner along; a large rabble following. Does he resist? To what had Isaiah compared Him? (Is. liii. 7.) Is indeed like a lamb in innocence and patience. Now the city is entered, the palace of high priest reached, and the crowd, with the prisoner, pours through the narrow entrance into the court-yard of the palace; the council (or Sanhedrim) of seventy elders quickly summoned; high priest puts on his robe of office; elders sit round; prisoner produced. What witness is there? What is the charge? Make children understand that this was a *spiritual* court to inquire into blasphemy and such-like offences against God. Could they find anything He had said against God? No, but had said something against the Temple—house of God. Produce the witnesses. What did the prisoner say? (ver. 61.) What answer did Christ make? Why none? Because it was true He had said so; but what had He meant? (See John ii. 19—21.) At last high priest solemnly adjures, or puts oath to, prisoner as to whether He is the Son of God (ver. 63). With what effect? Now is time to speak, and He does so (ver. 64). The judge puts it to the vote, and all the members of council declare He is guilty of death. Let children see that He was condemned on true charge of making Himself God, but was this blasphemy? How had His Divinity been shown? By miracles attending His birth; the angels' songs; &c.; by the miracles He had done; the Father's testimony at His birth and transfiguration; &c. Yet all in vain; the chief priest, clergy of the time, would not believe, and His life-work all seems in vain. God is dishonoured, and His Son disbelieved!

II. THE TRIAL BEFORE PILATE. (Read Luke xxiii. 1—24.) If guilty of blasphemy, what was the punishment (Lev. xxiv. 16)? Why did the high priest not put Him to death? Under whose dominion were the Jews at this time? So must take Him to the Roman governor. Would he care about blasphemy? See what Festus said (Acts xxv. 19). So must change the charge. What can they accuse Him of? He has been going about a great deal, collecting crowds, teaching the people—of course trying to collect a party to Himself, and then make Himself king. If He king, then would be sure to want taxes; must be paid to Him, and not to Roman emperor Cæsar; hence two distinct charges. (1) Makes Himself king; (2) forbids tribute (or taxes) to Cæsar. As regards 1, ask the children about our Lord's conduct. Did the people ever want to make Him king? What did He always do? and what did He say about His kingdom? As regards 2, read Mark xii. 13—17 for the story of the tribute-money. So that both these charges were utterly false. What did Pilate ask Him? Read John xviii. 33—37. Observe how the judge declared he could find no fault, yet what did he do? (John xix. 1, 4, 6.) Show how Pilate wanted to release Him, partly influenced by his wife's dream (Matt. xxvii. 19). Why, then, did he not? Of whom was he afraid? Why did chief priests desire Christ's death? Of what were they envious? What did His miracles and teaching prove Christ to be? Yet this the very charge they make against Him! They, full of envy, led on to malice, falsely accuse Christ; stir up the people; lately cried "Hosanna!" but now "Crucify!" Pilate, afraid of being denounced as not Cæsar's friend, gives Him up contrary to own convictions. So all allied against Christ. How did He bear it all? Think of the disgrace of being led as prisoner through the streets, mocked, scourged, insulted, yet answered not a word; bore it all *patiently*, not answering again, not complaining, and *willingly*, not caring to shorten His sufferings.

Practical. Let children see how Christ was an example. All have sometimes to bear undeserved rebuke—children at school, servants from mistress. (Read 1 Pet. ii. 19—25.) How much more be patient under suffering we feel we have deserved? Suffering a kind of discipline—*e.g.*, sickness, trials, &c.—all intended to teach patience, so that may say as David (Ps. cxix. 67), "have now kept Thy Word."

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe sufferings of the soul. Why are they most severe?
2. Describe our Lord's trial before the high priest.
3. Of what was Christ accused to the high priest?
4. Of what was He accused to Pilate?
5. Describe Pilate's conduct.
6. What lessons do we learn from it all?

THE WILD WOLF'S BARK.

PART II.

TERROR lending wings to their speed, the children soon arrived at the foot of a large elm. Harry mounted first, and, giving his hand to his brother, in a few moments they were both safe amongst the thick branches; but hardly were they seated, when the animal Harry had seen at a distance, actually came bounding towards the tree, and, peering up into the spreading boughs, soon discovered their place of refuge. Howling furiously, he rushed round the great trunk, scratching at the bark, and making many unavailing efforts to ascend, until at length, tired of his hopeless exertions, he lay quietly down to rest and keep guard at the foot of the tree.

During all this time the boys had remained perfectly still, fearing almost to breathe. Now Harry ventured to whisper, "Oh, Leonard, he will never go away, and we shall be starved up here!"

"You forget," replied his brother, "that he will grow hungry too. Let us take courage; we may escape yet."

"Ah, things always turn out badly when we do wrong!"

Hours passed on, the moonlight had gradually disappeared, everything around was very still, and in spite of the anxiety which the boys felt, a weight of drowsiness fell upon their eyes. The darkness had increased so much, that they were unable to distinguish the form of the sleeping animal beneath, still they knew he was there, and clung to the overhanging branches lest they should fall into his hungry jaws. These hours of darkness seemed interminable, and never were the first streaks of dawn welcomed with a greater feeling of thankfulness.

As the light increased, the brothers perceived to their great relief that the dreaded wolf had disappeared from his post. He had probably gone to seek food. When would he return? was now the important question. Perhaps he only lurked in some neighbouring thicket, ready to spring upon them as soon as they should leave their refuge. At all events it seemed prudent to wait for full daylight before attempting an escape. Another long interval followed, when, just as they had made up their minds to descend, a loud bark caused them to pause, and presently an animal about the size and colour of a wolf came bounding towards the tree.

"Surely, Harry, that is no wolf!" exclaimed Leonard; "I do believe it is our own poor old Rover who has found out our hiding-place, and come to look for us."

"But you don't think it was only Rover who watched us here the whole night?"

"How can I tell? Moonlight is very deceptive, and our minds were so full of the wolf, we may have made a mistake. But, look! who is that following him?"

By this time the dog had reached the foot of the tree, and was jumping about and howling just as the supposed wolf had done during the night; and the figure which Leonard had pointed out they recognised as their father, who, observing Rover's excitement, soon discovered his sons crouching amongst the thick branches of the elm.

"Boys, what are you doing there? we have been searching for you all the morning!"

They dropped quickly to the ground.

"Oh, papa," said Harry, "we thought you would never wish to see us again after what has happened, so we ran away!"

"You have been very careless and disobedient, indeed, but your absence has only given us additional anxiety."

"Papa, how did you hear about Nora?"

"We knew nothing until she was carried home, and then your mamma was so frightened she has been dangerously ill ever since."

"Carried home!"

"Yes, did you not hear that her arm is broken. She fell down a steep bank, and had a narrow escape of the wolf, poor child. I am told he crossed the field while she was there."

"Then she is still alive!" exclaimed the boys. "Oh, papa, we were sure she had been devoured, and that the shock would have killed mamma!" then, with relieved hearts they related their own adventures during the night.

"You must, indeed, have suffered much," replied their father, "from the belief that you had been the cause of so dreadful a fate to your little sister. Thank God it is not so bad as that; He took care of her though you did not."

"Did she see the wolf, papa?"

"Yes, Harry, she says a lean red dog ran across the field. You know she is afraid of all strange dogs, so, dropping her flowers, she ran to the gap over which you lifted her, and while climbing the bank saw the supposed dog catch and kill one of the lambs just near the place where she had been sitting a few moments before, then, in her haste she missed her footing and fell into the deep drain at the other side, where she lay in great pain, till one of the men engaged in pursuit of the wolf came up, and immediately carried her home. She still suffers much pain, but we hope the consequences will not be serious. Your mother, too, is better this morning. Now come in and see your sister; it will amuse her to hear of your wonderful adventures last night, and how you mistook poor old Rover—who came to take care of you—for a wild wolf."

S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

324. In what part of the Old Testament do we read of the interment of a Jewish king in his own garden?

325. We read in the New Testament that "the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after Christ's resurrection, and appeared unto many." Which of the prophets foretold this?

326. Show that although the Saviour was crucified *outside* the city walls (Heb. xiii. 12), "the place of a skull" was not far from the city.

327. The cities of Hebron and Debir, which were taken from the Canaanites, bore different names before they were captured by the children of Israel. Give them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 736.

310. Zech. x. 12; Micah. iv. 5.

311. Matt. xv. 21—28; Mark vii. 24–30.

312. Compare Acts ii. 42—47 with Rom. xv. 25, 26.

313. Ahaziah (2 Kings i. 2, 17).

314. (1) Flax was dried there (Josh. ii. 6); (2) the roof was used as a place in which to hold converse (1 Sam ix. 25), and (3) for offering up devotions (Zeph. i. 5).

315. "Neither," said the Psalmist, in reference to the Lord, "wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. xvi. 10).

316. 1 Sam. ii. 10.

317. Lev. xxiv. 15, 16.

"THE QUIVER" FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMINE IN BENGAL.

SIXTH LIST.

In presenting the sixth List of Subscriptions to the readers of THE QUIVER, the Editor cannot but again express his gratification at the ready response which has been made to his appeal. Further amounts received will be acknowledged and a complete balance sheet will be submitted to the subscribers with the next and concluding list.

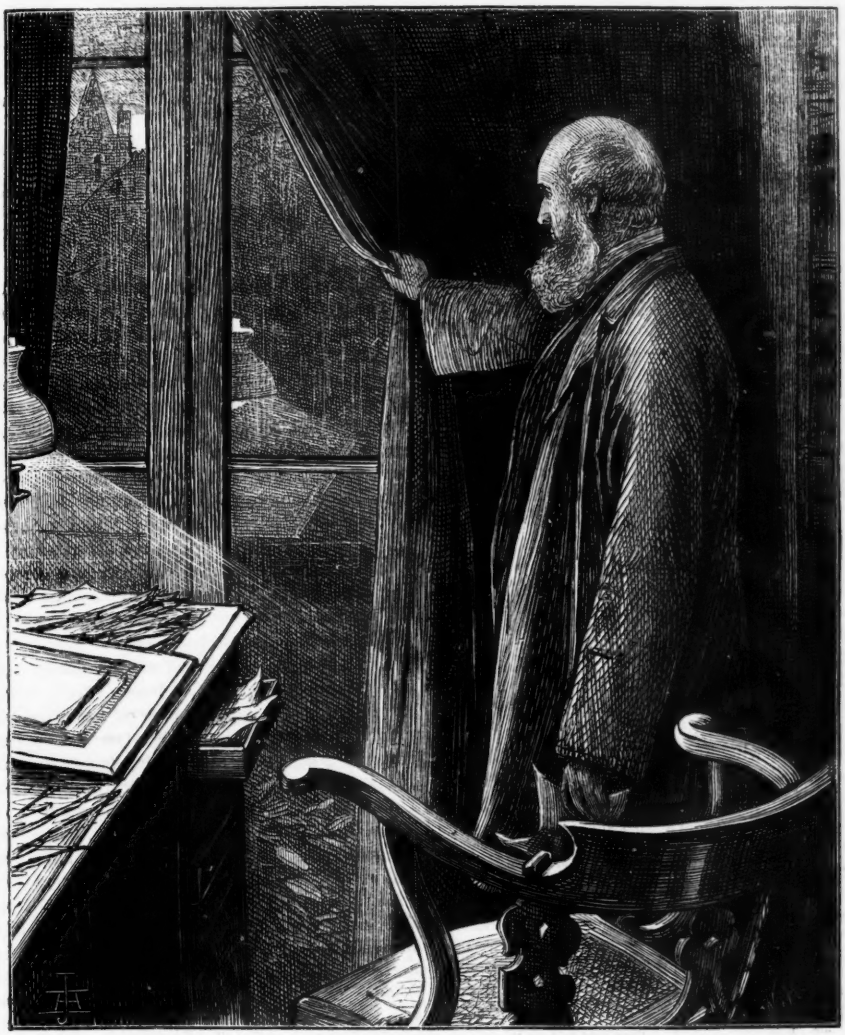
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A. E. B., Rathfriland, Newry	0 7 6
Nellie H., Bridgend	0 4 6
Miss E. Rows, 11, Newton Street, New North Road	0 4 0
L. J. Collins, Stationer, Croydon	0 5 0
Mary Ellen Buswell, Red Lion Hill, Clipstone, Northampton	0 5 0
F. Matthew	0 0 6
Richard Wagner and Co., per Miss McTear, Belfast	2 10 0
Fred. Arthur Waller, Chewstoke	0 3 9
R. Lomas, Parkhouse, Dalton-in-Furness	0 5 0
Richard Rundle, Kestle, St. Columb Minor, Cornwall	0 5 6
T. H. Wingate, Leeds	0 1 0
P. R. Jones and Friends, 163, Marlborough Road, Brompton	1 1 0
Geoffrey Frendergust, and G. P. A. (Tipperary)	0 5 0
M. R. Harrison, Deeping	0 2 0
J. Oliver, 76, Borough	1 12 11
E. Hardy, Clapham Park Road	0 4 2
	£2131 5 8

Being amounts received up to and on 21st July, 1874.



(*Drawn by* A. JOHNSON)

"ECHOES."

I.

THEY say that echoes heard at even
Are the voices of the dead,
That come to join us down from heaven,
Lingering o'er our head;
Answering to the words we've spoken,
In soft cadence wild and broken;
That give us back from wood and wave
The love we laid within their grave.

II.

It may be that the dead who love us
  Break the silence of the tomb,
In those weird tones that strangely move us
  Through the evening's gloom.
I gainsay not the fond belief,
Because it gives my heart relief:
I fain would feel some mystic chain
'Twixt dead and living might remain.

III.

Ye dear and dead! oh, still be near me
  In the solemn lonely night!
Still let your ghostly voices cheer me,
  Make my darkness light.
Let the day be for the living,
While I cherish the believing,
That when the light of day is fled
The night will give me back my dead.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

BLINDNESS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE A. CHADWICK, M.A., RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"Bring forth the blind people that have eyes."

ISRAEL is here impeached with wilful blindness; and prophecy is throughout this book appealed to as the proof which they fail to see—the proof which would establish their faith, if only they had any will to consider what a fulfilled prediction must imply. Who else than Jehovah could show former things? Who else had witnesses to bring forward? Therefore, if His people forsook Him, and turned to idols, which had mouths, but could not speak good or evil, they showed themselves infatuated and blind. But they deserved none of the sympathy which loss of sight involved. Theirs was the darkness of a perverse will: they were blind people who had eyes. And the evidence of prophecy has been strengthened manyfold since Isaiah sang. We have Isaiah's own predictions; we have the manifestation of Him whose testimony was the spirit of all prophecy. One may assert that, if some great catastrophe were to overwhelm all other evidences of the Christian religion, still the twenty-second Psalm and the fifty-third of Isaiah would float like buoys over the deluge, to mark for every careful eye the place where the treasure of the faith lay, submerged but not destroyed.

If, then, we are insensible to the claims of Christ, we are blind by our own default; in the dark because our eyes are shut, not because they are put out. And yet it is hard to deny that blindness in part has happened to many who profess the name of Christ. Let us, for example, think of the congregations which worship in the churches of Christendom every week. Do they perceive the vastness of the work which engages them? Even the carnal mind may well be impressed by the fact that countless multitudes of both sexes and every age are gathered week after week to listen to a familiar message, to utter identical confessions and entreaties, to approach the same God. No political interest on earth could keep up for one year such assemblies as Christianity has maintained for eighteen centuries. It is an astounding fact; nothing in social life approaches it in graphic and startling strangeness. And there are some who feel the grandeur of their occupation, and would not resign their place in the audience-chamber of the King of kings for admission to any palace upon earth. But not all. How many enter listlessly, and listen dreamily, and depart carelessly. Christ, who has brought even *them* there unawares, has wrought before their eyes this marvel of modern civilisation, has renewed the testimony borne to Himself by the organic Church. But they have seen none of it; they are blind. No wonder they observe nothing of deeper and more spiritual import.

What does such blindness lose?

1. A blind man does not see his dangers. He may indeed sometimes feel himself to be helpless and in peril; and careless men cannot help feeling their peril also. No heart is so seared but it sometimes feels a fearful looking for of judgment. No man is so foolhardy as not to think, "Oh that I were safe! oh that I had not to face death and eternity!" The eye may be sealed, but a vague tremor shakes the soul; and the man stops short, and wonders where he is. But his sense of danger fails to guide his feet. His shapeless fear is a different thing from the clear perception of one who sees how the path clings to the rock-side above dizzy precipices, where the sharp teeth of the granite wait to rend him who falls, and marks that yonder the foaming torrent has torn away a bridge, and turns from the shaking quagmire which would engulf a careless foot. The blind soul fears to be lost, but does not understand that loss means the indulgence of to-day's appetite, and the perpetration of to-morrow's crime. And even if the wanderer, groping his way, falls into no gulf nor chasm, defiles himself with no open sin, yet when his road runs along the flat plain, how shall he escape the danger of finding himself at night far from the celestial city, having turned insensibly

away to worldliness, and now the damp mists are closing in, and the chill wind pipes over the frozen plain, and the dawn of the eternal day will find him cold and stiff and breathless. Blindness is peril.

2. But what if this wilful darkness be forsaken just before it shall be too late? What if men keep their strange and presumptuous vow, and repent upon their death-bed? They shall be accepted *if they do;* for none are excluded—"whosoever will may come." But surely no time can be less hopeful; the very sorrow for one's own peril must then be so absorbing as well-nigh to exclude all sorrow for grieving God. But at the best, the blind man who opens his eyes at last will have lost all the enjoyment and all the treasure he might have gathered upon the road. If we are being trained while here—if we cannot give to a disciple because he is Christ's scholar one cup of cold water unrequited—if they that be wise shall shine like the sun—then every moment of neglect lets slip some precious opportunity; and if it is possible to enter life halt and maimed, and in that kingdom are some called least and others greatest, what is the infatuation which conceives itself wise in refusing to serve God now? Our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

3. Blindness means isolation. Give your tenderest and most watchful affection to one whose eyes are darkened, yet you cannot show him half what there is to see. He does not suspect the vigilance which anticipates his wants and removes inconveniences from his path, nor the moisture which obscures your eye when you hear him sigh, nor the quivering lip which expresses your emotion when words are none. The subtlest and fairest part of human sympathies to him is an unknown book; a veil has been drawn between him and those whose hearts break to rend it.

Well, but these pangs of defective sympathy are only such as, in lesser measure, we all must suffer. There are things we may not speak to the truest friendship nor the tenderest love; thoughts which sigh, but never find words; pictures of the brain which mortal pigment never represented; songs of the heart which never found music since the world began. "All words, though culled with choicest art, fail to give the bitter in the sweet." When words and images have flowed fastest, and the voice been best attuned to passion and hope and melancholy, ah! yet there is a word worth all the rest which haunts and mocks us. That word never will come to lips which ache for it. The want of it is God's attestation of man's isolation without Christ. He is the true remedy for our heart-sickness. The wildest and most tumultuous passion, the airiest and most subtle emotion, need only address itself to Him, and find its unutterable meaning clearly divined, and feel the reach of sympathy penetrating to its deepest hiding-place. The throbbing heart of the Christian beats under the sensitive hand of his Lord. Our isolation is at an end when His tender wisdom addresses itself to our perplexed needs. Amid our perplexities we often know not what to ask: our groanings cannot be uttered. But there is help, there is an Interpreter, a Spirit who Himself maketh intercession for us.

4. Blindness is something worse than danger, loss, and isolation. It is inherent defect, a mutilated nature, an imperfection which humiliates, baffles, cripples, and diminishes the man. Put him in perfect safety, load him with treasure, fill him with love until his spirit overflows, and you will only have averted some accessories of his unhappiness—the calamity itself remains. He will say, "I complain no longer of what I have not, but of what I am not; my surroundings are admirable, but my misery is in myself."

And there is many a man whose open eyes need some strange eye-salve to help him really to see. The tourist who praises only the inn where beds were soft and wines rich, has been blind to the tender light and shade which dream over lake and lawn and woodland; blind to the sublime deep skies, where stars are larger and clearer than at home; blind to the awful majesty of mountains, which lift aloft their mantle of perpetual snow, as if to cry to the heavens that earth had still something as imperishable and as pure as they. He is a blind person who has eyes.

And verily he is blind also who passes through life like such a tourist, counting one year good because it yielded him profit in trade, or quiet in his family, and another evil because his rest was broken, but all unconscious of the higher meaning with which life is laden—the discipline, the warning, the vocation—whose soul never stirs with divine desires, never melts into inspired contritions, never rises into ardours and resolves which are breathed into him by the Holy Ghost.

Is a general blind who leads his army by pleasant and smiling passages into a defile where all is lost? Then assuredly so is he who chooses the pleasures which give him over to the power of Satan, and declines the rougher road which leads to the city of the saints.

Blind, and yet not so as to take responsibility away. If he were helplessly darkened, there might be calamity, but there could not be blame; we should sympathise, and not reproach. But what of the wilfully blind; of those who see what it pleases them to mark, and are clearly conscious that they *might* see all? "If ye were blind, ye had not had sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth." Such is the epitaph which will be graven upon the sepulchre of the blind people who have eyes.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE FEET OF JESUS," ETC. ETC.

II.—"EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE."



HERE is no more common proverb than this; no truth exercising a greater influence upon our daily life, upon the destines of the world, upon each man's great future, and yet there is no proverb less practically remembered—less acted on in daily life. This is, indeed, a two-sided, a double-edged proverb, having respect to this world and to the next, to all which man is now, and which he shall be hereafter.

First of all, good reader, look at the great world in which we live; it is so entirely made up of littles that if only there were any place where to blow them to, and some one long-lived enough to do it, the whole of it could be blown away in atoms not a thousandth part the size of the point of the pen I am writing with, and that is not a broad-nibbed one either. Vast as the world is, it is nothing but an amazing number of atoms stuck together, or rather pressed together so tightly that they form one great mass.

This, then, is our world, made up of littles. And now allow me to state further, that the great power which rules the world is the power of littles. Just as of old the Lord was manifested, not in the great strong wind which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice, so now the power which He permits to have most influence in human affairs of all kinds, is not the thunder and fire of great, but the small voice of little things.

So then, when we say, "Every little makes a mickle," we may be about to speak of matters of very serious moment.

Most people apply this proverb to making a fortune; and, in truth, looked at with reference to money-making, it is quite true. Many of the great fortunes in this country have been built up of pence and halfpence—I might almost say of farthings. The odd halfpenny and three-farthings that you see (if you look close) upon the ticketed article in the shop-window, forms one of the littles; and a profit of hundreds of pounds, or often thousands, at the end of the year, forms the mickle. You need go no farther than Mr. Selvige, of Selvige Court, to see an instance of this. Selvige Court has three storeys, twenty-four bedrooms, one hundred feet of greenhouses, and fifteen acres of ornamental grounds, besides the park; and all that, with the Selvige horses and carriages and dinner-parties, and the lodge, and the fat man who sits in front of it to open the gate, is a mickle of ever so many farthings, conglomerated and stuck fast together by Mr. Selvige, he having gathered them together during many years' careful work—farthings dropping off yards of ribbon here, and buttons and tapes there, and a little profit everywhere.

I am not going to say a word against Mr. Selvige's fortune; he has earned it by honest industry, and he has a right to enjoy it, especially as I never see him down for a shabby guinea, because that is what every one else gives. He knows he can afford his five and ten, and he gives it like a man. I respect Mr. Selvige as a good big honourable worthy mickle, made up of many littles, but not one whit the less to be thought of on that account.

I can prove that Lord Hillandale is made up of grass-blades and wheat-grains if I like; that he, though a much greater mickle, is made up in the very same way as Mr. Selvige, only with atoms of another kind; and that being the case, I shall go on to what I have to say, only premising this—that the fortunes which men make by littles are generally more enduring than those "mickles" which come easily, and equally easily go away.

Nothing ever impressed me with the value of littles more than a visit to one of the Australian gold-mines. When the fortnight's yield of gold was turned out, it formed a cake about half the size of an ordinary family apple-dumpling. The value was, of course, very large. But whence came this cake? From minute particles of gold so fine that they could not be seen even with a microscope in the quartz in which they were spread. No human hand could have gathered them together; no human eye could have even seen them; but quicksilver, which has a great affinity for gold, lay lurking in wait for them in a box, in which they were pounded, and stuck them and itself all together; and when the cunning metal evaporated in the retort, and took itself off into a bucket of water, to gather itself up so as to be able to play the like trick again, it left behind millions of particles far smaller than the point of a cambric needle—a very valuable mickle from millions of littles, not one of which was worth anything in itself.

So well do those engaged in the crushing-mill know the power of littles, that they will even burn the wood of the cradle in which the gravel has been rocked, and then throw the ashes in water to catch any particle of gold which may have adhered to it, and which must sink when treated thus. Even in the rooms of banks where the gold is weighed, the dust is burned, and a curious lump is the result, with gold, however, in it—some-

thing to add to the mickle from which shareholders look for their dividends.

Now, then, I say, that this proverb has to do with more than money or fortunes made by the little gatherings of many a long year.

"Every little makes a mickle" is the history of the progress of many if not of every mind and character and soul.

It is, first of all, the history of all human acquirement. The most beautiful music is but a mickle of many little notes, and the result of many little moments of practice, many little efforts, many runnings up and down scales, and so forth; the going over little bits of perhaps half a dozen notes over and over and over again. The hearers of the perfect piece enjoy a "mickle"—a great result; but without many littles they could have had a lame performance at the best. All the great scientific and mechanical accomplishments of which we make so much are but the results of many little moments spent in thought, many little circumstances observed, many little hints acted upon; the great scientific mickle, whether it be the great steam-hammer on land, or the *Great Eastern* at sea, or the Atlantic cable under the sea, are all conglomerations of many littles.

Or once more: take the eloquent speech in Parliament, or the eloquent sermon from the pulpit; to find the beginning of these you must go back to the nursery; and there, in hundreds of thousands of half-formed words, and then half-formed sentences, you have the first littles of that mickle which has just now made such an impression. Littles represent the price at which mickles are purchased, as well as the component parts of which they are made.

Littles have an immense deal to do with the formation of character also. No doubt people are born with certain predispositions, which have much to do with their after character; but character in the main depends upon training. An untrained predisposition to liberality will end in a man's becoming a spendthrift; its opposite of prudence and carefulness to a man's becoming a miser. Men and women become what they are made, and they are made by littles; not by the sledge-hammer strokes of great events, but by the influences which surround them, and the teachings which they receive from day to day, and even from hour to hour. The littles of the mother, of the nurse, of the servant, or even of other children, make up the final mickle of many a character.

Self-restraint is all-important in life. No man can get on well in the world without it; no man can be a great or noble man if he fail here. And how is this to be attained to but by exercise in little things? and every little that we conquer in is a help towards the mickle of a noble character. It may seem a small thing to train a child to be able to restrain himself in eating or drinking, or to forbear a cry, or an angry look or word, or to be willing to part with a toy, or to obey the moment he is spoken to; but that small thing is a "little" belonging to the "mickle" which you would like to see him hereafter; and which would make him a blessing to others, and blessed himself.

Everything in this world has an effect. We might be said to live under a law of accumulation. The littles of money roll together to make a fortune, the littles of effort to make a character. There is nothing lost. What we do to-day will roll to other things of like kind to help to form us either for good or evil.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XXIII. CHRIST A MAN OF SORROWS, PART III.

Scripture to be read—Matt. xxvii. 39—54.

INTRODUCTION. An attempt has been made in the two last lessons to bring before the children some idea of the physical and mental sufferings of Christ. In this lesson the thought running through all is intended to be the sufferings of His soul during His dying agony. The subject however, being a difficult one, the scenes must be read and described, and the lessons brought in as far as may be compatible with the age of the children taught.

I. CHRIST MOCKED. (Read Matt. xxvii. 39—44.) Question the children upon the different classes present at the cross. (*a*) *The thieves.* Explain that crucifixion was punishment for slaves, thieves, and lowest malefactors. What would expect from those suffering together? Did Christ receive sympathy from the thieves? What did they cast in His teeth? (from Luke xxiii. 39—42.) Show the feeling animating them; hoped He would save them as well as Himself; did both continue in this spirit? What changed the "dying thief?" Remind how they hung on the cross for six hours; saw our Lord's patience all that time; heard Him pray for his murderers; at last one believed on Him and was saved. (*b*) *The passers by.* What words did they recall? (v. 40.) Where had they heard Christ declare Himself the Son of God? Could He have come down from the cross? Why did He not? They would not

believe that the true Christ should suffer; would only think of Him as a great king leading an army against the Romans their oppressors. (c) *The chief priests.* What did they promise to do if He came down from the cross? Would they have believed? No; for though Christ did not come down from the cross, He did what was more wonderful, rose again from the dead. Might have descended from cross, and convinced them out of their own mouths; no, must keep silence and suffer all.

II. CHRIST FORSAKEN. (Read Matt. xxvii. 46—49.) Now the last and worst pain of all; what has He suffered hitherto? pain in head, hands, and feet; scourging of back, &c.; more than that—desertion of friends, mocking of fellow-prisoners, insults from chief priests, &c.; could bear all that without a word; now at last a cry is wrung from Him; what is it? (v. 46.) Where had this been prophesied as one of His utterances? (Ps. xxii. 1.) Show what it meant. (Read Is. vi. 3; Rev. iv. 8.) Show the holy nature of God; cannot look upon sin (Hab. i. 15); remind of the punishment of sin as being death. (Rom. vi. 23.) What was Christ doing in His death? (See 2 Cor. v. 21.) But was Christ sinful? were our sins infused into His nature? No; but our sins were reckoned as if His. Ask what attaches to sin—shame, disgrace, punishment, death. Illustrate this by the shame attaching to a son discovered in robbing his father; how would the father look? Could his face be just the same as before? Just so must God's face be hidden from Christ when bearing our sins; all the shame for sins of whole world laid on Him (Is. liii. 6); no wonder He exclaimed, "My God!" &c. What did they think he called for? misunderstood the Syriac language. What did one of them do? Explain that this vinegar was meant kindly; to relieve some of the suffering; immediately after which Christ died.

III. CHRIST DYING. (Read Matt. xxvii. 50—54.) Question the children upon some of the scenes which took place. From Luke xxiii. 46, His last words can be found. Had God forsaken Him? What do these words show? Whence came this peace? So will perfect confidence always produce peace. Now describe the veil of the Temple rent. See Ex. xxvi. 33, for a description. What did it separate? Then refer to the bodies of the saints arising for a time and entering the city. What did all this show? (1) That Christ had accomplished His work; all Nature disturbed at His death—sun darkened, earth quakes, dead arise. (2) That He had fulfilled the types—no longer need for separation between holy place and holy of holies. He, the great high-priest, had finished work of man's redemption, and would present His own blood before the mercy seat of Heaven. (See Heb. ix. 7, 12 ch.)

IV. *Practical Lessons.* (1) *The sinfulness of sin.* The more fully the teacher can bring home the awful nature of Christ's sufferings, the more will the children realise the sin which caused them. Make the children see that "our" sins, "my" sins, were there adding to His sorrow; (2) *The love of Christ.* Why did Christ suffer all this? Had He deserved it? Was He obliged to undergo it? Had we done anything to deserve His mediation? (Read Rom. v. 6—9.) What then prompted Him? Surely then our hearts must go out in love to Him. (1 John iv. 19). How will this love be shown? How did Mary show it? by devotion. Paul? by counting not his life dear to him. So with all. Will keep His commandments, serve Him, please Him, and so be fitted for His presence.

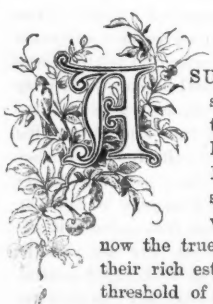
Questions to be answered.

1. Name the three classes of people at crucifixion.
2. Describe the mocking of the chief priests.
3. Name a prophecy uttered by Christ when dying.
4. Show why God's face was hidden for a time.
5. What remarkable things happened at Christ's death?
6. Name typical significance of rending of veil.
7. What are the practical lessons to be learned?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.



SUMMER evening, fair and sweet as that which, beneath the strange Australian stars, had witnessed the death of Maurice Atherstone's ill-fated son, saw Humphrey, last survivor of that lordly race, and now the true undoubted possessor of all their rich estates, crossing once more the threshold of his ancient home. He had been welcomed with enthusiastic delight by his servants and his tenantry; for although none of them had known the real reason of his absence from England, there had been many sinister rumours afloat, and mysterious hints were dropped among the people, to the effect that it was very doubtful whether their beloved master would ever set foot on the broad lands of Atherstone again; but all this was at an end, and he felt like a man in a dream, as he sat in his accustomed place in the old library that same evening, with Thorpe lingering lovingly near him, arranging and re-arranging the books on the table, that he might have an excuse for remaining in presence of him to whom his allegiance had been given for so many years of faithful service.

Yes, Humphrey Atherstone was installed again in the home of his ancestors, and none would dispute its possession with him evermore. The incubus that had weighed upon him from the hour of his uncle's death was finally lifted off—his doubts and perplexities, his trouble of conscience, his attempted compromise by the sacrifice of personal happiness, his struggle with the love that mastered him—all these had rolled away from him like fetters from a liberated slave, and even their very memory seemed buried in the graves that lay so far beyond the ocean, in the distant land from whence he came. But how was it to be with him in the future of the free new life on which he was entering that day? was he to dwell for ever alone in the home for which he had suffered so much? No scruple need hinder him now from brightening his fair inheritance with the sunshine of happy love, but he felt, with a mournful intensity of conviction, that except he could win Una Dysart back to his heart, he could never set any other woman in the place he had destined for her. If she had indeed given him up because the discovery of his error had turned her esteem and love to scorn, he well knew that his restoration to his true position as lord of Atherstone would make not a shadow of difference in her determination; but it was only two years since that night when her father had died beneath his roof, and as Humphrey remembered how the sweet eyes turned to him in her sorrow, with the dumb appealing look which told that all her heart and hopes were henceforth fixed on him alone, he could not quite despair, although no communication of any sort had passed between them since the day when Miss Amherst's letter had reached him from her hand. He felt a longing desire to hear at least the sound of her name, to know if she were still at Vale House, and if any particulars concerning her were known in the neighbourhood, and little as he was accustomed generally to ask news from his servants, he could not resist trying if his faithful old butler could give him any information.

"You must tell me what has been doing at Valehead and Atherstone since I left home, Thorpe; have there been any changes?"

"Well, there have been, sir," said the old man, eagerly, as if he had only been waiting an opportunity, "but none as yet that you would care to hear; what troubles me is the changes as is to be."

"And what are they?" asked Humphrey, with a tremor at his heart for which he could scarce account.

"First and foremost, sir, Mr. Trafford is going away, and he'll be a bitter loss to all the country round."

"Ah! that he will indeed; no one will miss him more than I shall; but after all it is only what we had to expect. I believe Mr. Crichton always intended to return after a year or two's absence."

"No doubt, sir; and it's not justly Mr. Trafford's going away as upsets me. I should not worrit myself if he were going away alone, as he came."

"And is he not? who is going with him?" asked Atherstone.

The old man moved uneasily from side to side of the table where he stood, seeming greatly occupied in placing the cover straight, and with a look of pain and anxiety upon his face, till Humphrey repeated his question with great impatience, and then he answered slowly, "Well, sir, they do say as he is going to be married to Miss Dysart, and that he'll take her away with him."

"Una!" the word dropped from Atherstone's lips unconsciously, and his head fell back upon the chair as if he had received a physical blow. Thorpe carefully avoided looking at him, and went on hurriedly, "It's a terrible trouble to me, for she was the sweetest lady ever I set eyes on, and I built such hopes on her! Sir, excuse me, I have known you since you was a four-year-old boy, and I set you on your pony the first ride you ever took, and I did want to see you happy now. I thought she was the one would have made the Abbey like it was of old, when your lady mother ruled in Squire Maurice's time. And the people in our village worship Miss Dysart; she has been about among the sick and poor, early and late, doing all she could for them with a kind word and a pretty smile for every one; but there has just been the mischief of it. Mr. Trafford was always out in the parish as much as she was, and they helped each other in all they did, he could not choose but see that she was just the one to suit him in his work, and it's no great wonder if he grew to love her, and she him, too, for that matter, good kind man."

"Yes, Thorpe, I understand it all," said Humphrey, faintly, "but I think you must leave me now."

"I hope no offence, sir, you'll excuse my making so free; I have had you in my arms many a time."

"I know, I know, I could not be offended with you; only I must be alone—you can come again later;" and the old man went out at his bidding. Atherstone had need in truth to be alone, that he might master the agony which was curdling at his heart. He had lost her then! It seemed no more than probable that the old servant's tale was true. Doubtless Trafford had learnt to love her; how could he help it? and she—in the bitter revulsion of feeling which she must have experienced as regarded himself, it was natural that the love of a good and noble man should come to her with unusual attraction. They were well fitted to each other—they would be happy; but he had lost her! his first, his last, his only love! and in the anguish of his desolation Humphrey first learnt how much hope had remained with him till that hour; he could not rest; he rose and paced the room with hurried steps; then he went to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out. It was a bright moonlight night, not yet very late, and the sudden impulse seized him to go to Trafford himself, and try to ascertain if in very certainty this man was blessed with Una's love, and his own heart and home

left desolate for ever. He knew the clergyman was accessible to any who might come to him night or day; and soon Nightshade, so long neglected, was bounding gleefully along under the well-known touch of his master's hand, and the good horse bore him with fleet steps to the rectory door.

Trafford welcomed Atherstone with unmistakable pleasure, and congratulated him heartily on his return to his home, and on the freedom of mind and conscience with which he could now enjoy it. "Yes," said Humphrey, somewhat bitterly, "but I cannot forget that my stepping-stones to this inheritance have been the graves of those I wronged; I have learnt how far easier it is to commit an error than to repair it."

"True, it is one of the sternest lessons this life can teach us; but you have the comfort of knowing that in will and intention your reparation was perfect; doubt not that it has been accepted; and now cast it all behind you, Atherstone; life is too short for any part of it to be wasted in unavailing regrets for the past; the future is all before you; go on with courage and hopefulness; make it holy and blessed."

"You are wise not to bid me make it happy," said Humphrey, with a sad smile. Trafford looked keenly at him; he had not the least idea who it was that Atherstone had loved so deeply. but he remembered how he had spoken of her, and he could not doubt that he was now referring in some way to her loss; he had, however, far too much delicacy to say a word on any subject which had not been fully confided to him, and he turned the conversation to other matters, giving some account of the manner in which he had fulfilled the trust Humphrey had reposed in him, in the care of his estates. Atherstone listened abstractedly, scarcely answering, and at last rose to go; he had not yet found courage to frame the question he wished to ask. Trafford came with him to the outer door, and as they stood on the doorstep in the moonlight Humphrey forced himself at last to speak.

"Trafford, I hear a sad rumour that you are going away; is it true?"

"Quite true; there is going to be a great change in my position; but I am afraid you must not ask me any questions on the subject, as I have been bound over to keep the matter secret for the present."

"A secret shared by others, however," Humphrey said, with slight sarcasm in his tone.

"By one person only—at least in this neighbourhood—and she is not likely to divulge it."

"You mean Miss Dysart," said Humphrey, the blood rushing to his forehead.

Trafford looked surprised. "You are quite right, though I cannot imagine how you learnt it; however, it will soon be known to every one; it is not my doing that there is any concealment, I dislike mysteries excessively."

"Doubtless, others find it convenient to keep the secret for the present," said Atherstone, bitterly. "Well, I need not seek to penetrate it further. Goodnight, Trafford; I must not keep you up any longer." He mounted his horse, and without another word dashed down the road at its swiftest pace, while Trafford looked after him thoughtfully. Humphrey doubted no longer; Una would soon be the wife of a better man than he was; only this much of consideration she had for him, he thought, that she meant to keep the proposed marriage secret as long as she could, in order to save herself and him from the gossip of the neighbourhood where their former attachment had been so well known. Of course, he thought, she was not aware that the truth had oozed out already; but she need not fear his molesting her in any way; he would neither see her nor write to her; she must be content without his congratulations; only this he must do—he would cause her at least to know the truth of his past history, and how he had tried, by the surrender of herself and Atherstone Abbey and all he held most dear, to make reparation for the wrong whereby she had been led to abandon him; he would go next day to Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, make a full statement to them of the whole circumstances, and formally request them to clear his character in the county from the dark suspicions which had blackened it so long, and especially to remove any unfavourable impressions which they might themselves have conveyed to those who had been his friends. They would know that Una Dysart and her aunt Lady Elizabeth stood first in the list. Such were some of the reflections that passed through Humphrey's mind during the sleepless night that followed his return to the Abbey; but, truth to tell, his thoughts were bitter enough, for he had been stung to the quick by the news of Una's faithlessness to himself.

He felt for his own part that happen what might, he could love no other woman, even to his life's end, and though his eyes might never rest upon her face again, they still would long for that sweet vision, dear as ever, when they were closing in the night of death; and thus to know that he must bear the burthen of a hopeless constancy, while she, in cruel contrast, had so speedily transferred her allegiance to another man, was sharp as the very death-pang to his heart. When he believed that she had given up him simply because she would not take part with him in error, he had suffered deeply, certainly, but there had been no sting in his anguish; he had thought of her only with a mournful approving tenderness, and he had retained, as we have seen, more hope than he had been aware of. It was very different now; all seemed hard, cruel, and intolerable; perhaps indeed it was her dawning love for Trafford which made her send him Miss Amherst's letter as an excuse to be rid of him; why else had she kept it so long before she forwarded it to him? So



"Looking up with her soft hazel eyes into the clergyman's face."—*p. 778.*

Atherstone tortured himself all night long, but his strong spirit was yet unsubdued, and when he rose next morning, such sorry comfort as pride could give him came to his aid.

He rode out on his coal-black horse, to go to Northcote Manor, with as calm and haughty a bearing as ever man wore; and when, in presence of the old friends of his family, the squire and his wife, he told his tale from first to last, there was a noble courage and an unsparing yet unexaggerated self-condemnation which called out their highest admiration, and fairly won their affection. The hearts of both had been softened by the defection of their own beloved son, and now that his repentance had brought him back to them, changed into all they had ever hoped to see him, they were only too thankful to condone the far lighter error of which Atherstone had been guilty, and to acknowledge that they had done him serious injustice by their suspicions, at the time when they were ignorant of the truth. Even Mrs. Northcote, cold and hard as she had been in former days, was melted to tears as she took Humphrey's hand and told him how very greatly she respected him for his upright conduct, in having endeavoured to give up his estates to such an unworthy possessor as his cousin, and how deeply she regretted the harshness with which she had spread her own uncharitable surmises far and near in the neighbourhood.

"Most especially I regret having spoken to Lady Elizabeth Molyneux as I did," she said; "I fear I may have done irreparable mischief; but, anyhow, all in that house shall know the truth at once. I will go to them this very day."

"Yes, it is the least you can do," said the squire; "but I fear—I fear it is too late," and he shook his head sadly. Atherstone perfectly understood that they were both alluding to their belief that Una was engaged to Trafford, and he turned his face away for a moment, to hide the pang it gave him to receive this further confirmation of his misery.

Then, with an effort, he mastered his pain, and, changing the subject of conversation, he asked after their daughter. They told him that she was to be married to Hervey Crichton the following week, and would then start on her way to India with her husband.

"We shall miss her less than we should otherwise have done," said Mrs. Northcote, "because of our dear Rupert's kindness to us: he lives with us entirely, and helps his father in his affairs, and is the very treasure of our lives."

"I am indeed delighted to hear it!" said Atherstone, as he rose to take leave; "and I wish your charming daughter every happiness."

Then, as Mr. Northcote shook hands with him he said, "Of this be certain, Atherstone, the whole neighbourhood shall know forthwith that you stand with unstained honour now before God and man."

CHAPTER XLI.

A FEW days had passed since Humphrey's visit to the Northcotes, and during that interval he had seen nothing of Una Dysart. He had not called at Vale House, although he knew she must have been perfectly aware of his return to the Abbey. Even if Mrs. Northcote's explanation to Lady Elizabeth Molyneux had removed the interdict which had been placed on his entrance to that house, he did not feel that he had sufficient power of endurance to meet his lost love as the future wife of Stephen Trafford; he believed that she could not fail to understand his motive in avoiding her, and that she would probably be very grateful to him for sparing her the pain of seeing him; nevertheless, his longing to look once more on her beloved face was almost more than he could bear; and he tried to stifle the hunger of his heart by going about among his people and doing all he could to benefit them; unhappily, however, it was always of Miss Dysart that they spoke to him—far and near he heard how good she had been to the poor during the past winter, which had been exceptionally severe, and how, late and early, her little feet had carried her from door to door, where her bright winning ways, as well as her more substantial benefits, never failed to bring sunshine and comfort. If anything could intensify the regret he felt at having lost her, it was the assurance given him by these statements, of the blessing she would have been to his people no less than to himself.

One afternoon, when he was feeling this very deeply, his courage failed him to continue listening to her praises, and he turned away from the cottages he had been visiting, and strolled along the road to Valehead. He was not very far from the village when, as he turned round a corner, he suddenly saw two persons at a few paces distant from him in earnest conversation. The one nearest to him was Trafford, but there was no mistaking the light graceful figure of the lady to whom he was talking. It was Una Dysart who stood there, looking up with her soft hazel eyes into the clergyman's face, while he, with a smile half playful, half tender, bent down his head from his stately height to hear and answer her.

The sight was simply maddening to Atherstone; it roused all the fire of his passionate nature; but the pride of his race and his own stern will enabled him to curb at least any outward manifestation of his feelings; without altering his pace or turning from the direction in which he was going, he walked steadily on towards them. As he did so, he saw that Una gave a violent start when she perceived him, and she blushed so vividly that the crimson glow mounted to her very temples.

"She may well blush when the man she once loved sees her with the man she is about to marry," thought Atherstone, bitterly; but not a muscle of his

face moved as he quietly passed them, lifting his hat gravely to Una, but with so rigid and unbending an aspect that even Trafford made no attempt to speak to him; a few steps more carried him out of their sight, and then he walked on rapidly till he got clear of the village, and left both Vale House and the rectory far behind him. When he was certain that there was no chance of his meeting them again, he slackened his pace and gave himself time to think over what had happened.

He could not help feeling that it would cause a great deal of misery and pain both to himself and Una, if they were to be exposed to the risk of many such meetings before her marriage, and deeply as she had wounded him, the unquenchable tenderness he felt for her prompted him to spare her any annoyance he possibly could; as to himself, he felt it would be utterly intolerable to have his heart lacerated by the sight of her, as day after day brought her nearer to the time when she was to give herself to Trafford "till death should them part," and he made up his mind that he would leave Atherstone Abbey at once, and remain absent till their wedding was over, and Una gone out of the neighbourhood altogether with her husband; moreover, he determined that he would relieve her mind from all dread of further encounters, by taking measures to let his intended absence be made known to her as speedily as possible. He had not far to go in order to find the means of accomplishing this without any personal communication from himself; he knew that Dr. Burton visited Lady Elizabeth Molyneux every day, in order to supply the fanciful invalid with the small amount of excitement she was able to find in detailing the imaginary symptoms of every four-and-twenty hours, and the good old doctor never failed to make his visits as agreeable as he could, by collecting all the news of the neighbourhood wherewith to amuse his patient. He would be certain to retail such a piece of information as Atherstone's intended absence, if he heard of it, and as his house was within a stone's throw, and he was likely to be at home at that hour, Humphrey, with his usual energy, went thither at once to put his plan into execution.

The doctor was delighted to see him, and welcomed him back to the neighbourhood very cordially, and Atherstone was soon able to introduce the subject of his intention of going immediately to London for a few weeks. The doctor was surprised.

"What! going away again when you have just arrived, and to London too, at this unfashionable season? why, you will find it quite a desert!"

"All the better for me," said Atherstone, grimly.

"Ah, you have business to transact, no doubt; and when do you go, my dear sir?"

"Next Monday I think."

"And when may we expect to see you amongst us again?"

"Not for some weeks certainly, but the time of my return is uncertain at present;" and after a little more conversation on other subjects, Atherstone took his leave, satisfied that he had effected his purpose. Nor was he mistaken. That same evening, Dr. Burton paid his usual visit at Vale House, and when he had assured her ladyship that her pulse was not at all weaker than it had been the day before, and told her that she should endeavour to keep her mind amused, he proceeded to carry out his own prescription by retailing all that Atherstone had said to him that day. The Abbey was to lose its master again, the doctor said; he would only be there another day at present, as he was to start for London on Monday, and this was Saturday, and then Dr. Burton feared it would be some time before he returned. He regretted it very much; the county required all its resident landlords to keep up its society, and Mr. Atherstone was one of the best men they had. The doctor thought he was a good deal out of health; he seemed thin and careworn, though he was very much bronzed by the Australian sun.

To all this Una listened, sitting white and silent behind her aunt's sofa; and Lady Elizabeth heard it also with a good deal of uneasiness.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.—IX.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

BARTIMÆUS.—I.

Mark x. 46–52.

BARTIMÆUS sits by the wayside, begging, hard by one of the gates of Jericho, having for sole companion, as we learn from St. Matthew, a beggar as poor and blind as himself. The gate of the city was, in the East, the favourite resort of the mendicant class; for there, not only must all travellers, and caravans, and peasants bringing their wares to market, pass them by, but the broad side-arches of the gate, with their cool recesses and divans, were the justice-halls in which suits and quarrels were adjusted, and the lounging-place in which, when the labours of the day were over, the citizens gathered to discuss their local politics or to enjoy their neighbourly gossip. The very reason, therefore, which draws the beggars of Italy to the fountains, or the steps of churches, and the beggars of Ireland to the doors of hotels, or to the spots haunted by tourists,

and the beggars of England to the crowded thoroughfares and market-places, drew the beggars of the East, and still draws them, to the gates of the cities. There men most congregate, and there they are most likely to meet some response to their appeals for pity and help.

Bartimæus sits, then, by the wayside, at the gate of Jericho. He has taken small alms on the day we meet him, for as yet only a few persons have gone by; but from within the walls he hears the stir of an unwonted excitement and joy. At last the whole city pours through the gate—a great multitude, in the midst of which walks the Rabbi of Nazareth, whose name had of late been in all men's mouths. The multitude greet Him with "hosannas;" and with a sure instinct Bartimæus feels that a happy chance has come to him at last, that the Rabbi who has healed so many will heal him, if only he can draw attention to his misery. But the blind man cannot adventure himself into the surging crowd, lest, jostled and trampled on, he become lame and crippled as well as blind. He can only sit by the wayside, crying for mercy, conscious that his voice is drowned in the shouts of the throng. Nay, his fellow-townsmen, who might have shown him some little sympathy and goodwill, take his cry as a discord in the harmony of their joy, and bid him hold his peace. The rebuke of those who go before Christ is taken up by those who come after Him; in all the crowd there is not one who feels for him. Yes, there is *one*, though only one. *Jesus* stands still, and commands that Bartimæus come to Him. Casting aside his garment, the blind beggar hastens forward, asks for sight, receives his sight, and uses his sight to "follow Jesus in the way" He went.

Let us consider this story, and mark, at least in a few points, what light it throws—first, on the character and mission of our Lord, and, secondly, on the character and faith of Bartimæus.

1. We take first those points which speak to us of *our Lord*.

And at the very outset we are struck by the obvious fact that, though attended by a wondering joyful crowd, He has an ear, and grace, and gifts for the one. A great multitude went before and came after Him. The whole city was moved by His presence, and streamed out of the gate to escort Him. The air is thick with shouts of joy and admiration. The breath of popular applause for once floats round that sacred Head, which found no pillow till it was laid in the grave. A happy excited throng fills the highway; and by the wayside, wrapt in darkness, there sits a beggar who is blind, and whose blindness is more intolerable than ever now that so great a sight is passing by. Has the long-promised "Son of David" come at last, then, and is he not so much as to look upon His face? Is he—he alone—not to "see the salvation of God?" The sense of his misery grows so keen, so intolerable, that, though he can hardly hope to be heard, he cries, "Son of David, have mercy on me! Son of David, have mercy on me!" "Be quiet! cease thy cry!" growls the crowd. "What mean you by marring our festivity by your pitiful outcry? Do you suppose that He will pause in His triumph to hear what you have to say?" And still the blind man, disheartened but not silenced, cries on, "Son of David, have mercy on me!"

And Christ, does *He* pass on, unconscious of the prayer, or serenely indifferent to the misery of the one, because so many are happy? Not He; He were not Christ if He did. He halts; the crowd hushes to learn why He lingers; He commands that the blind man be brought to Him. And *now* the officious crowd, now that the Hero of the hour condescends to notice Bartimæus, are forward with their sympathy: "Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee."

Are we to take this ready sympathy as a natural human kindness breaking out so soon as their attention is really fixed on the beggar's misery, and they see that there is some hope of helping him, or are we to take it only as the fussy officiousness of those who wait on the wishes of the great, and seek to push themselves into notice even when they help a neighbour? Probably it was both. But because we ourselves are men, and are no whit better than our fellows, let us at least hope that the better motive was the stronger; and that the thoughtless crowd, when once compelled to think of him, felt a genuine pity for the unhappy mendicant.

Nor let us fail to mark that as Jesus, followed by many, has grace for one, so also it is to the one *miserable* man that He turns from the happy crowd. For we are very apt to fear that, as the Lord of all, who has so many dependent on His care, our distress may well be overlooked by Him. As we remember that the cries of all creatures in all worlds rise into His ear, that a voluminous sea of complex sounds is for ever breaking round His seat, it seems well-nigh incredible that He should have any special care for us, or that our weak appeal should penetrate that vast complexity of sighs, shrieks, groans, prayers, thanksgivings, songs. And this fear is commonly strongest when we are weakest. In our times of trouble, we find it very hard to persuade ourselves that He cares for us, and listens to every word we say. We look out from our darkened life, and the whole world seems to give the lie to any such hope. All things go on as of old. The sun shines; the flowers bloom; the sweet summer wind is heavy with fragrance; the birds are merry in their choirs; men and women are absorbed in their several

avocations—too absorbed to waste a thought on us. Our darkness has not darkened the world; our loss is no loss to our neighbours. Heaven and earth smile a serene, a cruel, indifference to our grief. Can it be that God, who rules earth and heaven, and who seems so remote, so inaccessible, can it be that *He* has any sympathy with us? It can hardly be. We are alone, uncomforted, in our misery.

That is a heart-ache which we have most of us felt, and yet a heart-ache which, thank God, we never need feel. For see, here, in the flesh, is the very God of whom we have often had such hard and bitter thoughts. The day is bright and fair. "Jericho town is full of joy." With Christ in their midst, the happy multitude stream along the highway, leaping, and shouting, and praising God. As yet *they* have no sympathy with the darkness in which Bartimæus sits vaguely crying for pity. But that one sorrowful cry pierces the very heart of Christ. He *cannot* pass on till it be hushed. He leaves the many happy for the one solitary and miserable soul. The happiness is no happiness to Him, unless all may share it. *He* pities the blind beggar; nay, he makes the gay thoughtless crowd pity him too. Let us take *that* comfort to our hearts so often as we are lonely and sorrowful and hopeless.

You have seen a mother laughing and making merry with happy friends. Suddenly she pauses, listens, and leaves the noisy room. She has heard a tiny wail of distress which you could not hear, and she cannot be content till the cry of her babe be hushed, its want satisfied. And shall God, who made the mother's heart, be less tender, less pitiful, than the creature He has made? I tell you, Nay; but "as one whom his mother comforteth," so will God comfort all the distressed who cry to Him.

No sooner did blind Bartimæus hear that the Son of David had called him, than, "*casting aside his garment*," that there may be no tardiness on his part, he rose and came to Jesus. A faith so prompt and vigorous pleases Jesus well; and, to reward it, He virtually places Himself and His whole power at the beggar's disposal. He asks, "What wilt thou that I should do for thee?" really meaning, "You have called on me. Here I stand, wholly at your service. Take what you will, what you can." The best thing the blind man can ask for is eyes. And so Bartimæus answers, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." Mark the Lord's reply, how it is a mere echo of the prayer. "Lord, that I may *receive my sight*," asks Bartimæus; "*Receive thy sight*," responds Christ, granting the very boon asked of Him in the very words in which it had been asked.

And, as we all know, there is one of the secrets of the spiritual life here. Christ gives us just as much as we can take—as much even as we really ask for. For no good man really desires to have more than he can use aright, use for the best ends in the best way. Whatever form our prayers may assume, whatever words we may utter, this is the upshot of all our prayers: "Lord, give us as much as we can use, as much as we can enjoy, as much as we can turn to good account." To have more than *that* would not be well for us; nor, in our best moods, do we desire more. And there is no conceivable reason why God should not give us so much as that. All things are in His hand, for the good of all. And if *we* can use any gift for the benefit of the rest, why should He not bestow it upon us? If we cry, "Lord, give us sight, knowledge, wisdom," not intending our neighbour's good, but only our own aggrandisement, He may say, "Children, you had better sit in the dark till you can use the light for nobler ends." But if, like Bartimæus, we ask for sight that we may behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus, and find our way to follow when He leads, then to our "Lord, that we may receive our sight" the echo will come, prompt and clear, "Receive thy sight; and come, follow me in the paths of service and charity."

The Lord is with us still. He hears every cry which rises from our hearts. He looks round on us with the tender self-granting grace with which He looked on Bartimæus, saying to us as to him, "What will ye that I should do for you?" Ask, and ye shall have. If you are blind, and cannot see Him, if you are deaf, and cannot hear Him, nay, if you doubt His presence, and can only cry in hope that by some dubious happy chance He *may* be near, He will open your eyes, and unstop your ears, and grant you the very desire of your hearts.

Blind Bartimæus got what he asked, then; but he also got more than he asked. To the cure he sought Jesus added an interpreting word, "Go thy way, *thy faith hath saved thee*." Thy faith hath saved thee! Was that quite true? Was it not the healing power of Christ that saved him? No doubt it was the "virtue," the "saving health," that went out of the Son of Man, which wrought the cure. But He who did not clutch at His equality with the Father was not forward to claim the merit of His works. He advances no such claim here. So to speak, He throws the whole credit of the miracle on the faith which cried for mercy. And it was quite true that it was the faith of Bartimæus which saved him, though it was not the whole truth. For when Christ is present, the only condition of healing is that men believe in Him. He is full of health, full of virtue; and it is our faith which makes His virtue, His health, ours. And surely it was wise and gracious of the Lord Jesus to lay this stress on faith; to call

the thoughts of the blind man from the mere marvel to its meaning, from that which was outward and temporal to that which was spiritual and within. Bartimæus would be in danger of thinking too much of his recovered sight, of dwelling too exclusively on the mere physical wonder; and therefore Christ recalls his thoughts to the spiritual condition of healing, and virtually says to him, "It is *faith* that made you whole. Think of *that*, of the mighty power it is, and of how much more than mere sight you may gain by it."

This, then, is the Christ whom God has set forth to teach us what He Himself is like, and to save us from our sins—this great Teacher and Healer, who leaves the many for the one, the happy for the sorrowful, who waits to give us all of good that we can take, and who cares more for our welfare and happiness than to get the glory which is His due.

"WHAT CAN IT MATTER?"

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

PART I.

"MARY, Mary! listen, I have a piece of news for you!" cried Willie Leonard, as he entered the cottage door, and looked round for his sister. "Ah, there you are at that everlasting washing-tub! I suppose you'll say now that you can't come with me?"

"What's your news, and where do you want me to go with you?" asked Mary, raising a pleasant smiling face from the tub over which she was stooping. "If you can wait until I wring these couple of dresses out, and hang them on the wall to dry, I'll go with you wherever you like."

"Why not leave them where they are, and come out at once?" urged Willie. "What can it matter whether you do them now or when you come home? A fellow can't have a morning to himself every day in the year; and, only think, I'm almost certain I've spotted a wren's nest in the glen this morning, besides a goldfinch's and a linnet's; so I want you to look sharp and have a good egg-hunt with me. I would have stopped to bag a few of them on my way to Farmer Stack's with the dairy cart, only I was late already."

"I am quite sure you were late; you need not tell me that as news," replied Mary, laughing, as she drew a long lilac skirt out of the tub, and began twisting it round and round in serpent-like coils, allowing the soapy water to stream into the wooden vessel beneath. "I'd go with you now, and welcome, only I promised mother I would not stir out of the place until I had these two skirts hung up to dry. Suppose you go and hunt for the egg-basket, Willie, while you are doing nothing, for there is no other way one can carry them safely home."

"Not I; I'm far too tired to go hunting over the place for it, or anything else. And what can it matter whether we have the basket or not? I can carry the eggs in my hat, which is just as good a place, if not better."

"That's all very well; but you know they fell out of your cap the other day when Sprat jumped suddenly up at your arm, and, only it was in the field, they would have been all smashed and ruined. And if I were you," added Mary, shaking her head at the little rough-haired terrier who followed at her brother's heels, "I would not have you bring Master Sprat with you egg-hunting; he frightens the birds off their nests, and does no good."

"What a Solomon you are, to be sure!" sneered Willie, sitting down, and rocking himself to and fro in the low kitchen chair, while he watched with feverish impatience for the tub to be set aside, and his sister at liberty to join him. "Here, let me squeeze out those rags, Mary; you go up, and put on your hat. I am sure I could do it as well as you." And Willie, standing up again, took off his coat, and began to roll up his shirt-sleeves preparatory to the attempt.

"Indeed you could do nothing of the kind. If you have only patience to wait for five minutes more, I'll have everything finished, and be ready to go with you. There now, don't go off in a rage, that's a good fellow!"

Willie put on his coat again, and strode out of the cottage, followed by Sprat; but he was too fond of his own pleasure to set off really without his sister, for Mary was far too pleasant a companion and too clever a seeker to be left behind. She had small hands, which could find their way through thorns and briars to the coveted nest; and besides, she had never been deceived yet as to the eggs themselves. She knew by the touch and the weight whether the tiny bird was nearly hatched, or even partially so, in which case the egg was always replaced in the nest; for Mary and Willie were not nest robbers in the true sense of the word—they did not rifle the fledglings, or deprive the mother of her expectant brood—they were only egg-collectors, taking one here, another there, whose hollow shell contained no promise of a bird, and adding each new-found treasure of pale-blue spotted with maroon, or emerald-green dotted with brown specks, to those already in their possession, and never returning to any nest the second time, lest the timid mother

might be frightened from her charge, and desert it altogether.

So Willie sauntered out into the lane, switching at the dandelions, and shying pebbles at the ducks, who, terrified by Sprat, waddled to and fro across the road, till at length Mary appeared in the doorway, with her large sun-hat on her head, and the linen dresses in her arms which she had been so industriously washing for her mother.

"That will do now," cried Willie, turning at the sound of her step; "can't you throw those wretched things on the hedge, and not wait to climb up to the top of the wall? If there is a short way and a long of doing things, you always choose the long one. I declare you are the most perverse creature that ever lived! What can it matter whether a thing is dried on a hedge or on a wall?"

"It matters a great deal," replied Mary, good-humouredly. "A nice row you made the other morning because your shirt was torn on a thorn, which was sticking somewhere out of sight in the hedge! And, besides, the fowl fly up on the hedge, and ruin the clean things with their dirty feet."

"Oh, of course, you'd have an excuse ready for walking on your head, if you chose to do it; you girls always will have your way in everything."

Mary made no reply, but, running along the side of the lane, soon reached the bleaching wall; she threw the dresses over her shoulder while she climbed the stile, and then, standing on the uppermost step, she shook them out and laid them along the top, the bricks being specially rounded for the purpose, so that no angles or rough corners might tear the linen.

"Hand me up a couple or so of good heavy stones, that's a dear boy," she cried to her brother beneath, "or they may slip off when they dry, and tumble into the field."

"Now Mary, what can it matter whether you put stones on them or not? I believe you are worrying me on purpose."

"No indeed, Willie, I am not! But if you would only let me do as I ought to do at first, I should be ready in half the time; if you don't hand me up the stones, I shall have to go down and get them for myself."

Willie, seeing that Mary was resolute, and that nothing save the stones intervened between him and his promised pleasure, handed them up—somewhat sullenly, it must be confessed—and the dresses being securely fixed on the wall, he followed his sister over the stile into the field beyond.

The way to the glen for which they were bound ran through a series of pasture grounds, deliciously green, soft to the feet, and pleasant to the eye, so Willie's temper soon recovered itself; and, leaning on his sister's arm, he discussed with her the merits of various eggs, their size, colour, &c., while both ardently looked forward to the chance of finding the wren's nest—a golden-crested wren too, as Willie described it—whose eggs were, to say the least, uncommon.

The first few fields were trudged through almost unconsciously, so interested were they in their speculations, and no stiles or gates having so far obstructed their way, each pasture being only separated from the other by a row of trees, and never used for any other purpose but sheep-grazing; but now, as they came to the middle field, a large stretch of pasture ground surrounded on all sides by a stone wall, they beheld to their dismay that the gap which had been open all the winter was filled up with stones, and no way of entrance left save by climbing the gate, which was an unusually high one and devoid of cross-bars, while the spikes at the top made it difficult for a man to cross, and almost impossible for a girl.

"Here's a pretty go!" cried Willie, angrily, as he gazed alternately at the newly-built gap and the high iron gate. "I'd like to know what they have done this for! Filling up a fence that's useful to everybody, and sticking a gate in one's field that no one can climb over—such tom-foolery. But it 's just like Farmer Stack, throwing stumbling-blocks in every one's way."

"He must have had some good reason for doing it, I suppose," observed Mary, quietly; though the bright glow of expectancy faded from her face, as she looked hopelessly at the high granite wall before her.

"Some good reason for fiddlesticks!" replied Willie, contemptuously. "But that's just the image of you, Mary—when a fellow is vexed, always trying to prove that there 's nothing on earth to make him angry. We may just as well turn round and go home now, for you could as soon think of climbing that gate, Mary, as I could climb over the moon."

"Suppose we walk round by the road," suggested Mary, in a very humble voice; for when Willie was angry he generally found something to carp at in her remarks.

"Go round by the road! why, I think you are just a simpleton, Mary, and nothing else; it's a good hour's walk round by the road, as you call it, to the place we are aiming for; and as I've walked that way once already this morning with the dairy cart, and shall have to go over every step of the ground again this evening, I've no mind to give my legs all that additional work. No, let's go home." And Willie whistled to his dog, who, having slipped through the offending bars, was standing on the opposite side, barking energetically at them, to show the thing could be done, if they only chose to follow his good example.

"Did you try the gate to see whether it was locked?" asked Mary, who did not like the idea of giving up the expedition; besides, she knew Willie had only proposed it because he was angry.

"What's the use of a gate, you stupid, unless it is locked!" But though Willie said this, he walked over and examined it with both eyes and hands.

"I don't believe it is locked," he said, presently; "it seems to open and shut with some kind of spring, for there is no padlock or keyhole of any kind; some new dodge, I suppose, of old Stack's. I never met such a fellow for dodges in all my life."

Willie worked, and fiddled, and pressed at the spring with all his force, but it gave no promise of yielding; he was obliged presently to call Mary to his aid, who had—for all he pretended to look down upon her—clever hands and clever brains, and very often Willie had found them of service to him before now.

"Come on here, you silly!" he cried, testily; "why do you stand gaping there, as if you expected the gate to walk open at word of command? one can't force a spring open all by oneself that would take a Goliath to move it. Here, do you press against this tongue of iron, while I try to push it up out of the place it has got hitched in."

Mary pressed with all her force against the spring, while her brother shoved, and kicked, and shook the gate in his vexation; but it was all in vain, till at last one kick, more vicious than the rest, freed the latch from the bar in which it was caught, and the gate immediately flying wide open, sent Mary sprawling on her face upon the ground.

She was not much hurt, however, and the relief of having conquered the great difficulty which lay in their path prevented her from thinking of the few scratches she had received; she soon scrambled to her feet, and once more the bright smile of anticipated joy beamed over her face.

"Come on now!" cried Willie, taking her by the arm. "I'm glad I conquered the brute, though I'm trembling all over from the force it took to open it. I thought I should never have done it, and that last kick I gave was more in a rage than anything else."

"But you'll shut it again, won't you?" asked Mary, anxiously, for her brother had already begun to drag her forward.

"I shut it! Don't you wish you may catch me doing it! I've just about as much notion of bothering myself to fasten Farmer Stack's gates as I have of doing anything else to please him."

"Indeed, Willie, you must go back and close it; they would not have taken so much pains to fasten it unless there was some reason for it."

"There you go again with your 'reason;' but I tell you there is neither right nor reason in the matter; it's simply one of old Stack's whims, like his lawn-mowers, and steam-ploughs, and all the rest of his new inventions, robbing people of their right of way. Come on, Mary, I say, and don't drag away from me so, for I won't shut the gate, and there's the end of it."

"Then I will try myself and see if I can't do it," replied Mary, firmly; "for I am certain we ought to fasten it; they may be going to put the black bull into the field for all you know; they kept him here all last summer; and, whether or not, I'm certain, as we found it shut, we ought to fasten it."

"Very good; do as you like," replied Willie, turning on his heel, and whistling. "You know you are simply shutting it out of obstinacy, for what on earth can it matter whether the gate is fastened or not?" and Willie, not deigning to look behind him, walked straight on across the field.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

328. "Strive," said the Saviour, "to enter in at the strait gate: for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Quote a verse from the Proverbs which gives the reason of their failure.

329. Where is the blood of Christ called the blood of God, and the life of Christ the life of God?

330. The rainbow is referred to in the first and last books of Holy Scripture, and by Ezekiel. Give the passages.

331. Prove from Scripture (1) that the Bible must be *referred* to; (2) that it should be *searched*; and (3) that it must be *obeyed* on all points.

332. In whose reign, and for what reason, was the brazen serpent "that Moses had made" destroyed?

333. Nicodemus is referred to only by one of the Evangelists, and by him only on three occasions. Give chapter and verse of each.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 752.

318. See Gen. xxiii. 9; xxxv. 8.

319. Matt. ix. 11—13; Luke vii. 39—47; xv. 1—32.

320. Rom. xvi. 21.

321. The hostility of the Jews towards Lazarus (John. xii. 10). St. John's Gospel did not appear till after Lazarus was dead.

322. Ezek. xxxiii. 31.

323. Zechariah the son of Jehoiada the priest (2 Chron. xxiv. 20).

ESHCOL.

O H, bring love's glorious cluster from the rill
That parteth strife and strife!
And change the heats and wanderings of our will
For everlasting life.

O Vine of Life! Thy precious blood shall be
Our stay in war and peace;
Our balm for wounds, our pledge of victory,
Our sign that wars shall cease.

No craven words, no carnal weapons now
Are those our souls would wield!
Up to the Golden City guide us Thou,
Behind our true faith's shield!

ALESSIE BOND.



(*Drawn by* H. JOHNSON.)

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

AUTUMN flowers, autumn flowers,
Weary thoughts to me ye bring;
Lo! come back the vanished hours,
And the glory of the spring.

Life I see with golden wings,
All its promise sweet and fair;
And I hear the songs it sings
As it cleaves the morning air.

Summer with its cloudless skies,
  And its bud-like hopes of bliss;
Love that looks from loving eyes—
  All salute me with a kiss.
And a beauty lights the hills—
  Lights the upward path I tread;
Not a sign of coming ills
  Shows the clear blue overhead.

Autumn flowers, I know ye well,
  Spring and summer both are gone,
And to me ye softly tell
  Winter will be here anon;
But ye whisper to my heart,
  There is balm for earthly pains,
Where we meet no more to part,
  And eternal summer reigns.

G. O.

"THE BUILDER'S PSALM."

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH, AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF THE BURNING BUSH," ETC.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He giveth His beloved sleep." —Ps. cxxvii. 1, 2.

THE theme of this brief but beautiful psalm may be thus stated: "That everything depends upon the blessing of the Lord." We have here the true secret of success and safety. In our working and watching we should equally depend upon the Lord. Throughout the psalm we can distinguish a note of warning, which seems intended especially for those who, in their prosperity, are tempted to forget who is the author of it, and to attribute the success and safety of life to their own work and wakefulness, rather than to the care and goodness of God.

"The superscription attributes the psalm to Solomon, and internal reasons go to confirm the correctness of this. It is characteristically distinguished from the nameless psalms of degrees, and so as to mark its connection with an earlier time; it exhibits no trace of the mournful depression by which they are pervaded; the language is more vigorous; and while they throughout refer to the *whole* of the community, the *individual* is here directed to the true source of blessing. The theme of the psalm suits Solomon, who chiefly occupied the domestic-civic territory. . . . The striving after the worldly good expressed in the conclusion, vers. 4 and 5, is not less suitable for Solomon as the author, than for its destination as a popular and pilgrim song. It is also a confirmation of Solomon's being the author, the coincidence which the idea of the psalm presents with the Proverbs. Compare especially the strikingly parallel passage, Prov. x. 22—'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and labour adds nothing thereto.' Finally we recognise in ver. 2 an allusion to the personal relations of Solomon in the words: 'So gives He to His beloved in sleep.' According to 2 Sam. xii. 25, Solomon received the name of Jedidiah, 'the beloved of the Lord;' and the promise made to him of the Divine blessing was, according to 1 Kings iii. 5—14, given when he was asleep." (Hengstenberg, Com., *in loc.*)

Many have supposed that this psalm was written by David and dedicated to his son Solomon, that he might remember amid all the pomp and splendour of his state and kingdom, that no good thing is attainable without God's blessing. Solomon was, in a very remarkable degree, endowed with wisdom, and with wealth; but upon these he must not depend. He was called to the doing of a great work—the building of the Temple; he must, in doing this, remember that, unless the Lord build the house, the builders labour in vain. It was for Him to guard the city and kingdom against invasion, to preserve it, as far as possible, in peace and tranquillity; but while using the means of precaution and defence, he must know that except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. By whomsoever this psalm may have been composed, we are reminded in it, that with all his diligence, with all his endeavours, man cannot build the house, or keep the city, by himself. It is in vain to rise up early, and to sit up late, just to eat the bread of sorrows. Let a man do what he will, do all he can, he cannot make himself independent of God; whereas, if a man use appointed means in a dependent trustful spirit, he will be reckoned among the Lord's beloved, and the blessing of God will come to him even while he sleeps.

It is true, and a very precious truth, that the Lord giveth sleep to his beloved; but the idea which here seems to be expressed is this—that while men who seek to work independently of God, to build for themselves, to watch for themselves, to provide for themselves, fail to secure a blessing which will really satisfy, and have, after all, to eat what will be to them the bread of sorrows; to the Lord's beloved, to those who work and watch, confiding in Him, God's blessings come, even while they sleep. God prospers their work, even when

their hands, in weariness, are withdrawn from it; He watches over their interests when, in unconsciousness, they have no care for themselves. There is to be no neglect of appropriate means—the builders are to build, the watchmen are to wake, those who have to earn a livelihood are to labour, but they are to do this remembering that all will be in vain without the Lord's blessing.

Thus, then, we come back to what is the theme of the psalm, that everything depends on the blessing of the Lord; that no really good thing comes to us but from Him.

If we limit our attention to the two verses quoted at the head of this paper, we are taught that we are altogether dependent upon God for success in work, for safety in life, for provision for returning and, perhaps, increasing need, for necessary repose, and a blessing even while we rest.

We are taught here very plainly *that we are altogether dependent upon the Lord for success in work.* Any measure of success of prosperity unto which we may attain is of Him, and from Him. Except the Lord build the house, the builders labour in vain; except the Lord prosper the undertaking, no successful, no satisfying result can be reached. The special allusion here is, not improbably, to the building of the Temple. David gathered much material for the work; Solomon used his large power and world-wide influence in carrying out this great design; the work prospered in his hands. At last the Temple was completed, and shone forth in all its finished beauty, as the glory of Jerusalem, and one of the wonders of the world. We are here reminded that the labours of those who engaged so successfully in this great work would have been in vain, unless the Lord Himself had prospered them therein.

So it is with any work that we engage in, expressly for the Lord; in it we are to display all zeal and diligence, to put forth our best endeavours, and use all suitable means, to carry on the work as though all depended upon ourselves, and yet influenced by the spirit which breathes throughout this psalm, and ready ever to acknowledge that success can only be reached as the Lord shall prosper us in our doings. But what is true of any public work in which we may engage for the glory of God, is equally true of any work, of every work, to which we may set our hands; we can only do it, we can only succeed in it, so far as the Lord permits and enables us. In the words, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," we have the statement of a principle which admits of universal application.

These words imply that, there are some who work independently of God—not of course absolutely so, but they work without any reference to Him; without any practical recognition of His permission, support, control; without any inquiry as to His will, without any desire to conform the work to His plans, without any thought, even, of promoting His glory. With, perhaps, a formal acknowledgment of God, the whole work is done just as though there were no God in heaven at all. God permits men thus to work; as a matter of fact a very large proportion of men are thus working; they achieve, sometimes, what the world calls success, they attain to what is known as prosperity. Such are admired and envied by their fellow-men as those who have done well for themselves. They become rich, influential, and distinguished; but the impress of vanity is upon all their work; there is in it nothing which can really please God, nothing which can really satisfy themselves. For some time Solomon tried what he could do without God; his endeavour was to extract from the world all that it can afford; he tried the experiment under unusually favourable circumstances, but he has only one word to describe the result: wearied with his fruitless endeavours, this is the legend which he inscribes upon all the great objects of human ambition and pursuit—"*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*"

Though we may acknowledge God, and desire to do so more habitually and uniformly; though we may feel that He has to do with whatever work we engage in, and is interested in all that concerneth us; yet are we all of us tempted to lose sight of the fact, in some degree, that any success we may attain to is altogether of the Lord. And we are so constituted that the larger our success, the more continued and unvaried our prosperity, the stronger our temptation in this respect. It was against this temptation that the children of Israel were warned (Deut. viii.) ere entering upon the possession of the land of promise. They are reminded that the Lord has been trying them, proving them by the sharp discipline of the desert; they are reminded that they will be subjected to a yet severer test when enjoying the prosperity and abundance of Canaan. Their danger was, that when they had eaten and were full, and had built goodly houses and dwelt therein, and their herds and flocks had multiplied, and their silver and gold had multiplied, and all that they had had multiplied, they should account for their enlarged prosperity by reference to themselves, and say, "Our power and the might of our hand hath gotten us this wealth"—they forgetting that it was the Lord who had given them power to get wealth. Let this thought, then, possess our minds: that except the Lord build the house, the builders labour in vain; and whether our success be great or small, let us trace it all to its true source, and be ready to acknowledge that every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

We are taught here *that we are indebted to God for continual safety in life.* "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." Here again we may not unreasonably suppose that there is an allusion to the kingly responsibilities of Solomon. Upon him, as the head of the State, devolved the duty of securing, as far as possible, the peace and tranquillity of the city and kingdom; all appropriate means were to be employed; all befitting prudence and diligence used. But using all this, he was to remember that all would be in vain without the Lord's blessing. "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

It is so still. It is to the Lord we owe it that we have, for so many years, been preserved from foreign invasion and intestine strife. We need not close our eyes to secondary causes; we need not ignore or undervalue the precautionary and defensive means which have been employed; but we would have our thoughts fix themselves especially upon the Lord, as the author of all our national mercies. "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble; and when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him, whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only." It would be well did we oftener recognise the connection which exists between God's providential rule and arrangements, and national prosperity or adversity, as the case may be. We cannot read God's Word without noticing that He claims to have the control of nations as well as of individuals. It is He who giveth quietness unto Israel, and it is the Lord who keepeth the city and kingdom in which we dwell.

But this truth admits also of an individual application. Limiting our attention to our families, our secular interests, our own personal welfare: who is it that has kept guard over us and ours —kept us in peace and safety—unless it has been the Lord? We have our material safe-guards, we keep watch and ward ourselves, we use precautionary means; but we have been kept because the Lord has watched over us. For years, perhaps, we have had unbroken health, we have had nothing seriously to trouble us; we can easily imagine all to have been different with us, and worse. Well! to whose care do we owe this—to the Lord's, or to our own?

And though ours may not have been a perfectly smooth and untroubled way, yet, have we not been reminded that the Lord can keep us in peace in the very midst of tribulation? If a man have peace with God, and peace of conscience, he will be but little disquieted by outward trouble and conflict; that which is troublesome in itself, and seems troublesome to others, will but little trouble him. We, to use a common expression, *make a trouble* of anything, more because of the state of mind we are in, than because of the circumstances in which we are placed; and so we see that what is a trouble to one is no trouble to another, and what we make a trouble of to-day we make light of to-morrow. The Scriptures teach us this great and glorious truth—that the child of God, the believer, occupies such a position, that he need make a trouble of nothing. In the world we shall have tribulation, but in Christ we have peace. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, and abideth under the shadow of the Almighty, may dwell there in safety until every evil day be over-past. If God be for us, it matters not who are against us; He is mightier than all our foes. Powerless to defend ourselves, we may rejoice in the protection of God, and trusting in Him, we need not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

We are taught here, *that we are indebted to God for provision for returning and increasing need.* "It is in vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows." Many rise early and delay to sit down—engage in exhausting and protracted labour—in order to provide for themselves and those dependent upon them; and after all, the bread which they win, with the sweat of brow and of brain, is to them the bread of sorrows. There is nothing said here in disparagement of honest persevering labour; that is an ordinance of heaven. We are to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow—our eating is made to depend upon our labour; and it is a wise and merciful arrangement that provision for our need, and our general well-being in this world, should be made to depend very largely upon our diligent endeavour.

What we are warned against is not working too hard; there are not many people who stand in need of such a caution; we are warned against working in a godless spirit. While we labour to *earn* our bread, we should do so in such a way, and in such a spirit, that we feel that we are uttering no mere form of words when we say, "*Give* us this day our daily bread." Now, whether we earn for ourselves and our families a bare subsistence, or a plentiful supply, our bread will have for us a sweeter taste, if we but feel that it is the Lord Himself who is spreading our table, and providing for our wants. And the poor of this world, if godly—those who live from hand to mouth, who scarcely know to-day where to-morrow's food is to come from—have often been those most ready to acknowledge that it has been of the Lord's goodness that their bread has not failed them, and that their water has been sure. Often nearly at the end of their narrow store, there has been room still to praise the Lord, for there has always been the handful of meal in the

barrel, and a few remaining drops of oil in the cruse.

Those who toil hardest, whose labour is most wearing and exhaustive, whose minds are most careful and anxious, are not those who with moistened brow and hardened hands are toiling for a bare subsistence, or even a modest competency, but those who are seeking more than God has promised, more than they need; who are seeking what will not, even if they gain it, be of any advantage to them or theirs. To many such may we say: It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, for with all your getting you have not gotten the principal thing, and with all your endeavours, you will eat only what will be to you the bread of sorrows?

We are taught here, moreover, *that we are indebted to God for necessary repose, and a blessing even while we rest.* The idea expressed in our version is a very beautiful one, and a very precious one—"*for so he giveth His beloved sleep.*" But the idea really present to the mind of the Psalmist seems to be this: That, while those who work independently of God—build and watch for themselves—will fail after all to secure a satisfying blessing, and will eat, whether in greater or less abundance, what will be to them but the bread of sorrows, to God's beloved—to those who use appropriate means in a trustful dependent spirit—a blessing will come even while they sleep. The Lord will prosper their work, even when their hands are withdrawn from it. He will keep them in safety when they have no care for themselves. He will be providing for the wants of the morrow while they are sleeping through the night. He who keepeth and provideth for Israel doth Himself neither slumber nor sleep.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." All the rest to which we attain is God's gift. Sleep, in the natural, the ordinary sense of the word, is one of God's most precious gifts. It is one of those gifts, the worth of which we do not know till we are deprived of it. Nothing is more terrible—more destructive, than continued sleeplessness; nothing is more pleasant and refreshing than unbroken sleep.

May we not gather from this passage that there is no sleep so sound, so refreshing, as the sleep of God's beloved? What is it which disturbs sleep, which renders sleep difficult, and, when it comes, makes the sleeper restless? Is it not the care, the worry, the anxiety of life? It is a wonder that those can sleep soundly—can sleep at all, indeed—who feel that the building of the house, the keeping of the city, and the winning of the bread, all depends upon them. How sweet and calm is the sleep of the little child! And why? To a great extent because it has no care, no fear. And so, I believe, were we able to trust God with a more simple, unquestioning, childlike faith, physical causes not operating to hinder, we should all of us have sounder and more refreshing sleep. Let us not forget then that sleep is of the Lord, and the blessing which comes to us even while we are asleep. And may it be our endeavour so to spend the day of life, that when the shadows of its evening fall upon us, to die will be but to fall asleep in Jesus. What can we wish for more or better than that He who has helped us to build, and watch, and work, should, all our labours and watchings being over, give us sleep at last?

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXPOSITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.—X.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COX, NOTTINGHAM, AUTHOR OF "A DAY WITH CHRIST," ETC. ETC.

BARTIMÆUS.—II.

Mark x. 46–52.

LET us now glance at *Bartimæus and his faith.* It is to his "faith" that our Lord attributes his healing; it is to his faith therefore that our attention is specially called. And surely it was a faith surprisingly great. As he sits, wrapt in darkness, by the wayside, he hears the approach of a noisy joyful crowd. Unable to see, he asks what it all meant. He is told that "Jesus the Nazarene passeth by." Had he heard nothing of Jesus before, he would have concluded Him to be some traveller of note whom the city delighted to honour, and would at most, if he asked anything, have asked an alms of Him. That he asks first "mercy," and then "sight," proves, I think, that he must have heard of the Nazarene, at least as a prophet who wrought signs and wonders. As he sat by the gate, travellers may have brought him the good news from Galilee or Jerusalem; or he may have heard the citizens in their evening gatherings narrate some of those stories of healing which are recorded in our Gospels, and even discuss the question—which was then being discussed throughout Judea—whether this Rabbi of Nazareth were or were not the promised Messiah. Bartimæus has arrived at a conclusion of his own. To the blind man, He that can give sight to the blind needs no other credential. He *must* be of God: and if he claims to be "the Son of David," *i.e.*, the Messiah, He *is* the Messiah. This seems to have been the secret logic of Bartimæus, and if he can only put the Nazarene to the test, and finds that He *can* open blind eyes, he for one will be

well content to receive Him as Son of David and Son of God. Hence he sits by the wayside, crying, "*O Son of David*, have mercy on me!" for if the Nazarene claims that title of honour, it will be better, thinks Bartimæus, to give it Him even before the cure is wrought, and so perhaps incline Him to perform the cure.

Had Jesus passed on, showing no sign of grace, Bartimæus might have changed his thought of Him—*might*, though it is by no means certain that he would; for there was a singular vitality and pertinacity in his faith. It was not to be easily suppressed. The crowd about Christ, who were surely most likely to know the mind of Christ, bid the beggar hold his peace; they "rebuke" him for intruding his misery on the general joy; they "charge" him to leave Jesus untroubled by his vain pitiful outcries. If the poor wretch had given up all hope, if he had said within himself, "These men who see the Nazarene, and have been long with Him, must know what He is like, and what He is likely to do, better than I can, I may as well spare my breath," could we have been much surprised? We should have had little reason for surprise. What is really surprising is that, undeterred by the unanimous opinion and rebuke of the crowd—undeterred, but not, I dare say, without some sinking of heart, some abatement of hope—he should cry "so much the more a great deal, O Son of David, have mercy on me!"

It is all of a piece with this vital pertinacious faith that, so soon as Christ bids him "come," he flings aside His long flowing garment in order that he may come the more quickly; that when Christ places His Divine power absolutely at the blind man's disposal, he should at once endeavour to apply it to that in himself which was weakest and most defective; and that, so soon as he had received his sight, he should use it to follow Jesus in the way, thus "glorifying God" for the wonder He had wrought. It *was* faith, and faith of an admirable strength and constancy, that saved him.

Now, if we use the story of Bartimæus, or the part he plays in this story, as a glass in which we may see both ourselves and him, we shall surely find that face answers to face and heart to heart.

For instance, if the blind man of Judea saw further and more clearly into the character and work of Jesus than the seeing multitude, there are surely many blind men among us—men, *i.e.*, whose eyes are absolutely closed on that knowledge of Life and Nature which springs from culture, who nevertheless have a very clear and deep insight into the mysteries of truth and godliness. I think we must all have known "babes and sucklings" who were familiar with spiritual truths which are often hidden from the eyes of the wise and prudent, and out of whose mouths God perfected a sweeter praise than even the noble hymn which Science sings. Knowledge is good; but it is not the highest good. The faith which inspires charity is better than even the knowledge which leads to wisdom; though best of all is the charity which, born of faith, puts on wisdom. However high the esteem in which we hold the discoveries of Science, though we rank them only below the disclosures of Inspiration, we must still admit that there is no direct connection between a scientific acquaintance with the mysteries of Nature, and an apprehension of those spiritual mysteries of which Nature is the open and manifold parable. Blind men—*i.e.*, men blind to the wonders and charms of Science—may nevertheless have eyes for the truths which centre in the person of Christ Jesus our Lord; while men with eyes for all that Science discovers may be blind to His claims, and see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him.

Now, as of old, the Divine Healer and Saviour is too often surrounded by a rebuking crowd, who, even when they feign or try to help us to His presence, still keep us at a distance from Him. There is the more need, therefore, that we should take pattern by Bartimæus. The more the crowd rebuked *him*, so much the more a great deal he cried for mercy. Whatever they said, he would not hold his peace. They might leave him sitting by the wayside, solitary and forlorn; they might gather closer round the Master, and with their loud hymns of praise drown his imploring cries. Still he would cry; and if there were in very deed *a Saviour* in the crowd, He at least would listen and be gracious. And so, when the blessing for which he longed seemed slipping past him, the danger of losing it only redoubled the fervour and passion of his prayer. Let us learn a lesson from him. When men rebuke us and our cry for Divine help, when the very Church rebukes us because we do not speak her language, let us cry so much the more. In dogma, in knowledge, in ecclesiastical form and privilege, they may stand near to Christ and yet be far from Him. They may "go before" Him, yet not to prepare His way. They may "follow after" Him, yet have little of His Spirit. What have we to do with them? *They* cannot heal us, nor can they withhold us from the healing grace of Christ, if we will not let them. He stands among them, seeking to draw all men unto Himself, willing that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. Above all the clamour of their rebukes His gracious voice is heard, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are sinful, penitent, sorrowful; I will heal you, and save you, and give you rest." Let us but make our appeal to Him, and we need not doubt that, through all the hosannas of the Church and all the hallelujahs of Heaven, our cry for mercy will reach His ear, and He will answer, and save and bless us.

Nor let us think too hardly even of those who rebuke us, for they also serve a useful purpose in the Divine economy. Bartimæus would not have cried so long and loud if the multitude about Christ had not charged him to hold his peace. It was the fear that he might not be heard, that the happy chance of healing might escape him, which moved him to impassioned and importunate supplication. And the same fear moves us to the same fervour. If we were likely to lose our Bible, how earnestly and constantly we should read it, though now perchance it often lies unopened on the shelf. If all our chapels and churches were about to be closed, how eagerly we should flock to them, though now perhaps a very slight hindrance will suffice to keep us away. Because we do not use and value our blessings as we should, God often alarms us with the fear of loss, and sometimes takes them from us for a time. *Then* we feel their worth, and cry out so much the more to have them restored. And so, in like manner, even the crowd about Christ stimulates our desire to see Him for ourselves; and their rebukes deepen our desire; and the very difficulties they put in our way rouse the spirit by which we overget them. The one good use to which we can put these hindrances and rebukes is all the more resolutely to push forward. The only lawful and happy revenge we can take on those who would fain keep us from Christ, is to press the more earnestly into His presence, and, when once we have seen Him for ourselves, smooth the way for *their* approach.

HARVEST HYMN.

THE earth, O Jehovah, is Thine,
And its fulness is all of Thy giving;
It teems with all fruits for our health,
And its grain becomes life for our living.

The rain became drink to the plant,
And the sun sped its growth to the spearing,
The days brought the stem to the ear,
And the weeks the full grain from its earing.

Oh, why are we sleepless with care?
Why so restless, though still in Thy keeping?
Why hold we to work without rest,
While Thou workest for us through our sleeping?*

The life is far higher than meat,
And the body than robes of its wearing;
And, Lord, if the low is Thy care,
The high will not want for Thy caring.†

And, oh, may Thy word, that is sown
In our minds by Thy sowers' outflinging
Be not like to seed by the road
That is taken by birds ere its springing;‡

Nor seed that was cast on a rock,
And that opened its blades at upshooting,
But soon withered off in the heat
For the want of good soil for its rooting;

Nor yet like the seed that was choked
Among thorns, where the sower had thrown it,
Betokening Thy care-stifled word,
Where the thoughts of the world have o'ergrown it:

But be like the seed in good ground,
That may grow through our sleeping and waking,
And yield a full increase of grain,
So yielding good fruits for Thy taking.

* Ps. xxvii. 2. † Matt. vi. 25. ‡ Matt. xiii. 4.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS. NORTHCOTE had not delayed an hour after Atherstone's visit in hastening to Vale House, there to clear him most effectually from the suspicions which she herself had raised against him in the mind of her friend; and from that moment Lady Elizabeth regretted exceedingly the summary manner in which she had driven him from the house the year before; with the instinct of her woman's heart she felt that it had been the death-blow to Una's happiness, for she knew nothing of the rumours in the neighbourhood respecting her marriage with Trafford; on the contrary, she had seen her repelling every person who showed signs of too warm an admiration, with a gentle firmness, which could only be the result of a deep-seated resolution to listen to no whisper of love from any new acquaintance. Despite her selfishness, Lady Elizabeth was not an unfeeling woman, and even her personal comfort had been a good deal marred for the past year by the sight of Una's sweet sad face, and its look of patient suffering. She had therefore welcomed gladly the information brought her by Mrs. Northcote, which put an end to the necessity of further separation between Atherstone and Una; and Miss Grubbe had been obliged to own that it was useless for her to attempt to interfere with Miss

Dysart's prospects of happiness, if Mr. Atherstone came to seek her again at the hands of her aunt.

But now it seemed to Lady Elizabeth that his departure for an indefinite length of time, so immediately after his return home, could admit of no other interpretation but a deliberate intention of avoiding Una, and putting an end to any idea that he wished to resume his former relations with her, and Una herself drew the same conclusion. The aunt and niece had never spoken on the subject together, however, and they did not now; only for the next few days the invalid's mental discomfort showed itself in greater irritability than that which was already habitual to her, and Una went about calm and gentle as ever, but strangely silent, and with a dim shadowy look in her eyes when she came down from what was supposed to be a night's rest, which might have told the most indifferent observer of the secret suffering which was so keenly trying her once joyous spirit.

Meantime, when Atherstone returned home from his visit to Dr. Burton, he found, as it so often happens in this world, that circumstances were working at a distance from him in such a fashion as to render it simply impossible that he should carry out his intention of leaving home without again seeing Una Dysart. He had been aware that Wilhelmina Northcote was to be married on the following day to Hervey Crichton, and he had received a warm invitation from her parents to be present at the ceremony, but he had felt from the first that he really had not sufficient moral courage to witness such a scene in the very presence of his lost Una.

He knew that she must inevitably be there, as Miss Northcote's chief friend, and he was equally certain that Trafford would perform the rite which would so soon be repeated in order to unite himself to her who should have been poor Humphrey's bride, and still was the very darling of his heart. Could he bear to see that good man's happy triumph, and watch him meeting the tender glance of those sweet eyes that once had looked with such deep love into his own?

No; to go through such an ordeal seemed beyond his power; and he had that morning sent a cautiously-worded answer to Mrs. Northcote, in which he tried hard to conceal the true reason of his refusal to attend the wedding of her daughter. No sooner did he arrive at home on this afternoon, however, than he was greeted with the information that Mr. Northcote was waiting for him in the library, and when he opened the door, he saw the squire seated on a chair in the centre of the room, with his hands firmly clasped on the top of his gold-headed stick. He looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye as Atherstone came in, but did not move.

"Here I sit, friend Humphrey," he said, in his hearty genial voice, "and from this chair I do not move till I have brought you to repentance of your cold-hearted indifference to what concerns us so nearly, and won your promise to do honour to our pretty Wil. to-morrow by your presence. I could not have believed you would be so unfriendly as to refuse us."

"It is not indifference, indeed, Mr. Northcote," said Atherstone, his lips quivering with pain; "no one can rejoice more heartily than I do in any happiness that may come to you or yours, and Miss Northcote has my fervent good wishes; but you really must excuse me from appearing at her wedding."

"What is your reason? can you tell it to me?" said the squire, looking him straight in the face.

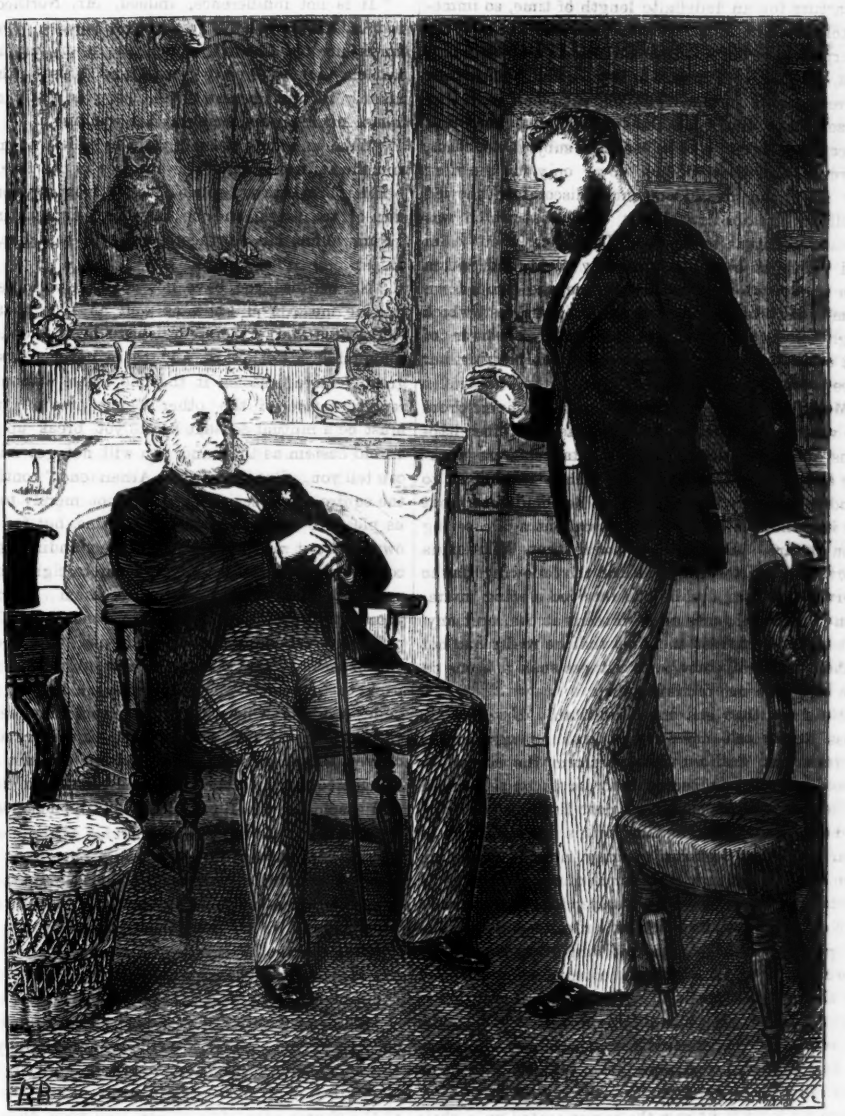
Humphrey's proud spirit revolted from any confession of the truth, and he answered, deprecatingly, "Forgive me, Mr. Northcote, but even that I cannot do."

"No, because you have not a single valid reason to give me. You know as well as I do that the Northcotes and Atherstones have been friends for some hundreds of years, and there never yet was a great festive occasion in the one house without the representative of the other being present; there must be a mutual consent before you break up such an old custom as that, and you will not get mine, I can tell you. But the truth is, Atherstone," continued the squire, more seriously, "it is not merely to give us pleasure that I urge you to do this, but for your own sake; it may affect your future standing in the county very injuriously if you seem to fight shy of your neighbours on this especial occasion; it will be your first appearance after your absence, and all the painful circumstances connected with it, and every one expects to see you there, and to welcome you back to your own place once more; if you avoid being present—which at any time would have seemed very strange conduct on your part—it will inevitably convey the impression that matters are not after all cleared up, and there will be a renewal of doubts and suspicions which may not be easily dispelled."

Humphrey was too sorely wounded at the heart to feel all the bitterness which would once have been aroused within him by such remarks, and he answered, despondingly, "I do not seem to care much what any one in the world thinks of me now."

"But you should care, my dear fellow; we have to avoid even the appearance of evil, and you are bound to make yourself worthy—in the eyes of others as well as in reality—of the position in which God has placed you. Come, my friend, be advised by me; you must come to us; I will take no refusal; and, after all, it is no such very dreadful affair; we meet at the church soon after eleven, and when they have converted my little 'Will o' the wisp' into Mrs. Hervey Crichton, we shall come back to the Manor House for luncheon—breakfast I believe it is to be called—and the whole business will be at an end before three o'clock. I do not care about your staying to the evening party unless you like to do so; but I do beg you to be present at the wedding itself."

Then Humphrey resigned himself. What, after all,



"He looked up with a merry twinkle in his eye as Atherstone came in, but did not move."—*p.* 792.

was a little additional pain, more or less, when all was so dark and hopeless around him? "You are very kind to care what I do, Mr. Northcote," he said; "and, since you wish it, I will come to the church at all events."

"And to the breakfast. Good! Now I am satisfied; and you will not regret it yourself, Humphrey, I am very sure."

Atherstone only smiled rather sadly; and the squire took his leave, declaring he had more to do than he then knew how to manage.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Wilhelmina Northcote's wedding-day dawned as sunny and cloudless in all the perfection of summer beauty as if this world were but the fairyland of hope and brightness, which it often seems to us to be in the days of our untried youth; none could have dreamt those azure skies were ever darkened by snow-laden clouds and angry storms, or that the fair green valleys of the flower-decked earth but hid the ashes of the countless dead. All was serene and gay; and the morning smiled like a radiant bride, jewelled with the sparkling dewdrops, and heralded with songs of triumph from a thousand carolling birds.

We are often aware of a strange sympathy existing between Nature and the human race—a sympathy which links itself with our immortal being rather than with that personality which is known and seen to our fellow-creatures. It has been well said that to God and to Nature we never grow old; there we are known to be ever the same, even as we know ourselves; the same in our child-like need of a Father's love, in our self-pity for our unseen pangs, in the imperishable desire for happiness, which sets our heart bounding in its earliest years, and still burns within it fierce and strong as ever, when, worn and wounded, it is feebly beating out its last remains of life. If the world presses hard upon us, and we are hurt to the quick by cruel wrongs from trusted friends, or by the sting of slanderous tongues, there is a subtle consolation in passing out to the solitude of woods and fields, where the unseen presence of the only true and deathless Love impresses itself upon us through the outward aspect of Nature in some mysterious manner, felt though not understood; but there are times when this mysterious mission seems to be repudiated by our mother Earth, and she turns upon us with glittering smiles and garish brightness, when we long for the soft shadows and the tender gloom of sun-veiled skies to speak responsive to our darkened souls.

What a cruel mockery that brilliant sparkling morning seemed to Humphrey Atherstone, as he stood on the steps of his own door waiting for Nightshade to be brought round that he might ride to the church in time for the wedding ceremony, according to his promise. Never through all the troublous years since his uncle's death had he felt so dispirited and hopeless as he did that day; his conscience was clear, his position assured, his future all before him free and independent, only Una was lost to him, and she had so twined herself about the very fibres of his life, that, since it must be spent without her, he longed to be rid of it as an intolerable burden, and would have been well content if the friends assembling that day had been called together in order to lay him down in peace beneath the churchyard sod.

He let the bridle lie loose on Nightshade's arched and glossy neck as he rode along; perhaps he almost hoped the instincts of his favourite horse would guide the animal to bear him away in reckless flight far in the opposite direction; but the stately black horse paced onwards steady and sure, and soon it had borne him to the lich-gate, where the villagers were assembled in happy groups, looking out eagerly for the coming of the bride. Atherstone's groom rode up as he dismounted, took the bridle which his master flung to him listlessly, and led Nightshade away; so that Humphrey seemed to have no alternative but to pass on to the scene he dreaded, yet never perhaps had his splendid beauty and noble dignified bearing been so striking as on that day, when he uncovered his dark head in the sunshine in answer to the salutations of the crowd, and passed on calm and grave into the shade of the churchyard trees.

Here were assembled well-nigh all the wedding guests, who preferred to wait outside in the pleasant air rather than within the church; and to Humphrey Atherstone the whole scene appeared strangely out of harmony with that quiet resting-place of the dead: light laughter filled the air, gay dresses swept over the graves, and merry groups leant on the marble monuments which recorded how much beloved had been the lost and how full of anguish were the living. Atherstone was met very cordially by his neighbours, to all of whom the peculiar circumstances of his history were now known, and he patiently went through the congratulations on his return, and answered courteously, to the hopes expressed by many, that he would mix again with his friends, as in the days of his earlier youth; but as soon as he could he withdrew himself from among them, and escaped into a side alley shaded by branching trees, which seemed to him to be quite deserted. It was lined on either side with the green mounds which sheltered the very poor, whose surviving friends had been unable to mark each cherished spot, except by a few wild flowers laid on the turf from day to day; but there was one solitary grave placed at a distance from all the others under a fine old elm-tree which was distinguished by a white marble cross at the head, while at the foot there stood the figure of a young man, motionless as if he sought to be a living monument to the dead who slept beneath. Atherstone did not know whose

resting-place it was, for that quiet grave had opened to receive its tenant—brought many miles to rest in Valehead churchyard—since last he had passed within its gates two years before.

But in a moment he guessed the truth, for it was Rupert Northcote who stood there; and as Humphrey drew nearer he saw that a broken lily was sculptured on the cross, with the inscription below it, recording no name but only the words, "*They shall walk with me in white,*" while a row of the same pure stately flowers marked out the narrow space where Rupert's darling slept. Atherstone had already seen him since his return, and they had renewed their early friendship; so now he went up to him quietly, and laid his arm on his shoulder with a sympathetic pressure which the young man easily understood.

"You have made it a lovely spot," said Humphrey; "those beautiful lilies are most appropriate."

"It was Una Dysart who suggested to me to plant them there," said Rupert; "she said they always reminded her of saints in their white garments, and my Lilith is a saint—the angels have gained what I have lost. Generally speaking I can school myself against daring to regret her; but on this her brother's wedding-day, it wrings my heart to feel that only her senseless form lies there cold and unheeding while all she loved best are gathered round her, and while I above all would give my best years of life to gain one look from her again."

For a moment Atherstone did not speak, and then he said, in a voice of deep emotion, "Rupert, do not think that I fail to appreciate your trial, for I do with all my heart; but, believe me, there are worse enemies for human love than even death."

"Not, surely, for the love that survives? how is it possible? for her it is best, I know, but for me—could any separation be more complete?"

"Yes, a thousand times! though both were still breathing the self-same air. You have not lost her, Rupert; she is yours as entirely, as faithfully, as when you still could clasp her dear hand in your own. She died loving you, she loves you still, and she will never change to you through all the eternal ages. You have her memory in your heart, embalmed there fresh and pure as in her days of life, your own for ever. Who dare dispute that grave with you? or who but yourself can claim to be the dearest earthly memory of her blessed spirit in the realms of paradise? And you think there can be no worse fate than yours? I tell you, Rupert, you little know what men may have to bear, or with how much reason they might envy your gentle sorrow!"

Atherstone had spoken with so much vehemence that Rupert looked round at him surprised; but at that moment a burst of joyful shouting from the crowd at the gate announced that the bride had arrived, and it was needful that her brother should be there to greet her. The young man silently linked his arm in that of his friend, and they walked together out from the sombre alley where they had been standing, to the broad sunny path leading to the church door, where already the wedding procession was being marshalled. The little children of the village school lined the road on either side, holding baskets of flowers from which they flung sweet blossoms beneath the feet of the veiled bride as she passed along, leaning on her father's arm; and close behind Wilhelmina—the chief actor in the scene on which the dazzling sunshine was streaming down—there came another fair and graceful figure, walking with her beautiful eyes fixed on the ground, her little hands clasped tightly together, and her gentle feet seeking to avoid stepping on the pretty flowers which strewed the path, that her light tread might not crush them.

He stood there and watched her; his lost Una, in all her gracious loveliness, with her flowing white robes, only distinguished from those of the bride by the rose-pink flowers which looped them up, and her soft brown hair catching flakes of light upon its waving masses. She was very pale, but her sweet face was rigidly calm, and she passed on with quiet noiseless movement, never lifting her eyes to look to the right hand or the left, yet Humphrey had an instinctive consciousness that she knew he was present, and that she was aware how the sweeping folds of her dress had touched him as she moved along.

Mr. Trafford and Richard Crichton were at the west door of the church with the choristers to meet the bride, and as the squire led her in, his bright and happy little daughter, the choir and clergy turned and preceded her up the nave, singing the well-known bridal hymn, "The gale that breathed o'er Eden," till they reached the altar, where Hervey stood waiting with his friends.

Atherstone saw Una's figure, all white and dazzling in the sunshine, disappear under the shadow of the doorway, while the gay crowd swept in after her, and the impulse was strong upon him to dash back to the gate, and mount his horse, that it might bear him far away at its swiftest pace; but Rupert still held his arm and drew him on, and, yielding in the recklessness of despair, he too entered the church.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XXIII. CHRIST TRIUMPHANT, No. I.

Chapters to be read—Matt. xxviii.; Mark xvi.; John xx., parts of.

INTRODUCTION. Have now gone through some of the principal events in our Lord's life—have seen Him teaching by parables and miracles, dealing with individuals, suffering patiently. Now, His suffering over, His triumph begins.

I. THE RESURRECTION. (Read Matt. xxviii. 1—10.) Ask who took our Lord from the cross, and who helped him. Where have we heard of Nicodemus before? Picture the two good men on Good Friday evening taking the sacred body carefully from the cross, girding it in linen, and laying it in the new tomb. How did they spend the next day? (See Luke xxiii. 56.) Ask the names of the holy women from Galilee, and what they did. When had offerings of frankincense been made, typical of Christ's burial? (Matt. ii. 11; Mark xiv. 8.) So now the women prepare sweet spices, and watch the tomb. What would they see there? Why did Pilate allow soldiers to be placed near the tomb, and a stone placed on it? Did it have the effect he intended? Now picture out the scene in the early morn of Easter Day: describe the sepulchre, a large hole cut out of the side of a rock, with a vast stone rolled before it; four soldiers keeping guard; Pilate's official seal placed on the tomb; very early in the morning, in dim twilight, a great earthquake; when had the last happened, and with what results? perhaps the same soldiers had seen some of the dead arise then; would be still more frightened now; became paralysed with terror, as dead men; whom did they see, and on what errand did he come? From Luke xxiv. 4, may see that there were two angels, though in St. Matthew's account the more prominent alone is spoken of. Then picture the angels rolling away the stone; Christ rising, leaving the linen cloths neatly folded (Luke xxiv. 12), and passing out, while the angels remained to speak to those who came.

II. THE VISIT OF FRIENDS. The children may be told that it is difficult exactly to make the different accounts fit in. Those who care to do so may read Barnes' Notes. It is better to take the three groups of friends who visited the tomb. (1) *The women.* (Read Mark xvi. 1—8.) Ask about them, and who they were. Mary Magdalene, who loved so much, because much forgiven; the other Mary mother of James the Less, the brother, *i.e.*, cousin, of the Lord, and Salome otherwise Joanna, wife of Herod's steward (Luke viii. 3), accustomed to minister to Christ, had followed Him from Galilee, and now about to do the last they could for Him. What was their anxious question? Now they enter the empty tomb; see the two angels; in their fright only notice the one who speaks. What does he say? (ver. 6) on what errand does he send them? Why is Peter mentioned specially? Where were they to go to meet Him? How did the women feel, and why? These and similar questions may be put, and the women's devotion pointed out, which was rewarded by their being the first to hear the good news of the Resurrection. (2) *The two disciples.* (Read John xx. 1—10.) Picture the holy women trembling with fear and amazement, running to Simon Peter and John, to whose house the Virgin had been taken, and telling the wonderful news. What did the apostles immediately do? Which ran the quickest, and why? What did John the younger do? (ver. 5) What did the bold Peter do? (ver. 6) Did they see the angel? No! lost the direct testimony given to those first at the tomb: still they did believe the fact, and went away and told it to the rest.

III. PRACTICAL LESSONS. Ask for prophecies as to the Resurrection (Ps. xvi. 8), and remind of types of the same—viz., the Israelites crossing the Red Sea in safety, and Jonah emerging after three days in the fish's belly. Then show the *object* of the Resurrection. (Read 1 Cor. xv. 20—22.) Ask what is man's greatest enemy: death takes all sooner or later, holds them in his grasp; how can death be conquered? Only by destroying his power—*i.e.*, by resurrection. Therefore, Christ by His rising (1) *overcame death*; how many days was He under its power? Was death's triumph complete? No! because Christ's body did not see corruption, and by rising He broke its power, and led captivity captive (Ps. lxviii. 18). Also, Christ rising (2) a *pledge of our rising.* (See 1 Cor. xv. 57.) Because He lives we live. Did any one else rise? What became of Lazarus and others? did one ever rise and not die again? Hence Christ is first fruits of the dead, and all will rise at last day. What other rising is there? (See Col. iii. 1, 3, 5.) What dead things can we put away? So rise to new, holy, spiritual, life, commencement of endless life in glory.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the events between Christ's death and resurrection.
2. Name the holy women from Galilee, and say what you can about them.
3. Describe the scene of the Resurrection.
4. What three visits were paid to the tomb, and what was the object of each set of visitors?
5. Which apostle was to be told separately, and why?
6. What two great lessons are we taught by the Resurrection?

"WHAT CAN IT MATTER?"

BY THE HON. MRS. GREENE.

PART II.

MARY had a fair share of bodily strength, and a great deal of determination where anything of principle or duty was involved, and rather than leave the gate of Farmer Stack's pasture ground open, she was determined to exert both these attributes to the utmost. But it was all of no avail; the gate swung back every time she thought she had fastened it, and Willie was already nearly half the field in advance of her. She bruised all her shoulder trying to press it into the holdfast, and worried and heated herself to a pitch that was most unusual for so placid a mind; and at length, sorely against her will, she was obliged to give it up, and follow Willie's footsteps across the meadow.

"Well, you shut it, didn't you?" asked Willie, not deigning to look back as he heard Mary panting up behind him. "You ought to be Farmer Stack's own daughter, so you ought; you're so particular about trifles."

Mary did not answer him. She felt her temper was troubled, and she had no wish to quarrel, or to spoil all the pleasure of their expedition by wrangling; so she walked on beside her brother in silence, trying to grow calm again, and to recover from the great exertions which had made the muscles of her arms and back ache again.

Sprat had the happiest knack of diverting people's attention to himself, by tricks and exploits of all kinds; and now, as if sensible of the silence existing between his young master and mistress, he seemed bent on attracting their notice.

The grass, which had neither been grazed nor cut since the autumn of the previous year, was now a good height—so high, that the blades came up to Master Sprat's shoulder; but instead of walking through it like a sensible dog, he suddenly began leaping and bounding in front of them, raising his whole body from the ground, and seeming to fly over the intervening spaces, while the ripe dandelion-heads sent off clouds of feathery dust, as he knocked them hither and thither.

But presently Master Sprat came to a standstill, and, pointing with his nose towards the ground, seemed all at once as if turned to stone. Not a muscle did he move, nor even wag his little stubbly tail; but waited, with his eye fixed on one spot low down in the grass, till his master should arrive.

"What is it, Sprat? Good Sprat! hie, seek it out!" cried Willie, fancying it was a field-rat or a hedgehog, or some such animal.

But Sprat made no movement in advance, and as Willie drew nearer, to examine the spot for himself, a bird rose up from the ground with a harsh frightened scream, and, mounting into the air above Willie's head with a whirring sound, continued, with shrill notes of terror, to express her sense of alarm.

"It is a partridge, Mary! just come here; we have actually lighted on a partridge's nest in the grass. I know the eggs well. I say, what a rare piece of luck; and aint they beauties, just?" And Mary having joined her brother, they both stood for some minutes, thoroughly enjoying the excitement of the new discovery.

From this moment out all remembrance of the gate or their temporary quarrel passed from the children's minds. They took one egg, only one, from the nest, and, full of new-born zest for the expedition, pressed forward, and crossing the gate at the far end of the field—which was not so high or so impracticable a one as the other—they were soon on the borders of the glen.

It was now about the hottest part of the day, and the shade of the trees, when they reached the proposed end of their journey, was most refreshing. Willie revelled in it even more than Mary, for her large straw hat kept her head cool, and sheltered her eyes from the sun, while Willie had been obliged long ago to remove his, in order to place the partridge's egg in safety; nor could he grumble over this deficiency, as Mary had implored him, on setting out, to take the basket with him for this very purpose.

The cool green atmosphere under the trees looked so inviting, Willie and Mary rested themselves a while before prosecuting their egg-hunt, and both being in high good humour, Willie rallied his sister on her obstinacy about the gate, while she snubbed him for his carelessness and general want of method and order.

"It is always the same cry with you, Willie," she said, as she tickled her brother's ear with a long blade of grass; "'what does it matter?' or, 'what can it matter?' or, 'why should it matter?' and then, in the end, it generally does matter a great deal, and some one or some thing comes to grief."

"I never say anything of the kind," replied Willie, laughing. "Besides, even if I do, I'm quite right to say it; for what can it matter whether one puts the kettle on the right hob or the left, or puts their spoon into the right-hand corner of their mouth, or the left? and yet, if you saw me doing either the one or the other, you'd shout at me, just as if I was making the most awful mull in the world. No, no, you'll find out in the long run, Mary, that my plan is the best, and the less one worries and fidgets themselves over such trifles, the longer one will live."

"Unless you live for a hundred years longer than I do you will never convince me of it," cried Mary, laughing.

"And pray, supposing I were to outlive you by so many years, how am I to convince you of the fact when you will have been dead and gone for a century? But that's the image of your reasoning, Mary—a compound of old women's saws and girls' logic!" and Willie, yawning, lay back upon the mossy turf, while Mary still pursued her occupation of tracing lines upon his brow, nose, and ears with the feathery tip of a ripe blade of grass.

But by-and-by the workmen's bell in Farmer Stack's yard could be heard booming across the fields, announcing to the labourers that it was one o'clock, and time for dinner, and bidding the wives in their cottages look sharp and see that everything was ready for the good man, when he came home for his mid-day meal.

When Willie and Mary heard it, they sprang to the ground, and looked into each other's faces with dismay; so much time had been lost in crossing the fields, and looking after the partridges' nests, the morning had slipped by without their knowing it, and now they would only have time to make a hurried search for the treasures which lay concealed in the thickets of "old Stack's glen," as Willie irreverently called it.

He had "spotted," as he had told Mary already in the cottage, several of these prizes beforehand, and consequently, they were not long in finding and taking possession of some really rare and pretty specimens of the genus "egg," all of which were now placed in Willie's hat, both for security and convenience, and in addition to these, many other new nests were found; for the glen was not a common resort for egg-hunters, and the birds had, until now, built their nests and reared their young in comparative safety and seclusion.

It seemed to the children as if ten minutes had scarcely gone by, when the bell from the farm swung out its summons again, and Willie knew he had now barely time to cross the fields and get home, so as to go with his father to the dairy fields, where forty or fifty cows had to be milked, and the cans full of the white frothing fluid to be driven home to Farmer Stack's dairy.

"What a bother to have to stop now, just when I was in the very thick of nests of all kinds!" cried Willy, testily, as he climbed over the arm of a branch, and let himself swing down to the ground. "If you had not lost so much time over that confounded gate, we'd have had another half-hour to spend here. It's too bad! I wish you'd be satisfied to do as I tell you, and not always fight up for your own opinion."

Mary did not answer. She had sense enough to know that in Willie's present humour anything she said would only add fuel to his wrath, so she busied herself wrapping the eggs round in soft dry moss, and placing them again in the deep crown of her brother's hat.

Still, they had not done a bad morning's work. They had secured the much-coveted egg of the golden-crested wren, besides many other good and valuable specimens. And as Willie counted them over, and found they had a total of fifteen, his brow somewhat relaxed, and, whistling for Sprat, who had been chasing rabbits in a neighbouring furrow, to follow him, they went out of the glen, and crossed over the gate which led them back into the pasture-field.

"Well, Mary, where is the bull?" asked Willie, as, having helped his sister over the bars, he turned to survey the field. "Like all your other sage predictions, it has ended in smoke, and a nice chouse it would be now if we had to force open that gate a second time; why, father would have started for the dairy field without me, and I should catch it pretty hot for my pains. Come now, Mary, confess you were wrong: what could it matter?"

Mary shook her head, but still sought safety in silence; for, though Willie's arguments sounded plausible, she knew they were unsound and hollow, and that she had right on her side, though she could not at the moment make it appear so.

And yet the moment was near at hand which was to prove its truth to a demonstration, and give to her "girls' logic," as Willie had so contemptuously called it, a weight which even Willie himself would be forced to recognise.

Meanwhile, Willie pressed forward towards the open gateway, carrying the precious hat in his hand which contained the spoils of the day; his face was flushed with excitement, and his whole carriage exultant and triumphant. Mary followed closely at his heels, a little less triumphant, but still well pleased with the day's success, till they both reached the gate, which still remained open as they had left it, and through which they passed again, Mary making one more ineffectual effort to close it as she went through.

The pasture from this out was free of check or hindrance, nothing save rows of stately beeches marked one field from another; across whose stems, when necessary, an iron railing could be temporarily fixed to separate the grazing grounds. It was a picturesque pasture also, for the sward was undulating and close, and dips and hollows gave shady nooks, where the sheep could huddle together on sunny days, or in stormy and uncertain weather.

Willie began to lag a little in his pace as he drew nearer home, for the sun was beating down on his uncovered head, and making him feel faint and giddy.

"Run on, that's a good girl," he cried to his sister, "and fetch me out the basket from the house, for I cannot stand this heat longer; it is making me as

sick as a dog; and for goodness sake call in Sprat, for his barking would drive a saint mad!"

Mary turned, as her brother spoke, and looked into his face, for she was afraid he might be feeling more ill than he said, at the same time calling to the dog to come.

"What can he be barking at! he is down somewhere in the hollow, and does not hear me. Sprat! Sprat!" she cried, pausing, and looking across the field.

At this moment there was a strange sound like the muttering of distant thunder, and Willie paused too, and looked round, while his face grew whiter than before.

"It could not be the bull?" he said, quickly; for the sound was not unfamiliar to his ear, and the suggestion of his heart found vent in sudden words of terror.

"Oh no, Willie! how could it!" cried Mary, running a few steps forward, and trying if it were possible to catch a glimpse over the brow of the meadow.

"Come back! come back! are you a mad-woman?" cried Willie, almost fiercely, as again the muttering sound rose distinctly on the sultry afternoon air, followed almost immediately by a loud and brazen roar of anger.

"Good heavens! if it is the bull we must cut and run for our lives," said Willie, in a tone which sounded to Mary so strange and unlike himself, that she looked at him for a moment in unbelief and terror-struck surprise.

But in another instant all doubt on the subject was removed, as the huge black bull belonging to Farmer Stack came round the corner of the hillock, tearing up the gravel with his feet, and bellowing forth his anger and defiance.

"Sprat, Sprat, you brute! come here, sir!" roared Willie, furiously; for the dog was leaping up at the animal's nose, and evidently driving it to desperation. But it was no use to shout or whistle; Sprat was far too excited to hear or see any one; besides, there was the danger of attracting the bull's fury to themselves. So Willie, turning, measured with his eye the distance between his home and the spot where they stood.

"If the bull takes it into his head to give us chase we are lost," he said, turning, with white lips, to his sister; "we must only make for home as fast as ever we can, and trust to our legs to save us."

But even while he spoke there was a loud yell of pain from the unfortunate dog, and, looking to the corner of the field, they saw poor Sprat tossed high in the air above the horns of the furious animal.

The cry of horror uttered spontaneously by both Willie and Mary, as they heard their favourite's yell of pain was perhaps the worst and most unfortunate occurrence that could have happened, for the bull seemed instantly to become aware of their presence, and, in this discovery, to lose sight of all other surroundings, and to concentrate all his fury on the human occupants of the field.

"Run, Mary! run for your life! he has seen us!" cried Willie, catching his sister by the tippet, and dragging her forward. "If we could only reach the stile we should be safe!"

Not another word was said by either of them, but, distracted with fear, both children fled for their very lives. Mary was fleet of limb, and, unencumbered by the precious capful of eggs, she soon distanced her brother, and was making good speed towards the haven of safety.

But Willie, already sickened by the intense heat of the sun, and still unwilling to part with his much-prized treasures, strove vainly to keep up with his sister. His legs trembled and bent beneath him, and the sky and fields and the flying figure of Mary, all sped round and round before his eyes. At last he ventured to look over his shoulder, and saw, to his horror, that the bull was close upon him; it was coming up at a furious gallop, at every step tearing up the grass and mould, and snorting threateningly.

Away went the capful of eggs—the oval and spotted trophies of the day—flying and hopping over the field in reckless disorder. For one brief moment this action was of service to the boy, for the animal, blind with rage, seemed for a time to imagine that in Willie's broad-brimmed straw hat his enemy lay at his feet.

He rushed at it head downward, impaling it with fearful accuracy on his horn, but the next minute he was again on the boy's track, bellowing furiously with disappointment, and intent on an immediate revenge.

Willie, who at every step stumbled and fell in the giddiness and terrible anxiety of his flight, heard Mary's voice call to him from the stile. *She* had reached it, while he—he, her elder brother, and superior in strength and courage—was panting hopelessly to overtake her. Why did she not come to his help? Why did she not call some one to save him from this dreadful death?

"Willie, Willie, make haste, make haste!" she cried; "a few steps more, and you will be safe. Father is running up the road, and will be in the field in a moment!"

But all the fathers in the world could not save Willie now, for the bull was actually at his heels, and the scattered mould and clay were rattling sharply about his ears; he looked up, and saw Mary standing on the top of the stile, her arms stretched out to save him, but in the next moment he was driven forward with a terrific impetus, and dashed headlong against the high laundry wall.

Mary gave a yell as she saw her brother thrown forward, almost at her very feet, impaled, as it seemed certain to her, against the stone-facing of the wall; but happily this was not the case.

He had been dashed against it, it was true, but the horns of the bull had missed their aim, and instead of plunging into poor Willie's body, they had struck the wall above, and Mary saw that before her brother could receive the necessary *coup de grâce*, the bull would have to recoil a step or two into the pasture behind. She never stopped to reason; indeed she never knew exactly why she did it, but in this crucial moment of extremity, Mary seized the lilac dress, which was hanging on the wall beside her, and flung it hastily down upon the head of the infuriated bull.

The aim was a good one, for the curved horns caught the linen fabric as it fell, while the stones which had held the dress in safety above rattled down upon the animal's neck and shoulders. In his rage he leaped aside, tossing his head aloft to rid himself of the unlooked-for encumbrance, but by this movement he only succeeded in entangling himself worse, for the dress still clinging tightly to the point of his horns, now fell over his eyes, and dangled down in front of his legs to the very ground.

Again he recoiled, moving backwards step by step, to shake himself free from the blinding hindrance which now covered his whole head, while muttering with an awful but suppressed anger.

"Willie, Willie, make haste! if you can only get up here and cross the stile, you are safe. Here, here, I will pull you across," cried Mary, wringing her hands hopelessly, as she saw her brother lying stunned and motionless at the foot of the wall beneath. What was she to do now? Another moment, and the golden opportunity might be lost. She gathered up her skirt in her hand, and, brave girl as she was, made ready to leap into the field again, and face the danger she had so happily escaped, when all at once a strong hand pushed her aside, and some one jumped heavily from the top of the stile into the field beneath.

It was her father, and in another moment Willie was lifted up, and partially helped partially dragged over the wall into a place of safety on the other side.

The bull, who at every fresh moment became more entangled in its linen noose, was soon secured, and a chain having been fastened into the ring in his nose, he was led away across the meadow to his own pasture field.

Meantime, Willie was slowly becoming aware that he was safe, and that his safety was not owing to his own prowess, or his own skill, but to Mary's ready wit and dauntless bravery. He said little then; indeed, he scarcely spoke all that long evening, but lay on the settle in the kitchen, staring into the fire, and sighing heavily to himself.

But that night, when Mary crept into his room in the dark, to bring him a cooling drink and to wish him a comfortable and restful night, he stretched out his hand, now hot with fever from the shock of the past danger, and drawing her down close to him, said into her ear, "Mary, you are the bravest and truest little brick in all the world; if it was not for you and your 'girls' logic,' I should be dead and gone now. I'm sorry I have nothing to give you in return, though know you don't mind that; but this much I'll promise you, old girlie, that with God's help I'll never worry you again with that most foolish of all my foolish sayings, 'What can it matter?'"

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

334. To which portion of Isaiah's prophecy does the Lord seem to refer in His answer to John the Baptist's inquiry, "Art Thou He that should come? or look we for another?" (Luke vii. 10.)

335. The ordinary meaning of the word "simple," in the Psalms, &c., is *guileless, sincere*. Give an instance from the writings of Solomon in which the word "simple" is synonymous with the word *credulous*.

336. What is the *total* number of miracles recorded in the four Gospels?

337. Among those who sold their land and laid its price at the apostles' feet was a Levite. Give his name and show that it was contrary to the Mosaic Law for a Levite to possess land.

338. Quote the precise words the Saviour uttered when for the first time He was smitten on the face.

339. On what occasion did the disciples *first* apply the words "Thou art the Son of God" to the Lord Jesus?

340. What was the *origin* of the fire with which the Jews offered their burnt offerings? Name two individuals who lost their lives for using "strange" fire.

341. "The word," said Moses, "is very nigh thee," &c. Where does St. Paul quote these words, and with whom does he identify the "word?"

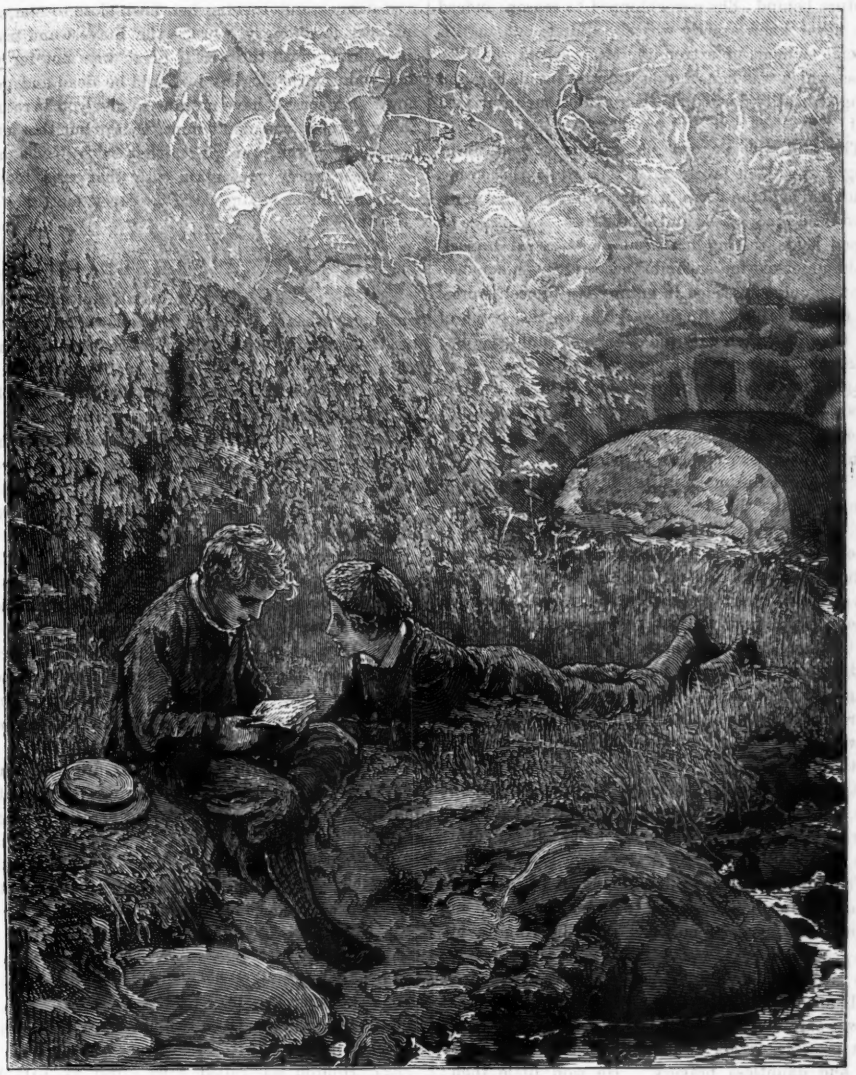
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 768.

324. 2 Kings xxi. 18.

325. Isaiah (xxvi. 19). See Matt. xxvii. 52, 53.

326. John xix. 20.

327. Hebron was called Arba (Josh. xv. 13); and Debir, Kirjath-sepher (ver. 15).



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

THE DAYS GONE BY.

THIS is no vision from the land
Where mortals wander when they dream,
For on the self-same bridge I stand,
And gaze upon the self-same stream,
Sparkling beneath a summer sky,
As bright as in the days gone by!

O throbbing heart! be still and think
  Of that sweet vanished time of joy;
Still bend the grasses on the brink,
  To kiss the wave as, when a boy
I stood with my lost friend beside
The flowing of this sunlit tide.

Still on the banks the willows grow,
  Beneath whose leafy shade we read
"The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe,"
  Till passing horse-hoofs seemed the tread
Of knightly riders as they went
To join some Norman tournament.

And half afraid were we to look,
  Lest haply we might not behold
Their snowy plumes, which proudly shook
  On helmets shining bright with gold;
The branches rustled in the trees
Like banners blowing in the breeze.

But all its former charm has gone
  From this sweet spot where willows wave;
The river, ever rippling on,
  Brings but to mind *his* distant grave;
And my sad eyes shall look in vain
To see that long-lost friend again.

J. R. Eastwood.

THE LIBERTY OF OBEDIENCE.

"I will walk at liberty: for I seek Thy precepts."—Ps. cxix. 45.

OBLIGATION and liberty, precept and freedom, obedience and enjoyment, are things which in the esteem of many are quite incompatible. Men for the most part, especially in their youth, are accustomed to suppose that precept somehow is bondage, and that law is necessarily opposed to liberty. The Psalmist, you perceive, takes here quite an opposite view. And he was right; while the common idea is utterly wrong. Even Seneca, the heathen moralist, declared that "to serve God is to reign;" and the servant of God is said by St. John to be made a king unto God.

1. It is well to remember that the Almighty Father has given us precepts—has avowed His relation to us, asserted His claims, and made known His will. Man was made at first a law unto himself, or with the rule of holy action in his nature; but he rebelled, Divine precept was disobeyed, and the Divine image lost; "all flesh corrupted his way" before God, and men became lawless and disobedient.

In mercy, the revelation of law was renewed in another form, and at Sinai external precept was given to point out our duties to God and our fellow-men. The Divine commandments are perfect and paramount, and come home to every man. All are under obligation to God as the Great Father to whom they owe their being and their powers, and to whom they are accountable for the right use of every gift and energy. God's all-perfect and comprehensive law singles every one out, and addresses him in the personal language, "Thou art the man," to which his conscience in some form, and with more or less distinct utterance, responds assent.

2. It is our business to *seek these precepts*—to seek to know them and obey them. Nothing can be of greater importance for us than this employment and pursuit; yet the commandments of God are the very last things which men naturally seek. "Hide not Thy commandments from me," cried David; but how few, comparatively, sympathise with him in his prayer. What is it thus to seek the precepts of the Lord? The word rendered *seek* literally means "to stamp or tread with the feet;" to tread a spot is to frequent it, from which it signifies "to search for." One who has lost a piece of money in the street will go backwards and forwards looking for it. The man who wishes a favour from another will often go to his house and tread his threshold, until he gets it. The individual who has any place or object especially dear to him will often be found repairing to it. So David sought the precepts of the Lord that he might find them; and finding them, he sought them as objects of satisfaction and enjoyment, so that he could say, "Thy law is my delight." It was the feeling and course of one who often went where he liked to be, who often sought the Friend in whose fellowship he especially delighted, who often pondered the claims, obligations, and ties which he loved to cherish. Nothing should be so full of attraction to us as the will of our heavenly Father, when discovered either in Revelation or in Providence; and nothing should be so full of enjoyment to us as the humble and earnest doing of His precepts. Unspeakable is the advantage and blessing to ourselves of such a course.

3. In thus seeking the precepts of God man reaches his truest liberty. The margin reads, "I will walk at large: for I seek Thy precepts"—"I will walk in the broad, open, extended place." Few things men prize more highly or seek more ardently than liberty; but many do not see that liberty in its highest sense is secured by seeking the Divine precepts. Instead of thinking they can walk at large in the path of obedience to God,

multitudes consider it must be a very narrow walk indeed—a forbidding and undue limitation of their powers and propensities. David did not think so when he penned these words; nor did St. Paul find it so when he said, "The love of Christ constraineth us." The constraints of the Divine law and love form, in truth, the highest freedom.

What is liberty? Is it not the freedom of our whole being, the emancipation of all our powers, their ability to act according to their proper nature and design without being under any subordinate and inferior restraint? You can easily see how a man may consider that he is free in pleasing himself and doing as he likes, while in this very thing he may be a beggarly bondman and a cowardly slave—

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

His servant he is whom he obeys. To serve the devil is bondage, while to serve God is to reign. Where is liberty, then, to be found for man? Is it in obeying himself, in giving the rein to the passions and propensities of his own nature? Many so suppose, but it is a gross mistake. *That* is to limit man's powers within a base and very narrow boundary, like the caging of the lark, which with untiring wing should be carolling aloft in the clear blue sky. Is it in obeying the world with its maxims, fashions, pleasures, and pursuits? No, *that* is only another name or form of slavery which limits the range of human powers to the boundaries of time and sense. True liberty can only be found in the happy consciousness of our relation to God and obedience to Him. He alone, as the Infinite Father, can prescribe fitting exercise and duty for His child—the exercise and duty for which his powers are both adapted and intended. It is the man that lives in obedience to God, having the Divine law within him as the rule of his life and the source of his delight, who is truly free.

The arrangements of society supply illustration of this truth. Who is the man that walks at liberty in our streets and enjoys himself as a free citizen? Surely he who "seeks" the precepts of his country, and whose life is a willing and habitual response to the majesty and honour of law. The law is enthroned in his heart, and he walks at large. No spy tracks his footsteps, no detective haunts his places of resort, no officer of the state interferes with his engagements. But if a man should say, "Why should I be hampered by law? why should I be restrained by the precepts of society? why should I not share in my rich neighbour's property? why should I not carry out my own will, irrespective of the rights or convenience of others?" and begin to act on such thoughts, he would soon find his liberty curtailed, and himself imprisoned as a madman or a criminal. The same principle holds good in the grand realities of the Divine government. Our liberty lies in our obedience. To serve God and live for Him is most truly to be free. How so?

The man who seeks the Divine precepts is in harmony with God, and *harmony with God is liberty.* Man never seeks a precept which condemns himself; he will rather hate it and shun it. To the transgressor, when the commandment comes, sin revives. Hence, to seek the precepts of God is in truth to walk with God; and "how can two walk together except they are agreed?" God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself; he that walks with God is reconciled to God, and in the enjoyment of the Divine favours and friendship. The sinner, conscious of his transgression, helplessness, and bondage under sin, finds peace through the blood of the cross, and in reconciliation to God is introduced into the glorious liberty of His children. He is not free who is under condemnation, but harmony with God is freedom; and nothing can harm the freeman of God, nor can any power prevail against him. He walks at large, and finds all things working together for his good.

To seek the Divine precepts is to be devoted, consecrated to God, and *devotion to God is liberty.* God is the highest object which the human soul can seek, or to which it can aspire. Devotion to Him and living to His glory involve the highest range of man's being, so that in it alone he can really walk at large. "For me to live is Christ," said St. Paul, and in so living he reached the highest purpose of his nature. For multitudes to live is—business, or wealth, or pleasure, or social power; but these are low aims, which limit the faculties of man, and confine the range of life within the narrow boundaries of the seen. It is supreme devotion to God which lifts man in desire and thought to the Infinite and Eternal, and which alone gives the widest and freest scope to the exercise of all his powers. In this only can he rise through the universe in quest of goodness, wisdom, and beauty, without fear or hindrance, and walk worthy of God.

Nor less clearly does it appear that this seeking of the Divine precepts brings likeness to God, and *likeness to God is liberty.* It is thus that man becomes a holy law unto himself, and the precept is placed within his heart, and becomes a part of his moral and spiritual being. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ sets the sinner free from the law of sin and death. The more spiritually-minded men become the less do they require external regulations to guide their conduct. Outward law is for the lawless and disobedient. Those who obey the Gospel of God are made partakers of the Divine nature, and reach in themselves the highest purpose of God's revelation. The Spirit dwells in them, and "where the Spirit of the Lord

is, there is liberty." In doing the will of God, then, man finds the highest freedom. "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent," His only begotten Son, the Saviour and Lord of all. Thus Christ proclaims liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

You have seen a kite aloft in the air, moving gracefully against the breeze like a thing of life and beauty: the slender string which binds it to the hand of the boy who holds it is its safety; let that string be snapt and broken by a sudden gust of wind, and the vain liberty of the kite will forthwith issue in its downfall and destruction. So men, in acknowledging their allegiance to God and walking in His precepts, find their true life, liberty, and only safety. Yet how many, alas! in rejecting the tie that binds them to their Maker, have found their fancied freedom to be the very bondage of darkness and misery! JAS. SPENCE, D.D.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE FEET OF JESUS," ETC. ETC.

II.—"EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE"—(*concluded*).

THIS common proverb leads us, however, still higher. If we mount into the region of spiritual things, we find it even there. The "mickle" or the "much" of a developed Christian is the result of many littles in the disciplinings and experiences of the divine life.

It is not any of his littles that can save his soul, that great mickle—that vast "much," at which angels wonder—is the sole prodigious work of Christ; but our spiritual life is exercised and fed and strengthened by littles.

This life here is led in littles. The martyr's stake is not kindled now; the life of the man of God is not a struggle with outward foes, or a fleeing from open persecutors; that life is to be led in shops and factories and fields and quiet homes, and amid what perhaps many would call very inglorious scenes. But it is here, nevertheless, that we are to set forth Christ, and here that we are to be trained for heaven. It is by "littles" that the man of God is made perfect.

Faith is educated by littles. It becomes stronger every effort it makes. Just as the muscles become stronger every time we move our limbs, so faith becomes more powerful every time it acts.

Self-denial is exercised by littles. Every small thing we forego, every time we are willing to retreat into the background, and see another preferred, forms and fashions the character for heaven, moulds the soul's life which is to be.

The saints in their eternal and glorious home shall be "mickles"—"muches" made up of many past littles. And this will be equally true of the other sad side of the picture. The spiritual being of the lost shall be the aggregate of many littles, bad littles having gathered and consolidated themselves into a bad "much."

What lessons do we learn from this? There is another common proverb which says "Every little helps." And what are our littles helping us to—whither are they helping us to go?

One lesson that we learn is to put that question to ourselves—not to allow ourselves to be drifted on to ruin on the bosom of a current made up, after all, of only very little drops.

What kind of "mickle" are the "littles" of our life making? We ought to know whither we are going; what kind of place we are becoming fitted for.

What has been said about this proverb should teach us not to despise littles, no matter what form they come to us in. He that despises little things, by little and little shall he perish. It was a little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands to sleep, that brought poverty upon the sluggard as one that travelleth, and want as an armed man (Prov. vi. 9, 10). It was the "little" foxes which were doing the mischief in Cant. II., and they found something suited to them—the tender grapes; and these little foxes were not to be let have it all their own way, but were to be caught, and their mischief put an end to; for though they were small themselves, their power of doing harm was great. "Take us the foxes—the little foxes that spoil the vines—for our vines have tender grapes."

Neither on the good nor on the bad side may we despise the little things—in each a great mickle lies before us.

Remember, as regards the bad, that what you pooh-pooh as small, nevertheless goes on its way, to live, and work itself out, and join itself to other like things, to overwhelm you by-and-by, as the avalanche made up of single snow-flakes overwhelms the traveller in the Alps.

You cannot do little mean things, without getting the mickle of a miserable character; you cannot indulge in little lazinesses, without becoming slothful; you cannot decline little duties, without becoming untrue in your spiritual life.

Take care how you look at littles by themselves, not bearing in mind that they are parts of a great whole. If you do this, you may find yourself ruined before you know anything about it. Seldom any man takes a gigantic step in evil all at once; he comes to it by little and little. The littles familiarise us with the *mickle*.

Many a man who has been going into debt for little things, a shilling or a sovereign now, and a few shillings then, is amazed and displeased when a bill comes in to him for perhaps £100. And yet he cannot reasonably or justly object to it in any way. He ordered and had the goods; each article seemed nothing, or next to nothing, at the time; the big account is the mickle of them all.

But we must take a bright side of this proverb also. It will never do to stop at the dark side of truth; we should be miserably depressed if we did, and should never get on.

There are many small things in good, as in evil; and here, too, "every little will make a mickle."

As people seldom fall into great wickedness all at once, so they seldom attain to much good.

There is indeed one great mickle—the soul's mighty "much"—which is done not by little and little, but all at once; and that is its salvation. He that believeth shall be saved; that work is once and for ever. But there is the sanctification of the heart; the purifying of the life, the attainment of personal holiness; and all this seldom, indeed never, comes at once. It is here a little, and there a little; the growing in grace, the making small advances day by day.

Do not despise the day of small things; do not undervalue, either in yourself or others, small improvements; they are all steps in the ladder which you must climb, and, when all put together, will lead you very high. Trust this as their issue. You might be very much discouraged if you were to look only at the end; it might seem so high, so far off, so unattainable. But you shall be led to it by imperceptible steps: the littles will bring you there.

Thank God for every small improvement. Even though it were but very small compared with what you would have had it be, thank Him heartily for it; let it be added to what went before; and add something more in the way of improvement to it, be it never so small, and you shall find that you are advancing towards the mickle, the "much" of being perfected.

Do not be altogether discouraged about others either. Christ is not discouraged. We are told that the bruised reed does He not break, and smoking flax does He not quench. He recognised Peter's little faith, though it was but "little," when he was about to sink. Our Lord noted also the "little strength of the Philadelphian Church" (Rev. iii. 7), and there was a blessing in that, though it was but small.

Encourage every one to little efforts. Generously recognise these littles. Rejoice in your own littles, and thank God that you have been able to make them. Look forward with hope and trust to that day when He who said, "Well, thou good servant, because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities," will recognise your honest littles, and show you, to your great astonishment and delight, how much they come to in the aggregate. Then you shall see the spiritual side of this proverb, and wonder at the wide circumference of the common saying, "Every little makes a mickle."

"I."

THE "Vishnu Parana," one of the sacred books of India, relates the following incident:—Ribhu, a learned Hindu, called once upon his disciple Nidagha. The pupil having humbly set a meal before him, asked him where he was then living, whence he had come, and whither he was going. The reply was remarkable: "Man, the soul of man, goes everywhere, and penetrates everywhere, like the ether; and is it rational to inquire where it is, or whence or whither thou goest? I neither am going, nor coming; nor is my dwelling in any one place; nor art thou thou; nor are others others; nor am I I."

Another thousand years passed, and Ribhu again visited his disciple. He found him watching the king entering the town. "Tell me," said Ribhu, who saw that he was not recognised, "which is the king, and which is any other man?" "The king is seated on the elephant," said Nidagha, "and the others are his attendants." "But which is the king, and which is the elephant?" rejoined the irrepressible philosopher. "The elephant is underneath: the king is above him," replied the disciple. Ribhu, however, was not to be so easily disposed of. "What is meant by the word 'underneath,' and what is it that is termed 'above?'" The disciple, supposing, perhaps, that a little practical illustration might be useful, leaped on Ribhu's back, and said, "*I* am 'above,' like the rajah, and *you* are 'underneath,' like the elephant." But the resources of philosophy are infinite: there was a question deeper still; and the sage could *raise* the question, if he could not *solve*

it. "Come, now," said he, "do you tell me which of us two is *you*, and which is *I?*" Nidagha was overpowered with this unexpected explosion of wisdom, and at once recognised his ancient teacher. "He went away," says the sacred volume, "profoundly impressed with the belief in unity. He henceforth beheld all things as the same with himself; and being thus made perfect in knowledge, obtained final liberation."

What is "I," and what is "you?"

The question is interesting. The Budhist believes that all things are but one, and that they return to one: the idea of individuality is lost. This, however, is clearly not the true solution. Philosophy may confuse us, but there is a voice within which says that I am I and you are you. However closely united by interest and affection, we are conscious that there is a sense in which we are totally distinct. We cannot actually feel *with* a suffering neighbour, though we may feel *for* him. I am glad I am not you"; or, "I wish I were you," express an actual truth, the profound philophising of Ribhu notwithstanding.

But if it is easy to determine that "you" is not "I," it is more difficult to say what is meant by "I."

Each feels that he consists of a body, with its faculties and sensibilities, and a power of thinking and feeling, both together forming the individual.

And yet it is evident that the body is not "I."

It is continually changing; since our childhood we have added to it many pounds weight of chemical substances, which have been incorporated from without, and yet this makes no essential difference in ourself. Again, we lose parts of our body without any sensible alteration of self. Our hair and our finger-nails are so little a part of us, that we remove them periodically without sense of loss or inconvenience, and even though the loss of a limb would be a serious mutilation, and leave a painful sense of bodily incompleteness, yet the "self" remains the same, as complete as ever. The phrases, "when I was a child," or "before I lost my arm," and the like, show that we feel ourselves to be the same in all periods, and through all changes of life; and though we are so altered that our friends may not recognise us, and though we might have difficulty, after a length of years, and a long absence from home, in *proving* our identity, yet nothing could deprive us of the knowledge that we were "ourself," nor persuade us that we were any one "else." It would be impossible, till we had "obtained final liberation" from our senses, to perplex us with the question, "which of us is you, and which is I."

The body, then, however intimately connected with ourself, is not "I."

What, then, is "I?" Whatever philosophical perplexities may arise when we come to express our knowledge in words, we are conscious that we possess a kind of existence which suffers no break of continuity from any changes of our bodily frame, or from the events of our life. We may alter greatly in our ideas, and our early ideas may seem to us so different from our present ones as to make our childhood appear to be *some one else's* childhood, but we know that it is our own; there is no more break of continuity in our consciousness than in our body. Our mental powers may be vastly increased, but we are sure that they are the powers of our childhood, enlarged.

And how vividly we feel our sameness, when anything reminds us of some event in our childhood which greatly agitated or interested us. An injury, or an act of tenderness shown to us—a fright or a pleasure; how it comes back to us! There are many things which can never be blotted out from our memory; they have become part of us, and remain like a scar on the body which is visible through all changes. There are things which can never be forgotten; and it was felt to be a fair argument against the claimant in the Tichborne case that he had no recollection of certain events which were known to have happened in the early life of the real Sir Roger.

But the continuity of our *moral character* is an important element of the question.

We are all aware that some things are right and others wrong; and we feel uneasy, when we have done what we believe to be wrong; and happy, when we have done what we believe to be right. Now, apart from revelation, it is difficult for the mind to get rid of the uneasiness caused by doing wrong, and in *any* case it is impossible to get rid of the consciousness that we are still the same individual who *did* the wrong. We may, perhaps, *forget* many transgressions, and of many of our youthful ones we may contrive to take a very indulgent view; but it is impossible to destroy the feeling of identity. Indeed, it may be questioned whether *any* error can be quite obliterated from the memory. A writer in the *Times* a short time ago tells us that in the moment before he lost his senses under the water, he was startled to find a boyish sin come back to his memory—he had once ungenerously eaten some grapes left at the bedside of a sister suffering from fever; he had contrived to forget it, but years afterwards it presented itself to his mind as fresh as ever. Perhaps we may all have something to learn on this wonderful subject.

Habits, too, are often found to re-assert their power under strange circumstances. A policeman, suspecting that a baker carrying a tray on his head, was a criminal who was just then "wanted," went behind him, and suddenly uttered the word "attention!" in military style—the man of whom he was in search was known to have been in the

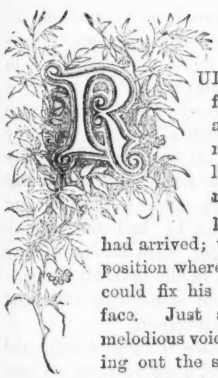
army, and the officer correctly reasoned that the soldier's habits would outlive all changes—the man instantly drew himself up, placed his hands by his side, like a soldier at drill, and let the tray fall from his head. A similar anecdote was told in the Tichborne case.

What a mistake it is to suppose that a mere change of circumstances, at the passing of time, will alter us! Our evil tendencies may, indeed, be subdued, and virtuous habits may ultimately prevail, but it is by other and severer processes. We shall not escape evil, even by laying down the body. To the virtuous there is a splendid hope; he may yet escape all evil, and be as though evil had never been known to him, but his "final liberation" will not be such as Ribhu taught his disciple to seek; he will never be in doubt as to "which of us two is I and which is you."

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.



UPERT NORTHCOTE left his friend, as they drew near the altar, and went to join his mother, who was standing a little apart, visibly agitated, now that the period of final parting with her daughter had arrived; while Atherstone took up his position where, half hidden by a pillar, he could fix his eyes undisturbed on Una's face. Just at that moment the deep melodious voice of Mr. Trafford was sounding out the solemn charge to those who were about to be joined in life-long bonds, that they should declare whether they knew of aught against their union, as they would have to answer for it at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts should be made known.

"Now," thought Atherstone, "Una knows that those words will soon be addressed to her and Trafford, and unless she has made herself hard and cold as ice against me, she must betray her consciousness that if the deepest secret of her heart were revealed it would tell of a love between her and me, which well might hold her back from taking vows to any other man."

He watched her intently, as the awful adjuration rolled through the echoing aisles, and was followed by a pause of intense silence, when no answer came from the true young hearts that had long been open to each other in loyal affection. But Una never moved, and her beautiful face remained white and still, as if chiselled in monumental marble. Humphrey continued to gaze upon her earnestly, while the sacred rite went on and the pledges of undying love were given and taken; and only once he marked a change. Like a sudden breeze rippling the surface of a quiet lake there came a tremor of agitation over Una's pure pale countenance, which made her lips tremble, and her eyes grow dim with tears, when she saw the young bride rise from her knees, her hand clasped in that of her husband's, while the clear voices of the choristers rang out the words, "Oh, well is thee, and happy shalt thou be!" Atherstone knew not what chord was touched at that moment in Una's heart, but in truth she felt as if it were ready to break within her, for it was crying out in passionate longing for the bliss which she believed her own young life was never to know. Ah! well it was with the bride so deeply loved, and happy would she be; but she had given all her life and all her heart to him who stood there in his living beauty as utterly dead and lost to her as if the grave had hid him away for ever from her sight. The thought of the long years of loneliness that seemed to lie before her was more than she could bear, and as she swayed like a reed under the tempest of anguish that shook her very soul, her glance fell for a moment on Atherstone's countenance, looking dark and stern from his inward pain and resentment, and at once her maidenly pride enabled her to master the emotion which might betray to the man whom she believed had deserted her how unchangeably she loved him still. With a strong effort she drove back the tears that well-nigh choked her; raised her fair head in dignified calm; and from that moment never showed by look or movement the least sign of feeling through all the subsequent scene.

The service was over, and the newly-made husband and wife passed out of the church, and walked down the graveyard path in the sunshine, with their friends following close behind them.

"Caught at last, my Will-o'-the-wisp!" whispered Hervey to the little bride whom he was bearing away in triumph.

"Fairly caught," she answered. "I hope it is not proper for me to cry, because I can't, I am so happy;" but there were bright drops on her dark eyelashes as she spoke, for her eyes turned lovingly on the kind old father, whose house was to be her home no more.

At the gate the village people clustered round the squire's daughter and her husband, all eager to touch her hand or win a last look from her smiling eyes, and in the confusion Atherstone found himself close behind Una, but she still maintained her

statuesque calm, till suddenly Trafford, hurrying from the church-door with his swift vigorous tread, came straight up to her, and bending down from his stately height, whispered a few words in her ear; they were, in truth, only prompted by a kind wish to remove the sadness which the quick-eyed clergyman had noted on her face, by reminding her that all the happiness that day around them was due to her own success in bringing Rupert Northcote back to his home. But Atherstone did not hear what was said, he only saw that Trafford's voice brought light to her eye and colour to her cheek, and that she looked into his face with a sweet bright smile, and answered low and softly to his secret whisper. And the sight was too much for Humphrey's powers of endurance; with a determined effort he made his way through the crowd to the place where his horse was waiting him, and hastily pencilling a note to Mr. Northcote, begging him to excuse him from being at the luncheon, he gave it to his groom, and told him to ride to the Manor House with it, and then mounting Nightshade, Humphrey himself darted away in the opposite direction, and was soon galloping at full speed along the most lonely road he could find.

Poor Una could not so easily escape from what had been to her an almost unendurable ordeal. She was obliged, as the bride's favoured friend, to accompany her back to the house, to sit in patience at the table while the wedding feast went on, and finally she had to take her place with all the other guests on the outer steps, and join her good wishes with theirs as the daughter of the house was borne away by her husband, to begin together the new life that seemed so full of promise. Then only would she hope for a few minutes' relaxation from the strain of the determined calm beneath which she had hidden her anguish through these long trying hours.

The Northcotes had insisted that Una should remain with them till the following day, in order that she might be present at the evening party with which the festivities were to terminate, and bitterly distasteful as all such gaieties were to her at present, she knew that she must not avoid them if she would conceal the reason which made them so; but now that Wil. was gone, for the next few hours at least she was free, and hastily throwing a dark mantle over her white dress, she ran with fleet steps through the shrubberies till she reached a side gate which led to an outlying hamlet on the Northcote estate. Una had a definite purpose in taking this direction, but when she found herself in the perfect solitude which was so great a relief, she relaxed the rigid self-control with which she had maintained her composure, and gave way to irrepressible sobs. Like the king of old, who hastened away, weeping as he went, when he heard that the son was dead, whom to have retained in life he would have been well content that all others should have died that day, she passed on through the quiet woods in all their summer brightness, with her fair face bathed in tears and her lips wailing out the bitter cry, "Would that I had died before I lost him! Oh, my love—my love!" for Atherstone's conduct at the wedding had utterly killed the last hope within her, and the whole long life that she might have to live stretched out before her one dark and dreary blank, where the lights of earth had all gone out, and the far-off stars of heaven would alone have power to shed radiance on her path.

This complete abandonment of herself to her grief for a few minutes brought a sense of relief, and when she reached the little old-fashioned farm-house which was her destination she was able to wipe the tears from her eyes and regain her composure, at least in outward appearance.

CHAPTER XLV.

In the farm-house where Una Dysart now entered there had lived from the day of her birth, sixty years before, a poor old woman who had always been a hopelessly misshapen cripple. She had never known what it was to walk or stand, and had spent her whole life between her bed and the wooden seat, fixed in the deep old-fashioned window, where she lay curled up in a strange distorted attitude. Her hands were as useless as her feet, and the only occupation of which she was capable was that of reading, which she had happily been taught in her early youth by a charitable lady of the Northcote family. Her mother had died when she was born, and her father had supported and cared for her somewhat grudgingly till his death, and then the farm became the possession of her half-brother, a man very much younger than herself, who was married and had a large family. He had just sufficient pride, and respect for the good opinion of his neighbours, to prevent him sending poor helpless Lizzie to the workhouse, but neither he nor his wife made the smallest attempt to conceal from her that they considered her a most undesirable burden, which they would be heartily glad to be rid of, whenever death might remove her from their hands. In a word, the life of this hapless being had been, from first to last, as utterly devoid of hope or love or happiness of any kind as it is possible to conceive that an existence on this earth could be, yet Lizzie was without exception the most invariably cheerful contented person Una Dysart had ever known, and the secret of her joy and peace in the midst of pain and contumely and neglect was simply this, that from her Bible, the only book she possessed, she had won the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour, and, giving herself into His pitying care, she had found in His love all that her heart could desire for time or for eternity. "My beloved is mine, and I am His," these were the words that absorbed her whole being, and filled her with joy unspeakable and full of glory.



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"You have comforted me very much."—*p.* 810.

Therefore it was that Una Dysart had come to her, on this the saddest day of her young life, that she might steep her soul in the faith and heavenly fortitude of this poor cripple, and learn from her that the absence of all earthly hope may yet leave brightest radiance on the life that is hid with Christ in God.

Lizzie greeted her visitor with delight, recognising her step, though her distorted shape prevented her from turning her head; and Una knelt down by the chair in order to bring her face on a level with hers, throwing aside, at the same time, the heavy mantle which hid her dress; Lizzie gave a pleased exclamation of surprise when she saw her in her snowy flower-decked robes, for though Una often visited her, she had never of course seen her thus attired. "My pretty lady," she said, "how sweet you look to be sure! you are like the angels I see in my dreams, which are all in white with flowers in their hands, the flowers that never fade!"

"But I am not good or happy like the angels, Lizzie, and I have come to you to make me better."

"My dearie, what can a poor old creature such as I am do for one like you?"

"You can tell me about yourself, Lizzie. You are quite happy, are you not?"

"My sweet one, yes! how should I not be, when I have the dear Lord with me always?"

"But did you never want any happiness in this world? I know you never had any, but did you never wish for it?"

"Never, since I knew what it was to have the Lord for my portion, and my everlasting great reward; though I merit nothing at His hands."

"Lizzie, forgive me for asking you, but did you never wish to be loved—to be the dearest of all to one of your own fellow-creatures?"

"I might have wished it," she answered, simply, "if I had never known the tender pity and the sweetness of my crucified Redeemer; but oh, my dear young lady, who can love us as He does who died for us? 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends,' and I give Him back my poor love truly—well, He knows it. Every day that passes is a joy to me, because it brings me nearer to the time when I shall see Him who is chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

"But, Lizzie, if you could go back to be young again, with all those years that you have lived before you still, would you not gladly begin your life once more, if you could have the chance of being happy and beloved?"

"No, my dear; not if it was to keep me back a single day from going to my Saviour. I'd rather be the poor cripple I am, on the brink of the grave, with the hope of seeing Him beyond it, than be young and beautiful like you, if it put me sixty years further off from Him."

Una sighed. "I will tell you how it is with me. I have had a great grief, and it has taken away all hope of my ever having any more love or happiness in my life than you have had—at least I shall not have the only love I care for—and the future does look so sad and dreary, I don't know how I am to go through it to the end, even though there is the hope of heaven after it is past and gone. Do you think I shall be able to bear it?" added the poor child, looking wistfully into the old woman's withered face.

"Oh, my dear lamb, you do not know what the dear Lord can do to comfort those who love Him. He has made my life, long as it has been, seem like one day because of the joy I have had in His hidden presence, which is always with me, and if you come to long for Him as I do, the years you may have to live will be to you but as rushing wings bearing you onward to His feet."

"Thank you, dear Lizzie," said Una, stroking the old woman's cheek with her gentle hand; "you have comforted me very much, for I know that what you say is true. I will ask our Lord to make me brave and good like you, and then I shall be able to take courage and go forward patiently as you have done."*

She remained a little longer, singing hymns in her low sweet voice, which she knew gave the poor cripple special pleasure, and then she went away, braced and strengthened by her visit, though still the thought lay heavy at her heart, that in one day more Humphrey Atherstone would have left the neighbourhood again, and that it was very likely he might not return till after she had once more gone abroad with her aunt.

It was the Tuesday evening after the wedding, and from Dr. Burton's statement Una knew that Monday had been fixed for Atherstone's departure, she therefore felt sure that there was no risk of her encountering him if she took her solitary walk, after her aunt had retired, in the direction of the Eagles' Nest. She had a great desire to go to that spot once again, where first she had learnt that Atherstone loved her, and it was much more accessible now than it had been then; for in the happy days when Humphrey believed that Una would have her home at the Abbey, he had taken a pleasure in having a safe and easy path excavated in the steep side of the cliff, in order that she might go without fatigue or difficulty to the ruin which had so pleased her fancy. Broad and smooth as the path was now, however, Una ascended it that evening with slow and weary feet, as if the effort to toil up to the summit of the cliff were almost too much for her strength; but it was the weight of memory on her heart, not physical weakness, that retarded her lingering steps, and bowed her young head as with a load of years.

There was not a greater contrast between the

* It may perhaps interest our readers to know that "Lizzie" represents a real character.

fresh sunny morning on which she had first ascended to the Eagles' Nest, and the shades of the grey still evening that lay around her at this hour, than there was between the bright hopefulness of her spirit at that time, and the deep immovable sadness which enveloped it now; and she felt the change with all that unappeasable longing for the happy vanished past, which is one of the sorest trials of those who know too surely that they must walk through gloom and shadows to their final rest.

At length Una reached the ruin; she glanced into the dark chamber where the penitent's grave lay at the foot of the cross, and where once she had seen the tall form of his descendant emerging slowly from the gloom, and then she turned, and resting her arms on the rough stone parapet outside the building, she looked down with a long earnest gaze on the wide-spreading landscape below, of which Atherstone Abbey, with its fine woods and its massive keep, was the most prominent. As she stood there, a breath from the fresh evening breeze passing across her face touched some link in the chain of association, and carried her back with a vivid remembrance to the day when, on her homeward voyage, she leant over the side of the vessel, and heard her father's voice arousing her from the thoughts that were engrossing her, to bid her tell him what they were; she recollected how she told him of the warning she had received, that she had one life only given her, and how in the proud self-confidence of her untried youth she had written out a record of what she meant that life to be, wherewith she might test the constancy of her resolution when the term of her existence drew to its close.

She was very young still, but she felt as if the hour at which she had now arrived, might have been a fitting one wherein to read the record of her "vaulting ambition," as her father had called it, and compare it with her real actions in the years that had elapsed since then; for it seemed to her that life, as she had understood it in those early days, was over for her in actual fact—the life of hope and enjoyment and proud aspiration—and all that remained to her while still she breathed, was a patient schooling of her soul to make it fit for entrance to a happier world.

"Blameless and noble," that was the stamp she had affirmed she would give to her career on earth; but she could see now, as she looked back to that time of arrogance and inexperience, that her ambition had not been to live for the glory of God, but to glorify herself, and that, trusting in her own strength only, she had started on the course she had meant to be so bright and fair. Therefore had she failed; at the first touch of an earthly love, which had lured her with the hope of nothing higher than mere personal happiness, she had cast her great aspirations to the winds, and had forgotten all but the impulse to obey her heart's overweening affection, till she had not feared to sacrifice to it even honour and truth; that love and the hopes it inspired had indeed been taken from her, but she had made no voluntary surrender of it for conscience' sake, and if of late she had striven to walk with purer aims and heaven-directed eyes, it was not her own merit, but because of the afterglow shed on her path by the light of a pure life that had set in glory.

She bent her head down over her clasped hands, as she acknowledged to herself, in all humility, the total failure of her high ambition, and breathed an earnest prayer that she might be able, for the time, that still remained to her on earth, to serve her God in meekness and self-distrust, striving with tender charity to bring to her fellow-creatures some of the happiness she no longer hoped to win for herself. And even as Una Dysart thus resigned herself to look no more for enjoyment or even hope in her mortal life, there came the sound of a footfall on her startled ear.

(To be concluded.)

JANE CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE little room behind the shop. What had it not seen, and what stories might it not have told?

Just now in it sat Jane Carter, all alone, having her breakfast. She had only bread-and-butter, and coffee without milk or sugar, but it was not that which troubled her.

It was summer time. The small town in which she lived was a bright, busy, bustling place, but none of its business or bustle seemed to fall in her way. She was cheerful enough in general, and hopeful enough, but this morning her courage failed her, and tears of quiet despair fell into the cup of coffee, as she lifted it to her lips.

She remembered the days gone by, when she had looked upon it as a light and easy thing to make a good business out of a bad one; and when, nothing doubting—lone friendless orphan though she was—she had taken the small badly-situated draper's shop upon her own hands. How high her hopes had been! How low they had fallen!

She was persevering, but her perseverance seemed now to have altogether forsaken her.

"I have a good mind to give it up," mused she, "and be a servant, or anything so that I might only be able to get my own living honestly."

She washed the one cup and saucer, and replaced it in the little corner cupboard, and presently went up to her room.

She felt quite inclined to sit down and cry (small fear of any customer coming in to disturb her, she knew), but what good would it have done?

"It is one of my dark days, I suppose," she thought, "when, try as I will, nothing goes right... But then God sends the dark days, as well as the bright ones, and they are all good, if we could but think so. Perhaps they are meant to make us more patient. The Bible says, 'tribulation worketh patience.' And perhaps this one might even be sent to help me in my business. When I am miserable, I can always think; but when I am happy, no thoughts come into my head. Why should I not *think* my way through all the things that worry me, big and little. There is always a way out of every difficulty, if one could only see it. But that is it. The secret of starting a really good business in this very shop might be at this moment before my eyes, and I be blind to it."

Tap, tap, tap! on the counter in the little shop below. She ran down.

"Ha'penny post card, please," said a ragged little urchin, holding out his halfpenny.

"Don't keep them, my dear," answered Jane, gently; "you can get them at Garrett's, three doors from this."

She went up-stairs again. Such a "customer, and no customer," was no novelty.

She stood for a long time at her window, without word or movement. Her heart was rising in silent reverent prayer to the kind God and Father, who knows all His children's difficulties and perplexities before they tell Him, but who, nevertheless, likes to have them tell Him. He could and would help her, she knew, and at the right time, and in the right way; and, till then, she prayed for patience and submission.

Tap, tap, tap! again on the counter below. Once more she went down.

Another small child, for a pennyworth of elastic and a reel of cotton—articles soon served—and in a minute the shop was empty again.

Thus the slow day passed.

The sun was setting. She stood sadly at her shop-window. Presently—absently, and with a sigh—she began to re-arrange it a little. Time often hung heavily on her hands, and sometimes she scarcely knew how to employ herself.

Collars, and cuffs, and ties, plenty of them; and neat enough, and pretty enough, she thought; but nobody else appeared to think so, or at any rate nobody bought them.

Then there were some tolerably fresh-looking pieces of cotton print—blue, pink, and lilac—besides plenty of gloves, handkerchiefs, and stockings, and common laces, and cheap artificial flowers. And with all these things she made the window look as well as she knew how; but still folks as they passed only gave a cursory glance, and never came in to buy.

By-and-by she turned away from the window, and began taking stock of the rest of the articles in the shop, not with her hands, but with her eyes and mind. Not getting low, exactly, but old-fashioned and faded. And she had no money to buy more.

Plenty of small drawers, stocked with needles, cottons, hooks, tapes, buttons, &c. Plenty of cardboard boxes, most of them filled with one thing or another. Plenty of shelves, on which lay dowdy dress-pieces, rolls of flannel, more cotton prints, calicoes, linings, &c. &c. Two drawers of bright ribbons, too, she had, which seldom enough saw the light.

"It is odd," thought Jane, as she ended her survey. "It isn't as if I had got a lot of things that nobody would be likely to want; and yet I take—sometimes not a shilling a day. It strikes me that I can't have the knack of showing things to the best advantage; and appearances have so much to do with a business. If I had blue stuffs, and red stuffs, and ribbons, and laces, littered and strewn all over the shop from floor to ceiling, I dare say people would begin to come in. But then I am afraid of getting the things spoilt for nothing. Still, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' I almost think——"

She paused, and began pulling down from one of the shelves some cheap pieces of pink and brown delaine.

She had unfolded one piece, and was looking at the faded stripes across it, when in came another customer—this time a woman, with a baby in her arms.

"I want a sun-hat for baby, if you please," said she.

"Yes, ma'am," returned Jane, going to an odd corner, and rummaging out half a dozen or more. The woman chose one, paid two shillings for it, and departed. Jane felt pleased and thankful, and she turned once more to the delaine. But had some fairy touched it while she had been looking away? A plan for turning it to account seemed absolutely written all over it, on every tiny pink flower and ragged brown leaf. "Make it all up into babies' frocks," something seemed to whisper, "and sell them for what the material would cost, charging nothing for the work."

Jane was ever quick and sanguine and enthusiastic. She saw a mine of wealth before her in a moment that only wanted working. Her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled, and she looked quite another being from the dull spiritless girl of a moment before.

"It is only threepence-halfpenny a yard," thought she; "and I shall be able to make perhaps a dozen little frocks out of it, and I'll sell them at sixpence-halfpenny each."

Planning and acting went hand-in-hand with Jane.

With eager fingers she took her scissors, there and then, and in a few minutes had cut out a little frock. She intended to make one, before cutting out more; and, getting needle and cotton, and a scrap of calico for body-lining, she began at once.

"It will draw custom," said she to herself, as she fitted and stitched away cleverly and industriously; "and I shall be selling out all my old-fashioned stock, and getting money to buy new. I'll make up everything in the shop, if that is all! and I'll hang up frocks and petticoats, and pinafores and aprons, of all sizes, everywhere!"

Faster and faster went her needle; and before bedtime that night she had made two small frocks, and, with great exultation, and not a little pride, she pinned to each a monster ticket, which said:—

ONLY 6½d.

"I'll have some more tickets," she said. "They catch the eye. I'll ticket everything. I wonder I never thought of that before!"

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER day dawned. Jane was up with the first faint streak of light, to work with all her might, while the spur of her beautiful new idea was fresh upon her.

The little room behind the shop again, and breakfast-time once more! But what a different Jane Carter sat at the table now! No tears were in her eyes this morning. She had found her work; and how happy and bright she looked as her busy fingers flew over it so industriously, that she scarcely gave herself time to eat her breakfast!

By eight o'clock two more little frocks were made, and then she went to open the shop. The four new articles for sale were displayed very near the door, and Jane paid them particular attention, so far as watching went, all day long; but though a few looked at them, nobody bought one. But Jane was by no means discouraged. "I don't much mind," said she to herself, "if they don't begin to go till I have got the shop full."

And for the rest of that day, and all the next, needle and scissors went to work with a marvellous quickness and dexterity and perseverance. And then the frocks were finished, and Jane made a pause.

It was evening. She shut her shop, and went out for a quiet walk, and thought over what was next to be done. At length she decided that she would use up a good-sized roll of not very saleable plaided flannel, which she knew lay ignominiously at the bottom of one of her lowest shelves. Rather a pretty plaid, nevertheless, Jane thought it was, of blue and pink and grey.

"It would look very well made up into boys' shirts," mused she; "but for some reason or other it has never gone off in the piece, and I dare say it never would." She turned to go home again; and that very night she cut up all the flannel, and found that it would make fifteen shirts.

She was seated in her shop, busily stitching away at them, the next morning, when a customer entered—a woman—and two children followed her.

"Look at the babies' frocks!" exclaimed one of the children. "But they're six shillings each; that is a lot of money!"

"Six *pence*," corrected the mother. "Sixpence-halfpenny, child! Why, I can't think how you can make them for the money!" and she turned to Jane, who was holding up a pair of thread gloves for her inspection.

"I didn't make them for money," and there was a twinkle in Jane Carter's eyes; "I made them to sell the stuff, and perhaps to get a little more custom than I have had."

"Oh, well, come, I've got a baby at home; I'll buy one. They are cheap enough, at any rate." And so the first frock was sold.

Sixpence-halfpenny! Jane took the money, and put it by in her work-box. She had been working very hard, and had just finished the second shirt, and was pinning the ticket to it, when, another customer coming in, she laid it down on the counter, and——

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" she asked, pleasantly, of the new comer.

"I want some calico. But are those flannel shirts for sale?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Fifteenpence each, are they? How cheap! I think I'll take both."

With great alacrity Jane rolled them up in paper, and, directly her customer was gone, sat down to make more.

"A half-a-crown," said she, "to put with the sixpence-halfpenny; that will make three shillings and a halfpenny."

The next day she sold another frock; and the shirts went off as fast as she could make them; and when they were all gone she had in her work-box £1 18s. 7d.

"Getting on!" she commented, exultingly. "And directly I have got five pounds I shall go to London, and lay every penny out upon new things. And then how much better I shall be able to make the shop look!"

As the shirts had sold so well, she determined to make some more, and took down a large roll of rather dingy-looking grey flannel for the purpose. It came on to rain—a soft steady summer rain—and not another customer entered the shop that day. Yet there sat Jane, with the door wide open, as busy as possible; and, looking at her happy face, one might have supposed that she had the best business in the town.

And all that afternoon and evening the gentle

patter of the rain and the snip snip of her own scissors were the only sounds she heard. But she had no time to feel lonely; and before she left her work that night she had cut up all the flannel into sixteen shirts, and had made two.

They did not go off quite so quickly as the first; they were not so pretty. But Jane seemed scarcely to trouble herself about them. As soon as she had finished them she began a set of small pinafores. Next she made a dozen cheap fancy aprons; and then half a dozen tiny frocks, out of a remnant of light blue merino. And meanwhile her business did not stand still. She sold as well as worked; and her books told that just lately she had sold a very little *more*.

"Courage and perseverance!" thought she.

And when a customer entered, she put down her work, and got whatever was wanted in such a quick cheerful way, as could not fail to please. But her manner never even so much as hinted—"I want to make haste, and get to my work again." No: Jane had more tact than that, and genuine good-nature besides: and she waited upon each one in turn, with as much attention and patience as if she had had nothing else in the world to do.

And then her work! There it was, always in her hands, or on the counter beside her. Could any one help seeing that she was industrious? Could any one help looking at the work which seemed to interest her so much, and employ her so constantly? And after looking, would one not sometimes buy? And so she gained more than one new customer.

Summer passed away, and by that time Jane had got a little over five pounds in her work-box. And then she contrived to find a friend to "mind her shop;" and, light-footed and sanguine-hearted, she made the long-thought-of journey to London.

And, young and simple-minded as she was, what pleasure she found in the choice of so many pretty new things! And, when safe at home again, and all her treasures round her, what a pleasant employment it was to store them away, or arrange them in her window, or on her counter, to the very best advantage!

And how delighted was she, next day, with every passer-by who paused to look and admire, though ever so carelessly!

But while she watched her window she did not forget to work, and her work was still making up the old stock into articles of clothing. And then, little by little, these were sold; and, little by little, newer, and gayer, and more tasteful things made their appearance in Jane's shop. And by-and-by, too, hats and bonnets were to be seen in the little window. And millinery Jane found to be a much lighter and easier as well as a more lucrative employment than shirt or frock-making, yet she would not give up her first idea. And she began, too, to love her business as she had never done before; and then to make her shop as attractive as possible was no longer a task but a pleasure.

And the next thing was that Jane was obliged to take an apprentice. And after a while she bought a sewing-machine. And then, the amount of work which she contrived to get through astonished everybody. And soon her shop was literally full. The very sight of it was enough to draw custom. And it did draw custom. And whereas she had once often taken as little as a shilling a day, she now took on an average five pounds.

But let no one suppose that Jane worked on from morning till night and from week to week without rest or change. No: she was too sensible for that. She knew that to do her work well and with pleasure she needed recreation just as much as she needed food; and she took it. And many and many a pleasant evening she spent with the friends she made, and almost forgot that she had a shop at all. And then she went back to her little quiet home, and worked next day with equal zest and enjoyment.

* * * * * *

A third and last peep at the room behind the shop.

There sits Jane, five years older than when we first made her acquaintance. She has no lack of business now, but, on the contrary, just as much as ever she can manage. And the "dark day" with which we began was the turning-point in her fortunes.

She is thinking it all over now, as she pauses in her work for a moment, and sits, thoughtfully tapping with her thimble upon the table.

"How good God has been to me!" she murmured. "He saw me that day, and He sees me now. It was He who showed me a way out of my difficulties, just as He showed Hagar the well. How near it was to me all the time, and I could not see it!"

And then she looked up at her favourite text, as it hung over the mantelpiece, and in loving trust and thankfulness she repeated it over and over—

"*Fear not, I will help thee!*" C. R.

"ONE OF THE LUCKIEST FELLOWS IN THE WORLD."

A STORY FOR BOYS. IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"I DECLARE I never saw anything like it! he's first again!" exclaimed Bob Firmin, laughingly, as he met some school-mates, who were, like himself, going in the direction of the grammar-school.

"Who, Fisher?" asked George Belford, anxiously.

"Yes. Just like his luck! took all before him," said Bob, pushing back his cap from his forehead with an impetuous movement, as if it were too small for him, and looking at George Belford with an amused expression about the corners of his mouth, as he watched the effect of his communication upon his companion. A shade seemed to cross young Belford's face, but it passed away before he turned to Bob, and said, "Well, it's like his luck, as you say; it seems as if there was no chance for any one else as long as he remains in the school."

"He's one of the luckiest fellows in the world!" exclaimed another schoolfellow, joining in the conversation; and this seemed to be the opinion of every one of them, as they listened to this further proof of Fisher's good fortune.

"I don't know how he does it," exclaimed Bob; "he seems to take things so easy. I don't believe he worked a bit harder than any of us the whole of this term."

"Not harder than George, I'll be bound!" said another, looking at Belford with an approving glance; "all the fellows say you worked like a slave this half, and I know *somebody* who thought you were sure of the first place."

George Belford smiled, and grew crimson, as he thought of his sister Kate, who had helped him with her sympathy in his honest efforts to obtain the highest prize the school offered. Yes, Kate would feel this even more than he should, for somehow, she had made up her mind that such a resolute purpose as his could not fail to win its object, and she had set her heart upon seeing him the possessor of the scholarship that was to ease the burden of his education in such a pleasant way. Every boy in the school knew George Belford's history, and understood the peculiar sympathy which bound his sister to him. They all knew that George and Kate were orphans, and that they had been adopted by an uncle whose narrow income as curate of the parish church did not admit of very much charity or benevolence. Mr. Bevington, who was a bachelor, regarded them now as his own children, and every ambition of his future life began and ended in the happiness of these two young people. He considered it his duty to give George the best education the town afforded, and he was fortunate enough to get him into the old grammar-school, where in course of time he hoped to see him take a scholarship which would entitle him to be sent to one of the universities. This preliminary scholarship, about which the boys had been speaking, was of the value of twenty pounds, for two years, and it was generally understood that the boy who gained it would also gain the higher university one.

Ned Fisher, having gained the lesser prize, would therefore be sure to win the more valuable one, as he had won all the best prizes the school offered for nearly five years. "Fisher's luck" had become a proverb in the school; and the lad himself had, in course of years, come to believe that there was really something strange in his uniform good fortune. True, he had worked hard for every honour that he gained; but other boys had done likewise without an equal reward; and, to say the least of it, there was something pleasant in the thought of being able thus easily to distance every competitor. Some who knew Edward Fisher, had expressed a hope that he would not allow his success to spoil him, and such a hope was not without warrant, for Ned liked people to think that his victories were gained without effort; by some natural genius upon his part, which the other poor plodding scholars did not possess.

When the boys reached the door of the old grammar-school they found several others waiting there, glad to discuss the results of the examination with all comers; and whilst they were talking together, Ned Fisher himself came strolling up to them in a leisurely manner, as if victory sat lightly upon him.

Seeing George Belford, he came over and put out his hand. "Belford, I'm sorry you didn't win this time; although of course I couldn't help it, you know."

George's face betrayed his deep emotion. "Ned, you mustn't say that; you earned the scholarship like a man, and you deserve it. You are one of the luckiest fellows in the world!"

"I begin to think so myself," answered Ned, with a look of pleasure on his face.

"I may tell you, now it's all over, Ned, that I worked night and day to beat you," said George, with good-humoured candour.

"They told me you were working hard, and I quite believed it," replied Ned, laughing. And then a chorus of voices plied the victor with questions as to when he studied, and how, and what the secret of his success really was; but he put the questions aside with easy indifference, suggesting that he had not made any special exertion to win the scholarship, but that it had come to him in the ordinary course of events, as all his triumphs had.

XUM

Ned was undoubtedly possessed of great aptitude for learning; and the head-master of the school prophesied for him a brilliant career at college if he exhibited the same *application* there as he had always shown at school. He was a bright pleasant-looking lad, with curling brown hair, which was constantly falling over his eyes, and as constantly had to be flung back again. Somewhat headstrong and self-willed Ned was, and particularly fond of praise, which was not an uncommon enjoyment of late, because of his many victories.

It would be impossible to avoid noticing in his demeanour a conscious sense of his own superiority and good looks—a consciousness which had been more marked than ever of late, and which might mar his frank intelligent countenance if it were allowed to become pride. Even now, as he speaks to his companions, it is evident that his voice has a tone of authority in it, and that unconsciously he is looking down upon them from a point of vantage. Presently the boys turned towards the school-room, talking earnestly together as they walked in to their work; and no one could discover from George Belford's quiet manner that the loss of the prize for which he had worked so hard was any disappointment to him. Every boy in the school knew how hard he *had* worked, and perhaps some of them drew from it the conclusion that he was dull and stupid at his books—which was far from being the case. He had a weak point though, which caused him frequently to fail, even when he felt himself entitled to succeed. His was an exceedingly nervous temperament, which was not satisfied with doing the best that could be done, but was always fearful lest even the best efforts should prove failures at last. Poor George was in such a hurry to repay the unwearied kindness of his uncle, and so anxious to fulfil his sister's ambition, that at examination time his heart was in a flutter of excitement, and his nervousness caused him to forget much that in calmer moments he would have answered without a moment's consideration. The boys all felt for him.

"Fisher really doesn't want the scholarship," said Firmin; "it is'nt like Belford, who has'nt a father at his back to give him a college education, and who, I expect, must go without if he doesn't get it through the school."

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

342. Show that the Saviour's revelations to His followers concerning His sufferings, death, and resurrection, gradually became clearer as he approached the end of His earthly life.

343. There are many promises in Scripture to private prayer. Quote two from one of the Gospels in reference to *united* prayer.

344. Both the prophet Isaiah and the Evangelist St. Luke used the word "key" metaphorically. Give chapter and verse.

345. Name the Evangelist in whose Gospel the words "the kingdom of heaven" are found, and state whether the expression is met with elsewhere in Scripture.

346. Both the prophet Jeremiah and the author of the Epistle of the Hebrews speak of the *new* covenant. Give the passages.

347. The word "church," which occurs twice in one verse of St. Matthew's eighteenth chapter, is found only in *one* other place throughout the Gospels. Where?

348. The Temple-tax, according to Exod. xxx. 13, was half a shekel. What was its amount after the Captivity?

349. What advice was given by Gamaliel respecting the apostles? Was his counsel followed?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 784.

328. "For they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord." (Prov. i. 29).

329. Acts xx. 28; 1 John iii. 16.

330. Gen. ix. 13, 14, 16; Ezek. i. 28; Rev. iv. 3; x. 1.

331. (1) Isa. viii. 20; (2) John v. 39; Acts xv. 11; (3) 1 Thess. ii. 13; Heb. iv. 12.

332. "The children of Israel did burn incense to it" (2 Kings xviii. 4), therefore Hezekiah "broke it in pieces."

333. John iii. 1—21; vii. 50; xix. 39.

A POET.

GOD filled the poet's brain with singing birds,
Fevered his soul with yearnings after fame,
Rained on his tongue the manna of sweet words,
The honey drops of song. The poet's name,
Deathless, he lived for: like king eagle, he
Would heaven-ward soar with eye fixed on the sun,
And see the crown of immortality.

Halo his brow ere scarce life's morn was done.
The wild bird sun-ward soared—the critics' dart
Stayed the proud flight, and rent his mighty heart!
Or, like caged lark that on first morn of thrall,
Starts singing from its sleep to mount the skies,
Strikes 'gainst the prison bars, and in its fall,
Thrills its last note from broken heart—and dies!

M. RYAN.



(*Drawn by* C. GREEN)

ILLUSION.

A WHITE star burned and sparkled on high,
And fair was the light where it shone;
I turned to the spot where it hung in the sky—
The white star was gone!

A bright bird quivering sang on a tree,
Its ecstasy rang through the glade;
I paused, then drew nearer to listen and see—
The bright bird had fled!

A red rose bloomed in the light of the morn,
And sweet was the fragrance it spread;
I bent down to pluck it, and found but the thorn—
The red rose was shed!

I questioned in wonder and pain what it meant;
A phantasy born of the prime?
From the darkness a whispering answer was sent—
"These are only of Time." J. HUIE.

"UNTO YOU FIRST."

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"Unto you first God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities."—Acts iii. 26.

THIS is part of one of the earliest utterances of the Gospel after the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost—the first crush of the grape of the new wine, gushing forth in all its earnestness and power. It is the second recorded essay of the apostles to fulfil their Lord's command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," with this limit to begin with—"To the Jew first"—"beginning at Jerusalem." The apostle of the circumcision here speaks to Jews; and his words, as above, suggest to us these two things—1, The priority of the offer of the Gospel to the Jews; and 2, The blessings and advantages thus offered to their acceptance.

I. *The priority of the offer of the Gospel to the Jews.*—Everything must have its beginning, and must commence somewhere. The Gospel Message, in the hands of the apostles, was to begin at Jerusalem. But why *there?* For this there were several reasons:—

1. The Gospel had already begun there. The land of Israel was the local focus of the ministry of the Messiah. We have only to recall the familiar names of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Galilee, Jerusalem, and Samaria, in order to recognise the association of all these places with the Life of Jesus. It was the dwellers in these places that had seen His mighty works, and heard His edifying words; and they were not to be left to the responsibility thus incurred, without some effort to save them. The measure of privilege is the measure of responsibility—"For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" (Luke xii. 48). It was of their stock, too, that Christ came; and this circumstance, no doubt, largely "advantaged" the Jew. And in this Christ was an example to us, showing that our first great solicitude ought to be for our own kith and kindred. In a word, Canaan thus became the native home of Christianity; it was the cradle of the race, the appointed place of its first beginnings. In this, too, there was much of the genuineness and honesty of the Christian faith, that its first starting-point was in the place or places in which all these things had happened. It was no "cunningly devised fable," to be palmed off on distant lands; but where the witnesses lived, and the evidences and testimonies were everywhere to be found, there were the first promoters of the Gospel to inaugurate their work. And Jewish men were selected, and from Jewish places, to preach the first tidings to the Jewish people. Where else could such a message better or more appropriately begin?

2. And yet this only tends to suggest another question, the answer to which supplies our next reason. And why did all these things pertaining to Christ happen in that particular land? Why not in Arabia, or in India, or (as in the earlier days of Israel's history) in Egypt? Because in the land of Israel was the recognised Church of God of those days. The "two or three" were there; and there, accordingly, Christ was found (Matt. xviii. 10.) Nowhere else was God's name honoured; and in few other places was it even known. Thus it has ever been, and still is, that the Spirit of Christ is attracted to the place where His people are. In the divinely revealed religion of the Jew was the basis of the enlarged Christian faith; beginning there was but to build on a foundation already laid, and out of which the new revelation came. The constituted Church of Israel in those days, though sadly degenerated, was yet to "have the refusal" of the offer of the Gospel; or, what an old writer calls "the morning market of the Gospel."* And this in itself was a privilege; for surely, it is better to have the refusal of the morning market, than the refuse of the evening shambles. The purpose of God was, that if they refused, or after they had accepted, the Gospel, the next offer was to be made to the Gentiles—"To the Jew first, and also to the Greek;" or as in the ministerial labours of the Apostle Paul: in all the Gentile cities and towns, he first sought out his own countrymen, or resorted to their synagogue (if there was one), and then, after them, he resorted to the Gentiles—"It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been spoken to you: but seeing ye have put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles" (Acts xiii. 46).

* Manton.

3. A further reason for this priority of offer, "Unto you first," is found in the context. The Apostle had just been addressing his Jewish countrymen, as "the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers," &c. What more natural, then, than that the children should first be fed? The prophets of the Lord had foretold all these things; and, surely, the "children" of those prophets would naturally first have the offer of the blessings of fulfilment. They were also "the children of the covenant;" and God has been ever mindful of His covenant. And that covenant was, "And in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed." And would it not be strange that other nations, yea, that "*all* nations," should be blessed in the promised "seed," and they themselves remain unblessed? Would the fountain refresh all lands, and yet its own immediate circle and surroundings be unrefreshed? Then, before that wide-spread and world-wide blessing had penetrated to distant lands, "To the Jew first," was to be the order of precedence. Be comforted, then, all ye covenant children of God—the offers of mercy are to you and to your children, and "unto you first." It is where Christ is, and where Christ is preached and worshipped, that the message of salvation is offered first, and longest, and most freely. It is the "two or three" faithful ones that bring Christ there, and keep Him there; and not merely for themselves, but for others also. Christ is there to bless, and that good purpose He is ever fulfilling. Day by day, and week by week, are some souls thus refreshed in the communion of saints, and in the congregation of His people. It is a grand and terrible mistake, when men keep outside the circle of this communion. *Within*, they are in the appointed place, where God has promised His Presence; they are in the midst of the full supply, and within reach of the offer of the first gifts of grace.

II. *The blessings and advantages thus offered for acceptance.*—These are expressed in the great purposes of the mission of Christ—"hath sent Him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities." And this is associated with the fact of Christ's resurrection—"God, having raised up His son Jesus, sent Him," &c. This expression (ἀναστήσας) does not, indeed, necessarily mean the Resurrection; for the very same word occurs in a preceding verse (22) of this chapter, and with a more general meaning—"A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up (ἀναστήσει) unto you of your brethren," &c.; and here the word means merely to *provide* a Saviour. Yet this would seem to be too general a meaning for the word as used by the Apostle in our text above—"having raised up His Son Jesus." He would most likely mean the Resurrection of the Lord. This was the great theme of the apostolic preaching; it was that freshly-developed fact which imparted the boldness, the triumphant boldness, to the apostolic body, and rallied them from the cowardice of other days. It was the chief testimony of their preaching, with all the unspeakable value that attached to that great event—"And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (1 Cor. xv. 14). And in this more definite meaning, the same word is again used in the preceding chapter (Acts ii. 32)—"This Jesus hath God raised up (ἀνέστησεν), whereof we all are witnesses;" where allusion is evidently made to the Resurrection, and the personal testimony of the Apostles to the same.

At all events, the great purpose of Christ's mission was to be a Saviour, a full and complete Saviour; not merely a Helper, but a *Saviour*—"turning away every one of you from his iniquities." It was this great purpose that gave to Him the name of Jesus—"He shall save His people from their sins." It is this that makes that Name to be "above every name;" and causes it to have "in all things the pre-eminence."

But this must have fallen far below the wishes and the expectations of the Jews. They thought, and fondly hoped, that the Messiah would be a temporal king; they coveted to sit on His right hand or on His left; they hoped it was He that would "restore the kingdom to Israel," and make them princes in all lands. Their hope of the promise was that the Jew should become the dominant race, and take the place of the ancient monarchies of Babylon and Greece, and supplant the then hated sway of Imperial Rome. And yet, instead of all these fondled hopes, the Apostle makes the offer of simply *spiritual* blessings—the last thing the Jew was at all disposed to contemplate or care for—that the Messiah was to be sent to convert souls, to turn them from one thing to another thing, from one nature to another nature, from one service to another service.

And is there not room for such a change? Is there not essential need for such a Saviour? Man is fallen, and Christ is to lift him up; man is dead (spiritually), and Christ is to give him life; man is enslaved, and Christ is to deliver him. Accordingly, the Apostle says again, and in this very sermon, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (ver. 19). And, answering to this, "having raised up His Son Jesus," is that other Scripture—"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31). The lifting up of Jesus lifts us up; His exaltation exalts us; the vantage ground of His glory is the rock of our strength; the leverage of His mighty arm, thus strong to save, draws us up out of the horrible pit, and delivers us from destruction.

"ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

XIII.—WITH THE SICK.

THE memory of the pleasant summer holiday remains with many of us now that we have come back again to the duties of the work-a-day world, and it will be good for us all if the gentle thoughts which that time of enjoyment brought with it remain in our hearts, to brighten our daily lives by the influences that suggest a merciful and forbearing temper.

It is perhaps remarkable that few of the charitable institutions at places to which holiday-makers resort are to any commensurate extent benefited by the contributions of those visitors who, while they are engaged in pursuing their own pleasures, seldom give themselves time to think that as they have freely received so they should freely give. Considering that while we are engaged in the absorbing business of money-making, or in the exacting engagements of our daily calling, we can afford little time for the investigation of those claims which are made upon us to help the poor and the needy, it might not altogether detract from the higher enjoyment of a period of leisure if we devoted a few spare hours to inquiring what is being effected for the relief of suffering in any place wherein we take up our temporary abode.

With some such reflection as this I stand to-day on the spot which to ordinary Londoners is most thoroughly representative of the summer "outing" without which no true Cockney can feel that he is content—a spot, too, which has become for a large number of English men and women, and notably for a whole host of English children, the synonym for renewed health and strength—the head of Margate jetty.

It is a strange contrast, this moving crowd of people, with their bright dresses and gay ribbons fluttering in the breeze; the smiling faces of girls and women amidst a toss and tangle of sea-blown tresses; the green sparkle of the sea beneath the shining sky; the voices of sailors, the shrill laughter of boys and girls, coming from the sands below; the gleam of white sails; the flitting wings of fisher-birds; the gay tumult of the High Street; the traffic of the hucksters of shells and toys—a strange contrast to the scene which may be witnessed in and around that large building which we passed only yesterday as the Margate boat stood off from Birchington, and passengers began to collect coats and bags and umbrellas as they saw friends awaiting them on the landing-stage of this very jetty.

It seems a week ago; and just as these few hours seem to have separated us far from yesterday's work, and the routine of daily life, does the short distance along the High Street and past the railway station seem to separate us by an indefinite distance from the sickness and pain that is yet in reality so near. Even as we think of it in this way, the division is less marked, the contrast not so strange, for in that building Faith, Hope, and Charity find expression, and bring a cheerful radiance to those who need the care of skilful hands and the sympathy of loving hearts.

The name of the place is known all over England, for within its walls are assembled patients who are brought from the great towns of different shires, as well as from mighty London itself, that they may be healed of that dread malady, the most potent cure for which is to take them from the close and impure atmosphere of their crowded homes, and exchange the stifled breath of courts and alleys for the boundless æther of the sea.

For the building to visit which I am here to-day is the "Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, or National Hospital for the Scrofulous Poor, at Westbrook, near Margate," and there are at this moment 220 men, women, and children within its sheltering wards. Stay—let me be accurate. I said within its wards; but here, as I pass the gates and the unpretentious house of the resident surgeon to the broad sea front of the building, I note that under the protecting screen of the wall that bounds the wide space of grass-plot and gravel-paths a row of beds are placed, and in each of them a patient lies basking in the warm sunlit air; while a little band of convalescents saunter gently, some of them with the aid of crutch or stick, with the enjoyment of a sense of returning strength. If I mistake not, there are two or three "Bath chairs" crunching the gravel paths a little further on, and down below upon the space marked out and separated from the outer world upon the beach, the two bathing machines of the establishment are occupied by those for whom convalescence is growing into health.*

The full meaning of such a change can only be realised by those who know how terrible a disease scrofula becomes, not only in the deadly insidious form of consumption, but in the various deformities and distortions of the limbs of which it is the cause; and in those cases where, to the pain and depression of the disorder itself is added some terrible affection of the skin, which the sensitive patient knows can scarcely fail to be repulsive to those who witness it, unless, indeed, they have

* This was written in the latter part of July of the present year.

learnt to regard it only as a reason for deeper compassion and for more earnest consolation.

Almost every form of the disorder is to be seen out here in the wide northern area of this inclusive building, which has long ago been bought and paid for, along with the three acres of freehold ground on which it stands. Of the deep sympathy with which it has been supported by those who early learned to take an interest in its beneficent work, the fountain which has been erected in the centre of the green to the memory of the late Rev. John Hodgson, one of its trustees, is a mute witness. Mr. Hodgson laboured earnestly to secure those casual interests which might be obtained from the vast number of persons who visit Margate every year. In order to make the most of small regular contributions, he appealed for "five shillings a year," and since his death in 1870 this fund has increased, so that last year nearly 6,000 subscribers had contributed £1,405 7s. 4d. Never was holiday charity more appropriately applied, as anybody who will visit the institution itself may witness in those long wards beyond the open passage, to which the card of Dr. Rowe, one of the three visiting surgeons, has directed me.

Since the first establishment of the institution, seventy-six years ago, when sixteen cases were treated as a beginning, nearly 29,000 patients, from London and all parts of the country, have received relief; and to-day the number in the institution (taking no account of a contingent of "out-patients") includes 42 men, 50 women, and 120 children, none of whom are local cases, but all from other parts of England, whence they come frequently from a long distance.

In each of the six wards, of which four are on the ground floor, there is a head-nurse and an assistant, with six helpers for the children's, and four for the adult department, beside the night nurses, who sit up in case of any emergency. There is accommodation for 250 sufferers and for the 40 nurses, attendants, and domestics required for the service of the hospital; so the 220 patients there now represent the approaching period when a new wing will have to be added, even if only the urgent cases are to be admitted.

Last year's list of occupants of the 250 beds shows a total of 721 patients, of whom 614 had been discharged in January of the present year, 399 being either cured or very greatly benefited, 171 decidedly benefited, and only 44 obviously uncured; a very large amount of actual gain to humanity, when we reflect on the conditions of the disease to remedy which the institution is devoted. If out of 721 cases 399 are either cured or have received such marked benefit as to render their ultimate cure highly probable, it is an achievement worthy of the earnest work of which it is the result, a contribution to beneficent efforts well worth the £7,966 which has necessarily been expended in the provision, not only of the appliances which give comfort and rest, but of the generous food and drink which, with the glorious air from the sea, is the medicine necessary to build up the feeble frames and renew the impoverished blood of those to whom meal-times come to be welcome events in the day instead of merely languid observances.

Down in the kitchen, with its great cooking range and its capacious boilers, there are evidences of that "full diet" which is characteristic of the place; and it is difficult to decide which are the most suggestive, the long row of covered japanned jugs which hang conveniently to the dresser-shelf and are used for the conveyance of "gravy," or the mighty milk-cans standing in a corner, ready to be taken away when the evening supply comes in from the Kentish dairies. Half a pound of cooked meat for dinner is the daily allowance for each man and for every boy over fourteen years of age, while women and girls receive six ounces, and children four ounces. Breakfast consists of coffee and bread-and-butter, varied in the afternoon by tea, and supper of bread and cheese for adults, and bread-and-butter for children. Roast and boiled meat is served on alternate days, with accompanying vegetables, and there are three "pudding days" for those who can manage this addition to the fare; while every man and woman may have a pint of porter, and each child a pint of table ale, at the discretion of the doctors. This, of course, represents the ordinary diet, in which specific differences are made for special cases where other or daintier food is required. Perhaps I should have said that this is the scale adopted in the refectory, a large airy room, to the long table in which the patients who are able to "get about" are now advancing with a cheerful premonition of dinner. There is no space to spare, and there are at present no funds to spend in additional building, so that this great airy refectory is used as chapel and assembly room. The Bread of Life, as well as the temporal bread, is distributed here; and those who would object to the necessity may either contribute to build another room, or may come and learn how every meal in such a place, and for such a cause as this, should become a sacrament. Many varieties of the forms taken by scrofulous disease may be seen here; and yet the hopeful looks, the cheerful influence of the bright summer weather, the green glimpses of the sea through doors and windows, and the fresh bracing air, impart to these sufferers an expressive lively briskness, which somehow removes the more painful impressions with which we might expect to witness such an assembly.

It is so perhaps in a still greater measure in

these large airy wards, where children sit or lie upon the beds, some of them wholly or partially dressed, where the disease has produced only deformities under surgical treatment, or such forms of skin disease as affect the face. Of the latter there are some very severe and obstinate cases, and from these the unaccustomed visitor can scarcely help turning away, but often only to *re*-turn, and mark how cheerfully and with what a vivid alacrity the little patients move and play, and look with eager interest on all that is going on. For here—in the boys' ward—there is no repression of youthful spirits, so that they be kept within the bounds of moderate decorum, nor do the patients themselves seem to feel that they are objects of melancholy commiseration. To speak plainly, even the worst cases are not reminded that there are people who may be revolted at their affliction. Indeed I, who am tolerably accustomed to many experiences that might be strange to others, am rather taken aback by one little "case," whose face and limbs, though apparently healed, have been so deeply seamed and grooved by the disorder, which must have claimed him from babyhood, that he has evidently learned to regard himself as an important surgical specimen, and, on my approach to his bed, begins with deliberate satisfaction to divest himself of his stockings, in order to exhibit his legs. Hip and spinal disease are among the most frequent and often the most fatal forms of scrofula. One boy, with delicate and regular features, his fragile hand only just able to clasp in the fingers the small present I am permitted to offer him, shows the shadow of death upon his face. In his case the disorder has shown itself to be beyond medical, as it has already been beyond surgical aid, and his short hurried breathing denotes that before the summer days have been shortened by the autumn nights, and the leaves are lying brown and sere, he will be in a better and a surer home, and healed for evermore.

It will be a peaceful end, no doubt, and he will yet have strength enough to be taken home to die, where other than strangers' hands will minister to him at the last, but not more tenderly, it may be, than those that smooth his pillow to-day.

As we leave the boys' wards—clean, and bright, and fresh as they are—we encounter a cosy little party of juvenile convalescents, who are comfortably seated on the door-mat, engaged in a stupendous game of draughts.

There is more of beauty than deformity, more of life than of death, more perhaps of living eager interest than of sadness and sorrow to be seen here, after all; and this is particularly remarkable in the large-windowed spacious ward where the girls can look fairly out upon the gleaming sea. Properly enough, the room occupied by these young ladies has been made more ornamental than that of the boys. The walls are gay with coloured prints, and there are flowers, and a remarkably cheerful three-sided stove, which gives the place an air of comfort, though, of course, it has no fire in it. Then some of the girls (with those thoughtful delicate faces and large wistful inquiring eyes which are so often to be observed among lame people) are engaged in fancy needlework as they lie dressed upon the beds to which they are at present mostly confined, because of deformities of the feet or legs requiring surgical treatment. There is a library (which needs replenishing), from which patients are allowed to take books; and those children who are able to leave the wards, and are not suffering from illness, are taught daily by a schoolmaster and a schoolmistress, while a visiting chaplain is of course attached to the hospital.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS. SECOND SERIES. No. 15. CHRIST. PART XXIV. CHRIST TRIUMPHANT, No. 2.

Chapters to be read—Luke xxiv.; John xx.; 1 Cor. xv. (parts of.)

INTRODUCTION. It may be interesting to the children to trace the different recorded appearances of Christ after His resurrection, from the Gospels, and 1 Cor. xv. One has already been noticed. To whom was that? From 1 Cor. xv. 5, and Luke xxiv. 34, it will be seen that the *second* appearance was to Peter. Why to him alone? The *third* (ver. 15), to the two disciples going to Emmaus; the *fourth*, to the disciples (without Thomas) on the same evening (John xx. 24); the *fifth*, to all the disciples, when Thomas was convinced (xx. 26); the *sixth*, to the five hundred brethren at once (1 Cor. xv. 6); the *seventh*, to James; the *eighth*, to some of the disciples at the Sea of Galilee, when Peter was restored to his apostolic office (John xxi.); the *ninth*, at His ascension from the Mount of Olives (Acts i. 11, 12); the *tenth*, and last, to St. Paul (Acts ix. 5; 1 Cor. xv. 8). Show from the above appearances how Christ was teaching the apostles previous to His departure. Peter was restored to his former position; James, commonly called "the Less," by special revelation prepared for his future work as Bishop of Jerusalem (Acts xv. 13, 19), the doubting Thomas convinced, and the apostles generally comforted and strengthened.

I. THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. (Read Luke xxiv.

13—34). The story may be questioned out of the children. Picture the two friends starting on their walk from Jerusalem on the afternoon of Easter-day to their home at Emmaus, about seven miles distant. What was the name of one? (ver. 18); what have heard of his wife the same day early? (John xiv. 25). What would they naturally talk about? Picture the stranger joining them; remind how many at the time at first knew Him not. So these through all the walk. Probably some mysterious change passed over His countenance. How is His face described by Isaiah? (lii. 14). Would the look of pain and suffering be there still? Perhaps have seen a suffering child after death—calm and peaceful, hardly looks the same. So, apparently, with Christ in His resurrection-body. Notice how they referred to the third day (ver. 21). What had Christ said would happen on the third day? Still show how they had a kind of half idea that it might be true, from their account of the visits to the tomb. How did Christ answer them? What prophecies especially would He quote? Let the children name some in the books of Moses and the Prophets—*e.g.*, of His *sufferings* (Gen. iii. 15; Ps. xxii. 1; Isa. liii. 6). His *death* (Num. xxi. 9; Isa. liii. 5, 9); His *resurrection* (Ps. xvi. 10). Show how the disciples, like other Jews, always expecting a deliverer from Romans (ver. 21). So Christ had to show Himself as deliverer from greater enemies. Who are they? Therefore He *must* suffer (ver. 26). Now describe the arrival at the country village. How would they feel after the long walk? Therefore they would have sympathy for a stranger going on further. What did they do? Picture out the scene at the house—the water for the strangers' feet, the simple meal, the two friends and Jesus reclining at the table. What feast was He renewing? What happened then? Why did the disciples return late at night to Jerusalem? Could not keep good news to themselves. Had left the apostles sad and despairing, must go back and cheer them.

II. Practical Lessons. (1) *Christ known by the Scriptures.* How did He convince the two disciples? Had they never heard the Scriptures read at least every Sabbath-day in the synagogue (Acts xiii. 27), still, had not realised the full meaning? So, too, the eunuch afterwards (Acts viii. 32). Show the importance of studying the Scriptures, to know more of God, of holiness, of heaven. (2) *Christ known in His feast.* Remind of the institution of the Lord's Supper. On what solemn night was it? Why was it ordained? In remembrance of what? Though these two were not apostles, still must have heard of the new feast. This only the second time. At once see who it is. So this feast always to lead to Him. (3) *Christ made known to others.* When hear good news, what do all like to do? The Gospel best of all news. What should we do? How can children tell others? What did Andrew do? (John i. 40, 41). So may bring children to school or church. Will then rejoice together in great day, when Christ meets us. When will that be?

Questions to be answered.

1. Name the different recorded appearances of Christ after His resurrection.
2. Show how His appearances were all with a purpose.
3. Give quotations from Moses and the prophets, as to Christ's sufferings and death.
4. How was Christ known to these two disciples?
5. Give three practical lessons from the story.
6. How can children make Christ known?

ONE LIFE ONLY.

BY F. M. P. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HUMPHREY ATHERSTONE had been obliged to postpone his journey for two days, on account of some business which affected the interests of one of his tenants; but he had now arranged to leave home the next morning for a considerable time; and on that same Tuesday evening he was pacing moodily to and fro on the terrace at the back of the Abbey, when he happened accidentally to cast a glance towards the path that led to the Eagles' Nest. Although at some distance, it was easy from the point where he stood to trace the zig-zag line the whole way to the ruin; and midway up the steep ascent he caught sight of the form that was ever before his eyes, in visions of the night and thoughts by day. His Una! his no more, but Una, to whom, faithless as she was, his heart clung with the passionate love that death alone could quench! And she was alone—not, as he had dreaded again to meet her, by the side of the man who was to be her husband, but alone as she had been that blissful morning in the irrevocable past, when he had met her by his ancestor's grave, and had not scrupled to let her see how she had won the love he then never meant to give to any upon earth.

The very next day he was to leave home for the purpose of avoiding her; but, with the inconsistency of human nature, he became possessed by an uncontrollable impulse to seize this unexpected opportunity of looking on her face once more, and hearing again

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the soft low voice whose tones had echoed in his heart unceasingly since last they fell upon his ear. The thought of that morning, when he had seen her at the Eagles' Nest with her sympathetic eyes, and tremulous lips faltering out their words of sweet compassion, brought back to him a flood of tender memories, which seemed to quench all the bitterness of spirit her desertion had caused him; and the wish rose up strong within him that they might part—since part they must—at least in peace and amity, and that she might know there would be none amongst those who might wish her happiness who would so intensely desire it as he from whom she had taken away all hope of it for himself so long as his life should last.

Atherstone could not have resisted the power of the impulse which goaded him to seek her now, even if he had wished it; but he did not so much as attempt it, for his mind was at once made up that he would see her then and there, where none could witness his anguish of farewell; and when he had told her how he should bless her to the end for the joys, sweet as they were brief, she once had given him, then he would turn away, peaceful and forgiving, to see her no more for ever.

Scarce was the decision made before Atherstone had leapt from the terrace where he stood, and was bounding over the fields that intervened between him and the cliff, at a pace which soon set his feet on the rocky path leading upwards to the ruin. The ascent that seemed so toilsome to Una's feebler frame was swiftly scaled by his quick firm steps, and in a very short space of time he was standing within a few paces of her, behind a tree. She did not see him; she was bending down on the rough parapet, her pretty head laid on her hands, and her soft brown hair escaping from beneath her hat and waving in the evening breeze. His heart seemed to leap out to her with passionate emotion; how could he ever bear to part with her? how was he to give her up to another man? He advanced a few steps. She heard him, started, lifted her head, and then her sweet face was turned towards him, with the brown eyes wild and startled as those of a frightened deer, and the parted lips, scarce consciously, uttering his name in accents of dismay. Sensitive and high-bred maiden as she was, the first thought that rose in Una's mind was the fear that he might think she had come there to seek him—she whom he had discarded; and the idea forced from her the words, ungracious indeed, after their long separation, with which she greeted him instantly.

"Mr. Atherstone! I thought you were gone to London."

"And wished it, no doubt," he answered, with a sad smile. "Do not be afraid, Miss Dysart, I shall be gone to-morrow, and then I shall vex the sight of your eyes no more; only, for the sake of that which has been between us, do not grudge me these last few minutes—the last for ever; I shall not misuse them, you may trust me so far."

She could not speak; it almost broke her heart to look upon that face, so beloved and so familiar, and to know she must meet him as a stranger, and that they were parted, she knew not wherefore, for she had never swerved one moment from her faithfulness to him. She stood before him trembling and bewildered, and he thought it was the consciousness of her inconstancy that made her droop like a culprit beneath his eyes.

His voice was very gentle when he spoke. "Miss Dysart, do not think I have come to make any complaint. I have no right to do so; I never was worthy of you, that I well know, even though you now understand all the difficulties of my former position, and the temptation to which I succumbed. Still, towards you I think I have not erred, for I loved you with all the strength of my being—so much so that for your sake I compromised my honour; and when you let me see that your heart had turned against me, justly perhaps, I only thought that I might try by all fair means to regain it. It was in that one hope I came home, and the first tidings that reached me on my own hearth-stone, were those which told me you had given your love and sought your happiness elsewhere. You were free to do so; I could claim no spoken promise from you, and now I do not come in bitterness, only to solace my agony by one last look—only to wish that you may have, with him whom you have preferred to me, all the joy, the peace, the brightness of existence I would have striven so hard to give you."

She had listened to all that he had said with a growing look of amazement, and almost of horror, on her face; and when at last he ceased and turned his head aside to conceal his agitation, she clasped her hands, half in entreaty, half in pain, and said in broken accents, "Mr. Atherstone, what do you mean? I do not understand. Of whom do you speak? What is it you believe me to have done?"

"You cannot misunderstand me, Miss Dysart," he said, almost haughtily; "you may not have announced your engagement to the world in general, perhaps, but I think it is due to me at least, that you should openly avow yourself to be Mr. Trafford's future wife."

"I Mr. Trafford's wife!" she exclaimed, with such a look of innocent surprise and bewilderment that Atherstone could not for a moment doubt its reality; "what can ever have made you imagine anything so impossible as that?"

"Is it conceivable then that it is not true, Una?" he could hardly articulate in his agitation.

"True! no, certainly not! neither he nor I ever thought of such a thing for a moment! he has been more like a father to me than anything else."

"But I was assured of it on all sides, and he himself as good as told me it was so."



(*Drawn by* R. BARNES.)

"Yours only and always."—*p.* 826.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Una, "you must have misunderstood him."

"He told me he was going to change his position, and that one person only shared the secret of his plans, and when I guessed your name he owned that it was you."

A smile broke over Una's face like the dawn of a new day of life, for the clouds were dispersing now from her horizon, that had so long been veiled in gloom.

"I can see how that mistake arose," she said, "and it's scarce a secret now. I am sure that I may tell you the truth. Mr. Trafford has accepted a colonial bishopric, and I knew that the offer of it had been made to him from Mr. Cuncliffe, whose large property lies in his future diocese, and who had reasons for not wishing the matter known for a time, and so he begged me not to mention it, and wished Mr. Trafford also to keep it secret."

"And you are not going with him as his wife?" said Atherstone, almost unable still to realise the truth.

"Oh no, he never dreamt of it, I am sure, and if he had, I could not——" she paused and faltered, but Atherstone's eyes implored her to go on, and in a scarce audible whisper she added, "I could not have given him my love."

"Oh, Una, was it—is it because your love was mine? Let there be no more concealments; no more mistakes between us; my whole life hangs upon your words; this is no moment for half truths or timid hesitations—speak—answer me plainly! Is your love mine?"

Then, clearly but very softly, the sweet voice answered, "Yours only and always," and she let her hands fall into his clinging grasp, while it seemed to them both as if in that moment the gates of some earthly Eden had opened wide to welcome them, and they had entered in.

After a little time of happiness, too great for words, Atherstone looked down on the face which was as bright now as it was sweet, with a loving smile.

"My Una, I know now that you are mine, and that might well be enough for me without seeking to disturb the ashes of a miserable dead past, but I want to understand my happiness, I cannot endure that even the shadow of a former doubt should linger with me. Tell me, when you sent me Miss Amherst's letter so coldly, without a word, was it not because you understood from its contents that I had wilfully wronged my cousin, and you felt constrained in consequence to separate your life from mine?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Una, clinging closer to his hand; "so far from that, I had for your sake wronged your cousin no less than you did, for I kept back that letter many months, when I knew I ought to send it to you, because I could not bear that you should have the pain of learning the secret it contained, which I believed you did not know. It was only when Lilith Crichton's blessed death taught me that for a child of Christ it is happier far to die than to connive at evil or wrong of any kind, that I gathered courage to pierce my own heart by sending you such bitter tidings."

"But why did you do it in such cruel fashion, darling, without one word of sympathy or kindness?"

"Because you had left me without a word," she answered, softly, "and I thought perhaps you had left off loving me."

"As if that were possible!" he answered, fondly stroking her pretty hair.

"And I thought it still more," she whispered, "when you came back from Australia with all the perplexities and mysteries cleared up, having done justice to your uncle's son and won the world's esteem for your self-sacrifice, and still you never set foot within my home, and passed me like a stranger that miserable day when I saw you near the village, nor even so much as spoke to me when we met at the wedding."

"Because I believed you to be Trafford's future wife," he said, "and I was cruelly wounded, Una, wounded to the very soul, for I had retained a lingering hope that I might regain you, although when I left England I did not feel that it would be honourable to ask any promise from you in my uncertain position. I meant partially to have explained this to you, but you know how I was repelled from your house."

"Oh yes; I shall never forget the misery of those days!" said Una, shivering at the recollection.

"Well, it is all at an end now, thank Heaven!" said Atherstone; "and if we have both somewhat to repent of, my Una, we must try to make our future as fair and pure as I hope it will be bright."

"Just when you came up," she said, pressing closer to him, "I was remembering how poor Miss Amherst told me to take warning by her fate, and ever to remember I had only one life to make either a blessing or a bane, and that I must take care I did not mar or waste it. At the time when she spoke to me thus, I was so self-confident, that I was resolved to make my whole existence blameless and useful, but I have failed, and fallen far even from my own undoubted standard of duty. Will you help me now, dear Humphrey, to spend the rest of my life in following steadily, so far as I can, in our Master's steps—the shining steps which the Light of the World left in their brightness to guide us still? for I have proved myself so weak that I must trust to you to lead me on aright."

"We will help each other, darling," he answered, drawing her closer to him; "for I must tell you that I too have resolved to make my future existence very different from the past. As I stood by my cousin's death-bed I determined that the rule of

my own life henceforward should be only to 'do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with my God,' and I think that we have both of us learnt this great lesson, which we shall remember all our lives, that no combination of circumstances, however plausible, can justify for a single moment the smallest deviation from rectitude or from truth."

THE END.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. B. P. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE FEET OF JESUS," ETC.

III.—"THE LONGEST WAY ROUND IS THE SHORTEST WAY HOME."

PROVERBS have pre-eminently to do with every-day life, with its experiences and maxims and rules; indeed, they have for the most part taken their rise from such experiences. But they are often grounded upon abstract truth, and would be equally valuable as statements of truth, even though they had no experiences to adduce as proof of their correctness. And so it comes to pass that in many cases they stretch away far beyond mere human things, into those which are Divine.

The common proverb that "The longest way round is the shortest way home" has to do with the things of this world and the next. It is a daily life truth. And first of all let us inquire what the proverb means, and its place in common daily life.

It means that what appears at first sight to be the best way to do a thing, oftentimes is not. There is something very desirable to be done—getting home—and we are in a hurry to do it, as almost every man is to get home, and in our hurry we don't stop to think, but go ahead.

It means, too, that the visible and apparent must be corrected, and oftentimes must be sacrificed to be corrected. What we see impresses us much more than what we can only reason about, and it is a great triumph of reason when we can forego under its power what is under our very eyes.

It says, moreover, that many of the ends we have in view are not to be jumped at, and accomplished all in a moment, but that we must go through certain processes to attain to them, patiently, perseveringly, ploddingly, and human nature does not like that.

Indeed, this particular proverb is one that is not generally believed—at least, not so practically believed as to be acted on.

Certain phases of character take it in—cautious and perhaps somewhat phlegmatic people; but most people are too eager, too much on the surface, too impatient, to turn it to practical account.

Now, how does this truth meet us in daily life? Here are two school-boys, who are being educated at the same school, who are intended for the same business, in the same mercantile house, and they are now engaged on the self-same task. Their present object is to get a sum done—until that sum is done they cannot go to play; and the worst of it is, it is a new rule, and the sun is shining provokingly, and altogether it would be delightful if only they could see their way to the end of it.

"Now, Joe," cries one to the other, "I'll not stop at this all day!" And with a handful of marbles he bribes a boy in a higher form to do the sum; it is shown up, it is all right, and away in the sunshine runs Tom Jenkins, laughing at slow Joe as he plods along, determined, however, to work the matter out for himself. It is an hour after Tom's release that Joe finds himself honestly able to go out; but when he does get away it is with a light heart; he knows he has done his duty; he has ten times more enjoyment than his companion; he has the consciousness of duty fulfilled, of having been honest, of having a right to his play. Pass on four or five years. Many a trouble has Tom Jenkins had from that short cut he took with the sum. He has always to go bungling along from not perfectly understanding that rule; more than once he was kept in an hour for his arithmetic; and where will it end? Pass on ten years more, and at eight o'clock in the evening you see a poor clerk drudging away at a whole wilderness of figures; that is Tom, tried and found wanting, and doomed to remain a clerk to the end of his days; and at the very same hour you may see Mr. Joseph Burgon sitting at a meat-tea with his young wife, and telling her that his share of the profits this year as junior partner in the house of Burkit, Johnson, and Burgon, will be £900. It was a long way round that beautiful summer afternoon with that tough sum, but Joseph Burgon plodded all through it, and has come out well at the end.

The road certainly does make a long round of it from Farmer Thompson's homestead to the market-town of Astonhope, and it is very provoking to have to cart produce some five miles, when by going across country the place can be reached by a lane only two miles long. But there are weighty reasons for that road, and weighty ones against that lane. The ground about Farmer Thompson's, though splendid for grazing, is rather boggy and marshy, and very undependable as to soundness of bottom, especially in the winter time. The engineer who made that road had no less than twenty men with him, poking and raking, to find

the firmest bottom. No one knows all this better than Farmer Thompson's son William. He has been to Astonhope with a wagon-load of wheat, and, having gone round the regular road, has sped well. The wheat is sold, and Will has to bring back in the wagon the week's groceries, and a cask of beer, and a barrel of oil, and a sack of flour, and a new suit of clothes for his father; there is, moreover, a band-box containing a new bonnet for one Jenny Ray, who looks well in Will's eyes at all times, and who he thinks will look especially well in this bonnet. Jenny lives about half a mile from Will's house, on the short-cut road; and now he thinks the wagon is light, and he may venture across country, and by so doing he will have the advantage of delivering the bonnet and seeing Jenny a little sooner. Alas, he came to grief! With great care, and with many escapes, the young man got to pretty nearly opposite Jenny Ray's door; and even now he was not much the gainer in the way of time; for what with the time consumed in taking care, instead of going ahead, and in extricating himself from one rut and another, he might have been nearly home by this. But the worst has to come. Snap goes the axle, close to Jenny's house, as Will is driving the wagon through quite a pond of water. Down rolls Will in the mud; out comes Jenny to laugh at Will for the ridiculous plight he is in, and then to scold him for the loss of her bonnet. The ale is spilled, the oil floats out on the top of the black water, the wheat is soaked, the groceries are spoiled, the farmer's clothes are done for. It is a week from that very day that the remnants of the wagon are brought home; it is a fortnight before the vehicle is put together again; Jenny and Will never make up that day's falling out; and altogether it forms a very pretty illustration of the proverb that "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

Nothing is ever eventually gained by shirking, or ignoring truth. What is, is; and no hiding of ourselves from the truth, or of the truth from ourselves, will ever prevent its being otherwise. The longest way round is the longest way by perhaps one, two, or twenty miles, as the case may be, but it is the shortest in the end. In sailing to and from Australia, I had an example of this. Any one looking at our course on the map would have said we were going altogether out of our way; and it is true we sailed over a greater number of miles than was apparently necessary, but we gained many days in time; for we caught certain winds which were known to be found in certain latitudes, and sailed ten miles in an hour where we should not have sailed two on the short cut; and so we found the proverb true that, "The longest way round was the shortest way home."

We must say "This is 'a long way round,' but it is one with a purpose, and I am travelling on it because I know it will be the quickest way of carrying out my design in the end."

We must believe in the long and short of the matter, the long way round, and the short way. And if we do, see how it will act.

A thorough belief in the truth of this proverb will make us patient. Patience is, in general, a necessary ingredient for success. An act of impatience will spoil whole months, or even years, of work. But we shall be patient if we are certain that we are on the right road; and that the end of the road, however round-about it may go, is the goal to which we want to attain.

It will make us hopeful. A down-spirited man has little or no energy for his work, and if he sees no end to his toil, he is likely to faint by the way. But when we have an end to our labour practically, though not actually, in view, we shall be cheery; we know that "long looked-for" will "come at last;" the very energy which this will infuse into us will help us to get over the ground of the long round-about way, and bring us to our goal far sooner than we should have reached it had we plodded along without going to our work with a will.

There will be ever so much more diligence too. No one cares to work for what has no end—to go round and round, like a horse in a mill. Let us say "Home, home—an end—on our way to it, and that the shortest way too;" and then we shall be a man to our work.

And now to look at the spiritual side of this proverb: we can see many points in which it is a true saying as regards the higher matters of our spiritual interest.

The longest way round is with God very often the shortest way to accomplish His designs. All Nature is full of processes which are round-aboats. Let us take a short cut to open out a bud into a flower—a little picking and unfolding with our fingers, no matter how carefully done, will leave us nothing but the wreck and ruin of what might have been beautiful and perfect if only we had let it go through God's processes in God's way and God's time. See what a round-about way the child has to travel before he gets the strength or wisdom of a man; what a round-about way the fruit has come to be ripe and mellow—passing through bud, and hard acidity, and hanging for many a day upon the wall apparently red and ripe but really hard and unfit for use. Winds and sun and time mellow it at last, by the processes of God.

And so God is continually leading His people by what may seem to them long ways round; but they are ever with the view of bringing them most safely, most surely, and most quickly too, Home.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou

shalt know hereafter," is the voice which we are now often called upon to hear, and to act upon in simple belief.

God leads us in ways which we know not of, but He knows all about them; and if only we be sure that He is leading us by the hand, we may be sure that there can be no mistake. He knows where He is taking us to. He, who has made our home, knows where it is, and the best way to it; and there is no necessity for our knowing the path, if He does. We are often presumptuous in wanting to know too much, just as on the other hand we are often slothful in caring only to know too little; but God will not give an account of His matters; very often all He will say to us is: "That is the road I have appointed for thee; day by day travel patiently thereon."

When we seem to be set providentially upon a path which we cannot understand, let us believe that it has a blessed ending, and that the God who has set us on it knows all the circumstances of the way. The child need not understand all about the road he is travelling if his father does; we need not know all about this dispensation and that, if our Father does. If we can fall back on a real knowledge of what God is, and of our connection with Him, we shall not be confounded by any intricacies of our road.

When the time comes for a Christian to die, and he looks back upon the experiences of perhaps a long and chequered life, he will say: "He hath led me forth by the right way, that I might come to a city of habitation" (Ps. cvii. 7). Perhaps in eternity we shall see whither our own short cuts would have led us—how some of them terminated suddenly in the precipice or morass; how others would have fixed our feet in miry clay or cut them with pointed stones; how others had dwelling by their road-side enemies able either to allure or force us on to ruin. Then we shall see that the same God led us that led the Israelites of old, and with the same consideration and care. "And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt. But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea" (Exod. xiii. 17, 18).

That was a long way round appointed in mercy, but there was another, lasting for forty years, which the Israelites brought upon themselves in judgment. Let us beware of bringing upon ourselves these "long ways round"—full of sorrow, even though manna be given to us to sustain our life.

And now as to God's dealing with us in our acquisition of character and being made holy: Is there a long way round in these? Very often—so often as to warrant our saying *generally* there is. Characters are formed as fruits are developed and ripened—by processes.

No doubt there are times when some great sorrow, or some extraordinary circumstances into which a man is thrown, seem to form his character at once; at least, to form it in some points which, under ordinary circumstances, might have taken a long time. But these are exceptional cases; in a general way, it is by many long ways round that character is formed. The patient man has had to bear many a long day's trial; the humble man has had to pass through many a humiliation; the heavenly-minded has had to go through many earth-weanings; the faithful man has had to grope in darkness for many days, when neither sun nor moon, nor stars appeared. Short cuts might have made surface characters, but the long way round has brought to heaven men fitted for eternity.

Bearing this in mind, we may be very hopeful for ourselves, very hopeful for and patient with others. We are not deserted of the Spirit of God because we are not slaying every enemy at a stroke. The walls of Jericho were compassed once a day for six days, and on the seventh day, seven times; then, and not till then, was the long blast with the horn to be given; not till then were the people allowed to shout; but the long way round was the shortest way in the end, for then the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city (Josh. vi. 20).

We are very apt to despond about ourselves or others, if we do not see quick progress; but even failures may be round-about ways to success, and though real in themselves, be only apparent as regards the great result. We often rise from our failures far stronger than we were before; and they have done for us what no precept could have accomplished.

Let this teach us patience with others, and with ourselves too. God is patient with us; then let us be patient with ourselves—not tolerant of evil, but patient and hopeful in our conflict with it.

Everywhere we turn we are met with mystery—with the unknown; every day we see that it is not safe always to judge by the seeing of the eye, and the hearing of the ear. Let the One who has made our home for us, eternal in the heavens, be the One to guide us thither how He will. It is not for us to know the times, or seasons, or paths, which the Father keeps in His own power. Let us put our hand humbly but confidingly in His, assured that if He lead us so, even "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

"ONE OF THE LUCKIEST FELLOWS IN THE WORLD."

A STORY FOR BOYS. IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

BUT commiseration and sympathy would not help George; and he went home that day with lingering steps and a heavy heart, for he knew Kate would be looking for his coming, and eager to have her hopes confirmed. As he turned the corner of the street, he caught sight of her fair young face, as she stood by the gate of their humble residence, waiting. Seeing his rueful countenance, she ran towards him, and guessing in a moment the secret of his grief, she put her arm through his lovingly, and they walked back to the house together in silence. Then, when she had him all to herself in the hall, she put her arms about his neck, and kissed him. "Never mind, George, you'll win it yet!" she said.

"No, I don't think I ever shall!" answered George, looking and feeling very despondent indeed.

"Why should you say that, George? I never heard you talk so dismally before."

"I don't think there's the least chance for me as long as Fisher is at the school."

"Why not, pray?"

"He is such a lucky fellow; he seems to take every prize without the least trouble or work. There's no use in one killing oneself for nothing. I'll never be able to take any prize from him, though he doesn't study half as hard as I do."

"I don't know that, George!"

"He says he doesn't; at least, you can see by the way he talks of his studies that he takes things pretty easy," answered George.

Kate was too fond of her brother to be angry with him; but she felt very much grieved, and dreadfully disappointed at the result of the half-year's work, and George could not avoid seeing in her face that this was so. But when his uncle came in, and saw how matters stood, he tried to cheer the young people up.

"You are much too anxious to make money, George!" said Mr. Bevington, in his kind genial way, putting his hand affectionately upon George's shoulder, and looking down at him with a smile of sympathy and affectionate pride. "If you had only half the confidence that young Fisher has, I believe you'd be a fair match for the old Doctor himself," and at this allusion to the head-master, whose attainments were justly celebrated, George smiled in spite of himself.

"It isn't because Fisher has won the scholarship, uncle, but because all my work seems thrown away," said George, looking up at Mr. Bevington very gravely. "Fisher deserves his luck, and I must be content with my stupidity."

"No, no, my dear boy, don't talk in that foolish fashion. The moment I hear people talking of luck in such things, I begin to think they are only learning the alphabet of life. You don't suppose, George, that all these things happen by chance, do you?"

"No, not exactly that. I suppose if Fisher wasn't clever enough, he wouldn't be able to win so many prizes," replied George, anxious to deal justly by his companion's merits.

"And the very worst mistake that Fisher or any other boy ever made was to suppose that he was what is called 'lucky.' The true secret of all success is industry, and depend upon it, *that* will come to the front at last."

"But some fellows are naturally quicker than others, uncle, you know."

"I know that, George. There will always be such differences. But bear this in mind, 'Every good gift is from above,' and God, who gives, will do with us, who receive at His hands, just what He knows is best. *Our* duty is to work, as in His sight, and leave the success or the failure with Him."

George was not at all satisfied with this explanation, although it aroused his interest.

"But, uncle, fellows must feel nervous and anxious; at least, I know I do—dreadfully!"

"I am sure you do, George, and perhaps that may be the cause of your failure sometimes."

"I felt this exam. as if everything I had ever learned had gone clean out of my mind; my papers must have been disgraceful."

"You were too anxious about the results, my boy. You must learn to leave them with Him," and Mr. Bevington glanced upward; "and if your Father in heaven means you for other work, He will withhold from you what most you desire now, in order that He may show you hereafter that His way is the best."

There was something in the earnestness of Mr. Bevington's voice and manner that made George remember a story he had once heard of his uncle's early life; how the brave-hearted Christian minister had relinquished his ambitions for himself, that he might fulfil the charge of rearing and educating the two orphan children left him by his sister when she died.

"I am sure uncle is right, George," said Kate, putting her arm about her brother's neck; "but he's never wrong in anything he says, I believe."

Mr. Bevington smiled.

"Then I *must* be lucky, Kate," he said, "in spite of all I have said to the contrary."

Nothing short of a warm embrace and a hearty kiss would be sufficient punishment for such wilful irony, and Kate administered her correction with

such zeal and energy, that Mr. Bevington had to take refuge in his study, laughingly declaring himself penitent.

And so George bore his defeat, trying bravely to continue the same industry in his studies as he had always done, and endeavouring to drive the thought of luck from his mind as something unworthy of his better knowledge. Terms rolled by, and holidays after holidays became realities, and then passed into pleasant memories, and still Fisher seemed to have the old power of holding the first place in the school against all comers. Latterly no one had attempted to question his success in the final examination that would determine his right to go to the university; indeed, it would have been considered presumption upon any one's part to contest it with him now. He knew his own chance of success to be good, and he made little or no effort to prepare for the forthcoming examination. Some time before the day appointed, George Belford went up to him, and said, "Ned, I'm going in for this examination, and you won't mind my telling you that I've worked hard. Uncle thought it would be only right to mention so much to you."

"All right, old fellow," answered Ned, good-humouredly, "you always *have* worked hard, you know."

The boys pitied poor George Belford, in his anxiety to succeed, but no boy in the school had the least doubt as to the result. "Belford hasn't the ghost of a chance," was all that Bob Firmin said, but it expressed the opinion of the entire school. The minister's household was full of anxiety as the days of the contest drew near, and Kate, no longer certain of her brother's victory, but hoping in her heart that the prize would be won at last, watched George anxiously from day to day, as he worked on perseveringly at his books. Two days before the examination began, he came into the parlour, and flinging himself down wearily on the sofa, said, "I shall not look at a book again until it's all over!"

"George! why not?" inquired Kate, in alarm.

"Because I have done my very best, and, come what may, I am not afraid."

Kate was speechless, but thankful and glad.

Four days afterwards the successful candidate was proclaimed before the whole school. The old Doctor made a little speech, and then told the breathless scholars that the fortunate winner of the scholarship was George Belford. For a moment or so the boys seemed stunned; and then there rose such a ringing cheer as had not been heard within the walls for many years. Pale and trembling, Ned Fisher came over to where George sat, and took his hand.

"I'll not listen to any more flattery about my being the luckiest fellow in the world, George; you've beaten me, and I honour you for it, and, more than that, you have taught me a valuable lesson. Depend upon it, there's no such thing as luck, and I didn't work for this as I should have done."

George endeavoured to say a word in reply, but his head swam, and his tongue faltered. "Hold him up, Firmin!" exclaimed Ned, catching at the falling lad; for George, overcome by the new joy, had fainted in the arms of his friends. C. H.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 800.

334. Isa. lxi.

335. Prov. xiv. 15, 18. See Ps. xix. 7.

336. Thirty-three.

337. Barnabas (Acts iv. 34—37). See Numb. xviii. 20.

338. "Jesus answered and said, If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" (John xviii. 23.)

339. See Matt. xiv. 22—33.

340. It descended from heaven (Lev. ix. 24); Nadab and Abihu (Lev. x. 1, 2).

341. With Christ. See Rom. x. 6—9.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 816.

342. John ii. 19; iii. 14; Matt. ix. 15; John vi. 51; Matt. xvi. 21; xx. 18; xxvi. 2.

343. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.

344. Isa. xxii. 22; Luke xi. 52.

345. The words occur only in St. Matthew's Gospel.

346. Jer. xxxi. 31; xxxii. 37; Heb. viii. 6; x. 16.

347. Matt. xvi. 18.

348. One-third of a shekel (Neh. x. 32).

349. "Let them alone, for if the work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it. And to him they agreed" (Acts v. 34—40).

"THE QUIVER" FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE FAMINE IN BENGAL.

SEVENTH AND FINAL LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Amount acknowledged to end of sixth list	2131	5	8
Miss M. O. Master, A. B. Ashburner, Low Hall, Broughton-in-Furness ..	0	11	0
Robert W. Boothman, 19, Mount Vernon Road, Liverpool	0	1	6
E. C. Fincham, Perth, near Launceston, Tasmania..	3	10	0
Mrs. Edwards, Rochestown, Cork, per K. A. Staveley	0	14	0
Thomas Henry Fitton, Hill-house, near Huddersfield	0	11	0
Misses Hettie and Jennie Hunter, Knaresborough	0	4	6
Mr. E. Rose, Wenhaston Vicarage, Halesworth, Suffolk	0	7	6
Carried forward £	2137	5	2

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	2137	5	2
Miss Sophia Bagnall, Exhall, near Coventry	0	7	0
Mrs. E. Taplay, Stafford ..	0	11	6
G. Poultney, Longashton, Bristol	0	6	3
J. Garrick, 32, Esk Terrace, Whitby..	0	4	0
Amy and Clara Russell, York Cottage, Eden Grove, Holloway	0	5	0
Charles Edward Plumb, Wisbech	0	4	6
Isabella Gordon, Alvechurch, Worcestershire..	0	6	5
T. R. J. Fawkes, Wuhenford via Cotheridge near Worcester	0	5	0
S. M. G., Brighton	0	2	6
Carried forward £	2139	17	4

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	2139	17	4
William Hood, 20, York Street, Manchester.. ..	1	0	0
John Smith, Rock Channel, Rye	0	1	6
A few gentlemen in Broughty Ferry	1	6	1
Some of the Curdworth Sunday-school children, per J Richardson	0	3	0
Florence E. Allen, Cotham, Bristol	0	1	9
R. T., Warwick	0	1	2
Cordelia Smith, 1, Grange Park, Thornton Heath, near Croydon	0	3	6
Thomas Barrett, Westbury, Tasmania	1	17	0
A. Hallam, Bowdon	0	3	6
Carried forward £	2144	14	10

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	2144	14	10
Mary Bothia Innes, 88, Southampton Row	1	0	0
M. E. White, Blackheath (and donation)	0	8	6
A. Norman, 3, York Road, Fairfield, Wandsworth ..	0	3	6
James B Spence, Marwick School, Birsay by Stromness	0	13	6
Four Friends, Manchester ..	0	4	0
A few friends of S. Barnabas, Linslade	0	5	7
Thos. J. Gillespie, Park House, Newton-le-Willows	5	0	0
Sympathy, Deddington, Oxon	0	3	6
Mrs. Stockdale, Bridgefoot near Cockermouth	0	3	0
	£2152	16	5

Being subscriptions received to 24th August, 1874.

Further amounts received cannot be acknowledged, but will be transmitted direct to the Mansion House Fund.

In presenting to the readers of THE QUIVER the following Balance Sheet of THE QUIVER BENGAL FAMINE RELIEF FUND, the Editor cannot but express his gratification and thankfulness at the very generous response which has been made to his appeal.

BENGAL FAMINE RELIEF FUND BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Cassell, Petter & Galpin—Donation	50	0	0
,, Amounts received and acknowledged in first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh lists	2102	16	5
	£2152	16	5

	£	s.	d.
By Amount expended for Composing, Paper, Printing, and Distributing 330,000 Collecting Lists, and for Composing, Paper, Printing, and inserting in the Parts of the *Quiver* for April, May, and June, three lists of acknowledgments of £1,837 2*s.* 1*d.*, in nearly 2,500 amounts	215	5	0
,, Charge of Post Offices for cashing £415 Stamps	10	7	6
,, Postage of Letters and Petty Expenses	2	13	10
,, Amounts paid in to Mansion House Fund, as follow :—			
1874.	£	s.	d.
5th March	100	0	0
9th March	100	0	0
13th March	200	0	0
17th March	100	0	0
18th March	100	0	0
20th March	100	0	0
24th March	100	0	0
27th March	100	0	0
1st April	100	0	0
8th April	100	0	0
16th April	100	0	0
20th April	100	0	0
27th April	100	0	0
5th May	100	0	0
19th May	100	0	0
5th June	100	0	0
6th July	100	0	0
5th August	100	0	0
24th August	24	10	1
	1924	10	1
	£2152	16	5

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that in the next issue of THE QUIVER *will be commenced a New Serial Story, of wide and especial interest, entitled* "LOST IN THE WINNING," *which will be Illustrated by Original Drawings from the pencil of* Mr. F. BARNARD. *Other new and interesting features have also been arranged for, and will appear in the course of* 1874-5.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS, LONDON, E.C.
974

Winged Arrows:

BEING

THE EXTRA PART

OF

THE QUIVER.

CHRISTMAS, 1873.



CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

XUM

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WINGED ARROWS:

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART OF "THE QUIVER."

CHRISTMAS EVE AT STRANGEBURGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDBAGS AND THE PENTURBYS," "CAPTAIN BURSTWHISTLE'S TROUBLE," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not a prettier place among all the picturesque country towns of England than Strangeburgh. There you have the fascination of a moderately respectable antiquity — old-fashioned Elizabethan houses — blazoned and carved with strange figures, that hung cumbrous and crooked over the footpath of the High Street. There, too, you have houses dotted all over the town at varying and agreeable elevations, and yet no steep hills, but only gentle slopes, up which the horses familiar with the town trot with unabated speed. There, too, you may have pleasant country walks, now through leafy lanes, now through whole acres of hop-fields, and now through shady dells riven by softly-murmuring streams.

And all these you may have without foregoing the grosser conveniences of life; for you had a couple of posts a day, the London papers at your breakfast, not to speak of those weekly oracles—the *Strangeburgh Mercury* and the *Strangeburgh Gazette*. And then, talk of shops, where would you meet with a better-supplied, more commodious, or more richly ornamented shop than Mr. Lovesweet's, the grocer's, in the High Street, where two solemn-looking, life-sized mandarins—real *China* men too—gravely bowed their perpetual acknowledgments with the most indiscriminate good nature to the passers-by. No wonder that the enterprising Mr. Lovesweet sent to the inhabitants of Strangeburgh periodical neatly-folded circulars, delivered at your door with a rat-tat, disappointingly like a postman's, inquiring in tones of unfeigned surprise, and almost honest indignation, "Why go to London, when you can have Lovesweet's finest Pekoe for 2s. 8d., and Lovesweet's direct from Shanghai, per *Blazing Bloomer*, for 3s. 4d.?"

So you see that Strangeburgh was a very fortunate little town, and indeed none could say that it was not a very thriving place—"a town of rising importance," solemnly remarked old Mr. Prosy, a highly-respectable member of the ancient township. Of course I am only giving you the opinion of the residents—the nobility, clergy, gentry, and tradespeople of the little borough. To us, in all probability, Strangeburgh would have presented the appearance of a very ordinary provincial town, dull enough on most days, and only unpleasantly and unnecessarily busy every Thursday—the market-day of the surrounding district. I confess, however, to have a lurking prejudice in favour of Strangeburgh. Associations have more to do with our likes and dislikes than mere scenery, and there are several of my friends who are settled in Strangeburgh, and I have spent not a few happy hours in their company. I hope I may be able to introduce you to a few of them, and find that you, too, have taken a fancy to the dingy little borough.

CHAPTER I.—THE PARSON.

THE parish church clock had chimed through four quarters, and had then solemnly announced eleven o'clock. It was a majestic but somewhat grim-looking edifice, that old parish church. The good people of Strangeburgh exhibited it as one of their many show-places, and claimed for it an antiquity far greater than the archæologists would

sanction. I am by no means certain whether the simple folk of Strangeburgh, who rested their belief on the tradition of their forefathers, were one whit more credulous than the astute literati of the Archæological and Palæontological Association, who rested their assertions on the curve of a gargoyle, or the angle of a tile, or the quality of a piece of mug; but however this may be, the verdict of all, both learned and unlearned, agreed to give the sacred edifice a very respectable antiquity. The interior formed another subject of contest; while some affirmed that it was a very comfortable and presentable place of worship, others asserted that it presented tokens of the most atrocious Vandalism—that it was utterly inconceivable that people in this enlightened nineteenth century (by the way, why *do* we call this an enlightened century? and would we not be wiser to leave our descendants the opportunity of the compliment?) should perpetrate such a violation of good taste as to block up the nave with pews. The church had been fitted up with modern oak pews some ten years before the date of our story.

I never meddled with these disputes; to me the church was a well-furnished and airy (draughty, perhaps) structure, in which it was perfectly possible for devout people to worship God.

Hard by the church stood one of those small, picturesque buildings, bearing the unmistakable impress of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners about it; very solidly built, very neatly designed, but—as that august body might not have been aware—a cramped, inconveniently arranged abode, very suitable for the young clergyman with one child, but would have been utterly inadequate to the requirements of the numberless little heads that crowd at the windows of some vicarages.

The clock had just struck eleven, and a lonely light was burning in the vicarage study window. Seated at his table was the vicar, painfully poring over disordered sheets of paper; various volumes, too, lay scattered over the table. The hours are passing quickly by, and soon the people will be trooping down the aisles and looking up to the minister. These friends of his, in their journey, will come to him, and he has nothing to set before them. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

None but the minister who has experienced such a feeling can tell its poignancy; the feelings of utter inaptitude to the inevitable duty, when the householder goes to his treasury, and the things old look faded and tawdry, and the things new are not. No wonder then that the vicar, as he viewed the accumulated mass of preparation with despondent disappointment, looked weary and anxious.

"Nothing ready," he murmured, as he rose from the table and crossed over to the fireplace. "O my God! Help—help! Illumine my heart and understanding!" he cried, as he leaned over the mantelpiece. "It's incomprehensible," he soliloquised, "that a man entrusted with the most solemn trust—the duty of proclaiming to men their immortal destiny and their most splendid prospects, should yet be staggered for want of something to say. 'Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak.' I dare not trust to that; it was not given to me, but for the special occasion of a formal trial for religion's sake, and wonderfully was it made good in the clear and glowing utterances of the Galilean fishermen; but I dare not take it to myself; it would be offering to my God what cost me nothing."

God's providence often supplies our wants at the moment of our last extremity. Just at this moment the vicarage bell was rung, and a childish voice inquired for the vicar. Mr. Thornton stepped into the hall, and found there a miserably-clad, elf-like-looking creature; rich clusters of golden hair hung in cloudy abundance over her pale, precocious face; her bright eyes had a nervous, restless motion, but yet they fixed upon the clergyman's face with the look which would take no denial. Her papa was ill—dying; would he come and see him? He was stopping at Rumble's Houses.

It is a difficult point to determine at times whether a man is angry or not, and even a clergyman *is* angry at times; but really, knowing the gentleman most intimately, I could not undertake to say whether Mr. Thornton was even put out at the interruption; he was behindhand with his sermon; he had been much worried all day; his morning had been frittered away in signing pension papers for a perfect stream of military and naval men, and military and naval men's widows and sisters and cousins; his afternoon had been broken into by a number of sick visits; and in the evening he had been vainly endeavouring to recover the golden morning hours; to be inter-

rupted again, to have to take a half-mile walk, and then to return to his unfinished and disordered sermon—well, if it was not enough to put a man out, it was an ample excuse for getting wrathful. But the vicar did not grow wrathful, nor do I believe did he feel so: there was a kind of lurking satisfaction that he had been once more interrupted. When we have long attempted something unsuccessfully, we sometimes welcome any circumstance which gives us the opportunity of ceasing, or at least relaxing our efforts.

"Has your father been long in Strangeburgh?"

"He only came yesterday," replied the little maid, as she hasted along at Mr. Thornton's side.

"What's your father's name?"

"I was told you would not know who we were, but it's Mr. Richard," said the child.

Mr. Thornton stopped in his walk, and looked his companion steadily in the face for a few moments. A doubt had crossed his mind: was this only a preconcerted plan to get him into an ill-conducted neighbourhood, and rob him? In the rambling chambers of the old-fashioned building now called Rumble's Houses such a scheme could be readily carried out; or were they only tempting him from home that they might rob his house? Something in his little comrade's face reassured him, and he continued his walk, thinking to himself, "I might as well have left my watch at home." And then there rose, like an angel's whisper to his heart, "There shall no evil happen to thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

They soon reached Rumble's Houses, which originally had been a sort of college; but the college had moved away, and an enterprising builder named Rumble had converted the college buildings into clumsy residences for the poor. The ancient college was built of quaint red brick. In the centre of the frontage was a large two-leaved doorway; on either side of this there stretched the houses, which were originally occupied by some officials connected with the foundation. Passing under the doorway, and through the width of the officers' residences, you found yourself in a quadrangle, surrounded by what are now moderately untidy, uncomfortable, tumble-down-looking houses. Once the open quadrangle was covered with soft, bright, well-kept grass, which sparkled radiantly beneath the blue sky and the balmy air; and jealously, too, did the porter watch lest any rude, invading feet should tread down the treasured turf. But now the blue sky was only seen now and then when a brisk wind blew a rent in the dull atmosphere of smoke which settled there; now, too, the sacred enclosure, so jealously guarded, was trampled down by every possible specimen of squalid infancy, and the bright, soft, mown grass had long since disappeared beneath the unwearied pacing of the myriad little feet, which had learnt lessons of sorrow and suffering, and had been taught lessons of crime within those venerable walls.

Had not the vicar been very well acquainted with the ins and outs, the stray turnings and sharp staircases of the old house, he would have lost himself in the labyrinth of rooms and passages; but as it was, after a good deal of stumbling and tumbling, he found himself in the doorway of one of the upper rooms. The room was beneath the roof, and the ceiling sloped down towards the square little window through which the minimum of light forced its way, after having suffered considerably in its efforts to pierce the murky atmosphere, the leaden gloom which always rested on Rumble's Houses. When I say that a small quantity of light made its way into the room, I must be understood as speaking of the daytime. When Mr. Thornton stood in the doorway he saw a crazily-furnished room, dimly pervaded by the feeble light of a dip candle. Alongside, or rather just underneath the window was a low, rickety bedstead, covered with a scant allowance of blanket and quilt. Vainly hoping to get warmth from the threadbare coverings, was the attenuated figure of a man—a young man, with soft brown hair clustering over a pallid, careworn face; anxiously watching beside him, leaning over him with careful fondness, was another young face—the worn and woe-begone face of his wife. In a distant corner of the room, quiet and sorrowful, sat two little children, with wonder and fear speaking from their wistful-looking faces.

The sound of Mr. Thornton's footsteps roused the wife from her absorbing care. Turning, she saw a kind face, and sympathising eyes.

"Ill?" he said; "what is it?"

"Nothing but exhaustion; utterly broken down with overwork."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"No, sir—no; we only came in yesterday. My

husband was hoping to hear of some situation as clerk, but——"

"I see," said Mr. Thornton, interrupting her; "but we must have a doctor first. Here, little woman," he said, turning to his guide, "you know the High Street? Well, on the left-hand side, about half-way up, is Dr. Oliver's. You can't mistake the house—it stands between two shops, and has a brass plate on the door. Ask him to come down here; tell him he will find the clergyman here."

Just at this moment the wearied man on the bed moaned out, "A lawyer—a lawyer."

Mr. Thornton looked inquiringly at the sick man's wife.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "he has been saying that all day long. He feels so ill, he says he will die; and he has a little money, about £30 a year, of his own; but if he does not make a will it goes to his sister or cousin, and he wants a lawyer to make a will and secure it for us; but what can we do? No lawyer will come without——"

"Oh yes, he will," said Mr. Thornton. "It will be much the best to relieve his mind of this anxiety. Look here, little woman, on the right-hand side of the High Street, not quite half-way up, there is a large white house, with a broad oak-painted door and a queer brass knocker. Call there, and ask the lawyer to come. Don't tell him that I am here, or that Dr. Oliver will be here; he is somewhat eccentric," he added by way of explanation.

Off the little maiden trotted with nimble feet, and Mr. Thornton took a seat by the bedside of the sick man.

CHAPTER II.—THE DOCTOR.

WEARILY up the High Street, one dark December night, trotted the worn-out steed of Dr. Oliver. The poor tired-out beast dragged after it one of those indescribable vehicles—a doctor's gig. There was no mistaking the medical character of the turn-out—the lob-sided sit of the springs, the depressed iron footstep, and the horse lank and lithe as a doctor's horse should be.

The clock of the town hall spoke its iron-throated utterance of the passing hour as the doctor's trap trundled up to his own door.

"Eleven," muttered the doctor, as he alighted. "Sixteen hours is a pretty heavy pull, aint it, old boy?" said he, addressing the horse, as he passed his hand rapidly and fondly over its shaggy damp coat.

A boy made his appearance with a lantern, and led the horse and vehicle round to the stable, having first received strict injunctions from the doctor respecting the comfort and feeding of the horse.

"The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast," said the doctor to himself, as he fumbled in his pocket for his latch-key. "My own impression is that the man who does not regard the poor creature's life is the beast," he added, as he entered the hall and shut the door. "The door was shut," he murmured, as the sound of the bang died away in the passages and lobbies: "may I never be shut out of the heavenly home." He then unrolled his muffler, took off his great-coat, and as he hung it upon the peg in the brightly-lighted hall, he still muttered texts—"Cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light."

Then he entered his sitting-room—emphatically *his*—not the surgery, that was at the back, but the cosy little one-windowed room alongside the hall and looking into the High Street. He turned up the gas, and cast his eyes about in search of something—his slippers—put away very carefully by his over-tidy housekeeper. It is not a pleasant thing to be compelled to stoop down and fish one's slippers from beneath a cabinet—especially when you are cramped and cold after a long drive on a frosty night. Some men vent their disapproval of the necessity of such a proceeding in a very emphatic manner. The doctor only expressed his feelings by two or three very pardonable grunts—involuntary, I believe—as he at last brought forth his slippers from the recess in which the annoyingly tidy Mrs. Biggs had concealed them. I mention, as I wish you specially to observe, that the doctor was a very good-tempered man. Nothing exasperates a man more than these little bits of unnecessary trouble, which the carelessness or thoughtlessness, or the perverse and overstrained orderliness of others occasions. I don't call that man a good-tempered man who smiles placidly in your face when you are censuring his behaviour in strong terms; nor do I call that man good-tempered who finds fault with a ripple of complacent satisfaction on his countenance. These imperturbable individuals are only good-tempered in the sense that strife is so genial to

them that they rather like the undisturbed enjoyment of fault-finding: their natures must be somewhat akin to that of the Indian deity, over whose bedaubed features a hideous grin is supposed to spread when a human being is immolated in his honour. The good-tempered man is the man who can put up with little irritating inconveniences at home; who can join his wife at a cold dinner without enlarging upon the pleasures of a dinner at the club; who can cheerfully partake of the under-done beef or the cinder-done cutlets without declaring that he "never saw such a house"—that he can "never get a decent thing in it," and so on, till the patient little heart, which is his, gives way, and a tear-stained pillow is the only sign of the night-long problem—how to mollify and manage the irascible spirits of the kitchen and the parlour.

When Dr. Oliver regained his feet his ruddy face glowed with the exertion, and though he looked somewhat jaded, and the shade of solitude was just visible on his face, yet you would have said at once, "What a jolly, good-tempered face!" A round, rosy face, with very few time-marks—a little thinning of the hair, and the spectacles which always shielded his merry eyes, were the only marks of age about him. If it had not been for these you would have set him down for five-and-twenty; but taking these into account, you would probably have said five-and-thirty. Both your estimates would have been wrong; the first as much below as the second was above the real fact.

The young doctor had a very considerable practice—that is, as considerable as could be expected. Of course he could not expect to disturb the serene orbits of those two well and long established practitioners, Drs. Powderson and Cupwell; but there were, notwithstanding, some who shook their heads significantly, as though they knew something which they would not tell, but ended the prolonged gesture by saying, that a young genius was better than an old fool.

As the doctor regained his feet he espied what he had not noticed before, a carefully-folded, but somewhat stout missive on the table.

"Careless to send money in that way," he ejaculated, as he unfolded the missive. £6 10s. in gold rolled upon the table as he did so. "With Mrs. Jingfumble's compliments. I thought so. Poor old lady! She's about the only person in Strangeburgh who would send money in this fashion. Well, she's a good old dame, and I think I've been enabled to do her a little good this year."

While the doctor was holding this soliloquy, he had drawn a vellum-bound book, tall and narrow, from the bureau. This he opened, and entered on the credit side £6 10s. Then he made some hieroglyphics on the debit side. After this, he returned to the bureau, replaced the account book, opened two little drawers. Into one of these he deposited five sovereigns, into the other he dropped the sovereign and the half. As the coin jingled in its fall, he murmured—"A little over is better than a little under. 'Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase.' And truly," said he, as he locked the bureau and returned to the table, "my barns are full—that is, I mean I've got as many patients as I can manage. And to think that I'm the harum-scarum creature that came here fifteen years ago, with no friends but One! I remember the psalm that Sunday morning as I sat in old Powderson's pew, feeling somewhat qualmy, I confess—'Grant thee thy heart's desire, and fulfil all thy mind.' Well, He has fulfilled all my petitions; that is, except —— Now then, Nolly, none of that! You can't expect everything all at once; it will come in good time. He will withhold no manner of thing that is good. Poor little Rose! it's harder for her, shut up all day in that great prison, with her horrid—— I'm ashamed of you, Noll!"

So saying, Dr. Oliver put his feet into his slippers, sank into the easy chair, stretched his legs; then he mixed for himself a glass of hot water,—of course there was something with the water. This refreshing beverage he sipped with the contented smile of a man who has had a hard day's work, and is thoroughly enjoying his rest.

Presently he crossed the room, and took an old brown-coloured volume from the bookshelf; he eyed the cover fondly for a moment, and then opened it reverently, while the good-humoured smile toned down to an expression of cheerful solemnity and affectionate attention.

He was so occupied when a ring was heard at the door. An expression of weariness stole over his face as he rose to answer the ring.

It was one of Dr. Oliver's customs to send Mrs. Biggs to bed at half-past ten. "Mind, Mrs. Biggs," he used to say, "don't sit up after half-past ten. Just leave me some supper and a good

fire, and let me manage for myself when I am out later than the half-hour. Why should the poor old soul be kept up, when I positively don't want her?"

I wonder how many of us show this consideration for our servants. How often do we expect them to wait up for us hour after hour, while we are amusing ourselves at a dinner-party or a dance, and then, unreasonably enough, we expect them to be about their work in the morning as usual.

I think a little attention to that law of Christ, "Bear ye one another's burdens," would materially strengthen the bond between master and servant.

Dr. Oliver opened the hall door.

"Please, sir, would you come over and see missis—Mrs. Frettersole, that is—she's very bad?"

"What's the matter, Jane?"

"Well, sir, I can't say; but she wouldn't be pacified unless I came over for you. I know, sir, it's a troubling you to bring you out again, and so late too, but what can I do?"

"All right, Jane, 'tisn't your fault; though I'm pretty sure there's nothing amiss with her. A little fancy and a little pudding have set her off. I'll come over."

"Well," muttered the doctor, as he hunted out his boots—he never, by any chance, remembered where he put them—"well, how much trouble might be saved by a little thought. Mrs. Frettersole doesn't want me in the least. I should have looked in to-morrow, or rather the day following, to see how she was after Christmas Day, and her ailments would have kept till then, and a poor, tired fellow would have had a good night. However, good humour's the word, and 'charity endureth all things.'"

By this time the doctor was ready for his walk, and issued forth into the frosty night air. After some half hour he returned, locked up the hall door, took his candle, and went up-stairs, talking to himself as he was wont.

"I'm sure I don't know what to think; but really there's a great deal of humbug in the world. I humbug people in one way. That old lady is as well as I am, and yet she is perpetually sending for me for nonsensical little ailments that a little attention and self-denial would keep off, or a little domestic physicking could cure. It goes against me to send an account in, and yet she's more trouble to me than far more real patients are. She humbugs me by her continual calls; but, what is worse, she sometimes unfits me for my day's work. Well, well,—'none of the inhabitants thereof shall say, I am sick.'"

Our friend had hardly closed his eyes upon the pillow when there came another ring at the bell. The doctor raised his head and listened; he was reluctant to get up again; it was a cold night, and the ring had been very faint.

After listening a few minutes, there came another faint tinkle; not from the night-bell, which rang in the doctor's bedroom, but from the day-bell, which rang down-stairs.

"Tiresome—very tiresome," growled the doctor, as he shuffled about the bedroom in search of slippers and matches; "particularly tiresome," he said, as he came into collision with the washing-stand, and set the jugs and glasses tumbling against each other. "Some other wild-goose chase, I suppose," he said, as he slippered his way down the stairs and along the hall.

A little girl confronted the doctor as he opened the door.

"The clergyman sent me, sir, to say, would you come and see papa, who is very ill?"

"What clergyman? and who is your papa?"

"My papa is ill at Rumble's Houses, and the clergyman is there reading to him, and he said you would be sure to come."

"Well, come in, my child," said the doctor, "while I get ready to go with you."

The little girl came in; he brought her into the little parlour, he poked up the dying embers in the grate, lighted the gas. There must have been something in the child's face which struck the doctor, for he placed the candle on the table and regarded her with attention.

She was a small child—a frail, elf-like little thing, as we have said, with bright golden hair and large sober-looking eyes. There was no need to ask why she had not rung the night-bell: her little hands could never have reached it, much less have pulled it with any effect.

She sat upon the chair by the fire at the doctor's bidding, and stretched the little palms of her hands and her tapering fingers over as if the warmth was grateful.

"Just like Rose was, I should think; very strange,"—this was the doctor's comment as he made himself ready. "And Thornton's there reading with her father. Just like Thornton! hope he's not been taken in; but he's just one of

those generous, impulsive fellows, who never made an error of the heart in his life. 'Papa,' she said; I should have thought a less refined epithet would have suited the language of Rumble's Houses It's strange altogether. I only hope I may do some good," he gasped out, as he drew his stiffened boots on. 'Your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.' Come along, my little maid!" he shouted, as he came to the foot of the stairs.

Once more the hall door was opened and closed, and the shabby little fairy trotted along by the side of the burly son of medicine over the crisp ground, just lightly covered with the feathery flakes of snow that trembled all over the pavement.

CHAPTER III.—THE LAWYER.

READER, do you know those uncomfortable comfortable rooms? A room where every article of furniture is of the very best, and the very cosiest in appearance,—substantial-looking bookcases, of dark, warm oak colour; strongly bound, well-clad books in compact order, and well protected with figured leather lappets; chairs of cumbrous and antique comfort—a room in which everything has been thought of! stray brackets whereon to place a convenient light, opportune racks and loopholes in which to stow away pertinacious papers;—a room, on entering which you would say, "What a comfortable room!" but a room in which you never could be comfortable! Such a room I wish you to imagine, and fumbling restlessly about it picture to yourself a tall, gaunt man, whose face seems to be formed of a mixture of the vellum and dull leather bindings of the legal folios on his shelves, and of the musty parchment deeds tied up in pink tape, and neatly arranged upon his writing-table;—a sapless face, with piercing, ferret-like, restless, roving eyes, and surrounded with sparse and lank hair of snowy whiteness. Such was Josiah Gatherall, attorney, of Strangeburgh. Nobody ever accused—nobody would have ventured to accuse Josiah Gatherall of any undue extortion or fraudulent dealing. Everybody in Strangeburgh, when pressed to say something in his favour, or to say why they disliked him, would answer, with a very unpleasant emphasis—"Oh yes! he's an honest man!"

And yet everybody who had any dealings with Mr. Gatherall scrutinised his bill very closely, but nobody ever yet was known to dispute his charges. There was something so like the imprint of justice—justice, without the faintest indication of mercy in his face: determination, without the shadow of a relenting expression on his face; law, without the show even of an equitable liberality—that most people bowed to his word; the greatest and the least accepted his fiat unquestioningly. And he received them all alike. The Marquis of Montfeckington, with his dashing four-in-hand; Mrs. Growinton, with her lamentable and constant deficiency of h's; and old Bendles, the parish clerk, were treated exactly alike. They were his clients, but nothing more. Neither exquisite dandyism, and interesting cockneyism, and silky, smooth-stroked moustachios of the marquis, nor the uninterrupted explanations and panting apologies, and h-less periods of the matron, nor the would-be-legal phraseology of the Church official, wrought a wrinkle of wrath or the ripple of a smile on Josiah Gatherall's face. He was a lawyer, and his face was like Burns's Digest, or Coke's Compendium, or Lyttelton's Blackstone, with a ready index to which you could turn for every conceivable case.

"Bother the fellow! you never get anything out of him. Shan't trouble him again!" lisped the ladylike (I beg pardon, the unladylike) aristocrat; but within seven days of his resolution, the iron-grey steeds, with their silver trappings, emblazoned with the arms of Montfeckington, might be seen champing their bits impatiently at Mr. Gatherall's door.

"'E don't tell you nothing; 'e don't seem to know nothing! Oh! dear, mercy on me! I wish poor dear Diddler had lived. It's 'ard on a poor lone woman. If there was any other law'er 'andy, I should 'ave at 'em; but what's the likes o' me to do? But I shan't trouble 'im in a 'urry, that's all."

But the gorgeous flunkey let down the steps for the ponderous tread of Mrs. Growinton within two days of her indignant speech.

And though the parish clerk confidentially informed his neighbour Blowze, the timid little journeyman tailor, that he considered he (the clerk) was a sight better acquainted with the law than old Gatherall, yet the parish clerk contrived to have, at least, a monthly conference with the ill-informed limb of the law.

But there are no clients in Mr. Gatherall's room to-night; he is prowling restlessly about, turning his sharp, suspicious eyes inquisitively in every direction, glancing quickly round at some unaccountable crackings of furniture, which sound weird-like at the midnight hour. Something has made Josiah Gatherall very restless to-night. Perhaps he is ill at ease with himself. It is Christmas Eve; indeed, in a few minutes it will be Christmas Day. Perhaps old memories make him restless. Old faces seem to start up among the books, or in the flickering embers of the fire. He is moving the books about in an unmeaning way. If his daughter were to come in—his daughter Rose. She is sitting, in pale-faced patience, in the dismal drawing-room, waiting for the cold, legal good night; the periodical tribute of parchment-like affection, so punctiliously and methodically rendered, that it seems like the setting forth of a deed of trust—"By tenor of these presents." If his daughter were to come in and ask him (a thing she would not venture to do) what he was doing, he would only testily say—"Settling, settling. No, no; go away, child."

She hardly would answer the description of child, for the bloom of sweet seventeen had faded out of her cheeks some ten years before; and though she cherished a hope that love would one day visit her heart,—and she often dreamt of a rosy face, with eyes that laughed beneath a pair of glasses, and under a quickly-thinning crop of hair—she yet continued her house duties with quiet, unrepining assiduity, often turning over the leaves of her Bible, and finding the places where it was written—"Though it tarry, wait for it; it shall surely come, it will not tarry;" and, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be;" and, "My God shall supply all your need."

Presently Josiah Gatherall, while nervously fumbling amid a heap of books, sent three or four tumbling to the ground. He stooped to pick them up, and as he was placing one of them on the table, it fell open naturally. It was a thumbed page, and down the margin might be seen faint, fairy pencil-marks.

The lawyer was not an imaginative man. Legal practice is an excellent thing for toning down an exuberant fancy; but there seemed, nevertheless, to Josiah Gatherall that some form hovered over that open page. He thought he saw bending over that book a graceful form—a face full of affectionate seriousness, dark wavy hair bordering a fair forehead, and shading large luminous eyes; a very young face, but grave, and anxious, and pale, with the marks of death in it, but drinking in life from that well-used volume. And the lawyer was transported in thought to a pretty country church; a bridal party were just emerging; village children were flinging soft little nosegays beneath his feet, and a trustful, tremulous arm was laid lightly on his. And then the vision changed; he was still in the churchyard, but the sun was no longer shining, and the village children were not strewing bright summer flowers before him, but were gazing with scared and wonder-stricken faces into a new-made grave, and dropping a tear over one who had befriended them all in her short married life.

The memories were very strong upon Mr. Gatherall that night, and the midnight chimes that rung out at that moment seemed to intensify their strength, for he sank into a chair before the open Bible, and his lips were about to touch the book that had raised such recollections, when his eyes were arrested by the words which lay open on the page before him. "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The words had sent the lawyer's memory out once more over the wilderness of the past. People said that Josiah Gatherall was a money-hugging man. If he gave everybody their due, which they declared they were bound to believe, as they could not prove it otherwise, they knew he would have his due, and would never forego it; but the older people of the place would say—it was not always so. Josiah was not always the hard, close-fisted man he is now. Ten years ago he lived—not in Strangeburgh, but in the pretty little adjacent village of Roston; he had lived there all his life since he was articled to old Grosler. He had married old Grosler's daughter, and had inherited old Grosler's house and practice. His move into Strangeburgh had not been with the view of increasing his business, for Mr. Gatherall, of Roston, paid a weekly or bi-weekly visit to Strangeburgh to meet his town clients; and for his country clients, who formed his most considerable practice, Roston was as convenient as Strangeburgh.

Nor did he forsake Roston when his young wife was taken from him, for he continued to reside there with his two children, Richard and Rose, for many years after his wife's death; but they said that he had had some trouble with his son. He

had set great hopes on his son Richard. The love which streamed from his heart towards the grave, seemed to rebound toward his son Richard. Rose was nothing; she was content to be nothing. She was happy if she could sit by and hear her father and brother chatting about the son's lessons or the father's rides about the country, and sometimes even about the father's cases and suits, for Richard was an inquiring and intelligent boy; but, then—well, people did not know the rights of the story. Some said that the poor rector of Roston had a pretty daughter, and that Richard Gatherall had an eye for beauty, but that old Gatherall objected to an alliance with a family where a needy gentleman was vainly struggling to maintain seven children on £170 a year;—that Richard was as obstinate as his father, and that he determined to brave the world with his love, and the £30 a year which he inherited from his mother. Others said that the story was worse: that there had been strong language used, and blows had followed. Certain it is, however, that Richard went away, and old Mr. Gatherall—so he was called, though not very old, either—had removed to Strangeburgh; and people said that the hearty, genial man had grown into the hard, sharp, money-grasping lawyer.

This is what they said. All I know is that those words on the open page of his wife's well-worn Bible seemed to send his memory out to walk amongst relics and love-mounds of the vanished years; and he was only roused from his reverie by a sharp, jerky ring at the street-door bell. Who could be calling at this hour of the night?

A child wanted to see the lawyer: a miserably-clad, pretty little girl.

Would he come and see her papa?

"Who is your papa? and what does he want with me?"

"He wants a lawyer and a doctor, and I'm going for the doctor; and he's my papa."

"Tush, child! yes. But where is he?"

"At Rumble's Houses, sir."

"There, get along, child. I can't be going off to Rumble's Houses at this hour of the night."

"Please, he says he's dying, and has been calling out for a lawyer."

"And who am I to ask for at Rumble's Houses?"

"For Mr. Richard, please, sir."

"And, there, you want me to turn out and hunt down in Rumble's Houses for Mr. Richard at this hour of the night! No, no; go away, go away."

"But, do come, please sir;" and her face turned pleadingly up to his.

"There—there, child! don't look like that! go away—go away!"

So saying, he closed the door on her and returned to his study, muttering and mumbling, "What did the child look like that for? Why does every face look like hers or like his? I couldn't help his running away. I couldn't—I say I couldn't! Now, must I go and run the risk of my life in Rumble's Houses, and all for a child's face? No, nonsense."

But, notwithstanding this, Mr. Gatherall continued looking for his boots.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TRIUMVIRATE.

The sick man had sunk into a kind of restless doze. Patiently Mr. Thornton sat watching that troubled face—troubled even in its sleep. It was not a handsome face; but you would have certainly said that it was an interesting and an intellectual face. The forehead was not remarkable for height or breadth; but those who are accustomed to observe faces will know that more depends on a well-proportioned than a large-surfaced forehead. There are certain angular adjustments that we must carefully study before we can read ability or character in faces. From want of attention to this, we may, I suspect, account for the mistake into which, it is said, a modern poet fell.

It chanced one day that the poet stood gazing in rapt admiration at a waterfall. Hard by stood an old gentleman, whose silvery locks added dignity to the broad expanse of a massive forehead. Our hero's mind, poet-like, was seeking for words with which to describe the grand rush of waters, when from the lips of the old gentleman there issued the appropriate epithet, "Majestic!"

"Exactly so!" exclaimed the poet. "Permit me, sir, to shake hands with one who has felicitously expressed my thoughts. Do me the honour of joining me at dinner!"

The old gentleman, with becoming gravity, acknowledged the poet's complimentary language, and intimated his willingness to accept the invitation to dinner, which was soon served at the neighbouring inn.

During the meal the poet's new-found companion preserved the most tenacious silence, resisting most obstinately all the poet's lavish efforts to draw him out.

His companion's taciturnity only served to heighten the poet's admiration and eagerness to catch some golden sentence or choice sentiment from his lips. At length, in the course of the dinner, a dish was brought in, and the cover removed, revealed some savoury dumplings. The venerable old man's lips were parted; the poet was all attention, as his companion exclaimed, regarding the dumplings with the most unfeigned satisfaction, "Yoicks! them's the jockeys for I!"

After a few minutes' uneasy slumber, the sick man opened his eyes and gazed anxiously up at the clergyman.

Mr. Thornton bent down and said, "We have sent for a lawyer."

The poor man seemed to gain vigour at the intelligence. Seeing him so alert, Mr. Thornton said, "Let me read to you some of God's comforting words."

He then opened his Bible at the 15th of St. Luke, and began to read in clear, low tones, the parable of the prodigal son.

I don't know why he chose this passage in particular, except that he generally selected this to read when he was in ignorance of the circumstances of the patient, and he knew that for the wandering ones no words were more full of winning comfort; and even for those who had returned and received the welcome of the Father, no words could be more grateful and soothing than those which told of the Father's outstretched arms, His warm welcome, and His happy home.

He began to read the story, interspersing the narrative with judicious but brief comments as he went along. Presently he heard the sound of heavy footsteps groping their way up the dark, steep staircase. They came toiling up the stairs. The sick man was half reclining, half sitting, propped up by pillows, and the candle which was placed to give Mr. Thornton light fell full on his pallid face.

The stumbling footsteps had come nearer, and now the last heavy footfall was heard on the creaking stairs, and the large, gaunt, hard old man, whose features were half concealed in a muffler, stood in the doorway, gazing at a scene very strange to such a one—a wretchedly-furnished room, starving forms, and one face wasted with weakness.

The clergyman continued reading—"Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

As these words fell from the vicar's lips, a trembling voice from the doorway cried, "It is! It is!" and the tall figure of Mr. Gatherall dropped down by the bedside, and bowed over the thin hands of his son.

To tell you all that followed would be impossible;—how the sick man, startled at first, soon revived; how the father and son vied with each other in expressions of regret and affection; how the old lawyer's arms were spread out to enfold his daughter, in the first warm and hearty embrace he had given for years; how he even unbent so far as to take the children—the two wonderstricken children, who had sat in silent awe looking on—to take them in his arms and kiss them, and even to leave a little dewdrop which glistened on their little cheeks; how he shook hands with Mr. Thornton, and thanked God again and again; how, at the lawyer's request, Mr. Thornton knelt down amidst the reunited family and gave thanks to God for His providential care—all this I must leave to your kind imagination. While, however, they were occupied in mutual congratulations, a rosy, good-humoured face, with merry eyes twinkling from under sparkling glasses, appeared amongst them, preceded by a shabby little fairy. Dr. Oliver and his little guide had arrived.

Amazement and amusement seemed to enter into conflict in the doctor's countenance; amazement at the strange scene of happy disorder, and amusement at the sight of the stern old lawyer dancing a little child in his arms.

"I don't seem to be wanted," said the doctor, "or, at any rate, this poor fellow"—pointing to the bed—"seems to have got a more healing dose than I could have prescribed."

Mr. Thornton quickly explained that the sick man was Mr. Gatherall's son; or rather he would have done so quickly, had he not been interrupted with spasmodic comments and hearty ejaculations of gratitude, delivered with a strange mixture of



(*Drawn by* EDWARD HUGHES.)

"The clergyman continued reading"—*p.* 10.

legal precision and tremulous pathos by the old lawyer.

"And now, Dr. Oliver!" exclaimed the old man, when the doctor seemed to have quite taken in the whole situation; "and now, doctor, will you oblige me by going to my house and telling Miss Rose" (here the doctor's eyes twinkled with more than usual briskness) "to get beds ready and send the carriage down at once? for we must take the whole family in; and how many beds, my dear," he added, turning to his new-found daughter, "will you require? Do the children occupy a separate room?"

"There—there!" exclaimed Dr. Oliver, "Miss Rose and I will see to that. I can tell her there are three youngsters, with mother and father."

And off he sped. It was a sore temptation to the doctor to linger long at the house aiding Miss Rose in making preparations. He found her sitting patiently in the chilly-looking drawing-room, awaiting with demure patience her father's return home.

Though somewhat alarmed at the doctor's arrival, she was soon reassured that all was right, and I am not certain that George Oliver's welcome was not as hearty as any she could have given to her father; but on this we must not speculate, and notwithstanding that he sadly wished to stay and see that Miss Rose had everything she wanted to assist her in her preparations for the great incursion of a family, he conscientiously set off with the carriage to give what assistance he could in the conveyance of the sick man from his wretched quarters.

In an hour's time a vehicle, well filled with human beings, but with a very small supply of baggage, drove quietly away from Rumble's Houses, and shortly afterwards disburdened its freight at a large house in the High Street. Soon afterwards, in obedience to the doctor's imperative orders, the whole house was wrapped in silence. Whether all were sleeping or not I can't say, but all retired to rest, and Dr. Oliver stepped across the High Street to his own door in time to hear the hoarse-throated town hall clock announce, in fretful tones, the half after two.

* * * * * *

Some hours after, numbers of people were seen flocking up and down the High Street, and turning down Church Street, and wending their ways towards the solid old Norman edifice, whose many merry bells were bidding Christian hearts be glad, and join in expressing their gladness to the God of our salvation. Amongst them was Dr. Oliver, who murmured to himself as he went along, "Poor Thornton! I wonder how he will get on after his midnight dissipation—the luxury of doing good, I mean. Late hours and exciting scenes are not the best preparation for the pulpit; but, as the day, so is the strength."

Presently the whole congregation had assembled in church, and looks of surprise were cast about,—for I am sorry to say that even in Strangeburgh the congregation did not spend the little interval before the service began in quieting their minds and solemnising their spirits with due preparation of heart to worship God, but in looking about and criticising the width of a neighbour's dress, or the trimming of a bonnet. Looks of surprise were cast about as old Gatherall and Miss Rose, and a couple of little children, took their places in the lawyer's pew, which had not been graced with more than the lonely Miss Rose for the last five years. And then the service began, and the words of praise came sometimes with a choked utterance from the lawyer's pew; and when the general thanksgiving was read, a member of the congregation desired to return thanks for mercies lately vouchsafed to him.

At length Mr. Thornton ascended the pulpit. Somewhat jaded he looked, but full of joyous animation. The weary, inquisitive expression which he wore in the vicarage library last night had disappeared. The things old and the things new seemed to have vied with each other in the abundance with which they had trooped into his mind. The very line of thought which he had been seeking had been suggested to his mind in the strange incident of that morning, and it was with a trustfulness of tone that he announced his text—The Ministry of Reconciliation. He showed that there was a pathos in the word "reconciliation;" that though it implied alienation and enmity, that it implied even more than enmity, for it implied previous friendship and intimacy. That such was the fact between God and man—once friendship and intimacy; the daily, loving intercourse between Adam and his Maker; that this love and fellowship had been broken by man's sin; that enmity took the place of love, as it invariably does, and insolence superseded reverence; that, day by day, man had striven, aided by the suggestions

of the wicked one, to widen the breach and intensify the enmity; that God yearned over His weak and erring creatures; that His love was not like man's, which was so frequently choked in its outgoings by false pride; but that He commended His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; that this really was our joy in this Christmas season—the joy that God had devised means whereby the wanderers might return unto Him.

Old Mr. Gatherall did not exactly wince at this, but I think he felt contrite that he had never devised any means of bringing back his son.

"But," Mr. Thornton continued, "the means devised of God were not easy means—means which occasioned no trouble, caused no sorrow, or involved no loss. We could have no conception of love unless we can perceive what sacrifices love is capable of. Look at the river, rushing with swift, smooth current to the sea; who can estimate its force as it glides noiselessly by? But oppose some obstacle. Cast a huge rock in the midstream, and see, you have awakened powers which slept. So it is with love. Some strange circumstance serves to call forth affections that seemed almost dead; and you see how wrong has been your judgment when you supposed there was no tenderness because tenderness was dormant. So had man's fall, man's misery, drawn forth before the universe the most wondrous manifestation of God's love. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. And it was in the proclamation of this reconciliation—in the declaring that God had made Christ, who knew no sin, to be sin for us—that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself—that we are brought near by the blood of the everlasting covenant—the ministry of reconciliation consisted. But it was not only in the preacher's lips that this ministry of reconciliation was brought to men's notice—in a Christian land at least. When we had Bibles and the means of grace, we might be reminded of the reconciliation. God preaches reconciliation in many ways. Do we not often meet with incidents so strikingly typical, that they seemed like the voice of heavenly Love pleading with us to be reconciled. The desertion of the prodigal in the land of his adoption, when of his chosen associates none were ready to relieve his wants; when the depth of his distress almost made him desire the coarsest fare, and the privations of a hard life made him think of his father's happy home, and then, without staying to let pride bid him hesitate, or indolence and apathy kill his repentance, he hurried homewards; and loving eyes descried the long-wished-for form, and a father's embrace welcomed the repentant one. If such a thought has arrested any of our minds, if any circumstance has turned our minds to think of the heavenly home and a Father's love, let it not die: cherish, act upon the prompting on this Christmas morning, when every word breathed of peace between heaven and earth, and on earth. I beseech you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

And then the people slowly filed out of church, and busy knots gathered together and nodded their heads significantly, and yet wonderingly, as old Mr. Gatherall passed by—a little child on each side of him, and followed by Miss Rose, who had most calmly appropriated Dr. Oliver's arm.

A few weeks after, the dwarf blinds in Mr. Gatherall's office window were taken down and repainted, and they thenceforth announced—Gatherall and Son. About the same time, too, Dr. Oliver took the large house next to the lawyer's, which Dr. Powderson vacated when he retired from practice—with a fabulous fortune, if you believe the gossips; and as soon as Dr. Oliver had settled the new house to his satisfaction, he occasioned no little stir in Strangeburgh, and not a few tears too, by—— well, of course, by going to church one morning and meeting several members of the Gatherall family.

Mr. Gatherall still lives on in Strangeburgh. He does not do much business now—his son takes that burden. But Mr. Gatherall is not idle: he is continually devising means for doing good. He has instituted a ragged school close to Rumble's Houses. He has grown very fond of Rumble's Houses, for he is to be seen there very often, climbing about the strange passages, as if they were quite familiar to him; and, indeed, I have caught him reading out of the Bible to poor sick people there, while his little granddaughter stands happy and patient beside him, and when I heard him he was reading the parable of the prodigal son, and his voice trembled a little when he came to the words—"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

XUM

LIFE A TIME OF TRIAL.

BY HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."—Rev. xxii. 11.

THESE words in the last chapter of the Revelations are spoken with reference to a time when man's state of trial has ended. For a long period God waits to be gracious, calling sinners to repentance; at last He waits no longer: the sinner cannot any longer change his state; he that is unjust, must be unjust still: and he which is filthy, must be filthy still. Again for a long period the faithful are still exposed to dangers. Even St. Paul in the days of his labour expressed a fear concerning his soul's state, lest, while he preached to others, he himself might be a castaway. The humble servant of God knows himself to be set in the midst of many and great temptations, and at times greatly fears lest his weakness yield to them. But a day is coming when all fears shall end, and he that is righteous and holy, relieved from the burden that has long pressed him down, shall reach a state from which he can never fall, and in which he shall enjoy the blessings of his righteousness and holiness secured to him for evermore. When will this day come, when the fate of the faithful and the faithless will be fixed by an irreversible decree for evermore?

Let us now consider the answer to this question. First, in some cases it would even seem that man's fate is practically fixed while life lasts. Many—shall we not say thousands of faithful servants of Christ, are so manifestly His people, even while exposed to all life's trials, live so devotedly in prayer and humble dependence upon Him, that we cannot for a moment think they will ever fall from Him. They themselves, however, will be the last thus to look upon their own state with satisfaction. In their humility, they will be painfully conscious of the power of sin still working within their hearts, and will feel every day that it is of God's great mercy alone in Christ that they are kept upright; yet their friends, looking upon them, will not doubt that they are practically safe with Christ, long before life's trials have ended. Others again, are so sunk in dead worldliness, care so very little for the things of Christ and the realities of another world, and have so long gone on thus carelessly, in spite of the most startling warnings, that we can scarcely think it possible for them ever to be roused. Probably such men also, like their counterpart, the faithful, will be the last to know their real state. They are often not dissatisfied with themselves. They have no thought of the danger to which they are exposed; their consciences are asleep; they are like men who have a deadly disease about them, and whose strength is daily failing, but who are so drugged and kept up by false stimulants, that they never know they are in danger till their last hour. Here is a fearful warning for all who continue deliberately in the neglect of heavenly things. Their hearts become daily more callous to good impressions. At last they may become hardened past cure, even while their life on earth is still prolonged. The Gospel of Christ, indeed, encourages us to preach pardon for repentant sinners to the most hardened as long as life lasts. It would be great sin in us to neglect thus to appeal to them. Many instances are on record of the most hardened heart giving way at last to Gospel motives, and of men at the eleventh hour glorifying and serving Christ, whom they have long despised. But still it is certain also that there is such a state as judicial blindness—blindness sent to the spiritual eyes in judgment, as a punishment for long-continued sin. There is such a state as that which those fell into whom our Lord called blasphemers against the Holy Ghost, who can never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the next; a state such as St. John calls the state of sin unto death, which is past praying for.

We may say, then, that in some persons—though God alone can know who they are—the irrevocable decision seems to have been passed, even while they are still in this life. Some while still living upon earth being unrighteous, are sure to continue in their unrighteousness for ever; and some being made holy by the Spirit of God, through the blood of Christ, seem sure also to remain holy always. It is not, however, of such a decision of

man's fate, while he is still in this life that our Lord speaks in the text.

In the second place, the fate of each is fixed by death. Perhaps there is no thought connected with death more solemn than that which occurs, when we see those who have long been careless of religion cut off in their carelessness. While there was life, there seemed still to be hope. Many of the careless, not contented with their reckless way of living, are saying to themselves habitually, when any serious thoughts by chance rise up within them: "This careless state of mine must not last always; I must certainly rouse myself some day to consider more fully the prospects that are before me when life fails." But then the serious fit passes, some frivolous temptation drives away the good thought which was struggling to win an entrance—all stands over to a more convenient season. And this trifling with the soul goes on month after month. Perhaps there are solemn times, when better thoughts seem almost on the point of triumphing. There are some seasons when the most thoughtless cannot but think. It is, say, the end of the year: a man cannot but reflect how quickly his life is passing. It seems but yesterday since he was in his boyhood. And of the many friends who were around him in his early days, how very many are gone for ever from his side! What an unknown blank does the new year, on which he is entering, present to him! How little can he calculate what will befall before its months close! One thing only is certain respecting it, that it will bring him much nearer to eternity. Many a man who has died at last in his sins, in cold, worldly indifference to all the great Gospel truths, has at such times had these serious thoughts. Every time they occurred at solemn seasons they have seemed to hold out good hopes that he might yet live to be an earnest Christian; but somehow they never came to anything—they passed away like an unsubstantial cloud and left no trace behind them. And now the man is dead. His friends, say, are going to attend his funeral; and as they call to mind the way in which his last months were spent, they cannot but confess that their good hopes for his amendment seem all to have ended in nothing; that as he lived, so to all appearance he seems to have died, with very little thought of the Gospel, appearing, even to the last hour he lived in the world, to cling far more to it than to the Lord Jesus Christ, who so long waited to be his Saviour. And now, as the earth closes over him, his friends are struck with melancholy in thinking how little that character with which he died was fitted to meet God's all-searching judgment; how impossible it would be for such a character to enjoy the presence of Christ in heaven, even if admitted there. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is sensual, let him be sensual still: and he that is worldly, let him be worldly still: and he that is without the love of Christ, let him pass eternity without loving Him. These are the melancholy words which might well be written over the tombs of the thoughtless—words that speak more forcibly than almost any others, of the utter wretchedness of a death without Christ; consigning him who thus dies to the perpetual endurance of the miserable ungodly state which he deliberately chose for himself on earth, but which now that he has left the earth he would give worlds to be freed from.

On the other hand, he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. These words too have their appropriateness to the subject of death. They speak of the death of the faithful, and are full of comfort. Do we lay a Christian brother or sister in the grave? What a real satisfaction to know that they are taken away from all evil to come, and especially from those evil trials that seemed sometimes ready to shake their faith. No more shall weakness tempt them to be fretful under suffering; no more shall there be the slightest danger lest the world's seductions or its terrors persuade them to conform to its evil usages. They are quite safe now with Him whom they have long loved; and the graces, which by His Holy Spirit He gave them, and which so greatly adorned their character, even while living in the midst of weakness, are now matured, and certain to become only more lovely, and more the source to them of all pure happiness through eternity.

My readers, if at this solemn time, when we are about entering on a new year, the hearts of any of us naturally turn back to think of the many new years' days we have passed in the company of dear friends long lost to us, how great a blessing is it if, in thinking of them, we find all sorrow for their loss swallowed up in the calm assurance that they are in peace. When we recall the memory of the Christian graces which we loved in them, how

pleasant to reflect that these graces are secure now to flourish through eternity; the character we loved no lapse of time can now alter or impair. While we recall the outward look, or word which told of the presence of such graces in the heart, we know that all which made such outward signs valuable to us is living and vigorous now, and will live and continue vigorous in the presence of Christ through eternity. Of the faithful dead it is the greatest comfort to feel that they are past trial. Of the departed, he that is righteous, must be righteous still: and he that is holy, must be holy still. He that loved Christ, can never cease to love Him.

But, thirdly, if we look to the words which go before and follow the text, we shall see that it applies, in strictness, neither to the way in which men's characters are often settled, as it were, firmly for good or evil while they are still living, nor yet to that final stamp which death sets on them. The speaker in the twelfth verse is plainly Christ Himself: "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." "I am," says verse thirteen, "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." And the sixteenth verse continues: "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches." We may, therefore, very naturally refer the words of the tenth and eleventh verses, which are connected with the twelfth without a pause, to the same speaker, Jesus. But however this is, certainly the verse immediately before the text—the tenth—ends with the words: "The time is at hand." And the twelfth verse, following the text, states what time—the time, viz., of Christ's coming: "Behold, I come quickly." The eleventh verse therefore, the text, states that when this time arrives—when Christ comes, and closes the long period of the world's trial—then all the sons and daughters of men shall remain for ever in that state of soul and character in which the close of their probation finds them. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still."

Of course, the final close of man's trial settles his condition for eternity. And every year as it passes over our heads is bringing us nearer, not only each of us, to the full development and final settlement, as it were, of our character in life, and to the day of our own death, which seals the character; but, also, to that great day, when all things shall be settled for eternity. Many pictures might be drawn of the solemnity of this final settlement; many images might be brought out to impress the mind with awe in thinking of it, but nothing, perhaps, attending it is more striking than the simple fact set forth in the text: that whenever this final settlement does come, it must leave all living souls for ever fixed in the state in which it finds them, whether for endless sin and rebellion against God, or endless love of Him and enjoyment of His presence in holiness. From the state in which that hour finds our souls there can be no escape. God's judgments, however long His mercy may delay them, must at last be final and irreversible.

And here let me observe that the misery of those who die without Christ is here set before us simply as a continuance of their sinful condition. If they are wicked, if they are debased, they must be wicked and debased for evermore. And there is something very striking in this. To be thus left to themselves to follow their own courses, this is punishment enough; further, it includes in it all other punishment. For a soul created by God, and for which Christ died, to be left for ever in a state of estrangement from God, is the greatest of all miseries. In the state into which the soul passes when its trial is over, there will be no possible means of worldly enjoyments or debasing engagements, and, if it be without Christ, it must be miserable.

And now, in bidding farewell to the year which we have left behind, and entering by God's mercy on a new term in our probation, think, my readers, how far our characters are ripening for our great change—this great day of settlement. The characters which we have—for good or for evil—loving God in Christ, by serving Him and holding intercourse with Him in prayer and holy ordinances, and doing His will because we love Him; or, on the other hand, regardless of Him, and loving the world far more than we love Him—will, when matured, abide unchanged for ever. God of His great goodness has permitted us to see another year's end, while many around us have been cut off. How, we ask, are our characters ripening? Is the love of God growing in us? are we more truly living by faith—that is, more convinced of the reality of things unseen than we were twelve months ago?

TROTTIE'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC. ETC.

ON Christmas Eve, 1871, two poor girls, averaging between twenty and twenty-two years of age, quitted a large biscuit manufactory in Rotherhithe, in which they were employed, and continued their way westward toward the Borough, conversing as they went in what manner they should spend the next day. One of them, who lived in Lambeth, said to the other—

"At our house we intend to have a regular jollification, and I mean to spend eighteenpence of the money I've earned during the week in buying a bottle of good rum, to give my father and mother a treat of punch. And very happy we shall be together, for my brother Tom has just come home from sea, and Martha has got a holiday for three days from the shop she works at in Piccadilly. What do you intend doing, Trottie?—aint you going to give your people a treat?"

Trottie, a pretty brunette, replied that she was rather puzzled what to do. "The fact is," she said, "we're in a great deal of trouble at home. Father, who works in the Docks, has been thrown out of employment through the continuance of the east wind, which keeps the shipping from coming up the Channel, and poor John, my brother, who worked in the silk factory, has so sprained his leg that it is probable he will not be able to go to work again for some weeks to come. If it had not been for what I have earned, and mother picking up something at umbrella-making, we should be pretty well starved. As it is, the two little ones, Kate and Johnny, are getting so pale and thin for want of nourishment, it quite goes to my heart to see them. Still, I should like to give poor father a treat if I could, for he's very low-spirited, and it would cheer him up a little, and do him good."

"You'd better do so," said her companion; "and depend upon it, it won't be money thrown away. It's only fair a daughter should think of her father and mother's comforts."

By this time the two girls had arrived at the corner of Tooley Street, in the Borough, and after a very affectionate parting, each wishing the other the compliments of the season, the one hurried southward to her home in Lambeth, and Trottie continued her way onwards over London Bridge, towards the Commercial Road, where, in a bye-street, her parents resided, thinking as she went over the conversation she had had with her friend.

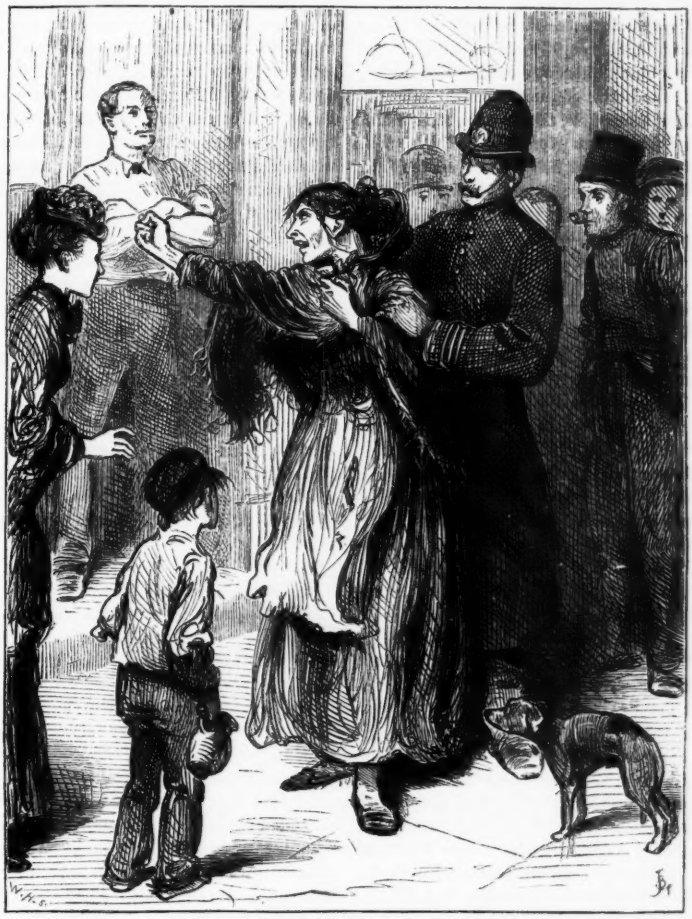
The poor girl was in a state of great indecision. She much wished to purchase the rum, but she had heard her father say it was his intention to take the pledge. He knew, he said, several men who worked in the Docks who had done so, and their report was that not only could they perform their work fully as well, and with as little inconvenience to themselves, as when taking three or four pints of beer during the day, but, in point of fact, found themselves in better health than before; that they rose fresher in the morning, and went to bed feeling less fatigued in the evening; also that their wives and families were made the more comfortable, on account of the money economised from the public-house. Still, Trottie argued, her father and mother had not yet taken the pledge, and therefore she would not be tempting them to break it. They could have a happy evening to-morrow, and then become teetotallers, if they pleased, the next morning. And then it occurred to her that, suppose they did not, would she, in any manner, have made herself answerable in keeping them from their good resolution? Other thoughts then came into her head. The family larder was at a very low ebb, and would it not be better to give her mother the money she had earned, to expend in good nourishing food for the family, instead of drink?

Poor Trottie continued onwards in a state of lamentable incertitude. At last she came to a conclusion. On passing a flaring gin-palace in Whitechapel, which, from the splendour of its decorations, probably surpassed Aladdin's palace (with the exception that the quaint Oriental magnificence of the latter might be worthy of some admiration, while the execrable taste displayed in the former was worthy of all reprobation), her eye was attracted by the glare of gas, plate glass, and gilding. She looked at the building for a moment, and found, among other labels, embossed in gold letters, in the window, "Fine old Jamaica Rum, eighteenpence a bottle." The words seemed to cast a singular spell over Trottie, and she could not keep her eyes from them.

At last the truth of the proverb, "What is once done cannot be undone," came across her mind, and she resolved to enter the gin-shop and purchase a bottle of rum. But attractive as the show and finery of the place might have appeared from the outside, and although the gilding and appointments on the inside were even more lavish than on the exterior, she soon found she was in a most uncongenial atmosphere. There was a crowd composed of women of the lowest character, working men (and, alas! some also had their wives with them), soldiers from the Tower, sailors, and others, few being quite sober, the majority slightly intoxicated, and some positively drunk. There was a considerable uproar going forward at

the time, caused by the attempt of the barman to push out of the shop a wretched, ragged, drunken middle-aged woman, who screamed and fought with great energy. Of those present, some took her part; others were for her expulsion. Possibly neither party were much interested in her cause, but simply interfered from love of the fun it created.

This, however, was hardly the case, for she found it filled, though with a somewhat more decent set of customers than in the bar-room; but every sound and blasphemous expression used by those she had just left was as audible as if she had been among them. She could hear that the barman was evidently succeeding in turning out the woman, her defenders



"Continued her vociferations as loudly as ever."

Disgusted with the scene, Trottie left the shop, and went into the street, determining to continue her road homewards. She had not, however, succeeded in passing the shop, when she saw on a side-door, written also in gold embossed letters, "Bottle Department." Being somewhat of a determined character, and having resolved that she would carry home the rum, she entered this department, where she thought she could make her purchase quietly and unobserved.

at the time making still more noise, and using more horrible execrations as they found the other party the stronger.

Trottie could support this no longer, and, before making her purchase, she left the place, at the same time as the woman was expelled from the other door. When outside the house, the woman continued her vociferations as loudly as ever, totally indifferent to the remonstrances of a policeman, who earnestly advised her to go home, or he should be obliged to lock her up.

"You ungrateful vagabonds!" she roared out to the barman and others employed in the shop; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you know you haven't a better customer than me. Why, this very evening I pawned the shoes off my children's feet; and now I've spent all the money I've got, you refuse to give me credit for another quartern. Oh! you're a precious set of Christians, you are! I wouldn't have my soul in any of your bodies for anything."

Here the policeman managed to drag her away, while poor Trottie, thoroughly disgusted with the whole scene, continued her way homeward, leaving all thoughts of the bottle of rum behind her.

When Trottie arrived at the house she found all the family assembled; but gloomy indeed was their appearance. The stamp of hunger was on the faces of all, and not without cause, for that day, with the exception of a half-quartern loaf, they had eaten nothing. Trottie, when she noticed their expression, was very pleased she had not purchased the bottle of rum. Without making any remark, she drew from her pocket the whole of the week's earnings and placed it in the hands of her mother, who silently kissed her, and then putting on her bonnet, started off for the open-air market in the Whitechapel Road, leaving Trottie to converse with the others, and make herself as useful as she could during her absence. After talking a little to her father and brother, and putting the tea-things on the table, she sat down and silently reflected on the temptation she had overcome. Presently an up-stair lodger entered the room, carrying on her arm a basket filled with good things for the next day's enjoyment. Trottie asked what she had got, and the woman, opening the basket, showed her many delicacies which she had purchased—plums, currants, tea, sugar, meat, vegetables, and other things, including a bottle of first-rate rum.

"You're determined to make yourselves happy to-morrow," said Trottie, looking at the rum.

"Yes," said the woman, "Christmas comes but once a year, and we may as well be happy as not. My husband works hard enough, and has enough to try his temper, and it would be sad indeed if he can't make a little merry once a year. Why, we always look for it on Christmas Day. I believe my husband would sooner go without half his meat than his glass of rum-and-water and pipe after dinner, and another in the evening."

The lodger continued conversing with the family for a short time longer, when Trottie's mother returned from market.

"And what have you got, mother?" asked Trottie. "Let's see if your basket is as well worth having as Mrs. Thompson's."

Trottie's mother seemed to have some diffidence in showing the contents of her basket, and possibly with some reason, for her purchases were vastly inferior to those made by the lodger. Trottie also felt half ashamed of the exposure, but made no remark.

"I see," said her mother to the lodger, "you've got something good there in that bottle. I should have liked to have bought one as well, but I'm sorry to say we can't afford it."

"Oh," said the lodger, "you ought to have made an effort. It will be hard indeed if Christmas night passes off without some jollification."

"We must try and be happy without the bottle," said Trottie's father, joining for the first time in the conversation. "And not only be happy to-morrow night, but every night in the week. I've rarely found any good come of the bottle, but I've known a great deal of harm. I was never a drunkard, but I can easily see now that if I'd kept away from the public-house altogether, and saved my money, we should not be in the strait we are now in. But it shan't occur again, though, if I can help it. Whenever I'm again in work I'll put by every farthing I should have spent in the public-house, and I suspect before next Christmas I shall not have as much dread of the east wind keeping shipping from coming up the Channel as now."

Trottie's mother argued on the other side, and expressed great regret that she was not able to obtain the same means as the lodger for their enjoyment the next day.

"For my part," she continued, "I think every working man wants something to strengthen him, and all the doctors now say there's nothing does so much good as spirits. A good glass of brandy is often worth all the physic in a docter's shop put together."

Trottie's father, however, although he did not contradict his wife, held to his own opinion; and Trottie began to think that his intended abstinence was occasioned rather by the pain he felt at seeing their poor circumstances, than from any dislike to the liquor itself.

The lodger now left them, and after their meal Trottie and her younger sister Kate soon went to bed.

Although tired with the day's exertion, Trottie did not fall asleep, but continued, in the darkness and solitude of her room, the train of thoughts that had occupied her mind during the evening. She was particularly struck with the words of her mother, and the sorrowful expression of her countenance when she lamented they had nothing whatever in the shape of spirituous liquors to gladden their hearts the next evening. Now Trottie was a good daughter, and intensely fond of her mother, and she began to consider whether it would be possible to obtain a bottle of rum, and make it a present to her. True she had just given all her week's earnings to purchase food for the family, but still there might be some plan by which to accomplish her object. No doubt her friend, Martha Jones, who accompanied her from the factory as far as Tooley Street, and whose parents were comfortably off,

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would lend her the money, which she could repay from her next week's earnings. Well, she thought she would do it, and then she thought she would not. "Better go at once," suggested itself to her mind, and that so plainly and distinctly that she thought it must have been whispered to her. Again the same words were uttered, and, if possible, more clearly than before. Trottie was in doubt whether she really heard a voice, or whether it was merely fancy on her part, when she felt a hand take hers. She attempted to withdraw her own, but it was impossible. Without any pressure, the hand seemed simply to clasp hers, but so cold and clammy was it that she shuddered as she felt it. And then she remembered, some years before, when she had seen her little brother, whom she had loved so dearly, for the last time as he lay in his coffin preparatory to its being screwed down, that she had kissed him first on his forehead, and then, taking his hand, had kissed that also, remarking at the same time how cold and clayey it felt. The hand that held hers at the present moment seemed that of a dead child's about her brother's age.

Without being able to understand in what manner it was done, Trottie found the hand leading her through darkness so profound she could distinguish nothing whatever. All, too, was silent around her. Still she went on, gliding swiftly, without meeting with any impediment, or without the dread of doing so. At length there appeared to be a glimmer of light, as if from gas or a lamp, which increased in clearness till she began to notice there were objects near her. These, in their turn, became more and more distinct, till she found herself, the dead hand holding her still, behind the counter in a large pawnbroker's shop. To her surprise, neither of the shopmen appeared to notice her; and she turned round to see who it was that held her hand, but she could neither see the hand nor her own. On looking round the shop, she found it contained three small compartments, like boxes, each having an occupant, with two of whom the two shopmen were busy completing loans. In the third was a respectable-looking woman, who remained silent till her turn came to be attended to. She kept her head turned somewhat aside, so that her features were not visible, and this was done in such a manner as evidently to show the wish to escape observation; and yet no one could see her, for, as before stated, the shopmen were busy with two other customers, and Trottie herself felt that she was as invisible as the one who stood beside her and held her hand.

And now it came to the woman's turn to be waited upon, who had so fixedly engaged Trottie's attention.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" said one of the shopmen.

"I want half-a-crown on those," said the woman, putting something down on the counter, but Trottie could not see what, as the shopman stood between her and the woman.

Taking up the articles she had put down, the shopman carried them (a pair of child's shoes) under the gas-light, to examine them more minutely.

"Ah, you may examine them as much as you please," said the woman; "they're very little worn. I gave six shillings for them not long ago, and the boy's only worn them on Sundays."

"Eighteenpence," said the shopman.

"Eighteenpence won't do," said the woman.

"Take them back then," said the shopman, throwing them on the counter.

"Say one-and-nine," said the woman.

"Eighteenpence or nothing," replied the shopman.

"I'll take the money," said the woman.

The man now proceeded to tie together the shoes and make out a ticket, and the dead hand then drew Trottie from the shop.

How it was she could not tell, but, without hurrying or making scarcely any movement, Trottie the next moment found herself in a room overhead. It was fitted up in a singular manner, with racks and shelves raised round it and in the centre; and these were filled with objects of a most varied description, many of them folded up in cloths, while others were open to the eye, all having labels on them, and arranged in the neatest order. There were two men also in this room—one of them an assistant in the house, the other a visitor. They were conversing together on some common subject when a noise was heard in one part of the room, which seemed to proceed from a small cupboard in the corner. The assistant went and opened the door, and there, on a shelf, he found evidently the same pair of shoes which had been pledged by the woman below. The man, having inspected the ticket on them, took them to a shelf where a number of other pairs of shoes about the same size were arranged.

"How I do hate having to do with these things," said the man to his companion.

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't like them; they all tell the same tale," was his reply. "There isn't one pair of the whole of these shoes on this shelf that hasn't been taken off the feet of the child of a drunken mother."

"How do you know that?" asked his companion.

"A sober woman," he replied, "may be in distress, and bitter distress too, but she will part with everything she has sooner than pawn her children's clothes; while the drunken mother makes no scruple on the occasion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred before half an hour has passed since she received the money every farthing of it is gone in the gin-shop. It would be very curious to trace the stories of those families whose children's shoes are on that shelf. Many a tale of the most heart-rending description would be found connected with them, and every portion of the misery endured, the fault

of a drunken mother. Now as to these very shoes," he continued, "I can tell the history of the woman who pawned them;" so saying, he mechanically examined them under the light. "You see they're well made; there's no slop-work here. I can almost tell by the look of them that the child's mother has never pawned them before. I should have liked to have seen her when she was in the box offering them, and then I could have told. When I used to be below in the shop, I could always tell when a woman offered a pair of her children's shoes for pledge whether she was a beginner or an old hand."

"How could you know that?" asked his companion.

"If a beginner," said the man, "she generally turns her head on one side, and tries to conceal her face; if an old hand, she will brazen it out. Why, these shoes have not been worn a fortnight, or anything like it."

Trottie's eyes now fell on the shoes as the man was examining them, and it struck her they were remarkably like her little brother Johnny's; and she remembered that about a fortnight before a pair of shoes had been bought for him out of the last wages her father had earned before he was thrown out of work at the Docks. It also occurred to her that the shawl the woman wore strongly resembled the one which her mother had on when she went out to market. Her attention was, however, again riveted to the conversation of the two men.

"I wonder whether any of these female drunkards are ever reclaimed," remarked one of them.



"'We must try and be happy without the bottle,' said Trottie's father"—*p.* 18.

"Never," said the assistant. "I've been now in these kind of shops, in Ratcliff Highway and about Whitechapel, for the last five-and-twenty years, and as you may imagine, have had a good deal of experience, and beyond that, I belong to a temperance society myself;—well, I can assure you I've never in my life known a female drunkard reclaimed after once having pawned her children's shoes. I almost look upon it that when once she has pledged her child's shoes, she is as completely lost to all chance of reformation as the men we used to read of in former times who sold themselves to the Evil One.

"Isn't that carrying the idea rather too far?" said his companion.

"Not a bit," replied the assistant.

"You don't, then, consider it possible for a drunken woman to be reclaimed?"

"Not when she's once pawned her children's shoes," said the man; "and there's a very curious circumstance connected with it, showing how much more prejudicially drink will act on a woman's mind than a man's. A man may be an irreclaimable drunkard, and to satisfy his propensity for drink will purloin or steal anything he can lay his hands upon, but I never knew a case of a man, although very likely a dozen-times-convicted thief, ever having pawned his children's clothes for the sake of drink. A drunken woman, on the contrary, after once having perpetrated the act, never again hesitates. No, believe me, when once she has done that, she is thoroughly lost."



"And then a quarrel took place"—*p.* 22.

The dead hand now drew Trottie from the warehouse, and after passing through darkness as profound as that she entered when first led from her home, the light began gradually to appear, and objects, as of people passing her in the streets, became distinguishable. Then a great glare of light appeared in the distance, and presently she found herself standing near the Whitechapel gin-shop in which she had intended to purchase a bottle of rum, and then quitted it in disgust from the scenes she had witnessed. The same noise of shouts, quarrelling, and laughter which had appeared to her so repulsive, she now heard again, and with the same abhorrence. She would willingly have moved off, but the dead hand led her forward. She attempted to resist, but the pressure, which had hitherto been light, now became so strong as to be irresistible, and she was obliged to enter the place against her better judgment.

The scene here was, if possible, more revolting than the one she had before witnessed. There were more persons in the place, both men and women, and these in a grosser state of intoxication. Language of the most disgusting description was bandied about from one to the other, less in anger or jest than as ordinary conversation. One scene particularly attracted Trottie's attention. A middle-aged man, in a state of maudlin drunkenness, was crying, and a dirty, disreputable-looking woman was attempting to console him.

"Don't take on so," she said; "you know that'll do no good—you can't cure her that way."

"But she'll be dead before I get home," said the man.

"Well, you can't help that," said the woman; "it's very sad, but you can't help it. And when she's gone, I shan't make you a fashionable wife, but we shall be very happy together."

Turning from this scene, Trottie witnessed another still more painful. A girl about thirteen years of age was endeavouring to drag her father from the gin-shop. He resisted, however, all her endeavours, and the poor girl cried bitterly. And then a quarrel took place between him and a sailor, and a fight ensued. The sailor was by far the most powerful of the two, his adversary being evidently of a weak, dilapidated constitution, apparently a workman in one of the numerous factories in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel.

In a short time the sailor had so great an advantage over his adversary as to prove that the latter had not the slightest chance against him. He had got the wretched man against the wall, and was pommelling him in a most terrific manner, the poor child screaming violently, and begging the bystanders to interfere, or her father would be killed. The genius of the place, however, was dominant at the time, and no one offered to render any assistance, or to part the combatants; on the contrary, they called out for fair play, the sailors cheering their companion, while those of the workman's party advised him to stand up and show himself a man. At last the poor wretch fell, utterly senseless and exhausted, on the ground, his face covered with blood. Some of the bystanders evidently thought he was dead, and advised the sailor to decamp as rapidly as possible. He took their advice and left the place. The landlord of the house then sent for the police, and the poor girl remained by the side of her father, crying in a most pitiable manner. Here, it is true, many offered to console her, but even their consolations were mixed up with the odious influence of the locality.

"Come, cheer up, my gal," said one man; "your father will be all right, as soon as he's got the police to take care of him. Here, take a drop, it'll do you good," and he placed some gin to the girl's lips, but she pushed it away with horror.

At last the police arrived, and the man was placed on the stretcher. One of them then asked where he lived, and the girl told him.

"What a shame," said the policeman to the landlord, "for you to allow the man to have got so drunk in your house."

"So it is," said a woman, who now seemed to exhibit some kind feeling towards the girl, and who, had she not been in such a locality, might have been considered respectable; "it's a shame, for he is a hard-working man enough, if he had his way; but it's places like this that tempt him in. Why, the man spent as much money here to-night as would feed his family half a week, and they're pretty well starving at home."

The policemen now carried off the man on the stretcher, and the dead hand drew Trottie after them.

They had hardly quitted the threshold of the house when Trottie noticed a woman approaching. The dead hand now held Trottie stationary, and as the woman came nearer, Trottie began to recognise her as the same she had seen in the pawnbroker's shop. Onward she came toward the gin-shop, and just as she was about to enter, Trottie found, to her intense horror, she was no other than her own mother. She implored her not to enter, but her words seemed unheard. She then stood before her to impede her way, but her mother seemed to pass through her as if she had been a spirit, and unaware of her presence, and then to enter the gin-shop. Trottie, in despair, attempted to utter a violent scream.

"Why, Trottie, what's the matter with you?" said little Katie, her bedfellow; "what ails you to-night? One would think you were being murdered. What's the matter, dear Trottie?"

Trottie remained for some moments silent and motionless; she could hardly believe she was in her home, and in bed with her sister, so vivid and real

had her dream appeared. She was inclined to believe she had been sleeping, and the scenes she had passed through were simply illusions; but then again the dead hand—how could she account for that? She still felt its pressure; her hand was perfectly numb, and then the thought occurred to her that she had been lying on it, and the pressure she had felt was only caused by stagnation of blood.

In a few moments Trottie was fully awakened by little Kate, who passed her arms round her neck, and after kissing her said, "Dear Trottie, what is the matter with you? Do tell me what made you cry out in that dreadful manner." Trottie only kissed her sister, but did not give her any explanation as to the cause of her cry; nor did she to any one else.

No visit was paid that day by Trottie to her friend Martha Jones, and no rum was purchased. Christmas evening, however, could not have passed more happily with the family than it did, had Trottie carried out her determination; and the money the rum would have cost was not only economised, but probably a mischief not less terrible than that which Trottie had witnessed in her dream avoided.

THE NOËLS OF SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE, AND SPAIN.

AMID all the divisions of Christendom some few patches of common ground are still to be found on which nearly all of us may meet. Some few associations there are which speak to the sympathies of almost all, and which awaken memories on which the minds of all true Christians, of whatever branch of Christ's Church, may dwell with genuine, if not with equal, delight. Such especially are the associations connected with Christmas, when

> The time draws near the birth of Christ,

and such are all the amusements, kindnesses, family meetings, and social charities of the season: for, as Sir W. Scott says, of old—

> A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
> The poor man's heart through half the year.

One of these associations which memory retains the longest is that of singing or hearing Christmas carols, ballads, or hymns—a custom which, either in the services of the church, or beyond its walls, seems almost co-extensive with Christianity, and of which some authors claim the angels' song at Bethlehem as the first specimen. Few hymns are more popular than those which tell the story of our Saviour's birth; they are the most readily learned in childhood, and are perhaps the last to be worn away from our memory by friction with the world. Most of us who have lived in the country have some recollections of lying awake in early years to listen to the voices—often most unmusical it is true, but which came to us softened by distance—of the waits, who sang their carols from house to house; and if we have been wakened from our slumbers on the Christmas morning by such sounds, we have hailed it as a good token for the coming day and year.

But this custom of carolling is by no means confined to our own land, or to the English language, or is even chiefly or most extensively practised there. The Noëls, or Christmas carols, of France, Spain, and Germany are far more numerous than those of England, and in fact form of themselves no small field of literature. Some little courage and hardihood is needed to go out into the wintry night, and to stand in snow or keen frost singing under the windows of the wealthy, in hopes of a gift of good cheer or pence to reward the song; but in warmer climates, where the nights are less inclement, singing the Noëls is a far more agreeable occupation. As we go southwards we may observe, too, that their tone changes—the Noël, or carol, becomes more joyous, more free in its expression, more dramatic in its form, and assumes the shape of a real outburst of popular joy.

Above all, the Noël seems to have been essentially the poor man's poetry. Although the self-titled infallible Pope has lately declared that Jesus Christ was of an aristocratic family, and that He loved the aristocracy, yet the warmest, heartiest, and most touching welcomes seem ever to have been given to Him by the poor. In countries, as in a great part of Southern Europe, where the languages are divided into two dialects, one for rich and another for poor—*e.g.*, as in France, where French is the language of the upper classes and of literature, and where the many "patois" are the household tongues of the heart and home of the lower; it is in these "patois," whether in the North or South, Burgundian, Gascon, or Provençal, that the finest Noëls are invariably found. It is a slight account of some of these Noëls in South-western France, and its neighbour Spain, that we shall endeavour to give.

Two derivations have been given of the word "Noël." One, perhaps the less probable, makes it a contraction of *nouvelles, les bonnes nouvelles*—"the good news of the gospel." The other adopted by Littré, takes it as an abbreviation

of the Gascon or Provençal *nadaü*, *nadal*, which undoubtedly is the Latin *natalis*—*i.e.*, *dies natalis*, "the birthday."

So much for the word. Some Noëls take the form of hymns, a few of which are exceedingly grand, and have apparently been translated from the Latin. Others are religious ballads; many of them are in dialogue, and some evince a no inconsiderable amount of dramatic power. Of those in dialogue the speakers are very various. Sometimes it is an angel who announces the good news to an incredulous shepherd, and the shepherd who replies. In one the conversation is between St. Joseph and the landlord of the inn at Bethlehem; in another between a Jew and a Christian; in another, Climène and Sylvandre are the somewhat sentimental speakers. Some are trialogues, and an angel and two demons are the debaters, or the three kings, or magi. In such cases the Noëls are occasionally macaronic; the French, Latin, and patois, being all three used, or only two of them. The angel generally speaks in Latin, or in polite French, while the peasants reply in much rougher style, in patois. As an example, we give a verse in French and Latin—

Voici le roi des nations,
Natus ex sacrâ Virgine,
Ce Fils de bénédiction,
Ortus de David semine,
Voici l'Etoile de Jacob,
Quam prædixerat Balaam,
Ce Dieu qui détruit Jericho,
In clarâ terrâ Chanaam

In others the angel begins in French, and the shepherd replies in patois—

ANGEL.

A God to you appeals;
Come, shepherd, leave your rest.
Hasten with ardent zeal
Towards your Saviour blest.
The great God of Thunders
Doth promise from henceforth
The end of all your wars,
And peace for aye on earth.

SHEPHERD (*sleeping*).

Do let me sleep,
And don't my wits confuse.
Do let me sleep.
Be off, and to your business keep,
For sentinels I have no use;
I've nought to do with your grand news,
Do let me sleep;

and so on through fourteen long verses. But the interlocutors are by no means always of such high distinction, they are sometimes simply husband and wife. The theme of most of such Noëls is the same. One or the other is awakened by a strange light, and hears voices and music, saying, "Christ is born." The believing wife then, in homeliest and most energetic terms, tells her more lazy and incredulous husband to get up and go and see Him.

JEANETTE.

See, sure the sky's a fire!
Put on thy garments, man!
Come, listen to the choir
Whose songs thy ears will charm. Noël.

JEAN.

'Tis but the tambourines
Of our own neighbourhood;
One of our village swains
No doubt's been married. Noël.

JEANETTE.

John, thou art sure not wise
To doubt the words I say;
To see what's in the skies
Thou know'st there's nought to pay. Noël.

This last argument is effective, and up the husband gets, and finds all true. The locality of the Noël almost always reveals itself, by mention of the spots over which the glorious light is seen—

To yonder hill 'tis near,
We'll shortly see it now;
'Tis sure at Beauplaisir,
At Guiche, or at Loustau.

The birth ought always to have taken place at the nearest great house in the neighbourhood, instead of in a stable—

Whoever would have thought,
Since to be born you were,
That you'd not rather sought
Bidache's castle fair?

A present has always to be taken to the Infant God, but they have nothing good enough; and the discussion of this point often brings out in the most pathetic way the extreme poverty in which the French peasant lived before the great Revolution.

JEANETTE.

What is there in our power,
John, that His heart may please?
We've neither fruit nor flowers,
Nor bread, nor even cheese.

JEAN.

Of wood we've not a stake;
He's perishing of cold;
Some bundles let us take
Of vine twigs, and some clothes.

JEANETTE.

This little meal shall make
(Which lately we had ground)
A goodly girdle cake,
When we the Child have found.

The shepherds and mountaineers have a very pleasing fashion of singing these Noëls in dialogue. Originally they seem to have been intended to have been sung antiphonally in church; but for many years this has been discontinued, on account of the effect which their exceeding naïveté and directness has on the risible muscles of a modern congregation. So now they are chiefly sung as the waits sing carols, during Advent, or most of all, when going to the midnight service on Christmas Eve. Then the singers, to the number of eight or ten, walk about three or four paces apart,

and one set takes one character, and one the other. Nothing is more pleasant than to hear these bands descending from the mountains, and converging by different, often very winding, paths, to the village church. The Béarnais mountaineers have generally fine voices, and sing well in parts. When mellowed by a little distance, and the different voices are caught now clearer, now softer, according to turns and inequalities of the ground, the effect is very charming. As the parties unite, the merry laugh or cordial greeting and Christmas good wishes are heard on all sides, as they pause for a few moments before entering the church porch. One wonders not then that the midnight service at Christmas should prove one of the most popular religious festivals in France — equally popular in the great cities, where the finest singers obtainable burst into the "Gloria in Excelsis," and in the country where the peasants sing these Noëls, in a tongue which the citizen would not comprehend.

But the charm is not confined to peasants. Hear how one of the most graceful of modern French writers, Eugénie de Guerin, describes to her brother in Paris a walk to a midnight service in the mountains of the South:—

"Christmas has come; beautiful festival, which I love the most, and which brings as much joy to me as to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly one's whole soul joins in the welcome to God, which is announced from all sides by hymns and by the pretty *nadalet*.* Nothing at Paris can give you an idea of what Christmas is. . . . We all went, papa walking first, on a delicious night. Never was there a finer sky than that of this midnight, so that papa from time to time thrust his head out of his great hooded coat to look upwards. The ground was white with frost, but we were not cold; the air besides was warmed by the bundles of pine torches which our servants carried before us for light. It was charming, I assure you; and I longed to have you walking with us to the church on paths bordered with little bushes, white as if they had been in flower. We saw one spray so beautiful that we wished to make a bouquet of it for the decoration of the church, but it melted in our hands. . . I slept at the parsonage; the rector's good sister kept me, and made me an excellent nightcap of hot milk. Papa and Mimi came to warm themselves at the huge fire of the *Souc de Nadal*" (Yule-log).

The hospitality of the country parsonage is most cordially and fully exercised this evening. In some parts of the Béarnais mountain district it is the custom, where the people come from far, to bring with them a choice lamb decked with ribbons and flowers, which is killed and dressed during the service and eaten afterwards, as a breakfast by those who could not return and be back before the services of Christmas Day. One recently-appointed priest thought within himself, "What a pity it was to kill these pretty creatures! If he could but keep them alive there would be another lamb next year, then another, at last quite a little flock, and the wool from them would suffice for priestly stockings, comforters, &c." So when his congregation returned from church there was a handsome collation of bread and cheese, soup and wine, but—no hot lamb. But one must rise very early in the morning to get the better of a long-headed Béarnais peasant. Not a word was said. But the next year no lamb appeared, and the good priest found that there was no likelihood of any lamb appearing on other conditions than those of its being consumed. So to this day lambs are slaughtered and eaten on Christmas Day in the Valley of Labassère.

Few things have provoked more derision than the singing of our English churches and chapels, where, as Pope has it—

> Heaven is won by violence of song.

The repetition of the same syllable again and again without regard to the sense has been held up especially for reprobation. But what can we say to this imitation of the angels' music as the chorus to a Noël?—

> Fa, fa, fa, sol, la, mi, la, mi,
> Re, mi, re, mi, fa,
> La, fa, sol, la, mi, la, mi, re,
> Mi, fa, sol, la.

Or this other:

> Courons au, zau, zau,
> Courons plus, plus, plus;
> Courons au, courons plus,
> Courons au plus vite.
>
> Le plus beau, beau, beau,
> Le plus fro, fro, fro;
> Le plus beau, le plus fro,
> Le plus beau fromage,
> De notre village.

Or another burden: "Tararou, pou, pou; tararou pou, pou," and almost any number of similar endings tacked on to verses which are serious, and sometimes beautiful in their simple piety.

The Noël is very wide in its sympathies and its toleration. It is striking to see how men's hearts warmed at this season. Theological dogma could not permit Jews to be introduced rejoicing at the birth of Christ; Mahommedans too, always excepting el Rey Moro, the Moorish king, one of the three magi, would find no place. But these Noëls included all they could. Thus there are Cagots' Noëls, and singularly beautiful gipsies' Noëls. There is also a beasts' Noël and a birds' Noël. From these we will give some extracts. The finest of the gipsy Noëls was composed in

* *Nadalet.* A peculiar fashion of ringing the church bells on Christmas Eve.

1680 by a *bénéficier* of the cathedral of Aix. The form is dramatic. Each of the three gipsies, after a short introduction, tells in turn the fortunes of the Holy Child, His mother, and St. Joseph :—

NOËL DES BOHÉMIENS.

"Naoutrés sian trés Booumians."

Three wandering gipsy loons are we,
People's good fortunes we do tell;
Three wandering gipsy loons are we,
We pick and steal where'er we be.
Thou loving Child, so full of charm,
With silver quickly cross my palm,
And each shall tell Thee all
Henceforth shall Thee befall.
John, do thou try
Immediately
The lines within His hand to spy.

Equal to God, I see,
In dignity,
His Son, worthy
To be adored.
Equal to God, I see,
In dignity,
Thou'rt born for me
Into the world.
A child Thee love did make
For human nature's sake;
A virgin Thee did bear
Without a father's care;
All this from out Thy hand I take.

Still a great secret there doth lie
Which John to Thee dared not to tell.
Still a great secret there doth lie
Shall take effect right speedily.
Come, quickly come, Messiah grand,
Place, quickly place, within my hand
The silver piece
That may our hearts rejoice.
John will then divine.
Sweet Infant mine,
Give it to us that we may dine.

Amid such varied means
Something is to be seen,
For our weal
Full hard to bear.
Amid such varied means
Something is to be seen
For our weal
Harsh and severe.
Yes, there a cross I see
Shall our salvation be;
And, if to say so I may dare,
Why Thou a martyr's pangs dost bear
Comes of Thy too great charity.

But there remaineth something still,
Abutting on the line of life.
But there remaineth something still,
I'll tell to Thee. Be still awhile.
Come now, come now, Infant fair,
Thy little hand give quickly here;
And I'll foretell to Thee
Something more pleasing far to hear.
But hand the money here,
For fear
Thou otherwise may'st nothing hear.

God Thou art; and mortal too!
Since Thou art so
Short time Thou'lt go
In our humanity.
But Thy Divinity
Is from eternity.
Of all life Thou art the spring;
And Thy infinite Being
Bounded by nought can be.

Wilt Thou not that we should say
Something to Thy mother blest?
Wilt Thou not that we should pay
At least to her our homage?—say.
Lovely lady, hither come;
For to us ere now is known,
That in your snowy hand
Lies a myst'ry deep and grand.
Thou who art so polite,
To her relate
Something may her delight

Thou art of royal blood!
Thy house e'er stood
Highest in good
Within the world.
Thou art of royal blood!
Thy house e'er stood
Highest in good.
From what I see,
Thy Son, He is thy Lord,
His Father is thy God.
What greater lot for thee,
Child of thy Lord to be,
And Mother of thy God?

And thou, thou good old man,
Standing at the manger's end;
And thou, thou good old man,
Wilt thou not that we read thy hand?
Say, p'rhaps some fear dost feel
Lest we should the donkey steal
That's tied to yonder stake?
Rather would we the Infant take.
Some silver coin here lay,
Kind sir, we pray;
We've not yet drunk to-day.

These lines to me impart
How great thou art,
How good thy heart,
And also that thou'rt just.
These lines to me impart
How great thou art,
How good thy heart,
And loved of all.
Ah! holy husband, tell,
Hast thou observèd well
A holy abstinence?
Thou guardest Providence,
Should It not guard thee well?

Now indeed we clearly see
That Thou didst come into the world.
Now indeed we clearly see
That Thou didst come in poverty.
Fair Child, nought more of that we'll say,
Since there we see Thee naked lie.
And Thou didst fear, from what we see,
To fall in gipsies' company!
Fair Child, fear need not touch Thy heart
Since God Thou art.
Hear our farewell, ere we depart.

Should too much liberty
Be cause that we
Foretold to Thee
Thy future fate:
Should too much liberty
Be cause that we
Have spoke to Thee
Too openly:
Full humbly Thee we pray,
That in the selfsame way
Thou our good fortune deign to make;

And grant that we thereof partake
Through all eternity.

We have met with another gipsy's Noël in Spanish nearly as beautiful as the above, "The Gipsy Woman's Prophecy:"

LA PREDICCION DE LA GITANA.

A gipsy woman once came forth,
And to the Virgin pure drew near;
Her knees she bent upon the earth,
And thus her fortune told to her.
The things I know,
My darling sweet,
Within my heart
Close-locked I keep.

"Mother of love, surpassing fair,"
Thus unto Mary did she say,
"The Child to Egypt thou wilt bear,
With Joseph with thee on the way."
The things I know,

&c. &c., through eleven verses. And also a fragment in the same language, called

EN EL PORTAL DE BELEN.

The gipsy boys have entered in
At the gates of Bethlehem,
And, the rogues, the new-born Child
Of His clothes have quite despoiled.
Ah, the naughty, thievish rogues,
Olive faces, sour as sloes!
The Child of clothes they have bereft,
Not a rag have they Him left!

This last fragment leads us to observe what very free reins the Spaniards give to their imagination when treating of these themes. Their fancies are often graceful and tender, with a not irreverent playfulness, which is very pleasing. But the incidents related go far beyond those of the Gospels—nay, even of the apocryphal Gospels; though some doubtless are traditionally derived from them. Thus the Spanish Noëls of the "Noche Buena," (the Good Night,) or the "Noche de Navidad" (Night of the Nativity), as it is indifferently termed, tell you, not only that our Lord was born between the ox and the ass or mule, and the names of the three kings, or magi—Melchor, Gaspar, and Baltasar—and that one of them was a black man, but they know the names of the shepherds too—Blas, Nicolas, and Tomas; and not only that, they know the names of the dogs which accompanied them.

"'But *why* is he called Melampo?' persisted the child, with that child's zeal for interrogation, which their elders ridicule instead of respecting.

"'He is called so,' replied the good Elvira, 'because it is the name of one of the dogs which went to Bethlehem with the shepherds to see the new-born Child. They were three—Melampo, Cubilon, and Lobina, and the dogs which bear these names never go mad.'" *

But this is an enticing subject, and space warns us to close. We will conclude with a short specimen of the Hymn-Noël from the Basque; in order to give one example from the strangest language of South-western France, although the Basque Noëls are not so remarkable as some others.

NOELA.

Dugun alegrantcietan.

With joy and glad delight
The birth of Jesus sing,
And with all our might
Honour God's Son our King.
O Jesus, may Thy grace
Sin from our hearts efface.

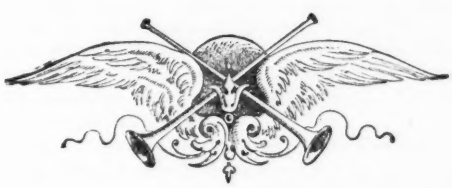
We hear the angels raise
Their heavenly hymns on high;
And we the Lord will praise
With hearty sympathy.
O Jesus, may Thy grace
Sin from our hearts efface.

Shepherds and kings of might
At Jesu's feet fall prone,
By that all glorious sight
To us our God is known.
O Jesus, may Thy grace
Sin from our hearts efface.

Jesus, in winter's frost
Straw formeth all Thy bed;
How can we be so lost
As be by pleasures led!
O Jesus, may Thy grace
Sin from our souls efface.

Thy childhood's lowly state
Doth preach humility
To us, who elevate
Ourselves vaingloriously.
O Jesus, may Thy grace
Sin from our souls efface.

* Fernan Caballero, "La Familia de Alvareda."



XUM

THE HOLLOW FARM: A LOVE STORY.

BY GEORGE BARNETT SMITH, AUTHOR OF "ALDEN OF ALDENHOLME," ETC.

THE scene in which this little story is laid is one of those picturesque spots which abound in the Midland counties of England—counties which are famed for a certain quiet beauty not to be met elsewhere. You have, perhaps, been travelling all day, country fashion, and not by the swift, hurrying aid of the railway, when, just as the sun is setting, you ascend a gentle eminence, and from the heights look down upon pastoral charms which cannot fail to excite the most pleasurable emotions. You discover that the old country has more landscapes worthy of remembrance than you had previously credited her with, and resolve in future to see what she has to offer before discounting her advantages as compared with those of Continental lands. The prattling brook, the broad fields, the woods and the hillocks, all combine to constitute a picture whose impress is left on the memory many days after the visit has terminated, and the gazer once more mingles in the busy hum of the city. Even in winter these districts are beautiful; there is not so much life, not so much music, for the songsters are still; but there is a quiet which is exceedingly restful, and the "rude" season, as it is generally termed, has phases and periods of supreme attractiveness.

In such a landscape as we have been describing the village of Fairleigh is situated, and the day on which we are to be introduced to its vicinity is Christmas Eve in the year 1867. Its closing hours promised for the memorable day which succeeded it one of those seasons regarded as peculiarly suitable to that sacred period. A calm that might almost be felt pervaded the earth, a fit prelude to the approaching time of joy. The beams of the dying sun, as they fell athwart the fields, had no power to dissolve the pure white snow, but they caused a million feathery diamonds to sparkle in the light. The atmosphere was of an intense cold, though, withal, clear and bracing. Looking across the wide meadows, the hedges were almost obliterated by the depth of the soft, white element, whilst it hung over the branches of the lofty trees in a myriad fantastic shapes. The earth appeared beautiful as one attired in her white, spotless bridal robes.

The Hollow Farm was situate about a mile from Fairleigh, and had probably taken its name from the hollow which extended for a considerable distance—as far as Milton Wood—on one side of it, and on the other reached forward to the village. It was one of those desirable residences which are now fast disappearing, but which were erected with a view to the comfort of our forefathers, who certainly appear to have surpassed us in this respect, if we have left them far behind in others. The Farm was built mostly of wood, and possessed those deep, projecting windows, in which were snug corners—the dear retreat of lovers at all times, and in summer very delightful as one sat at the open window and enjoyed the fragrance of the growths, which covered the walls with their luxuriance, and almost obscured the glaring sun from the windows. The rooms were spacious and lofty, and the furniture quaint as became the habitation.

But as to the occupants of the Farm; for here, after all, does the interest in any human abode lie. They were only two (in addition to the maid-servants and the men-servants)—viz., Mr. Joshua Gilbert and his daughter. Mr. Gilbert had been enabled by nature to support the general idea of the farmer, which apportions to that individual a frame of considerable bulk and a most jovial temper. Maintaining an excellent character for hospitality, there were few individuals in the district who were so generally approved, or who won more encomiums from all classes of people. Considerate to a degree to those beneath him, he was also a favourite with others of a higher social status than himself, who found much shrewd intelligence mingled with his good humour. He had not been without his troubles, however, though these had not been instrumental in altogether crushing his spirits, and rendering him a prey to melancholy. His one great trial had been the loss of the partner of his life some years before the date of this narrative; but for the sake of his beloved daughter he endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal the effects of the wound which had been struck deeply into his heart—how deeply none but himself could ever know. He set himself to cheer the only being left to him, and who, to his sad knowledge, was also grieving over a loss which was as irreparable as his own. Mother and daughter, who had lived together with scarcely a break, had been torn asunder; and for a long period it appeared as though the latter must for ever remain inconsolable. But Time, whose mission it is to reconcile us to the inevitable, slowly drew the years along, and solaced at length by many blandishments the spirit bounding with the pulse of youth.

To say May Gilbert was fair would only be giving utterance to an opinion proverbial amongst story-tellers when describing their heroines; suffice

it to say, without more minute description, that she was perfect in her witchery, and as utterly unlike the generally accepted beau-ideal of a farmer's daughter as possible. The bloom of health, those carnation tints which Nature knows so well how to dispose, certainly made beautiful her cheek; but there was none of the robustness, almost degenerating into coarseness, or embonpoint, visible in her form. Lithe and supple, she yet possessed a grace of movement which is supposed to be the monopoly of the city belle alone, and the result of a studious course of "deportment." To look upon her was to admire; with many it was to love. She could, on occasion, shake her locks coquettishly, and the dancing light of her eye caused great devastation amongst the male hearts of her acquaintance. The great question was, who was to be the inheritor of the treasure? But whilst each individual discussed his own probabilities, May preserved her own secret—one which they recked not of. With such a daughter under his care, who could marvel that her father, with no other object in life than her welfare, should dote upon her as a treasure far surpassing money or lands? Occasionally he became irritable if she appeared to thwart him in his wishes; but the sight of her tears—the most effective weapons ever wielded by woman—would at once transform the irate parent into the willing slave.

As the light waned fast, and the shadows began to gather about the Farm, two persons stood in the broad recess by the window, watching the rapid approach of evening, and yet engaged in earnest conversation meanwhile, as could be gathered from their varied gestures. May was one of these persons, and the expression of her face after the conversation had proceeded to some length, combined with the generally pensive attitude of her figure, interpreted the interview in which she was engaged to be one of a not altogether pleasant character. The eyes of the sweet girl of twenty were moist with emotion as she listened to the pleadings of one who stood by her, and whose conversation we must make bold to convey to the reader. His impassioned looks lent to a countenance not otherwise strikingly agreeable a fascination which would have been dangerous to the heart of many a fair one brought under its spell. But with May, on the contrary, it only seemed to increase the distress of her spirit.

Her companion was Sir Robert Milton, of Milton Castle, whose grounds ran close to Mr. Gilbert's fields, and whose noble residence could be viewed from any portion of the farm. The baronet was neither old, clever, nor, as we have hinted, handsome; but there were a cheerfulness and *bonhomie* in his countenance which stood him in good stead, and made him a favourite wherever he appeared. Latterly, however, he had been missed a great deal from his old haunts, and from his old society. Miss Pilkington, the daughter of the rich merchant whose estates were not many miles from Sir Robert's, was suddenly overcome with chagrin at her titled neighbour's coolness. She called it gross neglect. Nay, it was more; was it not heartlessness for him to disappear just when all her plans had been carefully laid, and she considered the landing of the fish but a matter of time? It was true she was not beautiful; far otherwise. Nature had been exceedingly sparing of her embellishments with regard to her person; but then she was immensely rich, and had been taught to consider that on that ground a match between herself and the proprietor of Milton Castle would be both suitable and desirable. The Pilkingtons had no "family," you see, and were anxious to be engrafted upon a respectable stock. It was natural, therefore, that when thwarted in her ambitious project, Miss Pilkington should chew the cud of bitter misfortune with a very ill grace.

Sir Robert Milton was now pleading with a passionate earnestness with his fair companion, but his suit seemed to meet with very little favour. Once he attempted to take her hand, but she withdrew it instantly from his grasp, and appeared to listen almost in pain to his beseeching words.

"May," he said, "you know how I have loved you long—that I have sought nothing in the world, and care for nothing but your love. Nearly two years have passed since I dared to refer to my passion before you. When first I mentioned it, you did not know your own heart."

"Sir!"

"Forgive the expression, for the thought it conveys has ever been my comfort. I have hoped and still hoped that you did not know your heart, and the wish to discover you did not has been my food. Make me happy now by confessing that I am not indifferent to you."

"Sir Robert," returned May with emotion, "I'm a poor unfortunate girl, for I cannot love you. I know you have a noble nature, but I have not given you my heart, and without that I could never be your—your wife."

"Why not?" asked the baronet. "Love will come with the years."

"No—no," rejoined May; "we cannot bid love come at will, and to commence life without it would but perpetuate and intensify misery."

"Ah!" sighed Sir Robert, "the fears I have sometimes indulged, in spite of my desires, were too well founded. You have not forgotten my rival yet. I was buoyant with the secret assurance that time had effaced his name from your memory. Tell me, is it not true that you cannot look

favourably upon Robert Milton because you believe Dick Handley may yet be alive?"

"Sir Robert, this is the first time in our long acquaintance that I have felt you to be ungenerous. It is unmanly to treat a defenceless girl thus. Were it true what you say, is not that all the greater reason why you should not have mentioned the subject in my presence?"

"Forgive me, May," hastily replied the baronet, "and let the warmth of my love be the best excuse I can offer for conduct which I can now clearly see is incapable of justification."

"Let the matter be entirely a thing of the past, and let us converse upon other topics," answered Miss Gilbert.

"Not yet," said the other; "promise me before I go that if you are still free in six months from this you will listen favourably to my suit. I cannot bear to look upon scenes which are dear to me unless you consent to share them with me. Give me a hope, or else I must leave Milton Castle, never, I fear, to return."

"Oh, Sir Robert! think of the many claims upon you, and act worthy of your name. Do not leave your sphere for me; you can do much good, which it is your duty to perform. Besides, you may find some one more suitable in station than I am, who will love you and make your life noble and happy."

"I thought Miss Gilbert knew enough of the passion to know that it could not be placed at will, and that it laughed at what the world chose to call suitability."

May blushed, but added—"Indeed, the wish for your happiness was genuine. I still think it possible that you may meet with one who will fulfil all the conditions which even you would impose."

"Never! never! listen, May," and Sir Robert spoke with strong energy, for he was considerably moved now, "I care not what becomes of me if you do not give me your love. Death would be better welcome than life would be endurable; for the grave would give me the peace I could not enjoy while another was blessed with your smiles. Tell me, as I go from you, that I need not utterly despair. Remember your father: he is not indifferent to me; and think what a joyous family we should be, while my position is such as to enable those I love to live in comfort for ever. Say that if you are free in six months I may renew my suit with hope. Speak, May, save me or kill me!"

He grasped her hand and she could not withdraw it. He then poured out every argument he could think of to induce her to consent to his proposal. She wept and sobbed audibly, for she saw the real strength of his passion. But he only redoubled his ardour. He sank on his knee beside her, and still holding her hand tightly in his, begged her for dear life to speak but one word of comfort.

"Go! go!" she burst forth in anguish; "leave me to think, Sir Robert, for my heart is breaking."

That was an appeal which he could not resist. He kissed her hand and was gone. Not without some lingering hope of success at a future period. As he wended his way across the fields he thought of her as gradually relenting and being drawn towards him. She had not wholly repulsed him.

But what of May? With her head resting in her hands, she wept bitterly and bewailed her lot. On this eve of the sweetest day of all time, her heart was filled with unrest, and like the homeless bird saw nothing before it but a wild waste of waters. Her soul told her she had done right in rejecting Sir Robert Milton's offer, and yet when the image of her father rose up before her, and she thought of the affluence she could have secured for him had she yielded, she was sad. Her nature was not selfish, and there was but a narrow stream to cross into the paradise beyond—or what would have been such to her parent.

Another reason, also, which lent additional weight to the entreaties of the lover who had just left her was the position of her father, which she vaguely knew to be somewhat precarious at this moment. The times and the seasons are not in mortal hands, except so far as ingeniously using them, and they had fought against Mr. Gilbert during recent years in a manner unparalleled in his history. He was a man of considerable energy, and had laboured hard to overset his difficulties and pave the way for making a smooth path in life for his daughter. It seemed, however, that his hopes were doomed to disappointment: with each succeeding year his prospects grew darker, and he was in the habit of spending many sad hours which the second occupant of the Farm was not allowed to share in, and of whose passage, in fact, she was not even aware. The skeleton in his cupboard was the pang when the thought struck him that probably his darling child would have nothing from him but his honest name, when it should please Providence to remove him from the scene of his toils. Secretly he had again and again considered his position, but derived no comfort thereby; the outlook was dark and lowering, and, strive as he may, it was impossible altogether to shake off the feeling of sadness which supervened.

May well knew that her father would have blessed her had she taken Sir Robert Milton, but she had obtained his promise that if Richard Handley ever returned she should marry her own true lover. For this reason, therefore, Mr. Gilbert never pressed his daughter on the subject of Sir

Robert, but, as she was yet young, he waited for the train of events.

"Oh, Dick! dear, dear Dick! why do you not come back?" cried the agonised girl. "You do not know what I am bearing for you."

And with head bowed through deep grief sat the beautiful May. The interview she had just gone through had unnerved her at last. It had brought up a crowd of poignant recollections which would not be suppressed, and her feelings therefore had their way. The darkness fell fast, as she sat watching the burning embers, having sought refuge in her own chair by the fireside, where she had often sat in days gone by with the stalwart form of the absent Dick by her side. Strange that one whom she so deeply loved should be so far away, whilst another who deeply loved her was her next neighbour, and also sat in lonely despair, fearful lest the treasure which he hoped almost against hope might yet be his, should finally slip from his grasp. The cross purposes of the world were once more exemplified. On many hearths upon that Christmas Eve the joy of meeting after a long absence was being experienced; but she was shut out by a cruel fate from participating in such profound happiness. The expectations which had been so strongly fostered were again destroyed, and she was alone.

By-and-by her father came into the room. He saw that his daughter had been weeping, and accordingly drew her towards him and caressed her. He stroked her silken hair, and spoke soothing words to her, which served almost to increase her sadness and perplexity. Surmising the nature of the interview which had just terminated, he gradually drew from May the details of the conversation—at least so much of them as served to elucidate the position of the two persons most intimately concerned. She told him that she had not given Sir Robert a flat refusal, and that she was afraid he would construe her confusion into encouragement. This she had never intended, and the reflection had made her miserable. Mr. Gilbert told her to dry her tears.

May looked up in happy astonishment at finding him so cheerful. It was not what she had expected. She smiled through her tears.

"They shall not run away with my treasure," he said, "till she is perfectly willing to go."

"And when will that be?" she inquired archly.

"Nay, nay, I do not know. Surely that is better known to you than to your silly old father, who will never be able to bear the parting with complacency."

"Nothing will separate us," returned May, as she wound her arms round his neck; "I have given myself to you first of all."

"Nonsense, child, we shall see," Mr. Gilbert replied, inwardly pleased nevertheless at this mark of filial devotion.

It will have been perceived by the above brief conversation that Mr. Gilbert was a sensible man, except in the eyes of those who are given to match-making, and those who sometimes give themselves in matches. The violence of May's emotions gradually assuaged, and the colloquy at length fell into a quiet groove. With a judiciousness that did him credit, Mr. Gilbert distracted his daughter's mind from the exciting topic which had lately occupied it, and went on to inquire as to the decorations which had been made for Fairleigh Church on the occasion of the Christmas services.

In these decorations May had taken a prominent part, and assured her father that they were of the most chaste and beautiful description. The young curate had been down to the "dear old church" in the afternoon, and had pronounced them "ekthkwithite,"—praise surely lavish enough to satisfy May and her fair assistants. Fairleigh was famous for the reverence with which the recurring anniversary of the birth of Christ was kept.

The question of church beautifying having been exhausted, and May having answered queries on other subjects, and told her father that she had now become more calm, she had just risen to ring for lights when a loud knocking was heard at the door. She ran to the window, but by this time it was quite dark, and she could distinguish nothing of the form of the visitor.

Who could it be? Not Sir Robert returned? Yet Mr. Gilbert looked at his daughter in such a manner as to convince her that the same thought had struck both simultaneously.

The servant entered the room.

"A stranger, miss. Wouldn't give his name. Said he wanted to see either Mr. or Miss Gilbert."

"Show him in, Mary," said May, perplexed greatly as to his identity.

The stranger was a tall, handsomely-made man, as was seen when he unfolded a large cloak which he had wound round him. He merely bowed to Mr. Gilbert, who asked him to what circumstance he was indebted for the visit. Before the stranger could speak, and in order to identify him if possible, Mr. Gilbert stirred the fire somewhat fiercely. The coals burned brightly and shed a ruddy glow over the room. But ere Mr. Gilbert could turn round from his occupation, May with a startled cry had recognised the visitor.

"Dick! Dick!" she exclaimed, and fell into the arms of her lover of old. There was silence for some moments, while the stranger pushed back the flowing hair from the young girl's forehead, the better to drink in the expression of her loving eyes. He grasped Mr. Gilbert's hand, but

the first words he uttered were—"My darling, I have come again, and the long, long separation is over."

"Thank God, Dick, you are safe," said May; "but, oh! Dick! wasn't it cruel not to write to me for ten long months?"

"Ten months!" ejaculated the other in a tone of surprise. "I have written always once a month, and wondered why I ceased hearing from you. At last I could bear the suspense no longer, and determined to return."

"Never to go back again," added Mr. Gilbert.

"No, no, never, Dick," whispered May, as she clung to her overjoyed lover.

It is needless to add she drew from him a promise in accordance with this asseveration, because it is well known that when a woman chooses she can assume an air which is irresistible, and which makes the title of "the stronger sex" when applied to man appear a complete misnomer. Here, however, Handley's views were in complete accord with those of his questioner. He did not desire to return, and if he had done so, a wish from May's lips, enforced by such glances as she could have given, must have melted his obdurate heart. And now, on this Christmas Eve, he told the story of his wanderings, like Othello of old. The father invited him, the daughter questioned him, and he became eloquent as even the most prosaic of individuals must under similar circumstances. He had seen much and borne much, but beyond a bronzed cheek there was nothing to show that he had dwelt in a foreign land, much less gone through dangers the record of which was well worth listening to.

May drank in eagerly every word of his narrative, and the changing smiles and sighs which she gave fully attested her pride in, and solicitude for the narrator.

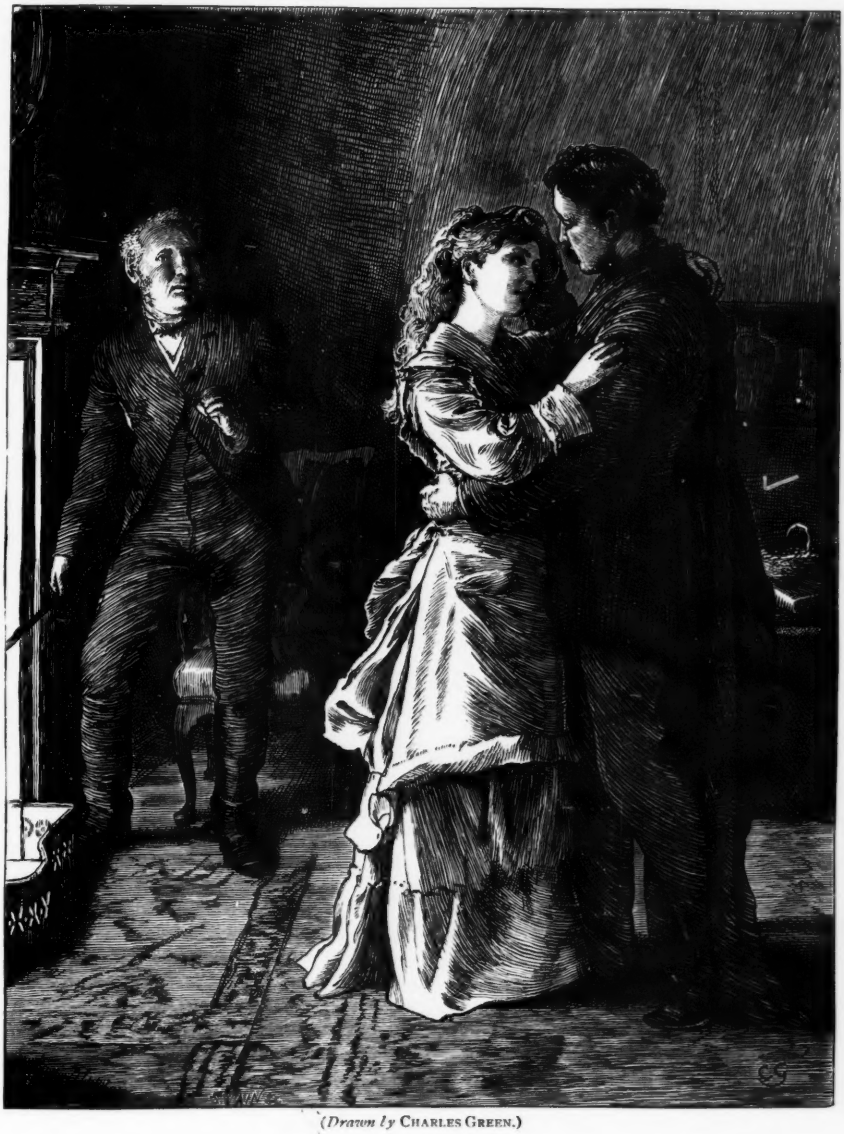
The story ended, and for one person in the group it was much too short. At length the hour of parting came; but how sweetly closed that day, which had opened with no hope, and as it progressed had brought so much sorrow for May! Another instance had been afforded of the close contiguity of joy and sorrow; of the fact that when the atmosphere is ofttimes at its blackest darkness the glorious light is immediately beyond.

Fairleigh Church on the morrow bore witness to the fact that Christmas had dawned—and that at a very early period, too, as the old bell-ringer could testify, for he had trudged across the snow when the inhabitants of the village were tranquilly sleeping. But of course he did not begrudge his journey on this occasion, which of all his duties in the year was the most pleasurable. On the quiet air, under his instrumentality, broke the sound of happy bells, which somehow seem to sound doubly sweet when the fields are covered with snow. Clash! went the merry peal, rousing the somnolent villagers, and reminding them—if, indeed, any reminder were necessary—of the blessed morn upon which the world had entered. Unlike the song of the waits, the bells were heard far and near, as they chanted the staves suitable to the period—which never seem to grow old.

With bright and ruddy face May presided at the breakfast table at the Hollow Farm, and as she poured out the tea she could scarcely grasp the whole truth that by her side sat one whom, but yesterday, she imagined to be thousands of miles distant. Then her countenance fell as her thoughts travelled for a moment as far as Milton Castle, and she pictured to herself the disappointment in store for its owner. She was not selfish in her happiness, and experienced a momentary feeling of unfeigned sorrow for Sir Robert, wishing that with some one else it had been his lot to be as happy as she herself was at that moment. The cloud over her brow was, however, but temporary, for how could it be otherwise under the existent circumstances? She was speedily herself again, and Mr. Gilbert rallied her upon her improved looks, which only deepened the crimson upon her cheek. As for Dick, if he had not been happier than the pen of poet could depict, he would undoubtedly have been the most ungrateful creature in God's universe.

But it would have been folly to have supposed otherwise, as he was afterwards walking to church with May and her father.

Many on the way identified an old acquaintance, and, after the first surprise at so sudden an apparition had been conquered, expressed the pleasure they felt at his return. Meanwhile, May's heart fluttered in a kind of nervous excitement, for she was afraid of encountering Sir Robert's gaze—or, at least, if not afraid, unwilling to do so, because of the pain the baronet would necessarily feel on recognising her companion. She had not yet told Handley of Sir Robert's proposal, though she fully intended to do so. This circumstance also added to her embarrassment. In church, however, Mr. Gilbert's pew was some distance behind that of Sir Robert Milton, and the latter had already taken his seat before the party from the Farm arrived. Service over, the congregation prepared to depart, and to May's trepidation her father did not essay to move from his seat, thus keeping her in the pew, and compelling her to engage in conversation with Handley. At last she saw the baronet approaching, and her terror increased. As he got near to the pew Sir Robert was about to exchange salutations with Mr. Gilbert when his eye rested upon the other occupants of the pew. For a few moments he was spell-bound, and his gaze was fixed.



(*Drawn by* CHARLES GREEN.)

"'Thank God, Dick, you are safe,' said May."

"*HOLLOW FARM*"—*p.* 30.

"Is it possible?" he then exclaimed—"Dick Handley!" and he immediately fell down in the aisle. Several of the parishioners rushed to his assistance, and discovered at once that the baronet had been seized with a fit. Aid was procured, and he was speedily conveyed to the Castle. Considerable speculation was of course rife in the village as to the cause of the sad event, but the gossips were at fault, and much chagrined that, according to their view, there was no reasonable ground to be assigned for it. It was not known that Sir Robert had been accustomed to such attacks, and this only rendered the matter the more puzzling. What was of far more importance, however, than their idle speculations, was the satisfactory fact that Sir Robert gradually recovered, much to the relief and joy of his tenant, Mr. Gilbert, in particular, who entertained a profound feeling of respect and friendship for him.

The wedding-day of May and Dick was now fixed, but before it arrived Sir Robert Milton had taken his departure from the Castle, going abroad, as his solicitor reported, for some years. Miss Pilkington was in blank despair. Her chances with the erewhile friendly baronet looked more dubious than ever, if not absolutely hopeless. She tried to reconcile herself to his loss, comforting herself with the reflection that a person of so eccentric a disposition was, after all, not such a desirable partner for life as she had once imagined.

The day on which he left England a parcel addressed in his handwriting to "Richard Handley, Esq.," was left at the Hollow Farm. The recipient opened the packet, and after mastering its contents, passed over a letter to Mr. Gilbert, being unable for emotion to say more than the words necessary for the intimation to read it.

Mr. Gilbert discovered from the letter that the accompanying document was a deed of gift of the Hollow Farm to Dick Handley and May Gilbert. In the letter the donor referred to their affection for each other, and wished them life-long happiness. This unbounded generosity deprived the three for some moments of the power of utterance. May was the first to break silence.

"God bless him!" she simply said.

"Amen!" responded Mr. Gilbert and Dick.

Sir Robert Milton has not yet returned to his ancestral mansion, but May and Dick are happy at the Farm, and hope some day not far distant to be able to thank their self-sacrificing friend in person.

BOB'S REFORMATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," "QUEEN MADGE," ETC. ETC. IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—BOB TALKS ABOUT IT.

THE Carrs—father, son, and daughter—lived in Wonderland Place, Bayswater. Major Carr was on half-pay—a stern-looking, handsome man, with a grizzly moustache, and a bald place on the top of his head,—a man who prided himself on being absolute ruler in his own house, and especially over his children.

May Carr was a pretty little blue-eyed girl, with a great relish for fun, and the most decided, but innocent young flirt you could come across in a day's gallop, much less in a day's march.

Robert Carr, the son (his sister always called him Bob), had been a "handfull" to the major. He was handsome, careless, generous, and good-hearted; but up to the present time had distinguished himself chiefly by getting into debt, and by steadily sticking to nothing. He had been brought up for the civil service, but had failed to pass. He thought he should like the law, and read steadily for a couple of months in chambers, then flirted with his landlady's daughter, sold his books, and announced his intention of going abroad. He went, and returned in a year, with his luggage consisting of his tooth-brush. Then there was a desperate quarrel with his father, which resulted in his enlisting (he was only twenty then). He was bought off, of course, promised reformation, and thought he would try authorship; had one article accepted, got into debt on the speculation of making a fortune, had three articles "declined with thanks," and gave up authorship in disgust. Then the major, in despair, got him into a merchant's office; he had eighty pounds a year there, stayed three months, during which period he had wild dreams of being made junior partner or Lord Mayor of London, and gave his orders to the Bayswater tradespeople accordingly; then blotted he ledgers, declared figures were only invented to fill up almanacks, and accepted his dismissal with a philosophical air which excited the admiration of all who beheld it. This was Bob's last exploit. He had only arrived at the mature age of twenty-two in spite of his varied pursuits. He was anxious just now about his debts, concerning the majority of which his father was in blissful ignorance; and he had made up his mind that come what might, he would turn over a new leaf for the future.

"It is an awful bore, Christmas being pay-time," he said to May, as they put up the holly round the dining-room on Christmas Eve; "it so spoils the season to know that every dun a fellow has will soon be clamouring for his money."

"But, Bob dear," May said meekly, "you should not have duns."

"I never thought that Clack and Co. would turn me up. I wish I could make a clean breast of it to the governor and get a fresh start. I really mean it, May, I'm going in for reformation."

"Yes; but, Bob, it is a pity you asked Grace Kenneth to have you till you had something to keep her on. I cannot think how you could be so foolish."

"We are not going to get married yet," he answered. "You see she has no sisters, and her mother has never been a companion for her; and I've been in and out so much that we've got to tell each other our troubles, and I told her about the bills, and how I feared there'd be a storm, and thought I'd better go abroad again; and then she began to cry, and it's awkward when a girl cries, unless you can tell her plainly not to be a little donkey, so I consoled her as well as I could, and told her I was very fond of her, and that cheered her up; and then somehow we agreed that we'd get married some day, and that I should reform and pay off everybody first, and that we would not tell anybody about it till then. I'm going to be a model in future" (he laughed at May's shake of the head), "and she's a jolly little girl, and says she'll wait for ever if I like. I say, where's the mistletoe?"

"Oh, Bob," said May, "I sent it all down-stairs, for Aunt Mary looked so horrified last year, and said *she* was above it."

"Well, it wouldn't be the slightest use her being beneath it. Here, Jane," he called out, "bring up the mistletoe. There, that's right. Now, May, I'll drag you under it and kiss you, and you shall scream and run away."

"Oh no, please don't," she said imploringly; "you'll rumple all my hair, and I couldn't scream naturally for my *own* brother."

"Anything going to happen, that you are so particular? I know! Kenneth is coming! We shall have a double event then, and wind up the matrimonial affairs for the whole family, eh, May?"

George Kenneth was a young doctor, whose only fault was that he had no patients. He was Bob's great friend, and had a year before been introduced in that capacity at Wonderland Place. He and May were just in that uncertain stage when neither is sure of the other, and yet each is eager for the crisis they fear. George was the only member of the Kenneth family May knew, for the Carrs were people who never visited or entertained as a rule.

"I believe you are spoony on George, Miss May."

"How can you talk such nonsense, Bob! I am sure I am not," she answered, celebrating that Christmas-tide with a very fine fib; "and as for Mr. Kenneth, I don't believe he cares a bit about *me*."

"I think he does," said Bob, thoughtfully. "Look here, shall I try and find out?" he added, a bright thought striking him.

"Yes, do," she answered eagerly, "I should like to know; not that I care."

"No, evidently you don't, that's why you are looking so stupid, girls always blush for the wrong man, don't they?"

"Reformation is very hard work," Bob Carr informed his sister a week later. "I have answered every advertisement, and walked into every merchant's office in London during the last week. I'm half a mind to go abroad again. George Kenneth is half a mind to go too; he'd lend me the passage money at a push. If it wasn't for the debts I'd go. George is spoony or he'd go to-morrow."

"Who is it?" asked May, quickly.

"I'll tell you presently; I want you to come up-stairs to my room. I've got in every bill I owe, and have arranged them in an artistic manner round the shelf. Come up and see them;" and they solemnly trudged up and looked at the interesting documents. "There they are," he said; "I stuck them up so that you might take them in at a glance—sum total, ninety-five pounds; balance in hand, nothing at all."

"Oh, Robert! you should not joke about it; and what can all these bills for provisions be for?"

"Oh, they are nothing," he answered carelessly; "some poor people I picked up, and managed to be of a little use to. Those bills prick my conscience least; they were incurred for a righteous end."

"Ah, Bob," answered May, "we may not do evil that good may come; that always seems to me one of the hardest temptations to resist. What is this in this tiny envelope—another bill?"

"No; that is only a note from Gracie; I put it there as an antidote to the other things. Now come out and I'll turn the key, which means that no one is to enter." Then they went down-stairs, and Bob's face became grave and earnest. "I can't tell you how the debts worry me, May dear," he said; "for, in the light in which I see things now, I think that getting into debt without a certainty of being able to pay is only one way of being downright dishonest. I will work steadily in future, if I can get nothing but a crossing to sweep, and I'll pay every one up in time, if it takes till I'm ninety to do it."

"If I were you," said May, "I would tell papa. He might help you."

"Do you think you could feel the way and see how he takes it, May? It would be a grand thing if he would give me one more chance."

"I'll try; I think he might be coaxed over. And now, Bob dear," she went on softly, "tell me who George Kenneth is spoony on."

"You shouldn't use slang; it isn't lady-like," he answered solemnly and grandly, with a mischievous twinkle in his laughing eyes. "Why should I betray George's confidence and tell you about the girl? It is not as if you had cared about him; your feelings might then be an excuse."

"Oh, then it isn't——"

"Me" she was nearly saying, while her heart sank, for though George had not told her that he loved her, she had felt almost certain that he did and had lost her own heart to the upright, manly young fellow who was her brother's friend, and who on one excuse or another had continued for nearly a year to run in and out of the house in Wonderland Place two or three times a week. She could scarcely believe her ears when Bob told her he was thinking of some one else. Besides, a proud woman always feels insulted as well as slighted when she hears that a man who has paid great attention to herself cares for another; so she indignantly checked her tears, and questioned Bob a little further. "Tell me who it is, Bob," she said.

"Well," he answered gravely, "it's evident that you are wildly jealous, and so I'm not sure that it would be safe. You might think it necessary to the upholding of your dignity to do her some bodily harm."

"Oh, how can you talk such nonsense!" she said hotly and indignantly. "Mr. Kenneth is nothing to me."

"Then we won't say any more about it."

"Yes, *do*, Bob. Is she pretty?"

"Middling," he answered, making a wry face and taking care not to smile. "*He* thinks so; no doubt you will say she is frightful."

"Have you seen her?"

"Oh yes," he said, solemnly sighing, "I've seen her."

"Tell me her name. And does he care very much for her?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, I think he's very fond of her. As for her name, I am not sure that it would be safe under the circumstances to trust you with it, for her sake."

With a gesture of impatience May turned away, almost ready to cry. Girls of eighteen can cry as heartily over their sweethearts when no one sees them as girls of eight can over their biggest dolls.

"May," said her brother, suddenly changing his tone, "there's father coming in at the gate. Could you not tell him about the bills now, and see what can be done? Tell him that I won't disgrace him this time, whatever I have done formerly. I'll go out for half an hour, while you try what you can do. Mind you must not say anything about Gracie. Do your best, May, there's a little darling, and then perhaps I'll tell you the name of George Kenneth's sweetheart, provided you promise not to tear her eyes out. But look here, May, joking aside, I am very anxious about these bills, and if my father would only take me in hand again he should never repent it."

May had no easy task. Major Carr had learnt to consider his son as a blank disappointment, and was getting hopeless of any reformation; not that they were bad friends, on the contrary. Bob, in spite of his faults, had one of those happy dispositions and pleasant tempers that, unless you were absolutely not on speaking terms, or, as he once expressed it, "at fighting pitch," you could not live in the same house with him and not be good friends. Still May had a difficult task; but she did her best, promising amendment and carefulness in the future, and begging her father to try and help him just once more, for the last time; not to pay his debts, he did not ask that, but to help him to quiet his creditors till he could do so himself, and to use any influence he had to put him once more in a position to redeem his character and his credit.

"But," said the major, and there was a great deal of justice in his wrath, "I did not expect to hear of another set of bills."

Still, though it seemed hopeless, May went on, and told him how some of the debts had been for provisions to give away to poor people, so Bob must be good-hearted.

"No," answered her father, sternly. "What did that cost him? Nothing. He was generous at the expense of the tradespeople who trusted him. Real charity is that which involves some self-denial, incurred for the pleasure of doing others good."

Yet he softened in the end, and almost laughed at May's account of how Bob had stuck up the bills round his bedroom mantelshelf; and at last, stroking May's fair head, and thinking inwardly that just for her sake he would not be very harsh to Bob, he went up-stairs to his study, just as George Kenneth knocked at the street-door, and entering the drawing-room found May Carr alone.

If George Kenneth had expected a welcome that evening he was disappointed, for May, remembering what Bob had said, was merely polite and dignified, and freezingly courteous. She had never supposed George Kenneth wished to marry her, nor had she had any idea of his asking her, matrimony was a question she had not troubled her head about; still, if he had not cared for her, and still more, if he cared for some one else, there were a hundred little words and deeds in the past which she felt would have been better unspoken and undone, and which remembering now, made her burn with shame and anger. She determined, however, that he should not flatter himself he had made any impression on her, and at the worst should but conclude she had, like himself, been only flirting. Still she could not help seeing how disconcerted he looked when, half an hour later, he rose to go, and yet lingered as if to say some farewell words.

"I wanted to tell you something, Miss Carr," he

said; "I came on purpose, and yet somehow this seems hardly the time to say it."

May's heart began to beat quickly, but she stood her ground. "You had better put it off till some other time," she said stiffly, "for I hear papa calling, and must say good-bye."

She held out her hand, which he took and kept a moment. "Let me tell you now, May, for I fear Bob may do so else, and I want you to hear it from me—something which concerns my happiness very much."

She drew back her hand indignantly. It was insulting, she thought, to make her a confidante. "I have not time now, Mr. Kenneth, papa is calling me. Bob has already told me what you allude to, and while wishing every happiness, you must pardon my adding I have nothing more to say on a subject which cannot concern me. Good-bye;" and she escaped, thankful that she had made her speech so well, and that she had not met his eyes, or she felt she should have broken down.

Twenty-four hours later May was sitting alone in the dining-room. Major Carr was in his study, Bob was out, and she waiting for his return. She was very miserable that evening, for she had innocently brought down a terrible storm on Bob's head. While she had been giving George Kenneth his dismissal, her father had walked up-stairs, with his heart softening in favour of his son, and remembering May's account of how he had stuck up his bills for her edification, on a moment's impulse had entered his son's room—a thing he never did in a usual way. There were the bills still, and his wrath returned as he beheld them. He took them down, and was walking off with them, when suddenly he caught sight of Grace's little note, which Bob had forgotten to return to his pocket. He opened it, and read the sort of love-letter a girl of eighteen generally writes, assuring her own dear Bob that she would always be true to him, and wait as long as he liked, and hoping he would soon get something to do, and get out of debt, though she did not mind how poor they might be in the future, for happy in his love, she would be quite content. Then the storm burst forth. He asked May if she knew anything about it, and May could not deny the knowledge, so shared in his displeasure. Bob came in, and stuck to his colours manfully. He very much regretted his past conduct, and he would try with all his might to redeem his past character, but he would not give up Grace Kenneth. If his father would forego his anger, he would not ask for any help, and would fight his own way in the world, but to absolute control he would not submit. This only inflamed Major Carr the more, and refusing to speak to either of his children all the next day, he kept to his study, while Bob and May tried to make plans for the future. He should go round to his creditors he (Bob) said, and tell them the truth, and ask them to wait, and then, if he failed to get anything in London, he should go abroad. George Kenneth had a couple of hundred, and had told him (Bob) he would lend him the passage money, and perhaps go with him for a year.

Bob went out in the evening, and May was left alone, and passed a dreary hour thinking over the past week, and was wondering whether it would be of any use to try and effect an entrance into her father's study, when suddenly Bob returned, flushed and excited.

"May!" he exclaimed, "look here; do you call that proper conduct in my father? He sent this letter to Mrs. Kenneth." And he dropped the unpaid bills, which the major had not returned to Bob the day before, into her lap, and a note which he had sent with them to Mrs. Kenneth. It was as follows:—

"MADAM,—I understand your daughter and my son intend to get married. With regard to my son, I beg to say that I shall do nothing for him, that he never earned a fifty pound note in his life, and is never likely to do so; and what his prospects in general are, you can perhaps gather from the enclosed bills, which he has not the slightest chance of paying. Whether, therefore, the match is a desirable one, I leave you to decide. —Your obedient servant, "F. CARR."

May's face turned white as she read it, but before she could make any reply, Bob (he had a hot temper when once roused, and it was roused now) snatched the letter from her, and rushed up-stairs to his father's study. Then there came the sound of loud and angry words. "A parcel of beggars marrying without even bread and cheese to eat," she heard her father say. She would not hear more, but stopped her ears and waited in fear and trembling for the result. It came soon; she heard Bob descending the stairs, and her father speaking.

"I forbid you to stay in my house any longer; you may go and do the best you can. I never dared to use such words to *my* father!" and then Bob entered, and hurriedly kissing her, seized his hat, and went out of the street-door, not to return again for many and many a long day.

* * * * * *

"DEAR MAY,—Send everything of mine to the enclosed address at once; I'm going abroad with Kenneth. I shall come back some day; God bless you, darling, and don't fret. Your affectionate brother "BOB."

"Let everything be sent," said the major, "and never let me hear his name mentioned again."

PART II.—BOB DOES IT.

MONTHS passed, and no tidings came of Bob. May went by Mrs. Kenneth's house once, but it was empty, and a bill up announcing that it was to let, and so she could only wonder in silence how things went on. The major's face became a little careworn, and he grew kinder to May, indulging all her little whim and fancies, excepting when she tried to say a word in favour of her brother. A letter came from

Bob at last. He and George Kenneth were in Australia, and he had obtained a good situation in a merchant's office, and was doing well. There was no mention of his father, and Major Carr's face got a little harder as he noticed the omission.

A year went by, and there was a dreary Christmas in Wonderland Place; the second spring came after Bob's departure, and the summer slipped by; autumn sobbed itself away, the snow fell, and the frost sent a death chill into the heart of the last sensitive plant that had not deserted the desolate earth, and then once more Christmas Eve came round again.

"Two years," thought poor little May, sadly, "since Bob and I put up the holly." There was no holly in Wonderland Place that year—nothing to mark Christmas for May and her father, as they sat gravely one on each side of the fire-place that evening, each thinking silently of the wanderer far away. Suddenly May remembered some little direction she had forgotten to give to the servant, so she rose and went down-stairs. Perhaps it was a relief to speak to some one of her own sex, for she lingered a few moments longer than was necessary, and, suddenly there was a little sound outside, and some one softly descended the area steps, and looked in at the uncurtained kitchen window. May looked up, half-frightened, then with a little scream of joy and surprise rushed out, and exclaiming, "Oh, Bob!—oh, dear Bob!" was folded in her brother's arms all in the area and right in front of the kitchen window.



"Was folded in her brother's arms."

It was not a very picturesque place to meet in, but Truth has sometimes but little mercy on Romance.

"Oh, Bob!" she sobbed, as, laughing and crying together, she dragged him into the kitchen, made

him sit down, and kneeling before him, looked up into his face, and thought how handsome he had grown. "Oh, dear Bob! to think you've come back!"

Jane discreetly vanished, and the brother and sister were once more alone together. Then May eagerly asked Bob all sorts of questions, and Bob told her how he had been in Australia, and had got a situation in a merchant's office, where he had given so much satisfaction that his employers had sent him over as manager of an English branch. The debts were paid, he informed her, for he had worked hard and earned money after office hours, and they had all trusted him, and Grace Kenneth had been true as steel, and he was going down to Clifton, where she now lived with her mother, to see her as soon as he had settled matters in town. "I am obliged to stay till Tuesday," he went on; "so I went to Mary Taylor's on my arrival, and found she had her two small, shabby drawing-rooms to let, which I took for a week, after she had received me with a scream of astonishment." (Mary Taylor was an old servant who was married, and lived a mile off, in Northland Place, and turned an honest penny by letting some of her rooms.) "Then I thought I'd come and look at the house, noticed the kitchen blind was up, and looking down saw the top of your lovely head; the result was the affecting tableau in the area. There, you have my history complete, May; and now," he continued, "I would give anything to make it up with the old man. It's Christmas-time; don't you think we can get him round? He behaved very sternly to me, you know."

"Oh yes," answered May, "we'll try. Let us go up softly, and take him by surprise." Then she added doubtfully, "How is George Kenneth?"

"Very well, but he didn't succeed out yonder. Just in the spot we were there was a doctor who killed the people so blandly they liked it—a great fellow with two even rows of big white teeth, giving one the idea that he carried about tiny models of the tombstones of all his defunct patients inside his mouth. So George didn't do. However, his Uncle Thomas has died—lucky fellow to have an uncle, eh?—and left him enough money to console him. You lost a good chance, May, though I'm certain he's spoony on you still; I never thought you were going to snub him so."

"I didn't," said May, in astonishment; "you told me he liked some one else."

"I!" he exclaimed; "why, you little goose, you surely never believed my chaff! It was you he told me he liked."

"Oh, Bob!" exclaimed May, sorrowfully, "I snubbed him dreadfully, and I've never liked any one else."

"Oh, haven't you?" he replied; "I'll tell him so."

May could not answer, for she was dragging him softly up the kitchen stairs to the dining-room. They went on tiptoe to the door, which was a little way open, and saw the major with his back towards them.

"Father," said May, putting her hand on his shoulder, "here is Bob come back again."

Her father rose to his feet in a moment, and turning round, faced his children, but not a muscle of his stern, hard face relaxed. "I thought I had forbidden you ever to enter my house again," he said to his son.

"Won't you forget the past, father?" Bob said, holding out his hand; "I have done my best to atone for it. Won't you be friends now, father?"

"No, sir," he answered angrily (and at the sound of his voice May's heart sank with fear and dismay), "I will not. A man who gets into debt again and again, and then tries to marry a girl with the certainty of nothing but debt and poverty and misery before them, shall be no son of mine; and it would take a little longer than two years to make me believe in any reformation of yours. No," and he shook off May's entreating hand, "I will not be friends, sir. I never spoke to my father as you did to me. I forbade you my house then, and I forbid it to you again now."

"Father, let me speak——"

"No, sir, I will not; you have no business here, and I have nothing more to say. Your presence in this house is an intrusion."

Then Bob pulled his cap out of his pocket. "I will never enter it again until you ask me, father," he said; and without another word walked out of the room and out of the house.

"Oh, father!" gasped May, as they stood blankly staring at each other; "oh, father! you might have forgiven him."

Then they sat down and looked at the fire again, till the neighbouring clock struck ten.

"We will read the prayers and then go to bed," Major Carr said; but his voice was dreary, almost sad, it seemed to May.

He rose and brought the Bible and prayer-book from the shelf, as was his custom. He opened the former and read a chapter, but May could not listen, she was thinking of Bob in his lodging, not a mile off. Surely it would be more thorough religion to tell Bob the past was forgotten, she thought, than to sit there reading God's Word, telling of His goodness and mercy, and yet feeling hard and cold and relentless.

Then they knelt down, father and daughter together, the major's even voice sounding clear and distinct in the dull stillness of the room, and his daughter hiding her face in her hands. Suddenly the words, "Our Father, which art in heaven," fell on her ear. All other prayers may be sometimes said with the lips only, but surely that one has power to drive all worldly thoughts away; so May

joined her hands, and followed her father, heart and voice. On he went, slowly and distinctly, and softly echoed May's sweet voice the holy words our Lord has taught us, till they came to—"As we forgive them that trespass against us."

Then, forgetting all else, she broke forth, "Oh, father! you have not forgiven Bob!" and moving close to his side, and still kneeling, she put her arms round his neck and burst into tears. "Oh, father!" she said, "you must not say *those* words, for you have not forgiven Bob."

"What is the matter, May? how dare you interrupt me in this way? Go back to your place."

"Oh no—no!" she pleaded, "how can we go on? It is asking God not to forgive us, if we say that prayer while we are angry with any one. 'Forgive us our trespasses, *as we* forgive those who trespass against us——'"

"How dare you interrupt me?" he said again.

"Oh, but, dear father, it is a mockery," she said gently; "you cannot go on until you have taken Bob back." It seemed to May as if she were pleading for two things—Bob's pardon on earth and her father's in heaven. "Oh, forgive him—forgive him now, father, and let to-night end it. It will make to-morrow such a blessed Christmas Day; and remember, as we forgive so shall we be forgiven. You would not spend to-morrow a single mile away from Bob, and yet so very far apart. Listen to me, oh! dear father, pray do!" and then she told him how Bob had paid his debts, and worked his way on, and had won the confidence of his employers, and how he was alone in Mary Taylor's little drawing-rooms in Northland Place.

Major Carr had resumed his seat, and listened to his daughter in silence, but gave no sign of relenting. She was silent at last, and waited for what he might say, still kneeling and looking up at him with beseeching face and tearful eyes. Then, after a moment or two, she turned sadly away from him. "I would give all the world if Bob were here to-night," she said. "Don't you remember how we decked the rooms with holly two years ago, and how happy we were?" Then her eye caught the open book upon the table, and she closed it quietly. "It is no use praying any more till Bob is forgiven," she said slowly. "Father," she added, "won't you forgive Bob, as you some day hope to be forgiven?"

"I never treated my father as he treated his," he repeated; but his face had softened a little, and half-absently, half-tenderly, he smoothed May's rumpled hair.

"But we have all sinned against our heavenly Father," she said, almost hopelessly, for she was beginning to fear it was in vain to plead longer. Then there was a silence, a long silence it seemed to May, and it was broken at last by the major, and his tone had lost its dogged sternness.

"Where do you say Bob is?"

"Not a mile off—at Mary Taylor's." She looked up as she answered, and he saw the expression of eager hope and surprise which had come into her face with his question.

"You are very fond of him, May," he said.

"Yes, father," she answered, "I am very very fond of Bob, and so are you in your heart, and I and you both know it."

"Perhaps," he said very slowly, "I will let him come here to-morrow and dine."

"Will you!" she cried excitedly. "Come to him to night, father; oh! you darling—you dear, kind father! oh! pray do!" she said; "come, oh! do come! it is but just a little way," and she rose and began kissing him, beseeching and crying at the same time.

"Why, you silly child," he said, "you have gone out of your senses; how can I go to-night?"

"No, I am quite in my senses—I am indeed. Come to-night, he will not have gone to bed, and we can do as we like at Mary Taylor's. Let me come with you, oh! do; and I'll knock at the door, and then you shall come in afterwards." She almost pulled him up from his seat. "Oh! you dear, kind father!" she said, "I never loved you so much in my whole life, as now that you are going to forgive Bob."

"Nonsense," he said, "we cannot go now; I'll write to him in the morning."

"No, come now," she persisted, and, carried away by her excitement, he allowed himself to be half dragged into the hall, where, almost without knowing it, he put on his coat and hat, and waited while May wrapped a shawl round her and tied on her garden bonnet, and then they set off under the clear, starry, frosty sky for Bob's lodging. May clung to her father's arm, and almost pushed him along when now and then he hesitated, and once or twice she lovingly stroked the coat-sleeve on which her hand rested, and looked up at the handsome, stern face. The hard lines in it seemed softened, and it was a grand face, she thought; and to-night it looked as if one of God's angels had brought down a little love from heaven and dropped it into his heart, so that it shone out of his clear, unflinching eyes. Oh! she would always love her father dearly in future.

"We are nearly there," she said. "Hark! there are the waits in Bob's street."

"Well," asked her father, "what am I to do next? You should have brought Bob to me, I think, not taken me to him."

"Hush!" said May, softly, for suddenly on the still air rose the voices of a wandering church choir which had taken to carol-singing on that Christmas night. They stood still and listened while the wondrous story was told again, under the stars and outside Bob's lodging, by the singers of the neighbouring church. They seemed like God's messengers, May thought. They waited till the third verse—

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line

A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign."

"Father," whispered May, "He came that we might be forgiven."

Major Carr turned his head away, then suddenly stooping down he kissed his daughter. "Go and tell your brother first, if you like; prepare the way as you wish, my dear. You are a good little girl." So from that night there seemed a bond between the father and daughter.

The drawing-room window of the house was wide open, but the blind was down. Bob, too, had evidently been listening to the Christmas song.

May knocked at the door half tremblingly; she did not know who might answer it, or what she should say. Major Carr walked on a few paces, wondering if he was awake or asleep, thinking suddenly that he had placed May in a very strange position in allowing her to seek even for own brother at that time of night.

Mrs. Taylor answered May's knock, and Bob, who had evidently been at the top of the stairs, came down in astonishment. "May!" he exclaimed, "and at this time of night! Whatever is the matter?"

"Let me come up and I will tell you," she said. It was odd, but May thought she heard footsteps as she went up, but Bob's sitting-room was empty. "Bob," she said, "what would you say if father asked you to come home to-morrow?"

"Nonsense, May; you have gone out of your senses—besides, I should not think of entering the house again. Tell me why you have come."

"Wait here one moment," she said, gently and gravely, for she felt almost choking, "I am going to surprise you, dear; wait till I come back." Then she went down, but returned in a minute or two. He heard her coming up-stairs, and, bewildered, heard other footsteps besides hers. Clearly May was dazed that night, he thought. The next moment she re-entered the room. "Bob," she said, "here is father, and he has come to forgive you." Then she saw through blinding tears Bob bound forward and clasp his father's hand, but that was all, for she escaped under the window-blind, threw the open casement out into the little balcony, and knelt down, half crying with gladness, half praying with gratitude, and listened to the voices of the singers again. She did not feel the cold, frosty air in her excitement, she only knew that her father had forgiven Bob, and that they were together in the room behind her. Fainter and fainter in the distance grew the sound of the Christmas hymns, yet still she did not move, till she heard the door of the drawing-room open and shut, and Bob say hurriedly, as if anxious to get rid of some one, "Go into the balcony, Kenneth." She drew her shawl closer round her, and turned her face more decidedly in the direction of the waits. The next moment the blind was lifted and George Kenneth was standing by her side.

"May," he said, "haven't you a welcome for me after all this time?" She raised her head so suddenly that her bonnet fell back a little way, and he saw the fair face again in the starlight—a face which had lost none of its old sweetness, though it was a woman's face rather than a girl's now.

"Yes," she answered, putting her hands into his extended ones, "I am very glad to see you back, George."

He thought he would settle matters while he had the chance. "Bob told me of the mistake," he said abruptly; "you don't know how it has worried me."

"Bob was a great stupid," she answered, rapidly recovering her composure and looking out in the direction of the vanished singers, "and now *I* will not forgive him."

"Yes, you will," he said.

"No, I won't," she answered decidedly.

"But you'll forgive *me*?"

"No, I won't."

"But you don't know what I want to be forgiven for yet," he said.

"Oh no, no more I do," she suddenly recollected; "but I won't, nevertheless."

"Well, never mind," he said, "we'll do without the forgiveness. You are glad to see me back, May?"

"Yes, *very*," she said. She felt matters had come to a crisis, and thought it wasn't worth while to dilly-dally any longer.

"And you haven't forgotten me all this time?" he said, and he felt May shake her golden head. Somehow he had got very close to May—you see the balcony was small. "And you will never make any more mistakes?"

"Never," she said; and that settled the business.

"May!" called her father; "why, we'd forgotten May."

"I'm glad of it," she thought, as she made her appearance, and took care not to see Bob shaking his fist and turning up his eyes in mock horror at her.

There was a very happy Christmas party in Wonderland Place the next day, and a still happier one on New Year's Day, when Mrs. Kenneth and Grace were included in it.

Two or three months later there was a little performance at the church close by. It was not a christening, nor a confirmation, nor a burial. Now, guess what it was!

XUM



(*Drawn by* M. E. EDWARDS.)

"She crowed and laughed in the Summer"—*p.* 42.

A BABY'S RATTLE.

I.

ONLY a baby's rattle,
And yet if you offered me gold—
More than my heart could dream of,
Or jewels my hand could hold,

For that worthless toy, I should answer.
You cannot buy the tears
Of love and of joy, the remembrance
Of all that it means for all years.

The old associations
Of the years that have waned and fled
Lie there with the childish token—
That was clasp'd by a hand that is dead.

And beyond all earthly treasures
That prowess or brain could win—
I prize that worn old plaything
For the memories shrined therein.

There may be hopes in the Future,
With its dreams too bright to last,
But they lack the consecration
That clings round the thoughts of the Past.

II.

She came when the May-time scattered
May-buds upon holt and lea:
And the glint of the sunshine seemed sweeter,
And a new song was sung by the sea.

'Twas a page from the book of Creation,
With an imprint I knew was Divine,
And I felt the infinite yearning
For the new life sprung from mine.

Ah me! how we loved our blossom,
And it scarce seems days ago,
That she crowed and laughed in the Summer,
And faded in Winter snow.

It seems like a vision remembered
Of a death, in unrestful sleep,
When fearsome thoughts come upon you
As storms brood over the deep.

And whenever I hear the laughter
That rings from a child at play,
I think of our dear dead snowdrop—
And it seems but yesterday.

III.

The May-time had changed to Summer,
And the roses of August come,
The birds sang blithe in the branches,
But blither the birdie at home.

The cynic may sneer at the feeling,
For a cold hard creed is rife;
But I know that my love for my darling
Was my purest thought in life.

She grew with the Summer's fruitage,
But in warm Autumnal days
She faded, it seemed, like the leaflets
That strewed the woodland ways.

It was hard to mark, and still harder
To think that the hopes we kept
Must be buried away with old fancies,
And dreams that in silence slept.

Were we never to see her joyous
In childhood's innocent play?
Ah, no! she was called, and left us—
And it seems but yesterday.

IV.

At last—how well I remember
The long and lingering night,
When we watched by the tiny cradle
Till the morning's earliest light;

And then when the desolate morning
Shone cold through the winter bars,
Lo! God had taken our snowdrop
To blossom beyond the stars.

It was hard to bow in submission,
When we thought of the vacant place,
And there within the cradle,
The white little baby face.

Only one thought could comfort,
The echo of words Divine,
That tender as any mother
By the waters of Palestine

He spake, who bade the children
Draw near on the sacred sod,
When He stretched out hands of blessing—
"Of such is the kingdom of God."

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

THE DOVE-COLOURED SILK.

BY a kind and thoughtful arrangement on the part of their employers, every domestic in the house of Sir John Dayton, baronet and banker, received his or her salary one week before Christmas Day; and, in consequence, many a seasonable gift was purchased, and sent off to parents or friends in the country, delighted to be thus remembered by the boys and girls who had left the home-nest, to begin the battle of life on their own account.

Very bright and tempting looked the tiny pile of sovereigns that Lottie Warde, Miss Dayton's own maid, carried away to her chamber, and sat meditating over, with a cloud on her pretty face such as it seldom wore. Last Christmas the spending of her money had cost her no trouble, except a quickly-stifled regret that she could not do more with it for those dear ones, whose kisses and joyful thanks had been such pleasant requital of her generosity. And, after all, how much had been done with those few pounds! They had given warm frocks to Lottie's little sisters, a new suit to the studious young brother, of whose abilities she was so proud, and even cleared off that account of Dr. Welby's which had been such a trouble to the widowed mother, who, with a very straitened income, contrived to bring up her children respectably.

In Lottie's memory all these little things revived against her will; for they did not give her as much satisfaction to remember, as if she had intended to repeat her acts of generosity. Although she was as dutiful and loving a daughter, and as kind a sister as of yore, there had been an event in Lottie's life since the year began that was closely connected with the impatient sigh she gave, as she sat gazing at her gold, and abstractedly turning it over and over in her palm. She had met, at the house of an old friend of her late father, a young man, so well connected that many wondered he should think of wedding a girl who was "in service." Mr. Charles Morison, they argued, with his good prospects and excellent situation in the office of Smithson Brothers, ought to look higher for a wife than Lottie Warde, whose father had died bankrupt, and whose mother's sole dependence was the annuity some of Mr. Warde's compassionate creditors had purchased for her. But if Charlie Morison heard these things hinted, he laughed and forgot them; he loved Lottie for herself—her sweet temper, her good principles, and the pretty face and figure, that were always set off by the perfect neatness and propriety with which she dressed.

Lottie, however, had taken to heart many of the remarks made in her presence, or told her by ill-natured friends, and had rather hastily decided in her own mind that the relatives of her affianced husband looked down upon her because of her position. This fancy—for it was no more—had made her shy of meeting them, and unwilling to accept the invitations so kindly sent to her. But Charlie had made a point of her acceding to his parents' wish that she should join the family party they always gathered round them at their handsome house at Clapham on the eve of the great festival; and as Miss Dayton had cheerfully consented to spare her, she had not been able to excuse herself.

Naturally timid, and shrinking from strangers, Lottie looked forward to this visit as an ordeal rather than a pleasure. She was to be introduced to Charlie's married sister from Manchester, and to the wealthy uncle from whom he had expectations; and her anxiety that they should think well of her culminated in the inquiry, "What shall I wear?"

It was no use discussing this question with her betrothed. She knew he would say that nothing could be in better taste than the well-fitting dark merino that had been her best dress since the commencement of the autumn. But Lottie had her share of girlish vanity, and as she raised her eyes to her looking-glass a vision rose before her of a certain dove-coloured silk in a mercer's window near St. Paul's, that would become her admirably. It was true that such an expensive purchase would absorb every farthing in her possession; but she chose to ignore this. She had once tried on a dress of a similar tint belonging to her mistress, and had blushed with pleasure at her own appearance, as the lustrous folds of the silk fell gracefully around her, and delicate lace shaded her arms and throat. So strong grew the temptation that when Lottie went that evening to visit her mother, she lingered long at the mercer's window, and decided that on the morrow the dove-coloured silk should be her own.

The children threw down their books and toys when Lottie entered, for they loved her dearly, and Mrs. Warde, though she had been wearing a very anxious face, as she stitched busily at some childish garment, contrived to smile at her eldest daughter, who, however, was not easily deceived.

"Something has gone wrong, mother; I am sure of it by your looks. What is it?"

"Nothing you can alter, dear; nothing, in fact, that I ought to dwell upon. I heard, by chance, that the man through whose roguery your father failed has returned to England, and is in pros-

perous circumstances; and it worried me for a little while to think that my excellent, upright husband went to his grave in sorrow and poverty, while this dishonest man holds up his head and grows rich; but it was only for a minute, child;" and Mrs. Warde smiled now with less effort. "I know to Whom I have committed my cause, and I will not murmur at anything He wills."

Lottie kissed the placid speaker affectionately, but she was not as sympathetic as usual. Her little sisters hung about her, wondering whether they should have a Christmas pudding, and one of them blurted out a fact hitherto concealed; that mother did not go to church on Sundays till evening service, because her shawl was so shabby. Lottie slid her hand into the pocket where lay her little purse, but drew it back again, telling herself that she could not possibly go to visit Charlie's friends meanly dressed; and when the youngest child climbed on her knee and frankly asked what she was going to bring him for a Christmas present, he was set down again, and so sharply told not to tease, that Mrs. Warde's mild eyes were raised in surprise.

"I beg pardon, mother," said her daughter, colouring under the reproof the look conveyed. "I am afraid I am rather stupid this evening. What were you saying about Robert?—he is elected pupil teacher at his school. Of course he is—I knew he would be! he has worked so hard for it, dear, good boy!" and she ran across the room to kiss the studious lad, who warmly returned her caresses.

"Then you're glad of it, Lottie? So am I, only I think mother's bothered a bit about the books I shall want."

"Will they cost much?" asked his sister.

"Well, dear, it seems much to persons of our limited income," Mrs. Warde replied. "And he must have a new suit of clothes. But I hope to manage it without running into debt, if you can help me a little."

Lottie did not speak, and her mother thoughtfully added, "The girls will have to do without the new hats I promised them; and baby's pelisse must last another winter; and——"

But here her daughter stopped her by pettishly saying, "Oh, mother! pray don't tell us of any more wants; they seem endless. How miserable it is to be so poor; how sick of contrivances and makeshifts you must be. I know I am. And somehow the children always seem to need most when one has least to spare."

"I did not know you were in that predicament, dear, or I would not have spoken so plainly," Mrs. Warde replied; "but don't let it worry you," she added, with the cheerful air that covered a multitude of anxious thoughts; "we shall manage very well, I dare say."

Lottie went away with her money still in her pocket, but with a load at her heart—half shame, half selfish ill-humour—which was not lessened by standing at the mercer's window for another half-hour before she went back to Sir John's. While her gaze was fixed on the silk, her rebellious spirit was murmuring at the difficulties of her position. It was so hard that she should always be hampered with the home-cares. Other young people could spend their salaries on themselves, while her purse had such constant calls upon it that there was nothing left for herself. And mother was not thoughtful for her; she never seemed to remember that a girl of her age would naturally wish to be smart, especially when she visited persons in better circumstances than herself.

Lottie was fast working herself up into a conviction that she was ill-used, when, within a few yards of Sir John's house, she met Charlie Morison's brother clerk—the gay, handsome son of the friends at whose residence she had first met her lover. They had been children together, and fancying the young man looked ill or harassed, she forgot her own annoyances in cordial inquiries after his health.

"I am very well; what made you think otherwise?" he answered, rather hastily. "Turn back with me, will you, Lottie? I have a message for you. I have just seen Charlie; he is leaving London quite suddenly, and has waited at Sir John's to bid you good-bye, till he dared not wait longer, lest he should lose his train. I promised to watch for you, and tell you so."

A flush of vexation coloured Lottie's cheek. Her loitering at the shop window had deprived her of the pleasure of hearing Charlie's adieux; and it was all the more provoking that no one was to blame for this but herself. "Was this all he said?" she asked. "Did he not tell you when he would return?"

"No," said Austin Crawley, knitting his brow thoughtfully; "he was in a hurry, and he was in some way different to what he usually is; he positively would not see the hand I offered him. Why was this? do you know the cause, or must I guess it?"

"I know nothing, except that I am tired and cross," Lottie answered, trying to speak gaily, and failing; "so I'll say good-bye, for I have already outstayed my time."

"You have not heard all I wish to say to you, Lottie. We are old friends, and therefore I may speak to you more freely than another might."

Wondering a little at his gravity, she suffered herself to be led down a quieter street close by, and promised him a patient hearing.

"Has Charlie ever spoken to you of certain unpleasantnesses that have occurred at the office?"

"No—oh no! what do you mean? Is it in connection with these that he has gone out of town so unexpectedly?"

"I begin to think—to fear so. Lottie, if any one very dear to you was to commit some act that disgraced him, what would you advise him to do?"

He spoke with an earnestness and significance that made her tremble a little as she exclaimed, "What an odd case you are putting to me."

"It is a very common one, Lottie; remember that, and answer me."

"Why, then, I should advise him to confess his sin, and make all the restitution in his power. Could he do better, if sincerely penitent?"

"But if he had not the courage to do this?—if he preferred to hide somewhere till the storm had blown over, then how would *you* act? Join in the cry that would be raised against him, or strive to believe that he was not wholly a villain, and would yet do his best to prove his repentance?"

"Why do you ask me this?" she demanded agitatedly.

"Because I want to save you a shock, Lottie; because you may hear ill news in the morning."

"Are you speaking of Charlie?" she cried, pale to her lips. "Oh no! impossible! he is too conscientious, too honourable to wrong his employers. Austin, you are cruel to frighten me in this way. Speak more plainly, so that if some false accusation has been brought against him I may warn him of it."

"I have no more to say—I am sorry I spoke at all," Austin hastily replied; "but I had a fancy that you would be best able to break it to the poor old father and mother, if—things are as I fear."

She would have questioned him further, but a group of men on their way home from work pushed between them, and when they had gone by Austin had disappeared.

Lottie went to bed depressed and uneasy, but a refreshing sleep and her firm faith in Charlie's honour enabled her by the morrow to shake off these unpleasant sensations. After another debate with herself the dove-coloured silk was bought, and in the course of the evening it was proudly displayed to her admiring fellow-servants. She was deep in discussion with the good-natured housekeeper upon the best way of trimming it, when the drawing-room bell rang for her.

Miss Dayton wanted some trifle brought from her own room, and Lottie had executed her commission and was retreating, when the voice of Sir John, who was reading the evening paper, arrested her. "Dear me! how sad these cases are; one never knows who to trust. Listen to this, Letitia: 'The confidential clerk of Smithson Brothers absconded last night. His employers had had their suspicions aroused by some circumstance or other, and hinted an intention of looking into his accounts. As soon as he learned this he made business in the country a pretence for his flight, and it is supposed that he is on his way to America.'"

To Lottie's strained ears every word of this was horribly audible, and the next minute she was running down-stairs, putting on her hat and shawl as she went.

"If I am asked for," she gasped to the wondering housekeeper, "say that I am ill—that I have gone to my mother's; but don't stop me—don't question me, or I shall die!"

But it was to the home of Austin Crawley she first took her way. She *would* not give up all hope till she had seen him, and heard his lips confirm the dreadful tale; and as she went along she tried to comfort herself in repeating, "It cannot be! Charlie Morison a defaulter, a fugitive from justice—it is impossible!"

Mrs. Crawley herself answered Lottie's knock, and her smiling, cheerful face made the girl feel her own misery grow sharper.

"No, Austin had not returned from the City yet," she said. "Would not Lottie come in and wait for him? She was quite alone, for Mr. Crawley had been at Smithsons' all day, taking the place (she believed) of Charlie Morison, whose absence seemed to have put the firm very much out of their way. There was nothing amiss, was there?" she added, as she took a closer survey of her visitor's face.

But her question remained unanswered, for Lottie was already hurrying away. The last faint hope that the report was a dreadful mistake had perished before Mrs. Crawley's placid utterances. Austin, the gay and careless, whose spendthrift habits had often displeased his parents, had preserved his integrity; while Charlie Morison, the son of many prayers, the steady, intellectual young man, who indulged in no low tastes, no "loud" attire, had forfeited his high character and disgraced his family—this was her conclusion.

Away through the busiest streets of London, hurrying on with her face muffled in her veil, lest any one should perceive the anguish depicted on it, she walked, till she found herself before the well-known offices of Messrs. Smithson. They had been closed hours earlier; but the old man who was porter and care-taker was standing at the door, talking to some curious acquaintances.

Unperceived by the garrulous speaker, Lottie paused long enough to hear her lover's name coupled with words indistinctly caught relating to the large sums of money that were missing.

"His father was here this morning, as soon as the news was made public," the porter went on—"such a respectable old gentleman." But here his voice was lowered, and Lottie passed by, hearing only something about the young man's broken-

hearted mother as she went; but it reminded her that she was not alone in her grief: that the loving parents, who had cherished their son in his childhood, and seen him gradually expand into the bright, intelligent man, must be well-nigh crushed beneath the blow that had so suddenly fallen upon them. Oh! what was her grief to theirs?

And now Lottie flew to her own haven, the arms of her mother, and there wept the first tears her burning eyes had shed.

Shocked, and for some time incredulous, Mrs. Warde, with infinite patience and tenderness, sustained her child during those hours in which her anguish was almost more than she could bear.

Never again would Lottie accuse this dear friend and comforter of being wanting in sympathy. Who else would have borne so kindly with her wild bursts of impatient sorrow — her restless pacings to and fro—her passionate complainings? who else so skilfully taken advantage of her better feelings to bring her to her knees, and teach her to bow her head to the Divine will?

"How good you are to me, darling mother!" she sobbed, when Mrs. Warde had prevailed upon her to lie down, and was bathing her aching head; "and indeed I don't deserve it. I have been so selfish, so ungrateful, that if you knew all my hard and bitter thoughts you would surely cease to love me at all!"

Mrs. Warde's only reply was to stoop and kiss her; and that kiss uprooted the last fibre of selfishness in her child's heart. Never again did Lottie let vanity stand in the place of duty; and in the midst of her trouble she could be humbly thankful that this dear mother was still all her own.

All that night she wept and bewailed herself, but when morning dawned and she saw how weary and exhausted Mrs. Warde was looking, Lottie put her good intentions in practice, and restrained her grief.

While her mother rested, she moved quietly about, dressing the little ones, whom her altered looks and swollen eyes awed into unwonted soberness; nor was it till every task had been accomplished that could spare Mrs. Warde fatigue that she seated herself at her mother's feet, and wept herself into the sleep of exhaustion.

But stronger arms were sustaining her when, with a start, she awoke. It was not the mild face of her mother that bent over her and smiled at her, it was Charlie Morison himself, and for a moment she believed herself to be in a happy dream.

"Can it be you?" she asked wistfully. "Speak to me, for I know not what to think, nor what to believe."

"You may believe that Charles Morison has committed no act that disgraces him," said her rejoicing mother, who stood by. "Need we tell you more?"

Lottie pressed her hands to her head, and looked from one to the other, till the tender smile on Charlie's lips confirmed the tidings.

"I seem too much bewildered to be as glad as I should be," she exclaimed. "Am I really awake?—has there been no robbery after all? That dreadful newspaper!—why did I believe the paragraph I heard Sir John read from it?"

"Sit down here, you poor, pale child," said Charlie, "and let me help you out of your mystification. I think it began the night before last, when I sought you at Sir John's to say good-bye before I went on a hurried journey, and to tell you the two-fold object of it."

Lottie felt a sharp pang. If she had not loitered to feast her eyes on the dove-coloured silk, and picture the sensation she should create when she appeared in it, she might have been spared all this suffering and suspense.

"I had heard, dear, that the man who was the cause of all your father's misfortunes was at Birmingham; and Messrs. Smithson freely gave me permission to go there, and see whether my remonstrances, and, if those failed, my threats to expose his nefarious proceedings, would induce him to do justice to your father's widow and orphans."

"And you succeeded?"

"Beyond my expectations. I have just had the pleasure of putting into your mother's hands a sum that will enable her to educate her children with comfort."

Lottie was obliged to interrupt him that she might throw her arms around Mrs. Warde's neck, and congratulate her rapturously. Then Charlie himself had to be thanked in loving, tearful whispers; and then so many pleasant little plans were discussed for the widow's future, that some time elapsed before they recurred to the explanation.

"When I had completed my own business, Messrs. Smithson desired me to go to Sheffield and make some inquiries there for them. The drift of these I scarcely understood when I started, but I soon discovered that they had reference to certain suspicions they were entertaining."

"But not of *you*, Charlie?"

"No, love; they have never had any reason to doubt my integrity, and they have just proved their confidence in it, by promising me an increase of salary. But another of their clerks, led into temptation by a love of gaiety——"

"I see it all now," sighed Lottie. "Poor Austin! it was of himself he spoke when I saw him that night. If he had but confided in you!"

"He had the opportunity," said Charlie, gravely, "for he walked with me from the office to Sir John's, and rather vexed me by what I considered an

impertinent curiosity respecting the business that took me away so suddenly. *He* must have guessed the discoveries to which it would lead, and perhaps this made him determine on his flight."

"Poor Austin!" said Lottie again, after recounting the conversation she had held with him; "if I had but known that it was of himself he spoke I might have succeeded in urging him to stay and confess all."

"I fear not," Charley gravely made answer. "It would have required more fortitude than Austin Crawley ever possessed to face the misery he has brought upon others as well as himself. My father, for whom, as an old friend, Messrs. Smithson sent, to assist them in breaking the news to his parents, can scarcely bear to speak of the scenes he witnessed. Mrs. Crawley is very ill, Lottie. The truth was concealed from her as long as possible; it was not until late last night she learnt that it was to hear the tale of her son's guilt Mr. Crawley was summoned to the City; and it appears that no one had suspected how, while Austin was believed to be quietly sleeping, he had packed a portmanteau and stolen out of the house in the dead of night, to embark for America."

And so Lottie's joy in her betrothed's innocence was tempered by the knowledge that, if *his* parents had been happily spared such deep sorrow, others were enduring it.

She spent her Christmas Eve at Clapham, but not in the dove-coloured silk. She was clad soberly in the dark merino, and heard, with drooping head and a troubled conscience, Mrs. Morison tell her how fully she and her husband approved their son's choice; and how her conduct as a daughter and sister had won their esteem long since.

"I am not half as good as you think me!" Lottie tearfully confessed, and deepened their interest in her by her honesty.

After all, it was Mrs. Warde who wore the dove-coloured silk at her daughter's wedding. It was made up for her by Lottie herself, who, as her needle passed in and out of her work, drew from the events connected with her purchase the lesson every wise or foolish deed conveys to the heart that is opened to receive it. L. Crow.

"MISSING."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETTER THAN GOLD," ETC. ETC.

I.

THOSE are hard things to throw in a man's teeth, uncle, and I shouldn't like to think that you meant them all."

So spoke John Birch, the carpenter, as he stood up before the old bird-fancier—tall, sinewy, and strong, with his handsome face in a hot glow, and a flash of temper in his eyes—a specimen of a fine physical type, showing in marked contrast with a puny, pale young man about his own age, who sat in a corner, apparently reading, but in reality intently watching what was going on.

"The harder the better, so that they hit the mark; but what I have said to-night I am ready to say again—ay, and mean them too."

John Birch had never won much favour from the little, hard-featured old man who kept the bird-shop, and lived there with his pretty granddaughter. But to-night he had been insulted, and before a witness, between whom and himself there was an open feud, for it was as rivals that they met. Tom Bartlett, the soft-spoken schoolmaster, had managed to insinuate himself in the favour of David Birch, and was also striving to supplant the young carpenter in the regard of his cousin Polly. The old man was the first to speak.

"You need not glare at me like that, because I have found out what brings you sneaking round here."

"I never sneak, uncle; that does not belong to the Birches."

"No, it does not, my lad," the old man replied, in a slightly mollified tone; adding, "and I'm sorry you don't take after them. There's a spice of your mother——"

John Birch interrupted him, saying passionately, "Silence, Uncle David, you must not dare to say a word against her."

"This to my face! Get out of the house, and never dare to cross my door-step again till you are sent for, which will be long enough, for I tell you once for all, that if I can hinder it, Polly Carson shall never marry an idle, beggarly fellow, always out of work, who can find nothing better to do than live on his sister's earnings."

This was the stab that cut keenest of all. The young man's voice quivered as he said, "That is too bad, Uncle David, you don't know what feelings you stir in me;" and in his excitement he laid his hand on the old man's arm.

At that moment the sly, watchful reader in the corner came forward, and, wilfully misunderstanding his intention, thrust himself between them, saying, "Come, no violence, it would be a pity, and I should be so sorry; you ought to

remember Mr. Birch is your uncle, and an old man."

In an instant he found himself put back with just the amount of force which a strong man would feel it needful to use in dealing with some puny obstruction which he held in contempt.

"Mind your own business, Tom Bartlett, and don't meddle with mine; it doesn't need your sly tongue to teach me what I ought to remember. My uncle is in no danger of violence from me, and you know it. Then, turning to the old man, he added, "Uncle, I shall not want telling twice to go. I know you bear me ill-will, but I didn't think it was in you to upbraid a man for what is no fault of his; for I defy any one that knows me to say that I ever shirked work when I could get it to do. I am sorry for what has passed to-night, and perhaps you will be before you are many days older;" and snatching up his cap, he strode angrily through the shop into the street, without deigning another look at Tom Bartlett, who had slunk back into his corner, and was once more taking mental note of everything that he saw and heard.

II.

To the surprise of the neighbours, David Birch had not taken down his shutters, though it was nearly eleven o'clock; such neglect of business had never occurred before within their remembrance. But a greater marvel still was the circumstance of the old man himself being dressed in his best black suit, which he only wore on important occasions. It was clear that he was going to keep holiday that day, and that something unusual had happened. They would have been convinced of this, if they had penetrated to the little back parlour, and heard the old man talking in his unwonted flow of spirits.

"Put on thy best gown, Polly, and wear it in honour of the good fortune that is coming to us; thou shalt be dressed in silks, my bonny one."

"I would rather you gave some of the money to poor Nellie Birch, grandfather."

A shade crossed his face. "Yes, give it her to support her idle brother—not a shilling! It is enough that the will gives it to him after my death, more the pity; if I could keep it from him I would."

"Oh, grandfather!"

"I tell thee I would; but don't talk about him, child. I do not want to be angry just when I'm going to carry my good news to old Jacob Moss."

"Am I to open the shop, grandfather?"

"Do just as it suits thyself, child; we shall be rich enough not to care about the shop."

While talking he consulted his large silver watch, which, for antiquity and size, might have been the patriarch of the entire race of watches.

"I shall be back before nine, Polly; and perhaps Tom Bartlett may drop in and spend an hour with you."

"I hope not, for I don't want to see him."

"Ah! that's the perverse way of girls; but never mind, I dare say thou wilt look much higher than Tom now;" and he chuckled as he kissed her round, dimpled cheek, leaving her to take care of the feathered songsters and herself, the brightest thing that the place could show.

III.

MISSING, since the 23rd inst., an Old Man, named David Birch, dressed in black; height, about 5 feet 3 inches; grey hair; thin. He left home with the intention of visiting a friend at Fulham, and has not since been heard of. A reward of Twenty Pounds will be paid to any one giving information that may lead to his discovery.

So ran the advertisement which was going the round of the leading papers, and being repeated in large printed placards on the walls of police-stations. In the immediate neighbourhood of the bird-shop there was much excitement and consternation at the old man's mysterious disappearance, mingled with lively sympathy for the distress of his granddaughter, whose pale face and swollen eyelids told how she had watched and wept. None were more demonstrative than Tom Bartlett, who kept hovering about her in spite of her visible shrinking from him, persistently pressing his services as though he alone had the right to act for her. Meantime, the day appointed by the lawyers for entering into arrangements with their client, respecting the fortune of which he had unexpectedly come into possession by the death of a brother abroad, had come and gone. The perplexed legal firm, acting in the interest of their client, instituted a rigorous search, but without success. The friend, Jacob Moss, a feeble old man, had been duly communicated with, and keenly cross-examined. David Birch had paid his visit on the day named, arriving, as far as the old man could recollect, about half-past two, and starting on his return journey about dusk. Here the clue was lost. Thus the days went by without throwing any light on the old man's fate, and poor Polly, worn with grief and anxiety, often cried herself to sleep.

IV.

"Oh! Nellie—Nellie! you don't know what has happened!"

It was with these words that John Birch had suddenly presented himself to his sister, a tall, dark-eyed girl, who might have been taken as a softened likeness of himself. She was busily at work when he came in, but on the first glance at his agitated face she dropped her needle and rose hurriedly.

"Oh, John! what is the matter?"

"Uncle David has been missing from home since the 23rd of last month, and no one can tell what has become of him."

"Missing from home, John! why, it was only last week that we heard he had a fortune left him by his brother."

"Yes, that's true enough, Nellie; and I hear that it comes to me after his death. The lawyers are seeking him everywhere. But think of poor Polly being in all this trouble, and us never to know it. It just seems as if that odd job of work in the country came on purpose to take me out of her way; and you're so moped up here that you never hear anything," he added fretfully.

"John, I'll put on my things and go to her at once, if you think I can do any good."

"Yes, Nell, I think you may. I know I always like to have you by me when I'm in trouble. I would go myself, but I'm forbidden the house. You remember what I told you of my quarrel with the old man. I wish to heaven those ill words had not passed between us."

At that moment there was a sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs, followed by a smart rap at the door. Nellie went to open it, but started back at the sight of two policemen on the threshold.

"Does John Birch live here?"

"Yes, I am John Birch," the young man called out; "what do you want with me?"

"Come this way and I'll tell you."

"No, tell me here."

The officer glanced compassionately at Nellie's white face as he answered, "Well, if you don't mind the young woman hearing, you're our prisoner."

"Your prisoner! Impossible! On what charge?"

"I dare say you know well enough. There's been a body found by the river, and it's thought there's been some foul play."

"Whose body?"

"David Birch's, the bird-fancier, that's been missing lately."

"My uncle!" gasped John.

"Exactly. You're our man. You've had a quarrel with him, and you're arrested on suspicion. We got the clue from Thomas Bartlett."

"Bartlett!" The young carpenter repeated the name with a groan, and staggered against the wall, adding, "May God forgive him this wickedness!"

At the same moment his sister threw herself on his neck with a cry that thrilled those who heard it.

V.

Yes, it was true: a body had been found; and there was evidence that identified it as that of the old man who was missing. The story went that it had been first seen by some workmen on their way home one wet evening. It had floated up with the tide, and been toyed with as a ghastly plaything, then beaten against one of the low-lying river banks, and flung out, a piteous sight for men to shudder at, as it lay with the defiling river-slime clotted among its tangled grey hair, and its dead, bruised face turned upward to the sky. From examination of the body, it was thought that there had been a struggle. The motive had clearly not been robbery, for a purse containing a sovereign and some silver was found in one of the pockets, together with a very remarkable antique silver watch, on which were engraved the initials "D. B.," which were readily translated into David Birch. When the watch and purse, with the old-fashioned coat found on the body, were shown to the bereaved granddaughter, and tearfully recognised by the trembling girl as belonging to her grandfather, the evidence of identity was complete. How had the old man come by his death? There was no cause to suspect him of suicidal intentions; and it was proved that he was sober when he parted from Jacob Moss. Then had followed the query, was David Birch at enmity with any one? At this point in the judicial investigation, Tom Bartlett put in a deposition to the effect that he had witnessed a quarrel between the old man and his nephew a day before the deceased had taken his fatal journey. He detailed what he remembered of the scene between them; how he (Tom Bartlett) had been apprehensive of violence on the part of the young man, who had told his uncle "that before he was many days older he would be sorry for what had passed that night." This ended in the arrest of the young carpenter. The news was carried to Polly Carson, but the sorely-tried girl rose against this crushing blow. "I cannot believe it. John Birch would not harm my grandfather; and I wouldn't take Tom Bartlett's word against a dog."

* * * * *

"I am doing my best, Nellie, you may be sure of that; if there's ever so small a loophole for escape, trust to me that poor Jack shall have the benefit of it."

The speaker was Nellie's plighted lover, George Denton, the detective, a thoughtful-looking man, some years her senior, who had already given evidence of more than average ability in his calling.

"My brother is not guilty, George; I could stake my life on it."

"So could I, Nellie; but leave it to me. The examination is adjourned, and I may do much in the meantime."

His words gave Nellie Birch comfort for the present, and she trusted in them.

VI.

THE court was crowded, for much interest had gathered round the case of the old man, whose mysterious death had followed so suddenly upon his accession of wealth. The prisoner was pale and haggard from mental suffering and want of sleep; but, holding his head erect, and gazing before him with eyes that never lowered or shrank, and looking very unlike a man charged with murder. But the evidence had gone against him, and he was committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of his uncle, David Birch. The decision was received by the prisoner with a shuddering gasp for breath, and a wild look of agony in his eyes, as a scream from a woman came from the crowd—it was a voice that he knew, for it was poor Nellie who had dropped down insensible. He was about to be removed when there was a sudden stir in court, and a man whom many there recognised as George Denton, the detective, forced his way through the crowd. Another moment, and he was standing before the magistrate, every ear drinking in his words.

"The prisoner, John Birch, is not guilty, and I am prepared to prove it."

"On what evidence?"

"That it is a case of mistaken identity; the man whom he is accused of murdering being still alive. He lies helpless on a sick-bed, or he would have been here to set this wrong right."

The deposition which was made before the startled bench may be briefly summed up as it was afterwards related in the presence of a reunited family circle, when the old bird-fancier got well enough to add his portion of the story. He explained that, after leaving his friend Moss, he had been met and attacked by a man in an unfrequented lane. They had a struggle, during which he received a blow on the head that must have made him insensible, for he remembered nothing more until he found himself in bed in a strange room; how long he had lain there he could not tell. He had been taken home by a humane market-gardener, who found him lying senseless in the road, without hat or coat; his injury proving to be a serious fracture of the skull, and the death-like stupor continuing, he was left on the hands of the good Samaritan, who, living some distance from London, had no chance of gaining any information about him.

At this point George Denton took up the narrative. His first step had been to obtain sight of the body; he had found a peculiar mark on the right side of the neck, which led to the suspicion that, instead of being the body of David Birch, it was that of a notorious burglar with whom he had been several times brought in contact in the course of his profession. This was further proved when he found on inquiry that Light-fingered Joe—as he was called—was missing from his accustomed haunts, and one of his associates remembered having seen him in the neighbourhood of Fulham on the night named. Upon making inquiries in that locality, George learned that a market-gardener had been asking whether any one belonging to the neighbourhood was missing, as a man unknown was lying ill at his cottage.

Thus, step by step, the detective had unravelled the mysterious affair. It was thought that the drowned man had ended his night's work by getting drunk; and, losing his way in the dark, had fallen into the river. This was the history of the mistake through which the young carpenter had so unjustly suffered. But the old bird-fancier seemed anxious to make up matters by a full reconciliation with his nephew, satisfying his granddaughter by his unexpected liberality towards the brother and sister, not forgetting a reward to George Denton for his faithful service. Polly made no secret of her feelings towards John, and it was easy to see how it would end with the young people. And this Christmas is as happy a one to them as, I trust, it will be to us all.

GRACE EDEN:

A STORY OF GRENADA. BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

A FINE frigate, her snow-white canvas spread alow and aloft, was gliding swiftly across the Caribbean Sea towards the beautiful island of Grenada. Her approach was watched with intense interest by two young girls, who were standing on the shore of a deep bay, formed by two headlands, spurs of the mountain-ranges which, clothed with the richest tropical vegetation, rose to the eastward. It was one of the most lovely scenes in that lovely region. Every available spot was covered with coffee or cocoa plantations. The white residences of the owners, with gaily-coloured verandahs, peeping out from amid the dark green foliage; while the graceful feathery-topped trees reached down almost to the blue water, in some places overshadowing the narrow strip of sand which fringed its margin; dark, fantastically-shaped rocks appearing here and there, and forming miniature bays, or still more

sheltered pools, into which no ravenous shark could make its way. In the largest of these pools the girls had been enjoying an evening bath, judging by the bundle of linen one of them, a black damsel, carried in her arms. The other, apparently her mistress, was more than commonly pretty. Her figure, though small, was graceful; her complexion very fair, and even the hot sun of the tropics had been unable to drive the roses from her cheeks.

"I wonder, Diana, whether that fine ship is really coming into the bay," she said, as she stood shading her eyes from the rays of the sinking sun, which cast a bright light on the horizon.

"Oui, me tink' cela, Missie Grace," answered the negress, speaking in language composed of words learned from the alternate English and French possessors of the island. "Ships come many fois to get de vater and de bois."

"Oh! I hope she will come. It would be very pleasant, as I suppose Uncle Walkinshaw will invite the officers to the house," observed the young lady.

The black Diana shook her head and said, "But suppose ship is French. Dey come before, and kill and burn and rob. What we do den?"

"I trust that she is English," said Grace. "Surely no enemy's ship would venture to anchor in the bay while British men-of-war are, as we have heard, in George Town Harbour. I fancy that I can already make out the flag. Try if you can tell what it is, Diana."

The young negress opened wide her large eyes, then screwed them up and shaded them with her black palm, but declared that it was impossible for unaided human sight to distinguish whether the flag was that of France or England.

Grace Eden looked disappointed. She was more interested in the matter than her attendant supposed. Having become an orphan at an early age, she had been left to the guardianship of her mother's half-sister, her only near relative, who had married Mr. Peter Walkinshaw, a planter in Grenada. On the completion of her education in England, rather more than a year before the commencement of our story, and a few months preceding the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and France, in 1793, she had come out to the island under the charge of Mrs. Home, wife of the lieutenant-governor, on board H.M. frigate *Hebe*, commanded by Captain Roden, an old shipmate of her father, Lieutenant Eden. Those were halcyon days to the young girl on board the *Hebe*. The voyage was long, but she would gladly have had it longer. So would Harry Raper, the third lieutenant of the frigate. He was a relation of Mrs. Home's, and a great favourite of hers, and thus had more opportunities of speaking to Miss Eden than any other officer, without its being especially remarked. He was, as might have been expected, frequently a guest in the captain's cabin, and was always ready on the quarter-deck to receive the ladies,—indeed, he seemed instinctively to know the moment they were to appear there. Grace hesitatingly took his arm when there was more motion in the ship than usual, and she could not walk alone; but by degrees she learned to look for his support, and was perfectly ready to let the captain attend to her chaperone. If Mrs. Home suspected how matters were going, she did not think fit to interfere. She thought, perhaps, that her young friends were well suited to each other, and had no wish to throw obstacles in the way of the attachment she saw springing up between them. She feared, however, that Grace would have, in consequence, many difficulties and much annoyance to contend with. She had not herself formed a favourable opinion of Mr. Walkinshaw, and she could not help giving Grace an unpleasant impression of her unknown uncle. On landing, Grace went to her house, and remained with her for some days, during which Harry Raper was a constant visitor till the *Hebe* had sailed, when, with a heavy heart, she set out for St. Antoine, accompanied by Mr. Walkinshaw, who had come to escort her to his estate.

Grace Eden watched the frigate, hoping that she might be the *Hebe*, and would anchor in the bay. "Should dear Harry come on shore, and Uncle Walkinshaw find out who he is, he will not meet with a very cordial reception, I fear," she thought. "How fortunate that I did not tell aunt his name; and if he comes, I must try to warn him not to appear more glad to see me than the other officers are. She may think that the one to whom I confessed I had given my heart is not among them."

The sun, appearing like a vast globe of fire, was just dipping in the purple ocean. Still Grace lingered, watching the frigate, which she felt sure was steering for the bay.

It was dark when they reached the house. Her aunt was standing in the verandah.

"I wonder, my dear Grace, that you cannot recollect the customs of the house!" exclaimed the lady, in a sharp tone. "Your uncle has been waiting for supper; and poor Nicholas, though half-starved, was compelled to go out and look for you before he would sit down. However, I hope some day he will be able to teach you what is due to others."

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders; and Grace, without replying, hurried to her room to prepare for the meal. It was not a very lively one. Mr. Peter Walkinshaw, a stout, fussy-mannered gentleman, was troubled about many things: the

crops were not promising well; the political state of the island was not satisfactory; the mulattoes and blacks were, it was whispered, plotting mischief; and he could not help observing that the attempt of his son Nicholas to win the heart of Grace Eden was not prospering. His ward possessed an estate in the island, which he endeavoured to make her believe was of small value, and that she was mainly indebted to his bounty for her education and support, hoping that gratitude to him would assist his son's suit. Mrs. Home had, however, enlightened her, and his remarks on the subject had naturally a very different effect to what he wished.

Her aunt, who entered into Mr. Walkinshaw's views, grew vexed and angry; and Grace, though of a happy and buoyant disposition, found her life at St. Antoine becoming every day less agreeable.

Grace awoke at day-break, and looking out of her window, saw a frigate at anchor in the bay. Could she be the *Hebe*? Grace counted the ports; they were the same as those of Harry's ship.

"Yes, I am nearly certain it is she," she thought; "yet one frigate is very like another. I wish that I could get Nicholas's spy-glass; he left it last night in the dining-room.

She got the telescope, and soon satisfied herself that the frigate was indeed the *Hebe*. Having dressed, she summoned Diana, and hurried down towards the usual landing-place, hoping that no one had seen her leave the house. She could trust to the discretion of her black waiting-maid, who followed, supposing, according to her ordinary custom, that she was going to bathe. Grace was sure that Harry would try to be the first to land from the ship, and she hoped to meet him, if only for a few moments, to put him on his guard, so that there might be less risk of their subsequent intercourse being interfered with. Her uncle, though not the most amiable of individuals, would not depart from the hospitable customs of the island; and on the previous evening had expressed his intention, should the frigate anchor in the bay, of inviting the officers, and making them welcome at his house; and Nicholas had been directed to go on board at an early hour with a polite note penned by Mr. Walkinshaw himself.

She had nearly reached the shore, when, near a turn of the road shaded by thick foliage, she heard a quick footstep, and, directly afterwards, a young officer in a naval uniform appeared. Forgetting her attendant, on the impulse of the moment she sprang forward. It was Harry.

"Dearest Grace! this is a happiness I had not expected!" he exclaimed, taking her hand.

"I may say so too," she answered, looking him sweetly in the face; "but——" and she told him how matters stood, and how she wished him to act.

"I will make my appearance with the rest, and act discreetly," he said. "I should like, though, to get that fellow on board the *Hebe* for a cruise; it would take him out of your way, if it did not cure him of his love."

"Does absence usually produce that result?" asked Grace, naïvely.

"Far from it; where the love is real it rather intensifies it," answered Harry. "But, dearest, I cannot bear to think of the annoyance he causes you." A good deal more was said to the same effect, when Grace wisely suggested that Harry should go back to his boat, while she and Diana returned to the house by a different road, which Mr. Nicholas was not likely to take. Harry begged to accompany her most of the way, and, fortunately, she got home without meeting any one.

Captain Roden and several of his officers came up to luncheon, and were formally introduced by Grace to her uncle and aunt; but Mrs. Walkinshaw, though on the watch, did not perceive anything in the manner of Harry, who was among them, to arouse her suspicions. Both he and Grace were so wonderfully discreet that even the captain was surprised at the apparent indifference of his young friends.

The officers were invited to dinner, and a picnic was proposed for the next day. Captain Roden consented, provided the spot fixed on was not far from the shore. "We came in here to wood and water, and to give the ship a few repairs; but should an enemy appear off the coast, as is not improbable, we shall immediately sail in chase," he observed.

The picnic took place at a beautiful spot where the river Douce comes rushing down the mountain-side, amidst the richest tropical vegetation. The families of a number of the neighbouring planters joined it. Among them were several pretty girls, to all of whom in turn Lieutenant Raper paid due attention, though he managed occasionally to be by Miss Eden's side. The officers had brought their telescopes, and one was constantly pointed either towards the mast-heads of the frigate, or was sweeping the distant horizon seen from their elevated position. At length, however, one of the midshipmen hurried down from a rock where he had been posted.

"A sail in the offing, and the frigate is signalling, sir," reported the midy.

Harry summoned his brother officers. The signal was for their recall; not a moment was to be lost. The party dispersed, some being invited to St. Antoine on their way.

Harry sprang into a carriage, in which Grace was seated, with another young lady and a retired navy surgeon practising in the island, a bachelor, and a professed admirer of the latter.

Mr. Nicholas offered him a seat in another conveyance. "Thank you," he answered, laughing; "but unless these ladies wish to turn me out, I will remain."

Both protested that they had no such wish, and the carriage drove on.

Three days after the *Hebe* had taken her sudden departure, as at early morning Grace with her sable attendant had gone down to the shore, she saw a sail which shone with snowy brightness in the rays of the rising sun appearing above the horizon. Taller and taller it grew, till she felt convinced that it was the frigate coming back. Some time must elapse, however, before she could anchor in the bay. Grace was compelled to go back to breakfast, though she longed to wait till she could be certain of what she hoped was the case. Some time elapsed, during which Grace could with difficulty restrain her anxiety, when a party of seamen appeared carrying in a sail stretched on two spars a wounded man, and accompanied by a surgeon's mate, who delivered a note to Mr. Walkinshaw Grace had seen the party from her window, and mustering all her nerve she hastened down to meet it. Could it be Harry? and if so, would she have the consolation of nursing him? Surely her uncle would not refuse to receive a wounded officer; yet she scarcely dared approach. She heard Mr. Walkinshaw read the note to his wife. It was from the captain. The *Hebe* had had a sharp engagement with a French frigate, which had unfortunately blown up just as she had struck. The ship was crowded with the prisoners saved, and as the surgeon considered it important that the lieutenant, who was severely wounded, should be landed as soon as possible, and as he had great confidence in the skill of his old friend Dr. Lance, whom he met the other day, he had ventured to send Mr. Raper on shore, trusting that Mr. Walkinshaw would receive him till he could be removed to the doctor's house. Mr. Walkinshaw's credit for hospitality was at stake. Refuse he could not, whatever he might have wished to do; and Grace heard her aunt order a room to be got ready, into which the wounded officer was carried, while a messenger was sent off for Dr. Lance.

Poor Grace had had but a glimpse of Harry's pale face, but he had seen her. The young surgeon had received a hint from the captain, and observing that he could not make the black people understand what he wanted done, requested her assistance, and begged her to superintend Dick Marline, an old follower of the lieutenant's, who was to be left on shore to look after him. "If in a few days, when the risk of fever has passed, you could read to him and try to amuse him, you will greatly contribute to his recovery," he added.

Grace promised to obey his instructions, and on the strength of the request she had received, ventured to approach Harry's couch, and to whisper a few loving words in his ear. The surgeon's mate waited the arrival of Dr. Lance, and after a brief conversation returned to the ship with the men.

Dr. Lance insisted on appointing Miss Eden as head nurse. "Unless you, my dear madam, wish to take the office," he added, addressing Mrs. Walkinshaw. "As an act of mercy and charity, I hope the young lady will not refuse to see that my directions are carried out. Honest Dick is not quite fitted for the work, and we cannot, you know, trust the negroes."

Mrs. Walkinshaw hesitated, but at last consented that her niece, if willing, with Diana to assist her, should take the responsibility of seeing that the doctor's directions were carried out.

Dr. Lance looked in two or three times each day, and highly approved of what Miss Eden had done. At the end of a week he requested her, if she could find time, to read occasionally to his patient. "He will be the better, too, for a little lively conversation," he observed; "it is important to keep up the spirits of a wounded man."

In a short time Harry, with the aid of Dick, was able to leave his room and to sit in the verandah, enjoying the fresh air. No one could have been more attentive than was Grace to their guest; and her aunt confessed that had it not been for her she should have felt the responsibility of entertaining him very troublesome.

The gentlemen were absent during most of the day, attending to their plantations. When they came home they were anxious and out of spirits. Alarming reports of a threatened outbreak of the coloured population were more than ever current. French emissaries were known to be in the island engaged in exciting the people to rebel.

Harry was now able to walk a short distance from the house, and though Dick and Diana followed, he found Grace's arm quite sufficient for his support. Dr. Lance had not proposed removing him to his house. Harry and Grace had one day extended their ramble further than usual, when they saw the old negro butler, Jacques, who had formerly been a sailor, and had become a great chum of Dick's, hurrying towards them.

"Oh, Missie Grace! oh, Massa Lieutenant, dreadful ting happen!" he exclaimed, when he found breath to speak. "De brown and nigger rascals rise up all ober de island. Dey burn de houses and kill de planters eberywhere. Dey in great numbers between dis and George Town, and many march here from other side."

"Oh! what are we to do?" exclaimed Grace, trembling.

"We will consider how you and your relatives can best be protected," answered Harry.

He soon came to the conclusion that there was no prospect of defending the house. Escape by land was cut off. The sea-shore was open to them. Jacques said there was a fine boat with sails and oars in a boat-house not far off belonging to his master.

"Then you and Dick and I will go and get her ready," said Harry. "And, Diana, do you hasten to the house and beg your mistress, with the gentlemen, to come down and to bring as many provisions as they can carry with them. Grace, dearest, we will not be separated, and Diana will bring what you may require."

The lieutenant, with the two men, made their way to the boat-shed, and soon got the boat afloat.

"Here dey come!" shouted Jacques, who had gone some distance up from the shore to look out.

"Oh, Harry! the rebels?" cried Grace.

"No, our friends, I trust," answered Harry; and Mrs. Walkinshaw and Diana, with their arms full of bundles, were seen hurrying down the sloping shore, followed by Mr. Walkinshaw and a dozen negroes and negresses, carrying provisions and other things.

"Provisions are of most consequence," said Harry, turning out some of the articles which had been snatched up in a hurry by the frightened slaves. "And these poor people, we cannot carry them all."

"They must look out for themselves, and hide away; the rebels won't hurt them," said Mr. Walkinshaw. "But where is Nicholas?—he was following us, I thought. Run, some of you, and hurry him on; he never will put himself out of his way to move fast."

Several of the negroes, at their master's bidding, scampered off. Harry, in the meantime, got Mr. and Mrs. Walkinshaw, with Diana and another black girl, and two men who could row, on board. Scarcely was this done when a negro appeared among the trees, shouting, "Dey come—dey come!" and again as quickly was hidden from sight. At the same moment fierce, loud cries were heard, and a cloud of smoke was seen rising from where the house stood.

"The place has been fired! Oh, my son—my poor Nicholas!" exclaimed Mr. Walkingshaw, wringing his hands.

His wife and Grace tried to console him, observing that Nicholas might have escaped, and hidden himself rather than embark.

"Shove off," said Harry; "we must not risk your lives by delaying longer. The rebels will fire at the boat if they see us."

As there was a light breeze off the land, the sails were hoisted, and the boat glided down the bay. She had not, however, got far when a number of people appeared on the shore, shouting and gesticulating. They soon ran off, and then others came, the barrels of their muskets gleaming in the sun, and began firing away. The bullets flew thickly round the boat. Harry placed himself before Grace, and Mrs. Walkinshaw threw herself into the bottom of the boat, her example being followed by her black maidens. Several shots passed through the sails, and three or four struck the boat's stern, or glanced along her sides. One, which might have pierced Grace's fair neck, tore Harry's arm; but he did not even wince, and she was not aware that he was struck. Gradually the bullets fell wider, or dropped astern of the boat, and she was at length beyond their reach. When well out of the bay Harry steered for George Town Harbour. The weather, however, looked unsettled; a dead calm came on. It might be a long time before they could reach their destination. Not till all danger was passed did Harry quietly ask Grace to help him take off his jacket and tie a handkerchief round his arm.

"A sail on the lee bow!" cried Dick. The boat was kept away for her. "She is the *Hebe!*" he exclaimed joyfully; "I know the cut of her tau'-sels."

He was right, and in an hour the party were on board. The frigate was returning to George Town Harbour.

"I want you, my dear sir," said Captain Roden to Mr. Walkinshaw, "to fall in with my views about a certain matter. You see my third lieutenant requires a spell on shore to help him regain his strength, and as he is not likely soon to have so much spare time again on his hands, I really don't think he can spend it to greater advantage than by splicing a wife, as we sailors say. He is a most promising young officer—certain of promotion, and with excellent prospects. He and your fair niece are over head and ears in love with each other, and so I hope you and your excellent lady will not refuse to make two young people happy. He will want some one to look after him on shore, and I don't think she will decline the post. Come, say yes, my friends, and put them out of their misery."

"I can't refuse you, captain," answered Mr. Walkinshaw. "But, oh! Nicholas, what will he say, and the estates not united?"

As Nicholas never turned up, his opinion on the subject was not asked, and the wedding took place, in true nautical style. Harry, in due course, became an admiral, and he and his pretty Grace—pretty even when an old lady—were as happy a couple as mortals can hope to be, and beloved and honoured by a large number of descendants and by all who knew them.

RUDOLF'S CASKET.

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS IN THE ALPS. BY F. M. OWEN, AUTHOR OF "SOLDIER AND PATRIOT."

I.

AFTER days of rain and darkness the sun had come out again in full glory; the great sheets of misty cloud were folding themselves up and rolling away from the mountains, allowing the snowy tops to be seen, all shining with that living light with which pure snow glows in the sunshine.

The valley, which lay like a green bay amongst the mountains, looked refreshed and purified; the stream which ran through it rushed on, swollen with many waters, no longer babbling over its stones, but with a deep roar which told of its newly-gotten strength.

Even the ferns and the flowers held up their heads and smiled gratefully at the sun; the grasshoppers sang their loudest; while the bright butterflies—yellow and blue and silver—darted about, and looked as if some of the flowers had taken to themselves wings and were out for a holiday.

This was a summer morning in Switzerland, and the village of Engelberg seemed more than usually full of life. There had been many wet days, and now that the sun had come out at last there was much to see and to be done.

Before the doors of the hotels and lodging-houses stood numbers of horses and mules—picturesque groups of guides with *edelweiss* in their hats and strong sticks in their hands, were waiting for employment, and tourists in every sort of light summer dress were setting out on their various expeditions.

Close around lay the brown village with the dark abbey rising up out of the midst of it. In the pasture-lands on the sloping green hill-sides the working folk were busy with their grass, "making hay while the sun shone;" and round all stood the great chain of mountains, the giant Titlis raising its snowy head above the others, and seeming to keep guard over the peaceful valley and the brown huts and châlets.

"I want a boy to lead my horse," said a lady who stood on the steps of the hotel, looking sometimes at the shining snow-fields amongst the mountains, and sometimes at the green hill-sides, and the trees, whose boughs were still dripping with moisture.

"Little Rudolf is here," said some one amongst the crowd of guides; "he will do as well as another."

"Where is he?"

And Rudolf came forward — a square, sturdy-looking little lad, with dark brown eyes and a tangle of sun-burnt yellow hair. He looked well-pleased to get some employment, and smiled at the lady as he said that he knew the way to all the beautiful places in the neighbourhood.

In a few minutes he was walking beside the lady's horse through the meadows in the valley, chattering away to her in his patois, stopping sometimes to pick flowers for her, and to point out all the mountains and tell her their names.

"And where do you live, Rudolf?" she asked kindly.

The boy pointed eagerly to a neat little wooden house that stood on the hill-side, not far from them; it was easily to be distinguished by the bright fresh green of the two or three fields about it, from which the hay had lately been gathered in, and a few flowers grew about the door.

"That is my home—mother stays there and the children, but my father is the guide Hans Müller; he is a good guide, lady; he is away now going up a snow mountain with a gentleman from England; it is a very hard mountain, and no guide knows it better than father."

"But he can only be a guide in the summer, what does he do in the winter?" asked the lady.

"He carves wood, he is one of the best carvers, and he takes his things to Lucerne, where the folk come in the summer-time and buy them."

"And do you carve wood in the winter too, Rudolf?"

"A little," said Rudolf, modestly; "I like it."

"I suppose this valley is quite shut in with snow in the winter; you cannot get down to the lake?"

"Sometimes we can get down, it is a good road; but when there is much snow it is very difficult;" and the little guide told the lady many strange stories of winter adventures, of frozen travellers and of spring avalanches, when the snow of the winter became loosened by the first spring sunshine, and

fell in masses to the valley below, sometimes burying whole villages in its fall.

Then he darted off from her side, seeing a flower which he thought she would like, and returned with his hands full of the beautiful white convolvulus which had wound itself about a hedge-row they were passing, and in the fresh morning the pure blossoms had all opened their deep white cups to the light.

"They are like cups made of the snow," said the lady as she took some of the flowers; and then she noticed that Rudolf was much engaged with a long spray, which he had kept in his hands and was winding about into different forms.

"I've been looking for this," he said, smiling over it; and taking out of his pocket a small tin box which had once held biscuits, and had been given him by one of the hotel servants, he placed the flower, all wet with dew, inside it. That flower was destined to play an important part in Rudolf's future fortunes.



"I want a boy to lead my horse"—*p.* 55.

All the snowy mountains were glowing with the rosy sunset when Rudolf got back to his home that evening. His mother was sitting by the door with little Carl in her arms, and two or three other children were playing with two goats that were close to the gate.

"Here is Rudolf," said the mother gladly, and the year-old baby smiled at the sight of his brother; the little ones ran to meet him, and a figure came

stealing out of the open door at the sound of his voice. It was a boy who was something like Rudolf in appearance, only thin and ungainly looking; he had the same tawny hair, but it was long and straight; his eyes, instead of being bright and full of life like his brother's, were dull and heavy; his lower lip hung down, and he held his finger in his mouth. He laughed with a short screech of pleasure when he saw Rudolf, and came shambling down from the house to meet him.

Rudolf had a merry greeting for all, but it was for the poor idiot boy Franz that he kept his kindest words, and a handful of berries which he had picked in his rambles. Franz chuckled with delight, and sat down on the ground to eat them, driving away the other children with one hand while he crammed the berries into his mouth as fast as possible with the other. When they were all gone, he came up to Rudolf and held up his hands for more looking into his face with a pleading, wistful earnestness as if he had been a dog.

"All gone, Franz—all gone, good boy," said Rudolf, very tenderly, and he put his arm lovingly round the idiot boy's neck.

"More, more," said Franz.

"No, I've got no more, Franz has had all," said Rudolf; "but here are some flowers," and he held out to him some of the bright crimson Alpine roses.

Again came the screech of pleasure, and Franz began twisting the flowers with some ferns into a fantastical wreath, which he first put on the head of the gravest looking of the goats, and then snatching it off, he placed it on his own head and danced about with his crown.

"When is father to be back?" asked Rudolf, as he stood with a large tin can in his hand, waiting to go down to the spring to fetch some water for his mother.

"To-morrow night, I hope," answered the mother. And then Rudolf went off whistling and swinging his can. It was refreshing after the long hot day to stand in the field, where the clear spring water came running through a little trough, with a cool, gurgling sound, and falling into a small pool below, which was surrounded with ferns perpetually kept fresh by the dripping water.

Rudolf bent his face down and made a cup of his two hands, and took a long drink; then he took out his tin box and peeped into it. All the white blossoms had closed themselves up. He sprinkled a few drops of the cool water in the box and said to himself, "It will come out in the morning, and it will be the very thing. Ah! how beautiful I will make it! how surprised they will all be. They will say, 'We did not think Rudolf could carve so well;' and I will take it down to Lucerne and sell it, and I will buy a cow for mother, and new boots for father, and a fine drum and a flag for Franz; but mother will be wanting the water," and he went gaily back through the field, singing as he went. All the world seemed glowing to his eyes, in that same rosy glow which had been on Titlis at sunset-time, and the boy did not know how soon the dark night shadows were to creep up and make his life hard and sad and stern.

II.

Morning came again, and as soon as the first rays of the sun had found their way over the mountains which shadowed the quiet village, Rudolf was up at work. He had placed his white convolvulus in water, and soon the petals began to unfold, and each pure white blossom to spread itself out to the light.

Then Rudolf got out his carving tools, and unfolding a bit of old cloth which his mother had given him, he looked at some pieces of carving which he had already done, and kept hidden there. They were the sides of a box, and the boy had been at work on them a long time.

He had a wonderful talent for the carving; but his father did it so well that he was ashamed to show his own handiwork, and therefore his performances were hidden away, and only shown in private to old Gottfried, who lived in the village, and did beautiful carving for the churches. Rudolf felt as if it was easier to show him his attempts, and to hear their faults from him, than for his father and mother and all his brothers and sisters to see them.

Old Gottfried was very famous for his work, and many a long hour had Rudolf spent in his workshop, watching his clever fingers at their task, and many a scramble had he taken to get oak leaves, acorns, ivy, and ferns, and briony wreaths, which the old man reproduced in wood.

And now he and Rudolf had a secret between them. Rudolf had carved several of the rougher and easier objects, and Gottfried thought he might go on to something more ambitious. Accordingly a box was commenced under Gottfried's instructions; it was carved in white wood; the sides had each a group of bramble leaves and berries upon them, mixed with a spray of the small pink convolvulus, and Rudolf had been on the look-out for this spray

of the large white convolvulus for the top. He twisted it round and round his fingers into the most graceful grouping he could manage, and then began sketching it as fast as he could. He could draw but roughly, but he had an eye for seeing what was beautiful, and he was very happy over the graceful leaves and white blossoms, when he heard his mother calling to him. The cow had to be driven up from the pasture, and to be milked, and it must be done at once. Rudolf was vexed; but he threw down his tools and went directly.

The cow was more than usually difficult to drive, and it was quite half an hour before Rudolf got back to the house.

At the entrance stood Franz, his finger in his mouth and a smile on his face. Rudolf smiled back.

"Good old Franz! Franz shall have more berries when Rudolf comes back to-day."

Then Franz shook his head and laughed outright, while he pointed with his finger. But Rudolf was in a hurry to get to work again, and ran back to the place where he had left his tools. He looked on the work-bench; his carving was there, but the flower was gone! The idiot boy had followed him into the room, and stood watching him curiously, but still laughing.

"Where is my beautiful white flower gone?" cried Rudolf, in dismay. "Franz, have you seen it?"

Franz grinned, and pointed to his head, and then to the open door, where, solemnly coming round the corner of the house, Rudolf saw the grave old goat with the white convolvulus wreathed round his horns.

For one minute the boy's face flushed with anger, and he raised his hand to strike Franz; then it fell again to his side, he was too manly to hurt anything so helpless; but tears of vexation came into his eyes as he said, "Oh, Franz! my carving is spoilt now; you naughty, mischievous Franz!"

The idiot boy saw that something was wrong; he said a word or two incoherently and then darted out of the room, returning presently with the withered crown of Alpine roses and fern, and placing it on Rudolf's head.

"No—no, Franz; it was white flowers I wanted."

Franz shook his head and shivered, pointing out at the open door to Titlis with its snowy crown, as much as to say he did not care for Rudolf's white flowers, they were cold like the snow.

Then the mother called the boys to give them their breakfasts, and Rudolf put away his carving tools and the unfinished sketch with a sad heart.

He spent that day as he had spent the day before, in leading the lady's horse. The lady went down the mountain road to Stanz, and Rudolf brought back the horse in the evening to Engelberg. He was tired, and it was getting late as he reached the first spot from which he could obtain a view of the village. He saw the lights of the houses twinkling out here and there. It was a wet evening; the rain was beating in his face, and the wind whistled round him, as he entered the valley.

"Father will have got home before me," he said to himself. As he reached the outskirts of the village, in the late twilight he saw two figures coming towards him. One he recognised as Nicholas Bauermann, the owner of their cottage, and the other as the doctor of the neighbourhood.

"I shall not see much more of my money for that place for some time to come," said Nicholas as he came near; "and though of course one is sorry for the man, and his wife and children, I have got my own interests to think of, and I can't let them stay there."

"It is a sad thing, but of course, neighbour Nicholas, you cannot rob yourself," said the doctor. "Heinrich Pfeffer wants the house, doesn't he?"

"Yes, and although I have nothing to say against Hans—he is a good man—Heinrich would give me my money as well."

Rudolf's heart began to thump, he hardly knew why. As he passed by the two men he saw that they recognised him, and he heard the doctor say, "Isn't that Rudolf? poor little lad, it will be hard for him when he goes home."

Rudolf's heart beat faster as he wondered what it could all mean; was there bad news waiting for him at home? The road seemed longer than ever, the rain fell faster, drenching his clothes; the wind had a dreary sound of sadness and coming sorrow as it howled past him, and he urged on the tired horse.

When he had brought the horse to its stable and was turning his steps towards his home, he met Wilhelm Kustermann, a guide who knew his father well.

"Ah! Rudolf, my lad," he said kindly, "I am very sorry for thee."

"Wilhelm, what is it?—tell me; I heard Nicholas Bauermann talking to Doctor Weiss, and I am frightened. Has anything happened at home?"

"Ay, poor boy, and more than enough," answered the guide, in a quivering voice.

"What—what is it?"

"Your father slipped and fell when he was near the top, and——"

"And is killed!" screamed young Rudolf.

"We do not know yet," said Wilhelm; "we hope not. Jacob Krauz and Heinrich Pfeffer are gone to look for him. They did get somewhere near him; he fell into soft snow and on a ledge. They heard him groan; there is hope. I have not heard yet if they have come back, I was going to see."

"Father—father!" cried the boy, and he sprang from Wilhelm's side, entirely forgetting his tiredness in his excitement and desire to know all. A few minutes brought him home; Jacob and Heinrich were smoking at the door. Franz came shuffling out to meet Rudolf, and for almost the first time in his life Rudolf put him aside without a word, whilst he pressed up to the guides. Franz began to cry at the unusual repulse, but Rudolf could not stay to comfort him. "Have you found him?" he cried eagerly.

"Ay, lad, we've brought him home," they answered sadly.

"Is he alive?"

"Yes, and asks for you."

Rudolf pressed on into the house. There, lying on the low bed in one corner of the room, was his strong, stalwart father, his face set and rigid with pain; his hands, which had done so much good work in helping travellers, lying powerless on the outside covering. The mother knelt by his side, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing aloud, and the little ones were crying below their breath in different corners of the room.

Rudolf knelt down by the bed and took one of the helpless hands. "Father," he whispered.

There was no answer.

"Father, it's I—it's Rudolf." His voice grew more piteous.

Still the eyelids were closed, and the fixed look of the face remained the same. The boy bent his face down and laid his cheek on his father's. "You always spoke to me before, father," he cried; "speak now."

Then the heavy eyes were opened for a moment, a half-smile came over Hans' face, and he said brokenly, "Rudolf, my back is hurt—so that I think I shall die. You'll take care of mother and the children and Franz. You're a good little lad—you'll work for them; poor Franz—can't work." Then, as if the effort had been too much for him, the father closed his eyes, the feeble flush which had risen to his cheek faded away again, and a deadly whiteness came in its place.

"Is he dead? is he dead, mother?" the boy wailed out. "Oh, Jacob! come here; he is dead."

III.

But Hans was not dead, though he lay for many weeks between life and death, and even when immediate death was no longer to be feared, it was found that his back was so much injured that the doctor ordered him not to move from the bed or to lift his arms, so that, as he said himself, he was as useless as a child.

Rudolf worked hard for the support of all the family. Through the summer he got plenty of employment as guide, but when the season of tourists was nearly over he began to get fearful, for the cruel words of Nicholas Bauermann haunted him, and he dreaded every day that they would be told to leave their home, and then what was to be done with the helpless father?

In every spare moment Rudolf worked at his carving. For the first few mornings after his father's accident he could hardly see his work because of the blinding tears which filled his eyes. Franz often stood by his side watching him. The idiot boy took no notice of his father's suffering, but seemed to connect Rudolf's tears with the day when he had seen him cry about the spoilt sketch of the flower; and on the fourth morning after Hans had been brought home, Franz stole to Rudolf's side with a long spray of the white convolvulus, holding it out with one hand while he raised the other to his brother's face, putting his fingers on his eyes and saying, "Franz got snow-flower."

Then Rudolf carried the white flower safely to old Gottfried, and with his help and by the use of his tools he succeeded in carving a beautiful group for the top of his casket.

Gottfried was much pleased with the work, and, as his contribution to the boy's earnings, he made up the casket himself, lining it with blue velvet and fitting it with a lock and key.

"It is beautiful!" he said; "and it is well done for a boy. You go on as you have begun, young Rudolf, and you will yet come to carve the seats for the churches."

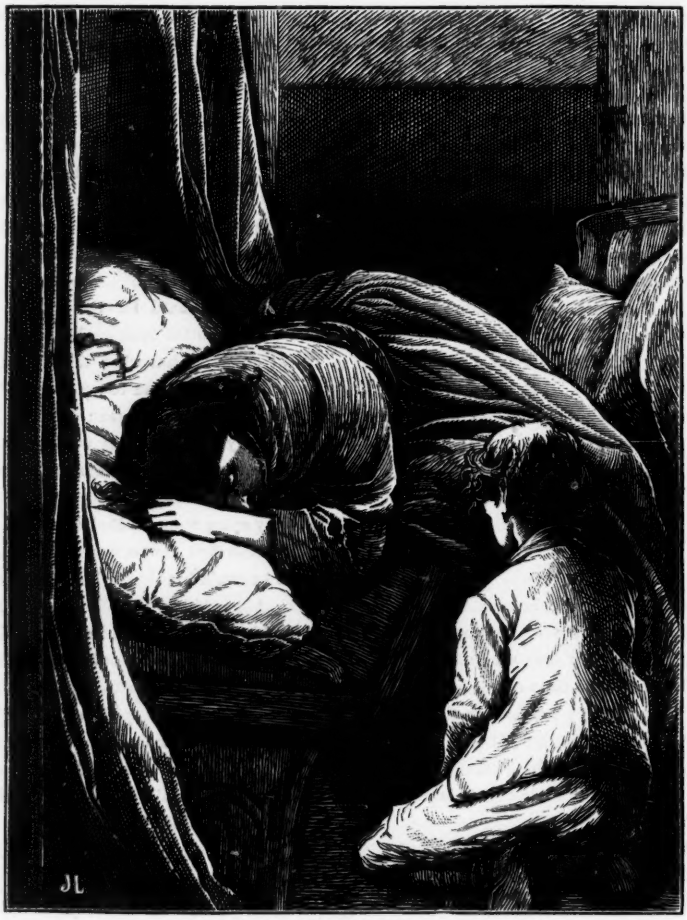
That same evening old Gottfried sat by the bedside

of his friend Hans, and he said, "You have a good boy and a great help in Rudolf, neighbour Hans."

"Yes—yes, good as boys go. He gives much time to play," said the father, sadly.

"I have not done it," said the old wood-carver, laughing again.

"Why, no one else in these parts could," said Hans.



"Is he dead, mother?"—p. 59.

"Surely not so, neighbour; he seems ever diligent to me."

"Nay—nay," and Hans smiled; "for hours and hours each day he is away amusing himself: he will get steadier in time."

Old Gottfried laughed a merry laugh, and drew from behind his back the casket. "That is good, eh, neighbour?"

"That is very good," said Hans, looking at it; "there is pretty work there, though not as perfect as you often are, neighbour Gottfried."

"It is Rudolf's work—done in all the hours when you thought he was amusing himself," said his teacher, proudly.

And then tears of joy and pride came to the father's eyes. He called Rudolf to him and embraced him; and the mother came, and admired and rejoiced over him; and it was settled that Rudolf should go down the very next day to Lucerne to endeavour to dispose of the casket, and of some small pieces of his father's work which still remained unsold.

So the next day, in the early autumn morning,

Rudolf started, with a blessing from his father and an injunction from old Gottfried not to be induced to part with his work at too low a price.

Rudolf had never been in Lucerne before, and the novelty of the passage in the steamer from Stanstadt pleased him. The sight of the town also—so much larger than any he had ever seen before—impressed him much. The two tall spires of the cathedral, the great hotels by the side of the lake, the quaint covered and painted bridges over the Reuss, the beautiful shops all round him, were very new and strange. The casket, which the boy had been so proud of before, no longer seemed anything wonderful when he compared it with what he saw in Lucerne.



"In the early morning Rudolf started."

He went first to the shop where his father's things had generally been bought, and quickly disposed of them. He then modestly drew out his own work. Gottfried had told him that he was not to take less than fifty francs for it; but the people, seeing it was the work of such a small boy, offered him twenty francs.

He refused this, and named the sum that Gottfried had told him to ask. The shopkeeper refused to give him fifty francs; but at last consented that Rudolf should leave his casket in their hands, promising that if they could sell it for him they would only charge him a fair per-centage. So Rudolf left it with them, and then he went on into the great church to say his prayers.

While he knelt, the organ began to play, and the boy knelt on in wonder and delight. First there was a grand triumphant march played; then a low chant of sorrow; then a hymn of peace, which made Rudolf think that a number of men's and boys' voices were singing, though it was in reality the wonderful *vox humana*, or human voice-stop, that was being used. Rudolf had never even imagined music so grand and beautiful; it was as though God had "breathed into it the breath of life," and the organ had become a living voice.

When the music stopped the boy came out of the church, strengthened and comforted. He was sure God would hear his prayers, and help those whom he loved so well, and he went up into the cloisters, where the dead folk were buried, and looked through the narrow windows on to the lake, with the grand mountains all round it, and his heart was peaceful and calm.

He got back to his home the next day, and though he was grieved not to take with him the money for his casket, he set to work steadily to improve in his carving. He had some employment in carrying wood for one of his neighbours, and he began to hope that they might get through the winter, though every now and then the hard words of the landlord would come back to him, and he feared that he might yet make them come true.

Three months of autumn weather went by; half a year's rent was due, and Frau Müller had not enough money to make it up, and was wondering where the rest was to come from, when one day Nicholas Bauermann appeared at the cottage, demanding payment.

"Have patience with us, friend, and we will pay thee," said Rudolf's mother; "my husband is so helpless—my children are so small: I pray thee wait, and I will pay thee soon."

"Sell the cow," said Nicholas, shortly; "indeed, I will myself take it off thy hands."

"It is sold already," said the mother, "to buy what Hans has needed."

"Then you must all go. I must have tenants who can pay—the times are hard."

Then the poor woman wept. But the hard man was not to be moved, and went away, saying that if the full rent was not paid by Christmas Day, they must move.

The weather began to be severe. There had been several snow-storms. The mountains were now all snowy peaks, and stood like shrouded forms round the valley, which looked bleak and cold enough without its summer dress. The streams were all frozen, and the snow was beginning to lie on the ground.

Rudolf came to his mother. "I must go to Lucerne, mother, and see if the box is sold; it is our only chance."

"But the boat, my son—does it go?"

"Yes; there is one going from and returning to Stanstadt in two or three days. After this week Wilhelm says I may not be able to go."

"But it is dangerous weather, my boy, for one so young as thou art; and—and I could not lose you;" and the mother hid her face.

"The good God will take care of me," said the boy, bravely. "It is right."

And then his mother said he should go.

It was about a week before Christmas Day, and a sledge was going down from Engelberg to Stanz, in which Wilhelm Kustermann promised to take Rudolf to the edge of the lake, provided that he could find his own way home again. The weather, though cold, was not very severe, and looked settled, so that it did not seem a dangerous enterprise, and Rudolf set out with high hope and a courageous heart.

IV.

"The box is sold, boy, and here is thy earning," said the woman of the shop in answer to Rudolf's eager question.

Rudolf's hand closed over the money with great gladness of heart.

"You must do us more, boy; the box is new and much admired. If thou canst make four more we will pay thee well, and we will not have thee take thy goods to any other shop."

Rudolf was delighted. This was indeed good news to take home; he wished he had wings that he might fly. One joy he did promise himself. He could not get the cow for his mother; his poor father no longer needed the boots; but Franz should have his drum and flag, and he would get some bon-bons for the little ones. He could afford to spend a franc or two, and still have enough to take home to make up the deficiency of the rent.

He slept that night with some friends of his father's at Lucerne, and the next day, as the steamer was going, he crossed to Stanstadt, slept another night there, and commenced his long walk home the next morning. A lift in a sledge helped him from Stanz to Wolfenschiessen; but he then had to get on

to Grafenort, and from thence up the steep mountain-road to Engelberg.

He trudged on merrily. The drum he slung round his neck; he held the flag over his shoulder, put the bon-bons in his little bundle, and the money safely in his pocket. It was still morning; by evening-time he would be at home to tell the good news and make them all glad for Christmas Day.

"But what is that?" he said to himself, in the midst of his happy thoughts, when a flake of snow fell upon his nose. Then he looked up, and saw that the weather had changed; the sky was full of heavy clouds, and snow-flakes were falling thickly and fast. He quickened his steps, but the snow fell faster and faster. The ground was hard with frost, and was soon white with snow. Walking became harder work each minute, for the snow-storm was so heavy that it soon began to lie thickly.

As the evening drew in Rudolf found that he was still some miles from home. He had left the woods, where he was partly sheltered by the trees from the snow, and had again got into the mountain-road, where he feared to make false steps.

The river in the valley below made an angry, sullen roar. Through the blinding snow the great mountains loomed out, all shrouded in white, and looking much larger than they did when they were bare and grey.

"I shall never get home," thought the boy, despairingly. "I have been out in storms, but never in one so bad as this. What shall I do? They will not get their money in time—what shall I do?"

He sat down for one moment by the road-side; his hands were numbed, his feet felt almost senseless. "If I sit here," he thought, "I shall die. I must make a push for it for mother's sake;" and he gathered all his courage together and got on a few yards further. Ah! how cold it was. A bitter wind had risen, and the boy shivered, although he was not altogether unused to cold weather.

On still; though the night grew dark, and only the moon amongst the snowy clouds showed him the path now. Could he reach home?—could he even reach any place of shelter? He knew of none; he must still be about two miles from home, and his strength was nearly gone.

On still, for his mother's sake, and the poor helpless father, who would be turned out of his home if the money were not forthcoming on Christmas Day. Were they thinking of him at home, and wondering why he was not with them on the Christmas Eve? He was sure they were; and he had meant to make them so glad with his good news.

Poor numbed feet! poor tired limbs! They must carry him a little further. Far off he heard the bell of the abbey chiming, and it seemed like a voice from home. Courage, Rudolf! There is the first light of the valley gleaming out! But as he saw it his feet failed him. All his courage seemed gone; he only wanted to rest. He sank down by the roadside in the snow; he planted the little bright flag beside him. It was pleasant to rest there; the wind did not seem cold now. He would like to have seen his mother, but even that did not matter; he was going to sleep. Far off he seemed to hear the organ at Lucerne playing the hymn of peace, and the voices of the men and boys chanting through the storm. They were singing of the angels, of Christmas, of the Christ-child. Well, he had tried to do the best he could; the money was there. God knew how hard he had tried to get home; He would be merciful to him. Ah! there was the sweet organ again; it was the grand triumphant march now; it was the Christmas "Gloria." A moment more, and brave Rudolf had sunk into the fatal snow-sleep from which so few travellers ever awake.

* * * * *

But he had not slept many minutes when through the snow and the storm a figure came shuffling on, seeming half-unconcerned and half-anxious to find something in the snow.

"Franz's drum! Franz's drum—drum—drum," said a voice; "here's a drum!" and Franz, the idiot boy, who had slipped away from his home unperceived, and had wandered out into the storm with some dim idea of finding his brother, flung himself down beside the little heap where the snow-flakes were already covering Rudolf's face.

"'Dolf! 'Dolf!" he cried, and bent his mouth down to his brother's cold cheek, "where's drumsticks?"

Rudolf heard the voice, and Franz's warm breath seemed to revive him. "Franz, Franz," he whispered, and he tried to put his arm round his brother's neck, "how did you come?"

The snow was not so heavy now, and the moon shone down on the two boys and the bright drum and flag; but Franz bounded away again almost directly, having snatched up the drum in his hands. Back he sped to his home in great haste, for it was not so far off as tired Rudolf had imagined. Jacob Kraus was sitting by the bedside of the father, trying to give what comfort he could about the missing boy.

The idiot boy came up to him and mumbled something about "'Dolf and drumsticks," which was hardly intelligible; but the sight of the many-coloured drum, which Franz had brought in from the snow, made Jacob hope that Rudolf could not be far

And his father's voice from the bed answered, "It is not too late, brave boy. This is the Christmas morning. Well done, Rudolf! you have saved us."

* * * * *

And so the rent was paid, and neighbour Bauer-



"Rudolf had sunk into the fatal snow-sleep"—*p.* 63.

off, and he told Franz to take him where he got the drum. The gay little flag, which they could see in the moonlight, marked the place where Rudolf lay buried in the snow. The strong guide lifted the boy in his arms, and bore him tenderly home; and when Rudolf woke from his long sleep, it was to find himself in his mother's arms, and to see Franz playing with his drum and flag.

"I have got the money. Oh, mother! it isn't too late!—say it isn't too late!" he whispered.

mann was so much touched by the story of Rudolf's enterprise that he dealt kindly and leniently with the family until Hans was well enough to earn money again.

And for Rudolf? He went on steadily in the right path, and by industry and honesty made his way, until he is now known as one of the most celebrated wood-carvers in the Oberland; and he tells to his little children the story of the casket and the Christmas Eve when he slept in the snow.